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THE

ATLANTIC MONTHLY

A MAGAZINE OF

Literature, Science, Art, and Politics

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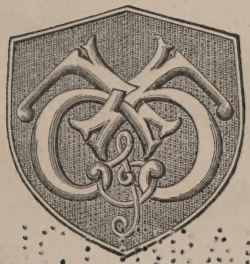

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THE

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A FOREGONE CONCLUSION.

I.

As Don Ippolito passed down the long narrow *calle* or footway leading from the Campo San Stefano to the Grand Canal in Venice, he peered anxiously about him: now turning for a backward look up the calle, where there was no living thing in sight but a cat on a garden gate; now running a quick eye along the palace walls that rose vast on either hand and notched the slender strip of blue sky visible overhead with the lines of their jutting balconies, chimneys, and cornices; and now glancing toward the canal, where he could see the noiseless black boats meeting and passing. There was no sound in the calle save his own footfalls and the harsh scream of a parrot that hung in the sunshine at one of the loftiest windows; but the note of a peasant crying pots of pinks and roses in the campo came softened to Don Ippolito's sense, and he heard the gondoliers as they hoarsely jested together and gossiped with the canal between them at the next gondola station.

The first tenderness of spring was in the air, though down in that calle there was yet enough of the wintry rawness to chill the tip of Don Ippolito's sensitive nose, which he rubbed for comfort with a handkerchief of dark blue calico, and polished for ornament with a handkerchief of white linen. He restored each to a different pocket in the sides of the ecclesiastical *talare*, or gown, reaching almost to his ankles, and then clutched the pocket in which he had replaced the linen handkerchief, as if to make sure that something he prized was safe within. He paused abruptly, and, looking at the doors he had passed, went back a few paces and stood before one over which hung, slightly tilted forward, an oval sign painted with the effigy of an eagle, a bundle of arrows, and certain thunderbolts, and bearing the legend, CONSULATE OF THE UNITED STATES, in neat characters. Don Ippolito gave a quick sigh, hesitated a moment, and then seized the bell-pull and jerked it so sharply that it seemed to shoot out, like a part of the mechanism, the head of an old serving-woman at the window above him.

"Who is there?" demanded this head.

"Friends," answered Don Ippolito in a rich, sad voice.

"And what do you command?" further asked the old woman.

Don Ippolito paused, apparently searching for his voice, before he inquired, "Is it here that the Consul of America lives?"

"Precisely."

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"Is he perhaps at home?"

"I don't know. I will go ask him."

"Do me that pleasure, dear," said Don Ippolito, and remained knotting his fingers before the closed door. Presently the old woman returned, and looking out long enough to say, "The consul is at home," drew some inner bolt by a wire running to the lock, that let the door start open; then, waiting to hear Don Ippolito close it again, she called out from her height, "Favor me above." He climbed the dim stairway to the point where she stood, and followed her to a door, which she flung open into an apartment so brightly lit by a window looking on the sunny canal, that he blinked as he entered. "Signor Console," said the old woman, "behold the gentleman who desired to see you;" and at the same time Don Ippolito, having removed his broad, stiff, three-cornered hat, came forward and made a beautiful bow. He had lost for the moment the trepidation which had marked his approach to the consulate, and bore himself with graceful dignity.

It was in the first year of the war, and from a motive of patriotism common at that time, Mr. Ferris (one of my many predecessors in office at Venice) had just been crossing his two silken gondola flags above the consular bookcase, where with their gilt lance-headed staves, and their vivid stars and stripes, they made a very pretty effect. He filliped a little dust from his coat, and begged Don Ippolito to be seated, with the air of putting even a Venetian priest on a footing of equality with other men under the folds of the national banner. Mr. Ferris had the prejudice of all Italian sympathizers against the priests; but for this he could hardly have found anything in Don Ippolito to alarm dislike. His face was a little thin, and the chin was delicate; the nose had a fine, Dantesque curve, but its final droop gave a melancholy cast to a countenance expressive of a gentle and kindly spirit; the eyes were large and dark and full of a dreamy warmth. Don Ippolito's prevailing tint was that transparent blueishness which comes from much shaving of a heavy black beard; his forehead and temples were marble white; he had a tonsure the size of a dollar. He sat silent for a little space, and softly questioned the consul's face with his dreamy eyes. Apparently he could not gather courage to speak of his business at once, for he turned his gaze upon the window and said, "A beautiful position, Signor Console."

"Yes, it's a pretty place," answered Mr. Ferris, warily.

"So much pleasanter here on the Canalazzo than on the campos or the little canals."

"Oh, without doubt."

"Here there must be constant amusement in watching the boats: great stir, great variety, great life. And now the fine season commences, and the Signor Console's countrymen will be coming to Venice. Perhaps," added Don Ippolito with a polite dismay, and an air of sudden anxiety to escape from his own purpose, "I may be disturbing or detaining the Signor Console?"

"No," said Mr. Ferris; "I am quite at leisure for the present. In what can I have the honor of serving you?"

Don Ippolito heaved a long, ineffectual sigh, and taking his linen handkerchief from his pocket, wiped his forehead with it, and rolled it upon his knee. He looked at the door, and all round the room, and then rose and drew near the consul, who had officially seated himself at his desk.

"I suppose that the Signor Console gives passports?" he asked.

"Sometimes," replied Mr. Ferris, with a clouding face.

Don Ippolito seemed to note the gathering distrust and to be helpless against it. He continued hastily: "Could the Signor Console give a passport for America . . . to me?"

"Are you an American citizen?" demanded the consul in the voice of a man whose suspicions are fully roused.

"American citizen?"

"Yes; subject of the American republic."

"No, surely; I have not that happiness. I am an Austrian subject," re-

turned Don Ippolito a little bitterly, as if the last words were an unpleasant morsel in the mouth.

"Then I can't give you a passport," said Mr. Ferris, somewhat more gently. "You know," he explained, "that no government can give passports to foreign subjects. That would be an unheard-of thing."

"But I thought that to go to America an American passport would be needed."

"In America," returned the consul, with proud compassion, "they don't care a fig for passports. You go and you come, and nobody meddles. To be sure," he faltered, "just now, on account of the secessionists, they *do* require you to show a passport at New York; but," he continued more boldly, "American passports are usually for Europe; and besides, all the American passports in the world would n't get *you* over the frontier at Peschiera. *You* must have a passport from the Austrian Lieutenancy of Venice."

A faint smile moved Don Ippolito's lips. He nodded his head softly several times, and said, "Precisely," and then added with an indescribable weariness, "Pâtience! Signor Console, I ask your pardon for the trouble I have given," and he made the consul another low bow.

Whether Mr. Ferris's curiosity was piqued, and feeling himself on the safe side of his visitor he meant to know why he had come on such an errand, or whether he had some kindlier motive, he could hardly have told himself, but he said, "I'm very sorry. Perhaps there is something else in which I could be of use to you."

"Ah, I hardly know," cried Don Ippolito. "I really had a kind of hope in coming to your excellency" —

"I am not an excellency," interrupted Mr. Ferris, conscientiously.

"Many excuses! But now it seems a mere bestiality. I was so ignorant about the other matter that doubtless I am also quite deluded in this."

"As to that, of course I can't say," answered Mr. Ferris, "but I hope not."

"Why, listen, signore!" said Don Ippolito, placing his hand over that pocket in which he kept his linen handkerchief. "I had something that it had come into my head to offer your honored government for its advantage in this deplorable rebellion."

"Oh," responded Mr. Ferris with a falling countenance. He had received so many offers of help for his honored government from sympathizing foreigners. Hardly a week passed but a sabre came clanking up his dim staircase with a Herr Graf or a Herr Baron attached, who appeared in the spotless panoply of his Austrian captaincy or lieutenancy, to accept from the consul a brigadier-generalship in the Federal armies, on condition that the consul would pay his expenses to Washington, or at least assure him of an exalted post and reimbursement of all outlays from President Lincoln as soon as he arrived. They were beautiful men, with the complexion of blonde girls; their uniforms fitted like kid gloves; the pale blue, or pure white, or hussar black of their coats was ravishingly set off by their red or gold trimmings; and they were hard to make understand that brigadiers of American birth swarmed at Washington, and that if they went thither, they must go as soldiers of fortune at their own risk. But they were very polite; they begged pardon when they knocked their scabbards against the consul's furniture, at the door they each made him a magnificent obeisance, said "Servus" in their great voices, and were shown out by the old Marina, abhorrent of their uniforms and doubtful of the consul's sympathies. Only yesterday she had called him up at an unwonted hour to receive the visit of a courtly gentleman who addressed him as Monsieur le Ministre, and offered him at a bargain ten thousand stand of probably obsolescent muskets belonging to the late Duke of Parma. Shabby, hungry, incapable exiles of all nations, religions, and politics beset him for places of honor and emolument in the service of the Union; revolutionists out of work, and the minions of banished despots, were

alike willing to be fed, clothed, and dispatched to Washington with swords consecrated to the perpetuity of the republic.

"I have here," said Don Ippolito, too intent upon showing whatever it was he had to note the change in the consul's mood, "the model of a weapon of my contrivance, which I thought the government of the North could employ successfully in cases where its batteries were in danger of capture by the Spaniards."

"Spaniards? Spaniards? We have no war with Spain!" cried the consul.

"Yes, yes, I know," Don Ippolito made haste to explain, "but those of South America being Spanish by descent" —

"But we are not fighting the South Americans. We are fighting our own Southern States, I am sorry to say."

"Oh! Many excuses. I am afraid I don't understand," said Don Ippolito meekly; whereupon Mr. Ferris enlightened him, in a formula of which he was beginning to be weary, against European misconception of the American situation. Don Ippolito nodded his head contritely, and when Mr. Ferris had ended, he was so much abashed that he made no motion to show his invention till the other added, "But no matter; I suppose the contrivance would work as well against the Southerners as the South Americans. Let me see it, please;" and then Don Ippolito, with a gratified smile, drew from his pocket the neatly-finished model of a breech-loading cannon.

"You perceive, Signor Console," he said with new dignity, "that this is nothing very new as a breech-loader, though I ask you to observe this little improvement for restoring the breech to its place, which is original. The grand feature of my invention, however, is this secret chamber in the breech, which is intended to hold an explosive of high potency, with a fuse coming out below. The gunner, finding his piece in danger, ignites this fuse, and takes refuge in flight. At the moment the enemy seizes the gun the contents of the secret chamber explode, demolishing the piece and destroying its captors."

The dreamy warmth in Don Ippolito's deep eyes kindled to a flame; a dark red glowed in his thin cheeks; he drew a box from the folds of his drapery and took snuff in a great whiff, as if inhaling the sulphurous fumes of battle, or titillating his nostrils with grains of gunpowder. He was at least in full enjoyment of the poetic power of his invention, and no doubt had before his eyes a vivid picture of a score of secessionists surprised and blown to atoms in the very moment of triumph. "Behold, Signor Console!" he said.

"It's certainly very curious," said Mr. Ferris, turning the fearful toy over in his hand, and admiring the neat workmanship of it. "Did you make this model yourself?"

"Surely," answered the priest with a joyous pride; "I have no money to spend upon artisans; and besides, as you might infer, signore, I am not very well seen by my superiors and associates on account of these little amusements of mine; so I keep them as much as I can to myself." Don Ippolito laughed nervously, and then fell silent with his eyes intent upon the consul's face. "What do you think, signore?" he presently resumed. "If this invention were brought to the notice of your generous government, would it not patronize my labors? I have read that America is the land of enterprises. Who knows but your government might invite me to take service under it in some capacity in which I could employ those little gifts that Heaven" — He paused again, apparently puzzled by the compassionate smile on the consul's lips. "But tell me, signore, how this invention appears to you."

"Have you had any practical experience in gunnery?" asked Mr. Ferris.

"Why, certainly not."

"Neither have I," continued Mr. Ferris, "but I was wondering whether the explosive in this secret chamber would not become so heated by the frequent discharges of the piece as to go

off prematurely sometimes, and kill its own artillerymen instead of waiting for the secessionists?"

Don Ippolito's countenance fell, and a dull shame displaced the exultation that had glowed in it. His head sunk on his breast, and he made no attempt at reply, so that it was again Mr. Ferris who spoke. "You see, I don't really know anything more of the matter than you do, and I don't undertake to say whether your invention is disabled by the possibility I suggest or not. Have n't you any acquaintances among the military, to whom you could show your model?"

"No," answered Don Ippolito, coldly, "I don't consort with the military. Besides, what would be thought of a *priest*," he asked with a bitter stress on the word, "who exhibited such an invention as that to an officer of our paternal government?"

"I suppose it would certainly surprise the lieutenant-governor somewhat," said Mr. Ferris with a laugh. "May I ask," he pursued after an interval, "whether you have occupied yourself with other inventions?"

"I have attempted a great many," replied Don Ippolito in a tone of dejection.

"Are they all of this warlike temper?" pursued the consul.

"No," said Don Ippolito, blushing a little, "they are nearly all of peaceful intention. It was the wish to produce something of utility which set me about this cannon. Those good friends of mine who have done me the honor of looking at my attempts had blamed me for the uselessness of my inventions; they allowed that they were ingenious, but they said that even if they could be put in operation, they would not be what the world cared for. Perhaps they were right. I know very little of the world," concluded the priest, sadly. He had risen to go, yet seemed not quite able to do so; there was no more to say, but if he had come to the consul with high hopes, it might well have unnerved him to have all end so blankly. He drew a long, sibilant breath between his shut teeth, nodded to himself thrice, and turning to Mr. Ferris with a melancholy bow, said, "Signor Console, I thank you infinitely for your kindness, I beg your pardon for the disturbance, and I take my leave."

"I am sorry," said Mr. Ferris. "Let us see each other again. In regard to the inventions, — well, you must have patience." He dropped into some proverbial phrases which the obliging Latin tongues supply so abundantly for the races who must often talk when they do not feel like thinking, and he gave a start when Don Ippolito replied in English, "Yes, but hope deferred maketh the heart sick."

It was not that it was so uncommon to have Italians innocently come out with their whole slender stock of English to him, for the sake of practice, as they told him; but there were peculiarities in Don Ippolito's accent for which he could not account. "What," he exclaimed, "do you know English?"

"I have studied it a little, by myself," answered Don Ippolito, pleased to have his English recognized, and then lapsing into the safety of Italian, he added, "And I had also the help of an English ecclesiastic who sojourned some months in Venice, last year, for his health, and who used to read with me and teach me the pronunciation. He was from Dublin, this ecclesiastic."

"Oh-h!" said Mr. Ferris, with relief, "I see;" and he perceived that what had puzzled him in Don Ippolito's English was a fine brogue superimposed upon his Italian accent.

"For some time I have had this idea of going to America, and I thought that the first thing to do was to equip myself with the language."

"Um!" said Mr. Ferris, "that was practical, at any rate," and he mused awhile. By and by he continued more cordially than he had yet spoken, "I wish I could ask you to sit down again; but I have an engagement which I must make haste to keep. Are you going out through the campo? Pray wait a minute, and I will walk with you."

Mr. Ferris went into another room,

through the open door of which Don Ippolito saw the paraphernalia of a painter's studio: an easel with a half-finished picture on it; a chair with a palette and brushes, and crushed and twisted tubes of colors; a lay figure in one corner; on the walls scraps of stamped leather, rags of tapestry, desultory sketches on paper.

Mr. Ferris came out again, brushing his hat.

"The Signor Console amuses himself with painting, I see," said Don Ippolito courteously.

"Not at all," replied Mr. Ferris, putting on his gloves; "I am a painter by profession, and I amuse myself with consuling;" and as so simple a matter needed no explanation, he said no more about it. Nor is it quite necessary to tell how, as he was one day painting in New York, it occurred to him to make use of a Congressional friend, and ask for some Italian consulate, he did not care which. That of Venice happened to be vacant; the income was a few hundred dollars; as no one else wanted it, no question was made of Mr. Ferris's fitness for the post, and he presently found himself possessed of a commission requesting the Emperor of Austria to permit him to enjoy and exercise the office of consul of the ports of the Lombardo-Venetian kingdom, to which the President of the United States appointed him from a special trust in his abilities and integrity. He proceeded at once to his post of duty, called upon the ship's chandler with whom they had been left, for the consular archives, and began to paint some Venetian subjects.

He and Don Ippolito quitted the Consulate together, leaving Marina to digest with her noonday porridge the wonder that he should be walking amicably forth with a priest. The same spectacle was presented to the gaze of the campo, where they paused in friendly converse, and were seen to part with many politenesses by the doctors of the neighborhood, lounging away their leisure, as the Venetian fashion is, at the local pharmacy.

The apothecary craned forward over his counter, and peered through the open door. "What is that blessed Consul of America doing with a priest?"

"The Consul of America with a priest?" demanded a grave old man, a physician with a beautiful silvery beard, and a most reverend and senatorial presence, but one of the worst tongues in Venice. "Oh!" he added, with a laugh, after scrutiny of the two through his glasses, "it's that crack-brain Don Ippolito Rondinelli. He is n't priest enough to hurt the consul. Perhaps he 's been selling him a perpetual motion for the use of his government, which needs something of the kind just now. Or maybe he 's been posing to him for a picture. He would make a very pretty Joseph, give him Potiphar's wife in the background," said the doctor, who if not maligned would have needed much more to make a Joseph of him.

II.

Mr. Ferris took his way through the devious footways where the shadow was chill, and through the broad campos where the sun was tenderly warm, and the towers of the church rose against the speckless azure of the vernal heaven. As he went along, he frowned in a helpless perplexity with the case of Don Ippolito, whom he had begun by doubting for a spy with some incomprehensible motive, and had ended by pitying with a certain degree of amusement and a deep sense of the futility of his compassion. He presently began to think of him with a little disgust, as people commonly think of one whom they pity and yet cannot help, and he made haste to cast off the hopeless burden. He shrugged his shoulders, struck his stick on the smooth paving-stones, and let his eye rove up and down the fronts of the houses, for the sake of the pretty faces that glanced out of the casements. He was a young man, and it was spring, and this was Venice. He made himself joyfully part of the city and the season; he was glad of the nar-

rowness of the streets, of the good-humored jostling and pushing; he crouched into an arched doorway to let a water-carrier pass with her copper buckets dripping at the end of the yoke balanced on her shoulder, and he returned her smiles and excuses with others as broad and gay; he brushed by the swelling hoops of ladies, and stooped before the unwieldy burdens of porters, who as they staggered through the crowd with a thrust here and a shove there forgave themselves, laughing, with "We are in Venice, signori;" and he stood aside for the files of soldiers clanking heavily over the pavement, their muskets kindling to a blaze in the sunlit campos and quenched again in the damp shadows of the calles. His ear was taken by the vibrant jargoning of the boatmen as they pushed their craft under the bridges he crossed, and the keen notes of the canaries and the songs of the golden-billed blackbirds whose cages hung at lattices far overhead. Heaps of oranges, topped by the fairest cut in halves, gave their color, at frequent intervals, to the dusky corners and recesses, and the long-drawn cry of the venders, "Oranges of Palermo!" rose above the clatter of feet and the clamor of other voices. At a little shop where butter and eggs and milk abounded, together with early flowers of various sorts, he bought a bunch of hyacinths, blue and white and yellow, and he presently stood smelling these while he waited in the hotel parlor for the ladies to whom he had sent his card. He turned at the sound of drifting drapery, and could not forbear placing the hyacinths in the hand of Miss Florida Vervain, who had come into the room to receive him.

She was a girl of about seventeen years, who looked older, tall rather than short, and rather full than meagre, though it could not be said that she erred in point of solidity. Her physique lent itself admirably to the attitudes of shy hauteur into which she constantly fell, and with which a certain touch of defiant awkwardness did not discord. She was blonde, with a throat and hands of milky whiteness; there was a suggestion of freckles on her regular face, and not much color in it save for the full lips; her eyes were very blue, the brows and lashes pale golden like her massive coils of hair, and the edges of the lids were touched with the faintest red. Much of this intimated that the late Colonel Vervain, of the United States Army, was an officer whom it would not have been peaceable to cross in any purpose or pleasure, but how much more it meant would not be so easy to say. She seemed sometimes a little burdened by the passionate nature which her father had left her together with the tropical name he had bestowed in honor of the State where he had fought the Seminoles in his youth, and where he chanced to be stationed when she was born; she had the air of being embarrassed in presence of herself, and of having an anxious watch upon her impulses. I do not know how otherwise to describe the effect of proud, helpless femininity, which would have struck the close observer in Miss Vervain.

"Delicious!" she said, in a deep voice, which conveyed something of this anxiety in its guarded tones, and yet was not wanting in a kind of frankness. "Did you mean them for me, Mr. Ferris?"

"I did n't, but I do," answered Mr. Ferris. "I bought them in ignorance, but I understand now what they were meant for by nature;" and in fact the hyacinths, with their smooth textures and their pure colors, harmonized well with Miss Vervain, as she bent her face over them and inhaled their full, rich perfume.

"I will put them in water," she said, "if you 'll excuse me a moment. Mother will be down directly."

Before she could return, her mother rustled into the parlor.

Mrs. Vervain was gracefully, fragilely unlike her daughter. She entered with a gentle and gliding step, peering near-sightedly about through her glasses, and laughing triumphantly when she had determined Mr. Ferris's exact position,

where he stood with a smile lurking under his full brown beard and glancing from his hazel eyes. She was dressed in perfect taste with reference to her matronly years, and the lingering evidences of her widowhood, and she had an unaffected naturalness of manner which even at her age of forty-eight could not be called less than charming. She spoke in a trusting, caressing tone, to which no man at least could respond unkindly.

"So very good of you, to take all this trouble, Mr. Ferris," she said, giving him a friendly hand, "and I suppose you are letting us encroach upon very valuable time. I 'm quite ashamed to take it. But is n't it a heavenly day? What *I* call a perfect day, just right every way; none of those disagreeable extremes. It 's so unpleasant to have it too hot, for instance. I 'm the greatest person for moderation, Mr. Ferris, and I carry the principle into everything; but I do think the breakfasts at these Italian hotels are too light altogether. I like our American breakfasts, don't you? I 've been telling Florida I can't stand it; we really must make some arrangement. To be sure, you ought n't to think of such a thing as eating, in a place like Venice, all poetry; but a sound mind in a sound body, *I* say. We 're perfectly wild over it. Don't you think it 's a place that grows upon you very much, Mr. Ferris? All those associations, — it does seem too much; and the gondolas everywhere. But I 'm always afraid the gondoliers cheat us; and in the stores I never feel safe a moment — not a moment. I do think the Venetians are lacking in truthfulness, a little. I don't believe they understand our American fairdealing and sincerity. I should n't want to do them injustice, but I really think they take advantages in bargaining. Now such a thing even as corals. Florida is extremely fond of them, and we bought a set yesterday in the Piazza, and I *know* we paid too much for them. Florida," said Mrs. Vervain, for her daughter had reëntered the room, and stood with some shawls and wraps upon her arm, patiently waiting for the conclusion of the elder lady's speech, "I wish you would bring down that set of corals. I 'd like Mr. Ferris to give an unbiased opinion. I 'm sure we were cheated."

"I don't know anything about corals, Mrs. Vervain," interposed Mr. Ferris.

"Well, but you ought to see this set for the beauty of the color; they 're really exquisite. I 'm sure it will gratify your artistic taste."

Miss Vervain hesitated with a look of desire to obey, and of doubt whether to force the pleasure upon Mr. Ferris. "Won't it do another time, mother?" she asked, finally; "the gondola is waiting for us."

Mrs. Vervain gave a frailish start from the chair, into which she had sunk. "Oh, do let us be off at once, then," she said; and when they stood on the landing-stairs of the hotel: "What gloomy things these gondolas are!" she added, while the gondolier with one foot on the gunwale of the boat received the ladies' shawls, and then crooked his arm for them to rest a hand on in stepping aboard; "I wonder they don't paint them some cheerful color."

"Blue, or pink, Mrs. Vervain?" asked Mr. Ferris. "I knew you were coming to that question; they all do. But we need n't have the top on at all, if it depresses your spirits. We shall be just warm enough in the open sunlight."

"Well, have it off, then. It sends the cold chills over me to look at it. What *did* Byron call it?"

"Yes, it 's time for Byron, now. It was very good of you not to mention him before, Mrs. Vervain. But I knew he had to come. He called it a coffin clapped in a canoe."

"Exactly," said Mrs. Vervain. "I always feel as if I were going to my own funeral when I get into it; and I 've certainly had enough of funerals never to want to have anything to do with another, as long as I live."

She settled herself luxuriously upon the feather-stuffed leathern cushions when the cabin was removed. Death had indeed been near her very often; father and mother had been early lost

to her, and the brothers and sisters orphaned with her had faded and perished one after another, as they ripened to men and women; she had seen four of her own children die; her husband had been dead six years. All these bereavements had left her what they had found her. She had truly grieved, and, as she said, she had hardly ever been out of black since she could remember.

"I *never* was in colors when I was a girl," she went on, indulging her mortuary memories as the gondola dipped and darted down the canal, "and I was married in my mourning for my last sister. It did seem a little too much when *she* went, Mr. Ferris. I was too young to feel it so much about the others, but *we* were nearly of the same age, and that makes a difference, don't you know. First a brother and then a sister: it was very strange how they kept going that way. I seemed to break the charm when I got married; though, to be sure, there was no brother left after Marian."

Miss Vervain heard her mother's obituary prattle with a face from which no impatience of it could be inferred, and Mr. Ferris made no comment on what was oddly various in character and manner, for Mrs. Vervain touched upon the gloomiest facts of her history with a certain impersonal statistical interest. They were rowing across the lagoon to the Island of San Lazzaro, where for reasons of her own she intended to venerate the convent in which Byron studied the Armenian language preparatory to writing his great poem in it; if her pilgrimage had no very earnest motive, it was worthy of the fact which it was designed to honor. The lagoon was of a perfect, shining smoothness, broken by the shallows over which the ebbing tide had left the sea-weed trailed like long, disheveled hair. The fishermen, as they waded about staking their nets, or stooped to gather the small shell-fish of the shallows, showed legs as brown and tough as those of the apostles in Titian's Assumption. Here and there was a boat, with a boy or an old man asleep in the bottom of it. The gulls sailed high, white flakes against the illimitable blue of the heavens; the air, though it was of early spring, and in the shade had a salty pungency, was here almost languorously warm; in the motionless splendors and rich colors of the scene there was a melancholy before which Mrs. Vervain fell fitfully silent. Now and then Ferris briefly spoke, calling Miss Vervain's notice to this or that, and she briefly responded. As they passed the mad-house of San Servolo, a maniac standing at an open window took his black velvet skull-cap from his white hair, bowed low three times, and kissed his hand to the ladies. The Lido in front of them stretched a brown strip of sand with white villages shining out of it; on their left the Public Gardens showed a mass of hovering green; far beyond and above, the ghostlike snows of the Alpine heights haunted the misty horizon.

It was chill in the shadow of the convent when they landed at San Lazzaro, and it was cool in the parlor where they waited for the monk who was to show them through the place; but it was still and warm in the gardened court, where the bees murmured among the crocuses and hyacinths under the noonday sun. Miss Vervain stood looking out of the window upon the lagoon, while her mother drifted about the room, peering at the objects on the wall through her eyeglasses. She was praising a Chinese painting of fish on rice-paper, when a young monk entered with a cordial greeting in English for Mr. Ferris. She turned and saw them shaking hands, but at the same moment her eyeglasses abandoned her nose with a vigorous leap; she gave an amiable laugh, and groping for them over her dress, bowed at random as Mr. Ferris presented Padre Girolamo.

"I 've been admiring this painting *so* much, Padre Girolamo," she said, with instant good-will, and taking the monk into the easy familiarity of her friendship by the tone with which she spoke his name. "Some of the brothers did it, I suppose."

"Oh no," said the monk, "it 's a Chinese painting. We hung it up there because it was given to us, and was curious."

"Well, now, do you know," returned Mrs. Vervain, "I *thought* it was Chinese! Their things *are* so odd. But really, in an Armenian convent it 's very misleading. I don't think you ought to leave it there; it certainly does throw people off the track," she added, subduing the expression to something very lady-like, by the winning appeal with which she used it.

"Oh, but if they put up Armenian paintings in Chinese convents?" said Mr. Ferris.

"You 're joking!" cried Mrs. Vervain, looking at him with a graciously amused air. "There *are* no Chinese convents. To be sure those rebels are a kind of Christians," she added thoughtfully, "but there can't be many of them left, poor things, hundreds of them executed at a time, that way. It 's perfectly sickening to read of it; and you can't help it, you know. But they say they have n't really so much feeling as we have — not so nervous."

She walked by the side of the young friar as he led the way to such parts of the convent as are open to visitors, and Mr. Ferris came after with her daughter, who, he fancied, met his attempts at talk with sudden and more than usual hauteur. "What a fool!" he said to himself. "Is she afraid I shall be wanting to make love to her?" and he followed in rather a sulky silence the course of Mrs. Vervain and her guide. The library, the chapel, and the museum called out her friendliest praises, and in the last she praised the mummy on show there at the expense of one she had seen in New York; but when Padre Girolamo pointed out the desk in the refectory from which one of the brothers read while the rest were eating, she took him to task. "Oh, but I can't think that 's at all good for the digestion, you know, — using the brain that way whilst you 're at table. I really hope you don't listen too attentively; it would be better for you in the long run, even in a religious point of view. But now — Byron! You *must* show me his cell!" The monk deprecated the non-existence of such a cell, and glanced in perplexity at Mr. Ferris, who came to his relief. "You could n't have seen his cell, if he 'd had one, Mrs. Vervain. They don't admit ladies to the cloister."

"What nonsense!" answered Mrs. Vervain, apparently regarding this as another of Mr. Ferris's pleasantries; but Padre Girolamo silently confirmed his statement, and she briskly assailed the rule as a disrespect to the sex, which reflected even upon the Virgin, the object, as he was forced to allow, of their high veneration. He smiled patiently, and confessed that Mrs. Vervain had all the reasons on her side. At the polyglot printing-office, where she handsomely bought every kind of Armenian book and pamphlet, and thus repaid in the only way possible the trouble their visit had given, he did not offer to take leave of them, but after speaking with Ferris, of whom he seemed an old friend, he led them through the garden environing the convent, to a little pavilion perched on the wall that defends the island from the tides of the lagoon. A lay-brother presently followed them, bearing a tray with coffee, toasted rusk, and a jar of that conserve of rose-leaves which is the convent's delicate hospitality to favored guests. Mrs. Vervain cried out over the ideal confection when Padre Girolamo told her what it was, and her daughter suffered herself to express a guarded pleasure. The amiable matron brushed the crumbs of the *baicolo* from her lap when the lunch was ended, and fitting on her glasses leaned forward for a better look at the monk's black-bearded face. "I 'm perfectly delighted," she said. "You must be very happy here. I suppose you are."

"Yes," answered the monk rapturously; "so happy that I should be content never to leave San Lazzaro. I came here when I was very young, and the greater part of my life has been passed on this little island. It is my home — my country."

"Do you never go away?"

"Oh yes; sometimes to Constantinople, sometimes to London and Paris."

"And you 've never been to America yet? Well now, I 'll tell you: you ought to go. You would like it, I know, and our people would give you a very cordial reception."

"Reception?" The monk appealed once more to Ferris with a look.

Ferris broke into a laugh. "I don't believe Padre Girolamo would come in quality of distinguished foreigner, Mrs. Vervain, and I don't think he 'd know what to do with one of our cordial receptions."

"Well, he ought to go to America, any way. He can't really know anything about us till he 's been there. Just think how ignorant the English are of our country! You *will* come, won't you? I should be delighted to welcome you at my house in Providence. Rhode Island is a small State, but there 's a great deal of wealth there, and very good society in Providence. It 's quite New-Yorky, you know," said Mrs. Vervain expressively. She rose as she spoke, and led the way back to the gondola. She told Padre Girolamo that they were to be some weeks in Venice, and made him promise to breakfast with them at their hotel. She smiled and nodded to him after the boat had pushed off, and kept him bowing on the landing-stairs.

"What a lovely place, and what a perfectly heavenly morning you *have* given us, Mr. Ferris! We never can thank you enough for it. And now, do you know what I 'm thinking of? Perhaps you can help me. It was Byron's studying there put me in mind of it. How soon do the mosquitoes come?"

"About the end of June," responded Ferris mechanically, staring with helpless mystification at Mrs. Vervain.

"Very well; then there 's no reason why we should n't stay in Venice till that time. We are both very fond of the place, and we 'd quite concluded, this morning, to stop here till the mosquitoes came. You know, Mr. Ferris, my daughter had to leave school much earlier than she ought, for my health has obliged me to travel a great deal since I lost my husband; and I must have her with me, for we 're all that there is of us; we have n't a chick or a child that 's related to us anywhere. But wherever we stop, even for a few weeks, I contrive to get her some kind of instruction. I feel the need of it so much in my own case; for to tell you the truth, Mr. Ferris, I married too young. I suppose I should do the same thing over again if it *was* to be done over; but don't you see, my mind was n't properly formed; and then following my husband about from pillar to post, and my first baby born when I was nineteen — well, it was n't education, at any rate, whatever else it was; and I 've determined that Florida, though we *are* such a pair of wanderers, shall not have my regrets. I got teachers for her in England, — the English are not anything like so disagreeable at home as they are in traveling, and we stayed there two years, — and I did in France, and I did in Germany. And now, Italian. Here we are in Italy, and I think we ought to improve the time. Florida knows a good deal of Italian already, for her music teacher in France was an Italian, and he taught her the language as well as music. What she wants now, I should say, is to perfect her accent and get facility. I think she ought to have some one come every day and read and converse an hour or two with her."

Mrs. Vervain leaned back in her seat, and looked at Ferris, who said, feeling that the matter was referred to him, "I think — without presuming to say what Miss Vervain's need of instruction is — that your idea is a very good one." He mused in silence his wonder that so much addlepatedness as was at once observable in Mrs. Vervain should exist along with so much common-sense. "It 's certainly very good in the abstract," he added, with a glance at the daughter, as if the sense must be hers. She did not meet his glance at once, but with an impatient recognition of the heat that was now great for the warmth with which she was dressed, she pushed

her sleeve from her wrist, showing its delicious whiteness, and letting her fingers trail through the cool water; she dried them on her handkerchief, and then bent her eyes full upon him as if challenging him to think this unladylike.

"No, clearly the sense does not come from her," said Ferris to himself; it is impossible to think well of the mind of a girl who treats one with tacit contempt.

"Yes," resumed Mrs. Vervain, "it's certainly very good in the abstract. But oh dear me! you've no idea of the difficulties in the way. I may speak frankly with you, Mr. Ferris, for you are here as the representative of the country, and you naturally sympathize with the difficulties of Americans abroad: the teachers *will* fall in love with their pupils."

"Mother!" began Miss Vervain; and then she checked herself.

Ferris gave a vengeful laugh. "Really, Mrs. Vervain, though I sympathize with you in my official capacity, I must own that as a man and a brother, I can't help feeling a little sorry for those poor fellows, too."

"To be sure, they are to be pitied, of course, and *I* feel for them; I did when I was a girl; for the same thing used to happen then. I don't know why Florida should be subjected to such embarrassments, too. It does seem sometimes as if it were something in the blood. They all get the idea that you have money, you know."

"Then I should say that it might be something in the pocket," suggested Ferris with a look at Miss Vervain, in whose silent suffering, as he imagined it, he found a malicious consolation for her scorn.

"Well, whatever it is," replied Mrs. Vervain, "it's too vexatious. Of course, going to new places, that way, as we're always doing, and only going to stay for a limited time, perhaps, you can't pick and choose. And even when you *do* get an elderly teacher, they're as bad as any. It really is too trying. Now, when I was talking with that nice monk of yours at the convent, there, I could n't help thinking how perfectly delightful it would be if Florida could have *him* for a teacher. Why could n't she? He told me that he could come to take breakfast or lunch with us, but not dinner, for he always had to be at the convent before nightfall. Well, he might come to give the lessons sometime in the middle of the day."

"You could n't manage it, Mrs. Vervain, I know you could n't," answered Ferris earnestly. "I 'm sure the Armenians never do anything of the kind. They're all very busy men, engaged in ecclesiastical or literary work, and they could n't give the time."

"Why not? There was Byron."

"But Byron went to them, and he studied Armenian, not Italian, with them. Padre Girolamo speaks perfect Italian, for all that I can see; but I doubt if he 'd undertake to impart the native accent, which is what you want. In fact, the scheme is altogether impracticable."

"Well," said Mrs. Vervain, "I 'm exceedingly sorry. I had quite set my heart on it. I never took such a fancy to any one in such a short time before."

"It seemed to be a case of love at first sight on both sides," said Ferris. "Padre Girolamo does n't shower those syruped rose-leaves indiscriminately upon visitors."

"Thanks," returned Mrs. Vervain; "it's very good of you to say so, Mr. Ferris, and it's very gratifying, all round; but don't you see, it does n't serve the present purpose. What teachers do you know of?"

She had been by marriage so long in the service of the United States that she still regarded its agents as part of her own domestic economy. Consuls she everywhere employed as functionaries specially appointed to look after the interests of American ladies traveling without protection. In the week which had passed since her arrival in Venice, there had been no day on which she did not appeal to Ferris for help or sympathy or advice. She took amiable possession of him at once, and she had established an amusing sort of

intimacy with him, to which the haughty trepidations of her daughter set certain bounds, but in which the demand that he should find her a suitable Italian teacher seemed trivially matter of course.

"Yes, I know several teachers," he said, after thinking awhile; "but they 're all open to the objection of being human; and besides, they all do things in a set kind of way, and I 'm afraid they would n't enter into the spirit of any scheme of instruction that departed very widely from Ollendorff." He paused, and Mrs. Vervain gave a sketch of the different professional masters whom she had employed in the various countries of her sojourn, and a disquisition upon their several lives and characters, fortifying her statements by reference of doubtful points to her daughter. This occupied some time, and Ferris listened to it all with an abstracted air. At last he said, with a smile, "There was an Italian priest came to see me this morning, who astonished me by knowing English — with a brogue that he 'd learned from an English priest straight from Dublin; perhaps *he* might do, Mrs. Vervain? He 's professionally pledged, you know, not to give the kind of annoyance you' ve suffered from in teachers. He would do as well as Padre Girolamo, I suppose."

"Do you really? Are you in earnest?"

"Well, no, I believe I 'm not. I have n't the least idea he would do. He belongs to the church militant. He came to me with the model of a breech-loading cannon he 's invented, and he wanted a passport to go to America, so that he might offer his cannon to our government."

"How curious!" said Mrs. Vervain, and her daughter looked frankly into Ferris's face. "But I know; it 's one of your jokes."

"You overpraise me, Mrs. Vervain. If I could make such jokes as that priest was, I should set up for a humorist at once. He had the touch of pathos that they say all true pieces of humor ought to have," he went on instinctively addressing himself to Miss Vervain, who did not repulse him. "He made me melancholy; and his face haunts me. I should like to paint him. Priests are generally such a snuffy, common lot. And I dare say," he concluded, "he 's sufficiently commonplace, too, though he did n't look it. Spare your romance, Miss Vervain."

The young lady blushed resentfully. "I see as little romance as joke in it," she said.

"It was a cannon," returned Ferris, without taking any notice of her, and with a sort of absent laugh, "that would make it very lively for the Southerners — if they had it. Poor fellow! I suppose he came with high hopes of me, and expected me to receive his invention with eloquent praises. I 've no doubt he figured himself furnished not only with a passport, but with a letter from me to President Lincoln, and foresaw his own triumphal entry into Washington, and his honorable interviews with the admiring generals of the Union forces, to whom he should display his wonderful cannon. Too bad; is n't it?"

"And why did n't you give him the passport and the letter?" asked Mrs. Vervain.

"Oh, that 's a state secret," returned Ferris.

"And you think he won't do for our purpose?"

"I don't, indeed."

"Well, I 'm not so sure of it. Tell me something more about him."

"I don't know anything more about him. Besides, there is n't time."

The gondola had already entered the canal, and was swiftly approaching the hotel.

"Oh yes, there is," pleaded Mrs. Vervain, laying her hand on his arm. "I want you to come in and dine with us. We dine early."

"Thank you, I can't. Affairs of the nation, you know. Rebel privateer on the canal of the Brenta."

"Really?" Mrs. Vervain leaned towards Ferris for sharper scrutiny of his face. Her glasses sprang from her

nose, and precipitated themselves into his bosom.

"Allow me," he said, with burlesque politeness, withdrawing them from the recesses of his waistcoat and gravely presenting them. Miss Vervain burst into a helpless laugh; then she turned toward her mother with a kind of indignant tenderness, and gently arranged her shawl so that it should not drop off when she rose to leave the gondola. She did not look again at Ferris, who resisted Mrs. Vervain's entreaties to remain, and took leave as soon as the gondola landed.

The ladies went to their room, where Florida lifted from the table a vase of divers-colored hyacinths, and stepping out upon the balcony flung the flowers into the canal. As she put down the empty vase, the lingering perfume of the banished flowers haunted the air of the room.

"Why, Florida," said her mother, "those were the flowers that Mr. Ferris gave you. Did you fancy they had begun to decay? The smell of hyacinths when they 're a little old is dreadful. But I can't imagine a gentleman's giving you flowers that were at all old."

"Oh, mother, don't speak to me!" cried Miss Vervain, passionately, clasping her hands to her face.

"Now I see that I 've been saying something to vex you, my darling," and seating herself beside the young girl on the sofa, she fondly took down her hands. "Do tell me what it was. Was it about your teachers falling in love with you? You know they did, Florida: Pestachiavi and Schulze, both; and that horrid old Fleuron."

"Did you think I liked any better on that account to have you talk it over with a stranger?" asked Florida, still angrily.

"That 's true, my dear," said Mrs. Vervain, penitently. "But if it worried you, why did n't you do something to stop me? Give me a hint, or just a little knock, somewhere?"

"No, mother; I 'd rather not. Then you 'd have come out with the whole thing, to prove that you were right. It 's better to let it go," said Florida with a fierce laugh, half sob. "But it 's strange that you can't remember how such things torment me."

"I suppose it 's my weak health, dear," answered the mother. "I did n't use to be so. But now I don't really seem to have the strength to be sensible. I know it 's silly as well as you. The talk just seems to keep going on of itself, — slipping out, slipping out. But you need n't mind. Mr. Ferris won't think you could ever have done anything out of the way. I 'm sure you don't act with *him* as if you 'd ever encouraged anybody. I think you 're too haughty with him, Florida. And now, his flowers."

"He 's detestable. He 's conceited and presuming beyond all endurance. I don't care what he thinks of me. But it 's his manner towards you that I can't tolerate."

"I suppose it 's rather free," said Mrs. Vervain. "But then you know, my dear, I shall be soon getting to be an old lady; and besides, I always feel as if consuls were a kind of one of the family. He 's been very obliging since we came; I don't know what we should have done without him. And I don't object to a little ease of manner in the gentlemen; I never did."

"He makes fun of you," cried Florida; "and there at the convent," she said, bursting into angry tears, "he kept exchanging glances with that monk, as if he . . . He 's insulting, and I hate him!"

"Do you mean that he thought your mother ridiculous, Florida?" asked Mrs. Vervain gravely. "You must have misunderstood his looks; indeed you must. I can't imagine why he should. I remember that I talked particularly well during our whole visit; my mind was active, for I felt unusually strong, and I was interested in everything. It 's nothing but a fancy of yours; or your prejudice, Florida. But it 's odd, now I 've sat down for a moment, how worn out I feel. And thirsty."

Mrs. Vervain fitted on her glasses,

but even then felt uncertainly about for the empty vase on the table before her.

"It is n't a goblet, mother," said Florida; "I 'll get you some water."

"Do; and then throw a shawl over me. I 'm sleepy, and a nap before dinner will do me good. I don't see why I 'm so drowsy of late. I suppose it 's getting into the sea air here at Venice; though it 's mountain air that makes you drowsy. But you 're quite mistaken about Mr. Ferris. He is n't capable of anything really rude. Besides, there would n't have been any sense in it."

The young girl brought the water and then knelt beside the sofa, on which she arranged the pillows under her mother, and covered her with soft wraps. She laid her cheek against the thinner face. "Don't mind anything I 've said, mother; let 's talk of something else."

The mother drew some loose threads of the daughter's pale gold hair through her slender fingers, but said little more, and presently fell into a deep slumber. Florida gently lifted her head away, and remained kneeling before the sofa, looking into the sleeping face with an expression of strenuous, compassionate devotion, mixed with a vague alarm and self-pity, and a certain wondering anxiety.

W. D. Howells.

"FOR THE KING."

NORTHERN MEXICO, 1640.

As you look from the plaza at Leon, west
You can see her house, but the view is best
From the porch of the church where she lies at rest,

Where much of her past still lives, I think,
In the scowling brows and sidelong blink
Of the worshiping throng that rise or sink

To the waxen saints that, yellow and lank,
Lean out from their niches, rank on rank,
With a bloodless Saviour on either flank;

In the gouty pillars, whose cracks begin
To show the *adobe* core within, —
A soul of earth in a whitewashed skin.

And I think that the moral of all, you 'll say,
Is the sculptured legend that molds away
On a tomb in the choir: "Por el Rey."

"Por el Rey." Well, the king is gone,
Ages ago, and the Hapsburg one
Shot — but the rock of the church lives on.

"Por el Rey." What matters, indeed,
If king or president succeed
To a country haggard with sloth and greed,

As long as one granary is fat,
And yonder priest, in a shovel hat,
Peeps out from the bin like a sleek, brown rat!

What matters? Naught, if it serves to bring
The legend nearer, — no other thing, —
We 'll spare the moral, "Live the King!"

Two hundred years ago, they say,
The viceroy, Marquis of Monte-Rey,
Rode, with his retinue, that way.

Grave as befitted Spain's grandee,
Grave as the substitute should be
Of His Most Catholic Majesty,

Yet from his black plume's curving grace
To his slim, black gauntlet's smaller space,
Exquisite as a piece of lace!

Two hundred years ago — e'en so —
The marquis stopped where the lime-trees blow,
While Leon's seneschal bent him low

And begged that the marquis would that night take
His humble roof for the royal sake,
And then, as the custom demanded, spake

The usual wish that his guest would hold
The house, and all that it might infold,
As his — with the bride scarce three days old.

Be sure that the marquis, in his place,
Replied to all with the measured grace
Of chosen speech and unmoved face,

Nor raised his head till his black plume swept
The hem of the lady's robe, who kept
Her place, as her husband backward stept.

And then (I know not how nor why)
A subtle flame in the lady's eye —
Unseen by the courtiers standing by —

Burned through his lace and titled wreath,
Burned through his body's jeweled sheath,
Till it touched the steel of the man beneath!

(And yet, mayhap, no more was meant
Than to point a well-worn compliment,
And the lady's beauty, her worst intent.)

Howbeit, the marquis bowed again:
"Who rules with awe well serveth Spain,
But best whose law is love made plain."

Be sure that night no pillow pressed
The seneschal, but with the rest
Watched, — as was due a royal guest, —

Watched from the wall till he saw the square
Fill with the moonlight, white and bare, —
Watched till he saw two shadows fare

Out from his garden, where the shade
That the old church tower and belfry made,
Like a benedictory hand was laid.

Few words spoke the seneschal as he turned
To his nearest sentry: "These monks have learned
That stolen fruit is sweetly earned.

"Myself shall punish yon acolyte
Who gathers my garden grapes by night;
Meanwhile, wait thou till the morning light."

Yet not till the sun was riding high
Did the sentry meet his commander's eye,
Nor then — till the viceroy stood by.

To the lovers of grave formalities
No greeting was ever so fine, I wis,
As this host's and guest's high courtesies!

The seneschal feared, as the wind was west,
A blast from Morena had chilled his rest?
The viceroy languidly confessed

That cares of state, and — he dared to say —
Some fears that the king could not repay
The thoughtful zeal of his host, some way

Had marred his rest. Yet he trusted much
None shared his wakefulness! Though such
Indeed might be! If he dared to touch

A theme so fine — the bride, perchance,
Still slept? At least, they missed her glance
To give this greeting countenance.

Be sure that the seneschal, in turn,
Was deeply bowed with the grave concern
Of the painful news his guest should learn:

"Last night, to her father's dying bed
By a priest was the lady summonèd;
Nor know we yet how well she sped,

"But hope for the best." The grave viceroy
(Though grieved his visit had such alloy)
Must still wish the seneschal great joy

Of a bride so true to her filial trust!
Yet now as the day waxed on, they must
To horse, if they 'd 'scape the noonday dust.

"Nay," said the seneschal, "at least,
To mend the news of this funeral priest,
Myself shall ride as your escort, east."

The viceroy bowed. Then turned aside
To his nearest follower: "With me ride —
You and Felipe — on either side.

"And list! Should anything me befall,
Mischance of ambush or musket-ball,
Cleave to his saddle yon seneschal!

"No more." Then gravely in accents clear
Took formal leave of his late good cheer:
Whiles the seneschal whispered a musketeer,

Carelessly stroking his pommel top,
"If from the saddle ye see me drop,
Riddle me quickly yon solemn fop!"

So these, with many a compliment,
Each on his one dark thought intent,
With grave politeness onward went,

Riding high, and in sight of all,
Viceroy, escort, and seneschal,
Under the shade of the Almandral.

Holding their secret, hard and fast,
Silent and grave, they ride at last
Into the dusty traveled Past;

Even like this they passed away
Two hundred years ago to-day.
What of the lady? Who shall say?

Do the souls of the dying ever yearn
To some favored spot for the dust's return —
For the homely peace of the family urn?

I know not. Yet did the seneschal,
Chancing in after years to fall
Pierced by a Flemish musket-ball,

Call to his side a trusty friar
And bid him swear, as his last desire,
To bear his corse to San Pedro's choir

At Leon, where 'neath a shield azùre
Should his mortal frame find sepulture;
This much, for the pains Christ did endure.

Be sure that the friar loyally
Fulfilled his trust by land and sea,
'Till the spires of Leon silently

Rose through the green of the Almandral,
As if to beckon the seneschal
To his kindred dust 'neath the choir wall.

I wot that the saints on either side
Leaned from their niches open-eyed,
To see the doors of the church swing wide —

That the wounds of the Saviour on either flank
Bled fresh, as the mourners, rank by rank,
Went by with the coffin, clank on clank,

For why? When they raised the marble door
Of the tomb untouched for years before,
The friar swooned on the choir floor;

For there, in her laces and festal dress,
Lay the dead man's wife, her loveliness
Scarcely changed by her long duress;

As on the night she had passed away —
Only that near her a dagger lay,
With the written legend, "Por el Rey."

What was their greeting — the groom and bride,
They whom that steel and the years divide?
I know not. Here they lie side by side.

Side by side. Though the king has his way,
Even the dead at last have their day.
Make you the moral. "Por el Rey."

Bret Harte.

A PRODIGAL IN BUSKINS.

THE river boat arrived some time during the night and made fast to the levee at S——. I have a faint remembrance of turning over in my berth with a heavy weight on my conscience, when I realized that the machinery was no longer churning the blood of some hundred and odd passengers with its tedious and incessant jar.

At daybreak I went out into the frosty and still deserted streets, feeling as forlorn as possible, and every once in a while having a kind of spasm in the region of the heart; for I kept coming upon great placards announcing the unprecedented attractions at the —— Theatre, and away down in the bill was one line that somehow had marvelous fascination for my eyes, though Heaven knows I did n't want to see it any oftener than was absolutely necessary!

It ran thus:—

MR. BLANK.

HIS FIRST APPEARANCE ON ANY STAGE.

It is scarcely three years since I donned the buskin, but it seems at least three ages, and I shall treat the subject with that liberal justice peculiar to people who have outlived the bitterness of an experience and are beginning to cherish the memory of it.

To begin with, I had become restless at home, — I always do, — and that is what has made a prodigal of me; I suppose some of the dear fellows whom I half worshiped because they were such deliciously melancholy Hamlets, or such pathetic and lovable Romeos, had fired my young ambition, and I began to think it quite a lark when I packed my trunk to enter upon my first engagement.

Of course the parents were resigned. I have observed that it is one of the first duties of a prodigal to break in his parents. I have also observed that your orthodox prodigal must try to do something for which he is eminently unfitted, or he at once sinks into the bottomless pit of the commonplace, and ceases to be any longer an object of interest; this is probably why I felt called upon to adopt the stage as a momentary and spasmodic profession.

S—— is a particularly dull place of an early morning. I felt as though I was about to become acquainted with the cold charities of the world, and I was low-spirited in consequence.

After a while I broke my fast at a wholesome little chop-house, where a motherly waitress brought me omelet and coffee, together with the morning paper.

Of course my eye at once fell upon that ominous line, "Mr. Blank, his first appearance on any stage;" it was in the smallest visible type, but I saw it as soon as I had spread the paper against the sugar-bowl, and I saw little else so long as I sat in the comfortable heat of that consoling chop-house.

I wanted to confide in that motherly waitress. I wanted to ask her if she had seen the announcement that "Mr. Blank" was about to take the most desperate and decided step of his life? and when she had assured me that she had all the morning been brooding over the mystery of Mr. Blank, and that she had the greatest sympathy for him under the peculiarly trying circumstances, and that she lived with the hope of one day clasping Blank by the hand and congratulating him upon his great and glorious success in all parts of the world! — then I was going to almost fall into her arms, exclaiming, "Behold, I am he whom your heart yearns for!" But some one came in at the exact moment and ordered steak and tea, so that I gave up the pleasant little episode that came so near happening at the very opening of my dramatic career.

It became necessary to report myself

to the manager at the earliest convenient hour; I sought him at his hotel. I found him in animated conversation with the first star of the new dramatic season at the —— Theatre, and with a faint heart, and a spirit of humility that argues little for a man's manliness in this age of the world, I approached them and announced myself as the ill-fated Mr. Blank about to make his first appearance on any stage.

They showed no surprise at my discovery; they had both been informed of my intentions some weeks previous, and had each taken my measure and pronounced me a possible success on any stage.

I had recited a few lines in a manner that convinced me my voice was no longer the trusty organ I had relied upon for some years past; they had seen me walk, and were good enough to classify my gait as tolerable; they had watched me in my unconscious poses and accepted me in spite of them. I had really nothing to fear, yet I felt somewhat like a caricature of my former self, and was in a state of nervous suspense until the call for rehearsal at precisely ten o'clock, A. M. Probably there is nothing more trying to the novice than his first rehearsal, unless it be his *début*. Our theatre was not a large one; on the contrary, it was cozy and homelike; yet I felt lost in it when the company assembled in the front seats of the parquette, chatting, lounging in an indifferent fashion, or perhaps studying their respective *rôles* in the more secluded corners of the house.

The gentlemen of the orchestra were there, tuning their instruments, running through a few bars of the new overture, and making light of the serious life I was about to enter upon. Need I add, they were none of them prodigals?

It was dull business; three jets of gas ran out their yellow fangs from behind the long row of foot-lights; a brace of carpenters powdered our shoulders with dust and dry paint as they shifted the absurd-looking scenery that was to complete the illusion of our evening's entertainment.

The prompter sat at a small table in the front of the stage, and, with an air of authority, summoned the ladies and gentlemen of act first, scene first, to come on to the stage and proceed with the rehearsal of the "beautiful domestic drama" whose innumerable attractions were but faintly shadowed forth in the small bills.

The star sat on one side of the stage, looking very much bored; the leading lady flirted with the low comedian, the heavy villain leaned against the proscenium box and was supremely happy, and the play began.

It chanced to be the last rehearsal. I was fortunately up in my part — I had been cudgeling my brains for a fortnight in advance. Most of the company was perfect or nearly so, and we recited our lines with as much freedom and as little expression as one would throw into a private *résumé* of the multiplication table.

The humor sounded flat enough to have discouraged the author of it from ever again perpetrating a pun; the poetry of it was given with a prosaic indifference to all inflection; the tragedy was almost comic, and the effective situations alone seemed to call for any special exertion on the part of the company, and these were looked to with as much earnestness as might be expected in the devising of a gunpowder plot.

All this while a bluish gloom pervaded the entire establishment. Not one ray of sunshine stole in to gild the gray spirit of the occasion, and when at last, after three mortal hours of inexpressible tediousness, we were dismissed in a body, and I once more saw the light of day, — when I returned to the life I seemed about bidding a long farewell to, — I hardly knew what to do with the few hours of emptiness left me before I should have to return to the theatre for my début.

I remember I walked till I was tired, and sat till I could sit no longer; so I sought my room in the hotel, where I fell upon my play book and studied to kill time; albeit I was letter-perfect in my part, and had been so for some days;

in fact, it seemed as though I had been familiar with the thing from time immemorial.

I believe I passed that eventful afternoon in a state of semi-somnambulism, out of which I did not entirely waken until the fall of the green curtain on the last act of my first night.

I ate a light dinner, with my stage cues in my throat; I arrayed myself in the costume of the evening with considerable care, and repaired to the theatre about seven P. M., where, to my amazement, I found most of the members of our company already assembled and the majority of them in full dress; in fact, we might have begun our performance nearly an hour before the time appointed for the overture.

The house was still dark and a little cold. A half-dozen people were lounging at the box office, which, I observed, was not yet open; I paced up and down the green baize that covered the stage like a close-shaven sward, and wondered if I could ever get used to that sort of thing. I was peculiarly impressionable that night, and seemed to feel the eyes of people who were behind me, and to have a painful knowledge of their thoughts concerning me.

It seemed wise for me to retire to the privacy of my dressing-room, and I at once sought the steep stairs that led to its narrow door. This room chanced to be in the second tier of small compartments, to each of which two or more actors were doomed for a season, to make what transformation in their physical aspect might be necessary to suit the requirements of their respective rôles.

There were three of us in the up-stairs room I sought, selected and grouped together because we were slim and amiable; at any rate, I cannot account for the imposition upon any other grounds.

The dressing-room was like a ship's state-room; it might have been seven feet square; it was ceiled with rough boards and lit with a gas jet that flamed furiously right over our heads; a narrow shelf of a convenient height spanned three sides of the room, while against the fourth side, and next the door, was our solitary stool. We sat on that stool in turn, and anathematized the proprietors of the establishment for thus presuming upon the helplessness of three martyrs to circumstance.

There was no superfluous ornamentation about our dressing-room: on the bare counter stood a small wash-bowl; above it hung a cheap mirror scarcely bigger than one's face; each of us had his box of colors, a cake of india ink, and a tooth-brush with which to apply it; a hare's-foot or a bit of old flannel for the rouge, and a puff for the magnesia.

Our gaudy costumes, such parts of them as we had not on at the moment, were heaped in champagne baskets under foot; and when we broke the busy silence of the last half-hour before adjourning to the greenroom, where the players of the evening are supposed to be in waiting, it was to ask after a missing slipper, or to beg the loan of a rosette as a substitute for the one that had been missing for some days.

There came a rap at the door; the juvenile (who does the young lovers and the dutiful sons) wanted to borrow our eyeglasses: there came another rap a moment later; the soubrette begged Mr. Blank for a few pins, she having been unable to find any out of use among the ladies.

It was excessively hot up in our small box; there was no window through which the night air might visit and revive us. In fact, an actor has little time to devote to hygienics during the run of a play. He cannot afford to be civil, always; his mind is bent upon his lines, and any unnecessary interruption is considered a breach of professional etiquette worthy of a severe reprimand.

Coming down from the dressing-room, I heard a low hum on the other side of the green curtain that was all that separated me from public life.

I glanced through the peephole in the middle of the curtain, and saw a well-filled house; row upon row of faces were piled from the orchestra-rail to the very roof of the building; a hundred shelves

full of wingless cherubs might have made a similar appearance if they could have managed to look equally unspiritual. Everybody was like everybody else; no one was distinguished in his or her appearance. It would temper the vanity of any man if he could see how insignificant he appears in the midst of a large audience.

The effect was at first ludicrous and then confusing; the audience seemed to resolve itself into one enormous face that winked at me with a thousand critical eyes.

I withdrew to the greenroom to compose myself; we were all there, a few sitting upon chairs or sofas, a few walking nervously up and down the floor, one or two busy at pier-glasses, studying causes and effects.

I was an object of some concern to the occupants of the greenroom; the old woman, which is by no means a disrespectful title when applied to an actress in her professional sphere, wanted to know how I felt; the light comedian trifled with my feelings in a cruel but artistic manner; the leading lady gave me a piece of advice, much in the style of a governess administering a reproof; and the singing chambermaid, who evidently had a heart, though in the play she was celebrated for her want of it, said nothing, but looked at me with melting eyes that made me feel particularly good every time they rested upon me. There was a commotion on the stage; the warning bell was sounded and we hastened into the wings, those scenic excrescences that shoot out from the sides of the stage like unfinished partitions.

A whole scene was to pass before I made my entrance in company with several others; we stood in a group at the entrance in the flat, or background of the stage-picture; our room was limited; there could not have been more than three feet of space between the scene and the rear wall of the theatre; everything was dusty, and we found some trouble in keeping ourselves respectable; so we stood in readiness to make our entrance the moment our cue should be heard; the ladies meanwhile were arranging the folds in their dresses and paying as little attention to me as possible; it was their delicate way of smoothing over the situation. I observed, however, that the stage carpenter was watching me with some interest, and the scene-shifter, who was ever my friend and who was out of employment for five minutes, drank my health silently in a mug of foaming lager.

Every word of the play could be heard where we were standing, as distinctly as though we were in the presence of the speaker; and as the applause of the house rolled out its thunder in admiration of the fine periods of our star, I settled my cravat, refastened my glove, looked down at my boots and up into the wilderness of ropes and rafters close under the roof, and then — slap, bang! much sooner than I expected — albeit for half an hour I had been waiting for it — our cue went off and we went on, one after another.

Probably our entrance was as good a one as was necessary, yet I fancy I stumbled at the threshold, or did something a little awkward; at any rate I was disconcerted, and forgot to acknowledge my reception by the audience, that was evidently disposed to treat me with some consideration.

There was a little difficulty about the volume of voice necessary to the occasion. I fancied I was howling like a dervish, yet the leading lady, who seemed to feel some personal responsibility in my deportment, whispered a word in my ear. It was enough; my face was on fire and my throat as dry as leather, yet I raised my voice a half note and put on the loud pedal.

After a half-dozen exchanges of brief and unimportant lines, I was at liberty to look natural and hold my peace till the close of the scene. It then occurred to me that I was probably the least natural of God's creatures, and I tried to remember what people usually did with such unnecessary appendages as feet and hands.

I did n't rock from one leg on to the

other in continual unrest, as most débutants do: I did n't, for this reason: it was considered a heinous sin, and I had been warned against it at least a hundred times during the previous week. I simply stood there like a post, without one particle of expression in any member of my body, while in my mind I was harping on my next cue, and wondering when it would make its appearance.

My guardian angel, our leading lady of grateful memory, saw that I was sinking into a state of petrifaction, and bethought herself of a test that was kill or cure in all such cases as mine. I was still unemployed, still wishing that I had something to do, so that I might appear natural; to be so in reality was out of the question.

Our leading lady seized me by the arm with some firmness and walked me down to one corner of the stage, on to the brink of the audience; the footlights flashed right under my nose; a million eyes seemed fixed upon me in morbid curiosity; my head swam; I felt an uncommon sense of lightness, and should not have been much surprised to find myself rising into the air and floating over the heads of the whole house.

At this epoch in my life the gentle lady, who had been cruel only to be kind, called me to myself with a few words of encouragement, and we withdrew into the seclusion formed by a table and one chair, near the back of the stage, where I at once became as plucky as possible, and finished my part of the scene in fine style.

Somehow I managed to make my reappearance in the next scene with considerable composure; the audience had little terror for me then, and in order to make as much of the experience as possible, I began to fret myself about my fellow-actors, though they were as kindly disposed toward me as any novice could wish.

I felt that I was doing with indifferent success what they had achieved reputation with, and the consequence was a general flagging of the enthusiasm awakened by my exit with my life at the conclusion of the first scene. In the interval at the close of the first act I was the recipient of much kindly encouragement, and likewise a little advice concerning a few stage improprieties that only an actor can have knowledge of. I discovered that there are certain rules that must be observed; most of them traditional, probably; but the stage as yet has not been sufficiently naturalized to admit of their repeal. When one of the ladies dropped her glove and I was just stooping to get it for her, she immediately checked me, assuring me that I must never stoop on the stage when it was not absolutely necessary; she had no further use for the glove in that scene; one of the supernumeraries would gather it up with any other articles shed during the action of the play; the property would thus be restored to the owners thereof, and the artistic effect of the drama would in no wise be disturbed.

I was cautioned against haste in my speech, eagerness to begin my lines before the curtain had fairly reached the dome of the proscenium, and above all, I was urged to avoid betraying any consciousness of the audience, which is, to say the least, thoroughly unprofessional.

These precepts were scarcely committed when the warning bell summoned us to appear for the second act. The extreme novelty of my position was rapidly wearing off; I ran my eye over my play book to freshen my memory, though I observed the majority of the actors preferred trusting entirely to their memory, they finding the book an embarrassment rather than a benefit.

My chief scene in act second was a brief but animated interview with the leading lady; in the play she was about to drown herself or do something equally unladylike, and it was my lot to dissuade her from her fell purpose. I rushed on at the right moment with a confused idea of what I was to do and say; somehow my lines had become hopelessly mixed; she saw the nature of the disorder, and her attention was henceforth divided between her own premeditated end and the most suitable

way of getting me safely back into my dressing-room.

I fancy much of my discomfiture was occasioned by the unexpected recognition of a friend's face, that seemed to shine out like an apparition from the chaotic confusion of faces filling the auditorium.

If that man had been dispatched as an ambassador from the people to confront me in the moment of my triumph and wrest from me the very motive power of my being, he could not have thrown me into a more complete state of stupefaction.

The leading lady, who by this time had given up all thought of her own misfortune, and was in the deepest distress at my miserable condition, clutched me by the arm with such vigor that I was upon the point of screaming out; she saved me by sheer force of will. I felt that it was impossible not to obey her, though she said nothing that was not set down to her; she spoke her lines and wrung from me my replies with her nervous grip upon my arm and her compelling eyes transfixing me like daggers, her sympathetic lips seeming to form for me the words I was unconsciously uttering, and, having brought our astonishing scene to a conclusion without alarming the audience, she walked me off from the stage and deposited me upon the nearest piece of furniture available, where I sank back trembling in every muscle, and folded in a sheet of cold sweat.

Probably I was but one remove from a stage fright; possibly there is nothing more agonizing in the whole round of human experiences than this sudden and unaccountable nervous prostration that has sometimes visited an actor after many years of varied success. I sincerely hope it comes not the second time to any given victim, for there is cruelty enough in it to last a man his lifetime.

Before our five acts were over, I had outgrown the old conditions and seemed to have become a new man entirely. I fancied the world looked different to me; I believed I had cut loose from society and set myself face to face with the great public.

Between the fourth and last acts I stood at the edge of the drop-curtain and had an oblique glimpse of the house; there was a triangular slice of the parquette, the tip end of the dress-circle, and one of the crescent horns of the gallery visible; the proscenium box was right before me, and I exchanged ominous glances with its occupants. Looking curiously upon the handfuls of people that were seated within range of my limited vision, I saw those whom I had known in private life, and somehow they seemed to be set apart from me; there was a yawning gulf full of musicians, and a flaming sword of foot-lights that separated us, perhaps forever. I felt that probably those friends would not regard me in the same light as had been their wont; they might try, and fail, for our lives went apart from the day of my début, and we met no more on the common ground of social equality. I had become the property of the public, subject to its critical or curious whims; in a word, I was an actor, though a poor one; but my short-comings did not exempt me from all the petty annoyances the actor is subjected to.

Stripped of every remnant of privacy, naked to the inspection of impudent and prying eyes, henceforth I could not fail to awaken some little interest in the bosom of my neighbor, from the mere fact that I was an actor, though, Heaven knows, in our several callings I can see nothing but a distinction without a difference.

Looking out at the edge of the curtain I nodded to a young fellow I knew, and he nodded back, to the admiration of several young fellows in his immediate vicinity; they seemed to be filled with unnecessary emotion, and perhaps felt themselves remotely associated with the profession in consequence of that casual recognition.

I began to grow philosophical, and thought little of my kind, that so small a thing should have its visible effect in a half-dozen breasts that ought to have been less susceptible.

But I had charity for them; I had done the same thing myself, more than once, and had felt my hair rise all over my head when a certain actor gave me a look of recognition which was observed, and perhaps coveted, by the several comrades who surrounded me. There was n't much time for moralizing between the acts, so I stopped it and read over my last scene for the twentieth time, getting more and more confused forever.

Having been congratulated in the early part of the evening I was left almost to myself as the play drew to its close; every one had duties that fully occupied his or her attention; even the singing chambermaid lost interest in me, and the scene-shifter seemed inclined to let me go my way since he had watched me through the trying ordeal of the first entrance and the exit that followed it.

These exits were something harrowing; it seemed as though nothing but a miracle could carry me safely over the three paces that lay between me and the wings, beyond which I was as bold as a lion. Neither is it any wonder that it is as it is; as well think of concluding a poem with a weak line or two, as of slinking off from the stage without making a point of it.

It is one proof of an artist that his entrances and exits are in themselves artistic, forming a fitting opening and close to the business of the scene. One's feet seem glued to the stage just at the moment when a light and graceful step is necessary, and somehow you are never so conscious of your complete unfitness for any part as at the moment when you are about to conclude a scene in it. This is of course the result of nervousness, and may be overcome in time.

At last, after three hours and a half of the utmost animation, the green curtain was about to fall on my first night. I do not remember any walk in life to which I have been introduced where the nervous energies of a man are so taxed; we had not one moment that we could call our own, from the hour of dressing to the last tap of the prompter's bell at the end of the closing scene.

Then everything seemed to fray out. The audience deserted us. We were of no further interest to them. They returned into the world and forgot us. We hurried to our dressing-rooms, put off our stage-characters with our clothes, donned citizen's apparel, and went into the street.

The lights burned low in the empty house; the curtain was rung up as soon as the audience had dispersed, and when I passed out on to the stage again, the great auditorium yawned like a cavern full of shadows and silence.

The stage carpenter said good night civilly, in a voice that echoed through the deserted galleries; one or two of the minor members of the company seemed inclined to make friendly advances, but I discovered that we had all sunk into the commonplace world again, and we could not hope for a complete resurrection until the place was again magnetized by the enthusiastic multitude who would probably assemble on the following evening.

At the door, five or six youngsters were lounging, and as I passed them, they gossiped together in an audible undertone which I could not avoid interpreting. Well! little fellows, thought I, you do not care much for me now, but if I should make one palpable hit, you would follow me a block or so in the fullness of your admiration.

I was tired and hungry; I sought my hospitable chop-house and awoke the motherly waitress from a nap in the corner. Over oysters and coffee my soul revived; I wanted to tell the good soul all about it; I felt that I must talk to somebody or die, and so I talked stage to her. But, bless her soul! she never went to the play-house, and though she sympathized with me to a considerable extent, it was only because she was so brimful of sympathy that you might tap her on any side and she would respond with admirable but incomprehensible promptness.

So I went to my room, and as the night was clear and the rim of the moon

hung low in the horizon, I leaned over the window to see that strip of yellow gold go down beyond the hill.

It was a time to send pleasant mental telegrams to the dear ones who were perhaps dreaming of the prodigal out in the world again.

A great multitude of frogs sang joyously; I think there was no other sound on my side of the world. I blessed God with the gratefulest heart that ever yearned and was satisfied, and concluded by writing a letter home while the spirit was on me, hopeful, healthful, hearty.

When I was dropping off into sleep the town clock struck three, and I concluded the programme of the début with this high-flown period: Alas for the joyous amateur who sports with fair women and brave men of his acquaintance in the drawing-rooms of his neighbor! who plays at playing in a dainty drama after his own heart, and thinks he is solving the mystery of the profession, but the truths of which he is in no wise aware of; for the end of that amateur shall be egotism and vainglory!

Perhaps I was too philosophical on short notice; I know that I was very sleepy, and what can you expect from a fellow with one foot in the profession?

Charles Warren Stoddard.

FAIR AND FIFTEEN.

She is the east just ready for the sun
  Upon a cloudless morning. Oh, her cheek
  Hath caught the trick of that first, delicate streak
Which says earth's light-ward footsteps have begun!

And still her brow is like some Arctic height
  Which never knows the full, hot flush of noon;
  She wears the seal of May and not of June;
She is the new day, furthest off from night!

Luring in promise of all daintiest sweetness:
  A bud with crimson rifting through its green;
  The large, clear eyes, so shy their lids between,
Give hints of this dear wonder's near completeness.

For, when the bud is fair and full, like this,
  We know that there will be a queen of roses,
  Before her cloister's emerald gate uncloses,
And her true knight unlocks her with a kiss!

And gazing on the young moon, fashioned slightly,
  A silver cipher inlaid on the blue,
  For all that she is strange and slim and new,
We know that she will grow in glory nightly.

And dear to loving eyes as that first look
  The watcher getteth of the far, white sail,
  This new light on her face; she doth prevail
Upon us like a rare, unopened book!

Howard Glyndon.

KATY'S FORTUNE.

IN TWO PARTS. PART I.

I.

BEFORE THE LOOKING-GLASS.

EASTWARD of the sun and westward of the moon, and somewhere remote from the sweet influences of the Pleiades, there lies a world like our world contradicted. It is so far that no philosophic tube has sphered its general light into an orb, and yet so near that the flower in the basin and the waterfowl on the lake, stem to stem and breast to breast, see bird and blossom in that other world. Look into the mirror, and you see its phases. It is yourself, your very self, but in reverse. Always that, always a left-handed world that in the very act of identity divides and becomes something sinister. Yet do not turn away. Live as long as you may, and be as introspective as you can, you will never be nearer to seeing your exact self than the phantom in the glass. Do not believe, however, that this mirror is to exhibit your foibles, dear reader. I only hold up certain experiences, and there is reflected a shadowy contradiction: words, scenes, people, never seen elsewhere than in that fragile world behind your looking-glass. They never were, and never will be, as I have arranged them, yet it amuses me to put these bits of glass, these facets, in shape. There is part of a girl's diary, a lawyer's brief, an old woman's gossip, and scraps of letters. As I fit them, bone to his bone, or like a child's puzzle, a story comes of it. So once a learned doctor put together the huge bones of a mastodon so ingeniously that all Europe believed it was the veritable skeleton of Gog-Magog, or a huger Goliath, and preached and prayed about it. This is no more a real giant than that; but the bones are all good bones, with proper amount of lime and phosphates. The only imposition is in the art of fitting the incongruities in this shape.

It is an unsettled period, and the glass is blurred and bad. The stale smoke of a long war still lies in flocks and wefts, obscuring the view; and there are soiled spots where the silvering is scratched off. It is the era of a disturbed state under a new system imposed by violence. Its ways are unfamiliar, and novelties in legislation slacken the already loosened ties of business and moral obligation. Public and private faith are demoralized, destroyed. Crudities in politics; diverse opinions of judges; a divided sentiment in church and state, and on every question that can agitate men's minds, isolate and alienate the elements of society, and make any measures of reform requiring combination impossible. Men, agreed in nothing else, agree in a general distrust. All maxims of business craft are reduced to one formula: Get all you can in any way you can, and pay nothing. In the church it appears in a sordid struggle for valuable eleemosynary and ecclesiastical property; in the state, in proposals to pay the national debt in legal-tender promises to pay; in private affairs, in a sudden scramble for the benefit of the bankrupt law. Man's moral nature, raised by great moral causes in the war above its normal worth, released, now sprang with compensatory recoil to the other extreme. There was no period, not even in the immediate shock and devastation of armies, in which the helpless and confiding were so put upon and plundered, by those who owed them protection and security.

An example precedes the immediate current of this sketch, some three years, and the principal events turn upon it. The scene is at a real estate broker's in

a Southern border State. It is in the parlor of what had been a private residence, now overflowed by the growth of trade, and perverted in its uses. There are the agent, a gentleman in a blue cloth coat with brass buttons, and a German seated in a beery stupor on a settee, apparently disregarded by the other two.

"It will not do," says the blue coat. "I do not like your settling everything on your wife. I do not like the way you are doing business. You must cash up — must. Give me that $5500 received for Catharine Keith's warehouse yesterday."

The agent demurs.

"Nonsense!" says the other; "it is your way of doing business. You know she will not call for a settlement for months; perhaps a year. You will use her money; if not to pay me, in some other way. In fact, you must or I'll" —

He does not say what, but the agent has a cowed, angry look, as if detected, and he gives it up.

"Of course you must be ready for Miss Keith," continues the other. "I have an advisory interest in her affairs; but this we may call settled, and I leave you to your plans. Ha? Yes — no; I would not mention it — this transaction — unless it was necessary."

The German staggers to his feet. "Mein frau has said mir" — but the agent bundles him rudely out-of-doors, and the interview closes.

In the days when the judges ruled, there lived on the Southern border a certain widow lady with her daughter. She had suffered loss and affliction in the death of her two sons, who had taken opposing sides in the late unhappy differences, and in the breaking of her husband's heart and fortune by accumulated disaster, which laid the father with his sons. The poor man left a will, but it was almost all he left, for, on examination, it was found that the present assets of the business firm were consumed by debts, and all outstanding claims were paid by certificates in bankruptcy. This news Colonel Filkerdis, her husband's friend, was obliged to report to the poor woman; but he added the comforting assurance that her daughter's, Catharine Keith's, fortune was unencumbered. This was a legacy from the young girl's maternal grandfather, and, in the panic of the period, he had coupled the devise with a recommendation to sell, on Katy's coming to the age of eighteen. This period arrived preceding her father's death, and her agent was properly empowered to sell. Then came these accumulated misfortunes; the two women lived retired in a little country town, in the house not yet seized by the law. Their farm and garden, some of the wreck saved, and Katy's rents, supported them. From the last circumstance, it was inferred that the warehouse, Katy's legacy, was not yet sold; for these two simple women took no account of back rents, possibly accumulated during Katy's minority, and neither the agent nor their friend, Colonel Filkerdis, wrote them a word of the matter.

I shall not say much of Katy in this place. She was a good little girl. She had been one of those quiet, sedate children, who wear an air of womanliness in infancy, and, as a recompense, obtain the child-like look in after years, to wear it all their lives. She was quite particular in those matters of mint, rue, and anise, which some of us take credit for neglecting; yet not so formal but she gave back the light of heaven, not as a star which only reflects its rays, but as a flower that reveals them in its own hue and fragrance. Your wife, on entering a crowded car, would, by womanly intuition, select this little stranger as a companion, and would talk about how simple and good she was, ever after. She had her faults, no doubt, like the rest of us. She was very shy; so shy that the shop-man who sold her a yard of tape could not become intimate with her. If she was less so with elders, I fear it only added to her faults, for thereby divers widowers and bachelors had been reduced to desperate straits, because love, like other childish ail-

ments, goes harder with us as our years increase. An oath shocked her: more her sense of delicacy, perhaps, than her religious principles, just as a scratch that tears the cuticle gives more immediate pain than the imminent deadly wound.

She was particular in all small proprieties, and if she loved you, any solecism of yours would give her pain. She was pretty; very pretty, I think, but then the prevailing expression of goodness so obscured it, that only a rare excitement called attention to her physical loveliness.

Of course an heiress in a small way, and good and pretty, had lovers, and, as is always the case with these shy girls, she had picked up a betrothed where bolder beauties were in vain.

This was George Earley Groth, generally known as Earl Groth, eldest son of Fungus Groth, Esq., of that ilk. The young fellow was one of those astonishingly beautiful men seen occasionally. He had the flossiest curls, the blackest moustache, and the most surprisingly genteel presence, and looked indeed like a Prince Camaralzaman. Yet I am ashamed to say he was only bagman for the agricultural implement makers, Plowstock & Harrow. It is more elegant to say commercial traveler, and we will always do that in preference to bagman or drummer, just for Katy's sake. As to his character, I can only say he drew the longest bow of any young man I ever met. You would think, on his return from a Southern tour, that he could have been governor of half the States he visited, and that all great military, legal, and editorial lights took counsel from him. Half of this, that about the governorships, might be true, and when you saw the confiding simplicity of the little woman who listened to these marvelous tales, I am sure you would not say one word to shake her faith in all of it.

Well, after the sale of the home place, — and what a wretched experience that is! — there began to be some talk of an approaching ceremony. Naturally, the two women made a temporary sojourn with the elder Groth, in whose family Katy was "the dearest thing, you know, and quite, *quite* rich, you know." She was to see her agent about selling that warehouse, and then put all the money in Earl's hands, with a little kiss, perhaps, and a speech, saying, "It is all, all yours; only be good to mamma, that's a dear." Of course he would, and buy a partnership in Plowstock & Harrow and settle down, neglectful of all those vast military, financial, political, and legal interests submitted and deferred to his sage advice.

There was just a little disappointment, therefore, at the turn of the street, when he left her, saying that for him to go to the real estate agent's might be indelicate. There are business partners who, when there is a hard note to meet, go incontinently to bed; just as there are married men who never will hunt up the new house to be rented. Earl Groth was one of these; a good enough business man in the routine, but shy of new transactions. Katy had to digest her disappointment as she might, and she was a little coward with strangers. Still it had to be done; and, calling herself "a little goose" many times, in which she usually took comfort, she proceeded on her errand.

The dwelling-house of her grandfather's day, like a gentleman fallen into trade, had been converted into offices for this real estate agency. The floor was let down flush with the pavement, and trifid pillars supported a frieze along which strutted in gilt, JOHN OVERDO, REAL ESTATE AGENT. Fat letters crawled about the columns, denoting the States for which he was commissioner of deeds, and a hand and scroll pointed to the Real Estate Gazette office. Katy entered through lofty glass doors, and stood embarrassed till the chamberlain of the gold stick ushered her into the sacred recesses of the private office.

The agent was a big man. Not tall or large, though both tall and large; but his periphery is better described by bigness. There was a swollen puffiness

about him like an exaggerated boy's. He was of the baggy style: generally bulbous about the shoulders, joints, and protuberances of his body; but at his visitor's name he grew flabby, and like a huge, sallow fungus.

Katy took her seat by a dirty window overlooking a moldy court starred with grass in the sun, and mildewed in the shade under a tumbling old kitchen with rotting steps going up, and there heard a story of which the fine front and dirty, neglected back premises were but a symbol.

He had sold her property three years ago, and taken the benefit of the bankrupt act. Her money was involved in the assignment, and was lost. "It was very well, surrendering your own property to your creditors," said Katy, to his shabby excuses, "but this was mine; my property. I don't see what it has to do with your poverty or your bankruptcy."

"I was a land broker," said the agent, nervously rubbing his great fat hands, "like any other broker. There was an open account. It was your grandfather's way and mine; and it all went. It did me no good. I'm sure I wish you had it; it never profited me any."

"But aren't you ever going to pay me any of my money, sure enough?" asked Katy, opening her eyes at the palpable robbery of a refusal. But it was a refusal, and she went out feeling like a child that has been sent on some mistaken errand.

It is well the future is veiled from us, and the knowledge of a misfortune only comes to us in parts. Her simplicity protected her from a full consciousness of the hideous burden thrown upon her inexperience. There was trouble, and there would be difficulty and loss in recovering her own, she thought; but she never supposed the wisdom of all lawgivers, from Moses to the Federal Congress, could be turned to instruments of wrong and oppression like that. She must have help, and she went at once to the law office of Groth & Son. The junior, Ben Groth, was her lover's younger brother, a simple piece of mechanism, adapted to the law, with some native goodness; the senior of the firm was her lover's father. Good friends and true, surely.

The old lawyer drew his heavy brows together over Katy's story, and Ben looked horror-struck. For all this young fellow's legal experience, a piece of downright knavery always struck him as an impossible contradiction. His father said to him, —

"You managed that affair. What dividend did Overdo pay?"

"Fifty-five cents on the dollar," gasped Ben, for he had prided himself on the handsome rate paid by this, his first client in bankruptcy. "It was thought to be unusually good at the time."

"Fifty-five per cent. on $5500," said the father, ignoring all mere opinions, "is, say $3000. It is bad enough, my child, but it might be worse. You will get over half. Ben, call on the assignee and learn what you can. Sit down, my child, and wait a moment. We will see what can be done. It might be worse, you know. Not that it is n't bad enough; but it might have been worse."

Katy thought so indeed, as she nestled into the big leathern chair, reading the paper. The old lawyer watched the trim little figure over his spectacles; the pearl-gray complexion with little shelly flushes in it, and the limpid, shaded eyes, as gray as water. He was uneasy. Why had not Overdo mentioned the dividend? As he thought of a sordid struggle for bread that would result from a total loss, he revolted at the iniquity. The marriage must be broken off; that, he said to himself, was common prudence; but he pitied her as he said it. She would be an indifferent client with a bad cause, if Overdo chose to resist, and he thought the agent would hold on to what he had. A professional obligation bound him to the agent, and he would not break it; but as a friend he would do what he could. His theory, then and after, was to adhere to the agent pro-

fessionally, but as a friend to rely on his client's generosity. That was what he would recommend rather than legal proceedings to recover. He was very gentle with Katy, bending over her with a fatherly interest as he bade her not to fret, but to go quietly home, and they would bring her their best advice at dinner. It was the pugilist's courtesy. Katy Keith was to suffer much at his hands, and he was to be punished as he had never been, before the contest between this unequal pair was concluded.

The news they brought to her was of the worst. Overdo had taken the benefit of the act; bankruptcy went through its forms; dividends were made, the case settled and assignee discharged, and the certificate declared Overdo absolved from all past liabilities. But Katy's claim? It was very odd; no one knew anything about it. Overdo insisted he was not to blame; he never got the money or any of it; the assignee swore he paid all approved claims, and that he knew of no others. Katy's $5500 had melted away; gone to irrigate the thirsty claims of other creditors, and it was nobody's business to know anything about it.

Could she not recover somewhere? of somebody? Judge Groth thought not; the matter had been neglected too long, and was legally lapsed. To proceed now would be to incur needless expense and certain disadvantage.

So Katy, "quite rich, you know," yesterday, is now very poor, and all her way of life in the future changed. Eliphaz the Temanite, Bildad the Shuhite, and Zophar the Naamathite, sat down with her and her mother as with the man of Uz. After the first burst of indignation at the agent's treachery, the Groths fell into the opinion that it had not profited him, and he was not to blame. But the censorious human mind abhors a vacuum, and it must be that Katy is to blame. They "hoped it would be a lesson to her to be more careful." "How could you trust a rascally agent three years without inquiry?" cried her lover. "I declare Katy, you must be" —

"Don't say that," she pleaded; "think what a child I was; and papa and brothers dead, and no one to advise or help me. How was I to know? I am not much more than a child now, Earl."

He did stop for the time, and threatened to "horsewhip it out of the scoundrel." I wish he had, though I lost a story by it, but he did not. He was only of that querulous nature which wore the poor girl out. To do him justice, though postponement of the marriage was now decided, he would not hear of breaking it off, even from Katy. But that querulous fault-finding spoiled all the satisfaction she might have drawn from his constancy.

She was planning her future. She heard the family talk about a music teacher for Florence, aged fourteen, and applied for the position. How unfortunate! An Italian countess, a refugee, had shoaled on the hotel-bar, — I had like to have written it, — and Mrs. Groth could not deny herself the honor of a titled instructress in music for her daughter. Colonel Filkerdis, to whom she also applied, had the widow of a Confederate officer engaged, and as that community was in sackcloth and ashes for past loyalty on account of the Southern trade, of course Katy's hopes were vain. She thought it hard not to get help from her father's friends. She had, in fact, a great deal to learn about that journey from Jericho to Jerusalem. It is still the passing stranger who lifts us from the ditch, pours oil in the wounds, and leaves two pence with the inn-keeper. But she got advice. Judge Groth told her to "assert her position and the world would grant it;" and that nugget I cannot determine to be pure gold or the brightest of brass; but it did Katy no good. Colonel Filkerdis told his own early experiences of hardship; but as Katy could hardly become porter in a store or member of the night police, it cannot be said to have been practical. Indeed, advice came to be a usual dinner-table exercise. Judge Groth would begin: —

"To a young lady of education and

refinement — a little more of the crust, my dear — seeking a congenial occupation — gravy? — I would recommend the position of traveling governess with some of our wealthy citizens visiting Europe, and — jelly, if you please."

Mrs. Groth thought something might be done as Mother Superior in a convent, only Katy was not a Catholic; but perhaps that made no difference. Angelica would lecture like Olive Logan and Anna Dickinson. It would be such fun to blow up the men, and get well paid for it. So it was from day to day, until the children got at it, and played "What shall Katy do for a living," as a brand new game.

She made one more small effort, at this time, to institute proceedings to recover her property. Ben Groth was the snubbed of that household, who found comfort in Katy's quiet sympathy. He would drone by the hour about his petty cases, as if he believed the world was thinking of no other subject. All Ben's clients were injured men, and his opponents unscrupulous villains. As he loved the law so much, Katy once asked him why he did not undertake her case. "We would undertake it fast enough," said Ben, "if you had any; but you see you have none."

Katy sighed: "It is all those ugly books. I would ask them myself, but then I 'm such — a little goose," biting it off with her thread. "I must get somebody else."

Ben stared. It had never occurred to him that the quiet, resolute little woman intended to prosecute her claim in defiance or neglect of his father's grave opinion. None of us can meet an example of sterling courage without being moved. It stirred Ben now. He tousled his great black head, as he strode up and down, and then stopped abruptly.

"Try father again," he said. "I 'll try him." That was all. He gave no further advice, but Katy did try the senior again. She received a long, tedious explanation, with scanty hints about depending on Mr. Overdo's generosity. Ben tried, and got snubbed and no explanation whatever.

Then a little incident, remote enough, set Katy to thinking. At the breaking up of Mrs. Keith's household, Aunt Cynthy, the old cook, was confided to the tender mercies of Mr. Overdo, then in good repute with them. The negro was bandied from pillar to post, in refuse tenements, and at last came to Katy with a story that the agent had distrained her wash-tubs for arrears of rent. The quarter, Cynthy insisted, was not yet expired. She handed Katy a card of "one o' de young gem'men as owed her a bit," and "'lowed" she would "go dar jis' soon 's she done seed young missus." Katy thrust the card into her glove, with little confidence in a lawyer who owed a wash-bill, and went to Judge Groth. She got little comfort. Likely the negro was mistaken as to the time, and, by her own account, her witnesses were all negroes, who could not testify in the State courts. If Katy was much interested, perhaps, at her solicitation or request, the agent would release the articles, or she could replevy.

Much against her will, Katy went again to the shiny agency. She and Cynthy were gruffly received, and the negro told to "bundle out o' that before Saturday night," or he, Overdo, would "slap her in jail for trespass."

Katy came out insulted, tingling to her finger-tips as she clenched her mimic fists, and, doing so, the card creased the soft palm. She drew it out: "Brown & Lorn, Attorneys at Law," — who did not pay their wash-bill. Never mind; she must have somebody, for Katy had made up her mind to fight. She soon found the office; and a young fellow with a big nose, good eyes, and a shabby paletot. He was not very encouraging, but he said "something always turns up, and they have made one slip; the tenement is outside of the corporation. We 'll see what we can do with it."

The landlord's action brought a swarm of petty creditors; among them the inevitable corner-grocery man with his

little bill. But in talking with this person Mr. Lorn, the lawyer, found he could testify from his books as to the date of Cynthy's entering into possession of the tenement. Here was a white witness. The whole case went overboard, for Aunt Cynthy was right. As Mr. Lorn stood congratulating Katy, Overdo pushed up.

"Here, I want possession of these lots; let the nigger take her traps and go, rent free."

"Can't see it," said the lawyer coolly, and to Katy's surprise. "You are in the centre of a bad fix. This hut is out of the town limits, and, by the law of country leases, Cynthy holds on to the end of the year, and you can't move her. At the same time you have sold and given bond in $1000 for immediate possession. Pay $100 down, just what you charged the negro for the lease, and you may go in."

The agent said he would see Mr. Lorn reprobated first; but Mr. Lorn declined to be reprobated, laughed in his face, and told him that in twelve hours the cost of release should be doubled. "He will not pay that," said Katy, timid but pleased. There was a good deal of the Adam in the quiet little girl. "Oh yes he will," said Lorn. "The vulgar dog thought he had the negro in a trap, but he is caught himself. He has no choice; in a week I would charge him $500."

And then they parted, he strolling down the shady side of the street officewards, crushing an old wool hat in his hand, and crooning a ditty about "the lavrock in the blue lift," and —

"His heart 's a' in a flame
To see a bonnie lassie when the kye come hame."

Katy was thinking, too, what a pity that young men should neglect their wash-bills, and other matters! In fact, from a child, this young thing had a way of poking odds and ends into her work-basket that somehow were the very apt things needed at some moment; and I think she stowed this young chap away just then, as a very suitable article wherewith to rout the dragon, John Overdo, as soon as occasion offered.

II.

KATY'S NEW FRIENDS AND THE SORT OF CHAMPION SHE FOUND.

But Katy found other matters pressing upon her more immediately. She felt that she ought no longer to intrude upon the hospitality of the Groths. While it was in her means to return it, and the relationship growing out of her marriage engagement subsisted, she might have continued to do so. Now, though her lover was faithful, after his fashion, she felt that it was wrong. She had saved something like two hundred dollars, her piano, watch, and a riding pony, now at a neighbor's in the country. Her mother had reserved a little furniture, which was warehoused in the city. Katy felt that she must keep this as well as she could, and set about making her living. It will be hard for the reader in a well-established society, to believe that this last was difficult with a lady of good character, good family, and of superior education; yet it was so.

As for her immediate friends, the Groths, the bare idea of soliciting employment for a young *fiancée* of Earl, her of whose wealth they had boasted, was humiliating. Suppose parties said, "If she is so good and deserving, why don't Earl marry her and take care of the mother and be done with it?" That would never do. In fact, they all began to feel that Katy was doing them a sort of injury by remaining in the city and soliciting employment. They wished her away, and even her friend Colonel Filkerdis, in whose friendship the simple widow and her daughter believed, thought the same way, and spoke of a little country school, in some remote county, as vacant. But accepting this involved a separation, and brave little Katy would not consent to that. "No, mamma," she said, "I'm young and strong, and can take care of us both; no matter what they say." She did not yet know, poor thing, the weight of the burden she had undertaken.

They got temporary and not very desirable boarding at twenty dollars per week for the two. Katy felt that this would never do, and carried the care of seeking other, cheaper quarters along with the rest. If it were pertinent, I would like to dwell on this struggle, but must not. She undertook a set of shirts for Ben Groth and succeeded admirably; but they could not live on one set of shirts, and eastern competition and machine work spoiled the market. Once, after an excursion to the country, she made a set of photograph frames of rye straw. They were very pretty, and brought her three dollars. It was the first money she had ever earned, and she waved it and danced round her mother like a mad thing, but the first lot over-stocked the market, and she could sell no more. She painted some flowers that were exhibited in H——'s windows as the "work of an amateur." They were admired, but not sold. She made some wax-flowers that shared the same fate. She was a nimble little thing with her fingers, as most of these quiet girls are, and attempted very many things; some of which brought her a little, but the most of which failed.

She watched the newspapers in those days, especially the "Wanted" column. This often led her weary walks and fruitless errands, but she persevered. One day this caught her eye; I copy it from her diary, — if it is a diary and not rather a cookery book: —

WANTED, Ten Good Seamstresses. Constant employment given. No. ——, —— Street. TH. KONIGRATZ, Fancy and Trimming Store.

Katy slipped on her bonnet and hastened to the place. There was the conventional fine front, disfigured by an old wooden pump, a worn pavement, and a neglected, broken street. As she opened the door, a bell attachment set up an irritable jangle, and a little flat-hatted man slouched by, pursued by direful reproaches from the inner depths. A tall, black-haired woman appeared, to whom Katy presented her application.

"Blood of the Saviour!" said the woman with a sudden, trembling voice, like a china jar off a mantel-piece, "I thought you were a lady. Did you ever go out to sew before?"

"No ma'am," said Katy; "but I am quick with the needle. This is my work. I understand the machine very well, I think."

"Oh! Never mind that," said the woman in her quick way, and putting Katy's sample aside. "I don't want any sewing done just now; I wish I did."

"I am sorry," said Katy, lingering. "I saw the advertisement. If you would just try me, I think I could please you. I can do almost any kind of plain or fancy sewing, and I would leave money with you to the value of any article you might trust me with, if you like."

"Bless you, infant!" said the woman impetuously. "You have the air gracious and simple of the good tone. Come in back here, and I will tell you." The building was the sham at Overdo's repeated, — the handsome front and the moldy back premises.

"See what a hole it is," cried the woman, "to bring up one's infants in! That or the streets — which is worst? and that ladrone, my husband. It was him sneaked by you as you came in."

"It is bad," said Katy, sympathizing, "I wish I could say something to comfort you."

"Bless you, my infant, you do it in coming in such a place; but I can't help you. That advertisement, now. All lies. I live mostly on lies; but what is it that I can do? The La Tour and the Bonnetier, they advertise: 'Constant employment for tzen, finfteen good seamstress' — all lies. But what shall I? If I advertise not, one says, 'See the Konigratz! She does not'ing. She is out of the worl'.' There comes this morning, Mr. The-Beast-Lan'lor'. He rub hes littell beard w'ich is the tomorrow, and have not arrive — so!" extending the fingers like a fan and pushing her open palm over her cocked-up chin. "Holy Virgin! if I haved the

beards to sell, it would be my fortune of him. He say, 'Konigratz, the two room up-stair. I cannot rent of them. You s'all take them off the hand to me.' Beast! How can I rent them more as he? See them!" and she led Katy up a crooked, dark back staircase and forward into two rather pleasant large rooms, overlooking the crowded street below.

"One can come in only by the shop," said the woman, "and who like that, hey?"

"Why don't you occupy them yourself?" said Katy. "I like these better than below."

"Why wear I not all the pretty things in the shop?" asked the woman impetuously. "Is it not, I must eat of them? And must I not eat the roomès of Mr. The-Beast-Lan'lor', hey?" and she went on chattering in her German-Italian way, for she was evidently a mixture of Austrian and Italian in her blood, shrieking and scolding about her hardships and the landlord, and seeming, in a way, to lean her great six feet of trouble on the shy little girl at her side.

Katy said very little. She was stowing facts in her work-box again. That fearful outlay of twenty dollars a week preyed upon her. Was there a chance here to avoid it? She must take the thought home and look at it; talk to mamma about it; consult Aunt Cynthy, wise in household expenses of a city, about it; and see if this thing in her work-box is not the very thing she has been looking for.

As she passed out, the woman hastily snatched a leaden trinket, common enough in Catholic communities, and thrust it upon her. "It is the Blessed Virgin, and as good as gold and diamonds. The Holy Father he has blessed it. She will help you. She would help me, but I get bad, and beat Ludwig Konigratz, and she does not like of that. Much she know of trial," she added, "of a poor wretch like me; when she have the good Lord to her son. You will come back to me; to the poor Italian-Dutchman. Pazienza! but it is as good as water to drink of your sweet look;" and she bowed her tall figure and surprised Katy with a kiss, flavored with garlic, and dashed back into her shop.

Poor toiler! the pity, more in tones than words, had touched the woman's heart under its coarse crust, and melted it to tears; and, as a reward, Katy found a new and pleasant home in her work-box, which she set up in the two rooms over the fancy and trimming store. It was like home; for the mother and daughter were, so to speak, in their own house, and the good woman was almost oppressively kind at first. Katy found an assistant, and at last a pupil, in one of the children; one of those curious children, shrewd, glib, and prematurely wise, of which newsboys are made. At sight of her books the little fellow broke out in great delight. "Oh, say; do you know all them? Is they picters in em? I'm hefty on the picter but precious slow on the read. A-b ab 's a'most as much of it, and that an't readin'. Who ever see a a-b ab?" This led, a few weeks later, to a second interview. He had been attending the public school, and spoke in this way: "Them schools now. W'at 's the good on 'em? I comes in late. 'Hookey,' says a little fella. 'Whar ye been?' says the boss. 'Sell-'n' pape's,' says I. 'You lie!' says he; an' then he larrups me. An' I don't learn nothin'. Buky-buck-et, bucket. I done been in that buky-buck-et, bucket more 'n a week. Ef a boy 's lazy, we has to wait until the boss humps him up. That 's w'at 's the matter with Hannah. I say; give ye dollar a week to teach me o' evenin's. Mammy says so. Here 's the stamps," and he shows his ragged roll. It was agreed to, and that and the work thrown into her hands by the landlady gave Katy a start. She began to think again of recovering her lost fortune, and doing so, referred to the card of Brown & Lorn.

It cost an effort for the shy young girl to do what the reader would have done without thought; that is, to enter the office of Brown & Lorn. There

was no one present but a stout old country gentleman, who saluted her at once.

"Come to see Josh, I reckon. Josh is my son; a reg'lar hoss lawyer o' the best breed, 'f I do say it. D' ye know, ma'am, that fellow was n't fittin' for nothin' on a farm? He mout put a plow in right eend, but that furrer 'd be curly as a pig's tail. He rooted up a field o' sproutin' corn wuss 'n a drove o' shotes; so I let him come to town fur to be a lawyer, an' he 's a h—ll of a one. Yes 'm, that 's the best sort. That thar boy has caught jedges, regular hoss jedges w'at 's been a-buckin' at the law forty year, in rye-dick-less mistakes; police jedges, smart as the thieves therselves; suckit cou't jedges an' jedges o' the cou't of appeals; high larnt men, as is sowed in the law an' growed in the law, reg'lar seedlin's 's I say, — caught 'em in low-down mistakes; the lowest, wo'st so't o' mistakes."

"Yes," said Katy, not very favorably impressed by this bragging.

"Yes, hoss — ma'am, I mean," he continued; "yes 'm, caught 'em in it; high larnt men; jedges as is growed in the law, an' don't know nothin' but law. I 'm dam ef that boy I jes' graffed in, 's I may say, an't cotched them jedges in low-down mistakes."

Katy was beginning to be amused, in spite of her nervousness, and indicated her attention.

"Yes, hoss — ma'am, I mean. Lem me tell ye. Ther' was a client o' his'n, Josh's, was nailed for murder. The jedge of suckit, he condemns him; that 's hangin', ye know. Josh 'lowed the jedge had done made a leetle mistake. He riz right up and p'inted it out to the cou't, cool an' easy; jes' a-layin' of hisself back an' a-comin' down the quarter, not a-frettin' a bit. I heered it myself, an' I tole Susan, my wife, that very night. Yes 'm, Josh p'inted it out plain, jes' stood up an' sassed the cou't like a little man. D' ye b'lieve me? That thar jedge could n't see it. My wife Susan 'lowed 't was jes' one o' my braggin' lies, 'bout Josh's bein' smarter 'n the jedges. No; he could n't see it, an' he been a-buckin' at the law, head on, nigh twenty year, come grass. Well, Josh, he tuk it up. That 's to say, he 'pealed the case; an' them cou't appealers, reg'lar hoss jedges, seedlin's all, an' ne'er a graft among 'em, made that same dern mistake; an' Josh cotched 'em all in it. I call that right piert for a boy as can't plow a straight furrer."

"But what became of your son's client?" asked Katy, — "the murderer?"

The old fellow scratched his head, as if to make out if that was a part of the case, and then added slowly, "Well, they hanged him; all along o' that ridickless mistake, I reckon; but here 's Josh, ma'am. I 'low he can tell ye."

A foxy-faced young fellow, with lively brown eyes, burst into the room as if pursued. A great wad of tobacco disfigured his mobile mouth, which he first spat carefully into his hand, and then threw into the grate. He nodded to his new client, and then turned on a tigerish fellow in just that finery which sloughs off into penitentiary uniform, who had slouched in, half in bravado, half in shame, and said sharply, —

"For the old market-woman's sake, Bob, I have given bail for your appearance. I know you, and that you don't care a snap for me or the bond; but if you are not up to time, mind you, I 'll not trouble the law. I 'll shoot you like a dog, wherever I find you. That will do."

The fellow growled something about "not a-goin' to sour on a friend, but he did n't fear no shootin' o' nobody; two could play at that," and so went out. Then the old man introduced Katy, and added, in guttural intended for a whisper, "Look sharp, Josh. She 's the livin' picter o' your sister Melissey, an' you 'll do your level best for her, long o' the old woman at home, and the little gal a-lyin' under the verbeny-bed." With that, he blew his nose like a trumpet, and "'lowed he 'd fetch a walk to see if the hay 's done sold."

Katy had some difficulty in commencing. The whole appearance of things,

unlike the grave respectability of Groth & Son's office, grated on her. The story, the tobacco, the coarse client, the roughness of the circumstances, made her feel that she had made a mistake. But in the midst of her hesitation the other partner entered, and as his face lighted up with recognition, Katy felt more assured, and told the plain story of her lost fortune. Mr. Lorn's face grew grave as she proceeded, and, at the conclusion, he asked time. Let us note that his partner pronounced Overdo to be a "blubber-headed swindler," and wanted to take out a warrant at once; but the other was more skilled in civil proceedings. These are notes of the brief of the case he submitted to his new client, a few days later: —

In applying for the benefit of the act, the agent had omitted Katy Keith's name from the schedule, or list of creditors; consequently no notice of the proceedings had been served upon her. If the omission had been in willful fraud, the court, on proof of the fact, could annul the certificate. But the law devolves that difficult proof upon the creditor. Failing that, the bankrupt's certificate operates as a complete discharge of existing liabilities. In effect, it made the unsuspecting girl's confidence in her grandfather's agent a penal offense, attended with forfeiture of the debt. That was Judge Groth's view of the case, and it may be that of the legal reader.

But Katy Keith's new adviser argued differently. Every judgment, civil or criminal, presupposes the presence of the parties in court, and that presence can only be brought about by legal notice. The bankrupt's petition institutes an action in equity forms, and the suit is governed by fixed principles of law. It could not be asserted that Miss Keith was by actual or legal notice, in person or by attorney, in court in this suit in bankruptcy. It was the petitioner's act or omission that deprived her of the notice which the law so jealously defends as her right, and not any neglect or want of due diligence on her part in obeying it.

Certainly, said Mr. Lorn, the decree in such a case binds all parties thereto, and covers all property attached or surrendered. There is no fraud alleged and provable, whereby the discharge may be annulled; it must be held good to cover the claims and property established of record. But it does not bind those who are not parties to the suit, nor does it pretend to bind them. If Miss Keith, after a time, lost her right, upon discovery, to come upon the distributees of the bankrupt's assets for her *pro rata*, there remains her existing legal remedy *in personam* against the agent and his acquisitions subsequent to the bankruptcy. The bankrupt's certificate of discharge did not apply to her, innocently and without laches no party to the action. She was free to pursue her remedy in the State courts of law, and this suit the firm of Brown & Lorn, on a contingent fee, were willing to undertake. The meaning of this term was explained to her, greatly to Katy's satisfaction, as she had secretly grieved over the cost of proceedings she was about to institute.

Our brave little woman was very proud of having set this machinery in motion all by her small self, and had great confidence in her young counselor. He would win her cause, and acquire great distinction for defending the orphan, perhaps be early promoted to a judgeship; for this simple girl had no other thought than that all citizens were actively searching for the most liberal and high-minded men to fill such responsible positions — which is, perhaps, the most singular opinion held by this eccentric young lady.

With that premised, let us look upon the friends she gathered around her in her home over the fancy and trimming store; and first, of course, her lover, Earl Groth. She sits at the window with bright pieces of colored silk about her. Earl sits by, sulky and querulous, as he has been ever since she lost her fortune. At length he breaks out pettishly, —

"I don't think you care a cent. I don't believe you have heard a word."

"Five, six, seven," says Katy counting softly, and then aloud, "Oh yes; you said 'care a cent;' seven, eight, nine, ten, eleven. I 've dropped one, and I don't know where."

"I never saw such a girl," says her lover; "I 've been trying all morning to get you to say" —

"And you don't match a bit," says Katy, rebuking in an under-tone the ill-suited shades of silk.

"I thought I was as secure of your heart as you are of mine," adds he in a vexed tone.

"I really *must* have dropped it, though," cries Katy, looking around, "I know I had twelve and — Let me look under the chair. Ah, there you are, all mussed up. Well, an't you sure of it?" to Earl, at last.

"You won't talk, or hardly let me touch you, or hold your hand, Katy, as you used to," complains the lover.

"There! the floss is gone!" she exclaims. "Did I ever! No; here it is. Well, there! but you must give it right back to me," and she pokes out her little needle-scarred finger-tips, as if they were the scissors or a penknife; "but you must give it right straight back. I am using it — all — the — time," the last very slowly, for she is comparing the shades of silk held at arms-length, with her head cunningly to one side, as she speaks. The reader knows one cannot compare colors without that, but think of Earl! To clasp the soft, shy fingers under the card-table, or to press the little pink palm as you walk from church under the dusky shadows, is surely sweet; but to have the negligent little hand thrust at you like a chip! Earl angrily rejects the offering, and she does not even notice the rejection. She takes back that useful little hand, and puts it to work, quietly, unconscious of the rising of the waters. He gets loud and vehement, expostulatory, and she explains, the needle still slipping with snaky glitter through the bright leaves of silk: —

"Now, Earl, how can you say that? Are we not working, me and Mr. Lorn? You know you said you could not support me and mamma both, so we must win this case. You don't study it, like I do. I suppose you don't even know the petition comes first, and then a summons which means, Come and answer; and so he does answer, or demurs. I should think both. Me and Mr. Lorn know all about it, but you must not hurry us; positively you must not. Law must be cooked very slowly, you know."

"Me and Mr. Lorn indeed!" mimics he. "I expect you know as much as he does. The governor says it never will come to anything. Even Ben just plays with the case, and trips up your Mr. Lorn, every motion day."

"Ah," says Katy, in perfect good-humor and satisfaction, and like a pretty, green-coated parrot, "Ben is very safe on a plain note of hand, but for a thing like this" — and she shakes her head, as if nothing less than Charles O'Connor, Caleb Cushing, or Mr. Lorn and self were equal to it.

It was no doubt a foolish fancy of the simple little miss, but the thought that in her suit she was partly doing something for Earl which he could not do for himself, was perhaps the only tie of real interest remaining to her between them. This unsatisfactory interview was the last for months; for the commercial traveler had his business engagements to fill. Ben Groth remained on guard. Poor Ben, — the self-instituted watch over the fruit he so dearly coveted for himself, and yet which he was never to taste! He was in love with Katy too. How could he help it, seeing how good and cheerful she was in her adversity? and he was angry as well as jealous at his brother's cowardly procrastination. He would have married Katy, if he could, and a dozen mothers-in-law, to-day, while Earl shilly-shallied, and those confounded shysters, Brown & Lorn, hung about her so. He did not cease to deride them to Katy, which, take it altogether, was a more stupid policy than even his brother's dilatory wooing.

The shysters were certainly becoming attentive; especially Brown. This was an ingenious young professional, who

never read a book, never drew a plea, and never made a speech. Yet he would "talk to the judge about it," talk to the commonwealth's attorney, gossip with juries; and so contrived a considerable success in police and criminal business. His female acquaintance, heretofore, had been more limited than select, and, as he confessed he had not been in church since he came to the city, Katy must needs take him. But she was almost sorry for it. For, though awed at first by the novel solemnity, and the grand music, that soon wore off. He fidgeted; he scrawled notes to Katy with the stub of a pencil in the hymn-book. Repressed in that, he winked and made faces at the row of negroes on the back benches, till they exhibited one glittering row of ivories. Caught in the act, he made such a sudden assumption of sombre gravity that Katy struggled with a laugh, and the blacks te-he'd right out.

He took Katy and her mother to visit his parents, plain, simple country people, well to do in a sufficient humble way, and the guests were welcomed with hearty hospitality. The mother took Katy to that altar under the verbena-bed where the dear, good daughter lay, and told her simple story — a story oh! how common. The child better than other children, and brighter, and as one set apart for holier things. As she concluded, she took Katy in her arms and told her she was like her, for all the difference of hair and eyes. No doubt it was true. There are visible resemblances in things spiritual, and of everything that was good this young woman in some way reminded people.

William Angus Lorn was not so frequent a visitor as his partner, and yet he was, perhaps, more inwardly and essentially moved by the sweet patience he saw, than his more mercurial friend. He had returned to his native city after the war, to find everything changed. Many gallant fellows had fallen, but their sweethearts married, and the world smoothed over them. Nothing lies so lightly on earth's bosom as its dead. He visited law-offices where he used to discuss Tennyson, Longfellow, and The Professor at the Breakfast-Table. They were debating the validity of negro testimony in the courts of law. The college had been a hospital and was now a shell; the sweet old humanities were dead. The feeling seemed to be, The old world is going to pieces, but it will last our day, and there is nothing to do but to make money. At church, he was told the Lord's hand was in the war, and religious service seemed generally busy about Cæsar's business. He had welcomed peace, even at the terrible price he thought that his section had paid, and this faithless, irreligious fever was that civil life he had longed for. It hurt him; for he knew his own Christian morality had been sadly wounded in the storms of four years' war. He had come home to be refreshed and reinvigorated by that old belief he had received in the old log church. He saw no evidence of such faith about him. No one believes, but every one believes he believes, because he acquiesces. That is the curse of it. There is hope in doubt. An atheist or an infidel is not passive; his mind is awake. But what shall be said of him who believes no more than the infidel believes, yet is so wrapped up in his besotted confidence, that he hears nothing, cares nothing, trusts nothing?

Some such thoughts pass through the young man's mind as he sits with Katy Keith in church, admiring her simple faith and single, unsullied devotion. He knows her pure soul is at peace in communion with higher things, which he may not approach, and that she will go back to her daily toil, refreshed by an undying hope. It humbles him to think she believes implicitly all the man yonder in the velvet-cushioned pulpit utters, while he believes nothing or almost nothing, and almost scorns it and himself. "No minister," he says bitterly, "does his work right who assumes vital truths as premises. It is better to question, to awake the sleeper to doubt, than to leave him to sleep; and for the rest — who cares for all the empty thunders of the Vatican?"

Some of these thoughts he expresses

as they walk quietly home, and she is distressed but hopeful. "Pray, only pray," she says. "Man cannot help you; God will."

"Pray," he says. "Yes, if I can. I can frame phrases of entreaty, but the only stir of vitality within me is the consciousness that it is a lie."

Still she says, "Pray; there is much done by prayer: Lord, help thou mine unbelief." And she too will pray for this poor, erring soul, sick of the world and yet not well toward heaven.

Was he entirely sincere in all this? A great satirist of the age has said that oftenest a mean motive lurks at the bottom of a noble act. May we not as well hope that as often a generous emotion may be at the prompting of a seemingly selfish act? That it was pleasing to excite his kindly listener's interest we need not doubt; but the pain of an empty longing for a better faith induced the thought.

It pleased Katy very much when her pastor, Mr. Jargony, called while the young lawyer was visiting her, for she believed he would remove those painful doubts. This was the one great blunder Katy made in that period of trial, and it cost her severely. Set a polemic at an honest doubter, and the chances are you will make a heathen. Controversy is provoked; arguments to vindicate, not to elucidate, are hunted up, and vague disbelief becomes pronounced rebellion.

These, therefore, were the associations and influences, the aids and discouragements, that surrounded the young girl when she entered upon her famous battle to recover her property. But to treat of the steps therein deserves a separate chapter.

III.

HER CHAMPION PLAYS AND WINS. GIVE US THIS DAY OUR DAILY BREAD.

If Brown & Lorn, attorneys at law, had any vague ideas that Groth & Son would not act vigorously in defense of the agent's interests, they were soon dispossessed of them. The unusual course of proceeding against a bankrupt in the State court of common pleas had rather surprised the old lawyer. Yet, while he pooh-poohed it, he felt that a popularly-elected judge might look at the case very differently from the Federal court, sitting in bankruptcy to review its own proceedings. When Mr. Lorn, therefore, proposed an agreed case, that is, a case in which litigants submit acknowledged facts to legal judgment, it was roughly rejected. "We deny that your client has any case," said the judge. "Prove that first, and then we will talk about adjudication."

Then followed a system of adroit legal procrastination, in which the older firm had the advantage of experience and position. One of the first and simplest things a lawyer learns is the art of baffling his adversary by delays, and he lays it aside only with the profession. A dilatory motion for plausible cause is always easy to concoct and often difficult to resist; and this was the present tactics of the defense.

But other facts were developed as Brown & Lorn prosecuted their necessary inquiries, showing the practical wisdom of the old lawyer's repugnance to accepting a brief in the case. John Overdo, Esq., with irreproachable bank credit, was perfectly and imperviously law proof. He never let a note go to protest, and he never paid a debt unsecured by that sort of evidence. No execution could penetrate to those secret recesses where he stored his ample gains. If Brown & Lorn were presented with a judgment, they would be scarcely nearer any practical result than before.

It would be tedious to enter into the minute details of a suit at law. Mr. Overdo was one of those cautious clients who do not confide entirely in counsel. When he learned that Miss Keith and her mother were lodging with the Konigratz, and that the suit was actually commenced, some facts in his knowledge made him think it advisable to break that household up. In pursuance

of this policy he devised a plan by which he thought it could be accomplished, and a safe investment be secured at the same time. Ben Groth learned the contemplated act, and, not connecting it with the case of Keith *v.* Overdo, gave Katy warning. It was no less than the purchase and immediate possession of the Konigratz building. Ben brought this news as likely to transpire in a day or two, and added that a cottage of his father's was now vacant, to which the two women were welcome at a moderate rent.

It put Katy in a flutter, and as soon as he was gone she hastened to confer with her landlady. "Holy Virgin!" exclaimed the woman; "and did I dream three nights running of losing the front door key for nothing? Lauf, Taddy, and bring me the lawyer so quick as never was."

When Mr. Lorn arrived, he could only say the landlord had a perfect right to sell, and give possession at the expiration of Mrs. Konigratz's lease, which was now at hand. Of that he had already warned the woman. But his keenest questioning was over the matter of a purchase by Overdo. He said he must learn all the facts quietly, and even employed Taddy Konigratz to assist him. Let us see what he meant by this and what he made of it.

A day later the scene is in the clerk's office of the county court. Present, John Overdo, Esq., Judge Groth, Mr. Schlater, who is the present owner of the fancy and trimming store premises, his wife, and Mr. Padoun, a stranger to us. The lady sits a little apart, and there are clerks recording and copying, and a stray lawyer or two examining deeds and wills; but nothing of Brown & Lorn. A deputy sheriff, deep in the morning paper, sits near the four gentlemen, who are lively and talkative.

"Five thousand six hundred and seventy-two dollars and sixteen cents," remarks Mr. Padoun to the agent. "I have brought the cash, as you preferred it. Stop; here is the cent. That makes it even, if you will give me a receipt," and he tenders the money.

The deputy sheriff is not looking at his paper now, but at the money; money in a large, crisp roll is pleasant to look at.

"Pay it into Groth's hands," says Overdo, briskly. "I don't want to touch it; but here is your receipt as soon as it is counted."

"Mr. Schlater," remarks the judge as he carelessly takes the money, "your wife must sign her release before the clerk, and not in your presence. By that time I will have the money counted and ready for you."

This makes the transaction plain. The money paid by Mr. Padoun goes with instantaneous possession through Overdo's hands to Schlater for the Konigratz property. As the judge says "All right," Overdo, like a playful elephant, punches Padoun in the side and hands him the receipt. The judge is looking at Schlater, who is approaching with the deed, when the deputy sheriff taps him lightly on the shoulder, lays one hand on the money, and with the other presents a square slip of paper partly written, partly printed. "Five thousand, six, seventy-two, sixteen. I'll take the chips if you please." He says it pleasantly, and draws the money out of the judge's nerveless fingers.

"The devil!" exclaims Groth, as if he saw the very thing and knew it at once, as he stares at the square of paper.

"What in the —— do you mean?" thunders Overdo, frightened out of his obese playfulness.

"Oh, nothing," says the deputy, carelessly turning the money over his thumb; "only a little attachment in the suit of Keith *v.* Overdo, levying on funds of the defendant in possession of Fungus Groth, Esq.," and he nods and turns away, and in ten minutes looks as if he had forgotten the whole affair.

"*Only* a little attachment," etc. Why, it locks up Katy's fortune secure in the treasury vaults of the court, for her. Overdo looks more intensely himself; not an exaggerated boy, but an

exaggerated baby. Judge Groth looks like old John Willett after the rioters left him. Schlater looks a little foolish, too, but at the sight of the others' faces bursts into a laugh, tucks his wife under his arm, and goes out laughing and explaining to that lady, who is simply amazed.

The proceeding was and is quite common. A statutory provision enables a party suspecting his adversary of intention to avoid judgment or conceal his property, upon affidavit, to have an attachment. Of this Overdo was quite aware, and had laid his plans with his usual address but not his usual luck. Perhaps he had grown careless from long impunity; perhaps he had never attempted such a flank movement before two young lawyers smitten with their client. Certainly he had never been so closely watched. For who would suspect a mite of a newsboy who hung about his place of business all day with pricked ears and sharp eyes, of such a design?

The case was tumbled upside down. It only remained to be seen if Lorn could hold it there. The struggle was not for the plaintiff to recover, but for Overdo to quash the attachment, or, failing that, for the defense to press the main suit to a successful issue. All that adroit dilatory tactics was overthrown. Every interest of the defendant favored immediate disposal of the attachment.

Judge Groth was sure it could not hold; was loud that it should not hold. He would quash it like an egg-shell; and he clenched his huge fist as if he already crushed Katy's puny efforts to recover her debt. He roared about it as lions of that tribe do. As he could not well blast and damnify a young girl, the orphan daughter of his late dear friend and patron, he swore he would "take it out" of her attorney — "that pettifogging rascal who counseled such extraordinary proceedings against one of the first business men of the city; a man who handled a million yearly!"

There was something leonine about Judge Groth, and he was quite capable of skinning a succulent young attorney, not yet become pachydermatous at the law; and he did it now. Rather roughly to be sure, but the more thoroughly on that account. He distinguished his client as "proverbial for business integrity in a city, the business character of whose merchants was proverbial." He stigmatized the "shameful iniquity" that "entrapped a confiding client, a girl, a child, into impeaching the honor of such a man; one disposed to be her friend," as he, Judge Groth, laying his hand over his ventricles, avouched. He scouted and scarified the image of such an attorney, and kicked him down like a wooden Dagon.

The reporters heard of the excoriation, and came bustling in from the lukewarm insipidities of the police court, and Lorn nerved himself not to interrupt the torrent of abuse, or to claim the protection of the court. But it was hard to bear, those rough claws tearing the flesh, and coarse jaws cracking the bones of his tender, legal frame, yet in the sap and milk of youth. Before the judge concluded, Lorn had settled his revenge. He would take this roaring lion by the beard, and by his very manhood, cudgel it into decency and good behavior; and by and by it was over and they went into the evidence.

It was pretty soon apparent that a great many people did not share in Judge Groth's good opinion of his client. Marshals, sheriffs, deputies, constables, deputy constables, and a cloud of ex-officials who had held those useful offices, were examined, and they all agreed in this. Every man with sense enough to walk out of a shower of rain knew John Overdo had money and property; but no officer had been found adroit enough to lay the salt of an execution on that nimble bird's tail. He was impregnable; as incapable of legal coercion as the encompassing air. Then followed the suspicious circumstances of the intended purchase; the surreptitious character of the payment; the cautious refusal to touch the money; and the scroll of the deed was produced, showing an allegation in form that the money was paid by Mrs. Overdo. Of this fact

there was no other evidence, and Mr. Padoun swore positively that the cash he paid was to Overdo alone, and Overdo's receipt in his own name confirmed it. John Overdo, Esq., went into one end of that suit a portly gentleman in the clean linens of a fair average repute; he came out at the other as ragged a beggar as Lazarus in the painted cloth. Judge Groth was astonished at the scarecrow he made, and damned his client under his breath freely. The irreproachable bank credit had been a pitfall into which the judge, in his opinion of his client, had tumbled. He was not out yet. His turn was to come. Mr. Lorn owed a debt, and he paid it.

The case did not need argument; the evidence had won it. But Mr. Lorn, modestly, would say a few words to the point. He was distressingly civil, studiously choice in his language; but by the side of every shift and trick of the client exposed by the evidence, he drew the inference of a legal adviser, counseling, watching, approving. The presumption was irresistible. Of course it was so; and as he unraveled the skein the audience saw a great lawyer selling his fame and talents to cover shameful, sordid iniquities. He used no name, but every listener fixed on Judge Groth until the judge felt that every breath in the crowded room called him scoundrel and accomplice. There was a cruel affectation of impartiality in this reference to the candor of the hearers' judgment, which left no choice but to condemn. It seemed to be the facts and not the speaker's presentation of them that made the old lawyer look base; even baser than his client, base as he was. But at the close, when her counsel came to Katy's simple story of trust betrayed, the girl, the child's humble petition for help from her father's friend, and the refusal because that friend was bought and paid to crush her claim, and gave the adroit arts of discouragement and false promise by which that work was done; then indeed he burst into fierce, whispered invective that stirred the hushed and crowded room, and named Judge Groth as the vile dealer in all this shameless treachery and fraud. The cowed bully of the bar whimpered and claimed the protection of the court. It was not needed; the speech was ended. If it was art, it was that passion of art which men call eloquence. It is given to all professional speakers to make one great or good speech. This was Will Lorn's best effort; the most terrible and classic chastisement inflicted in that court.

Judge Groth struggled to his feet and was speaking. He said nothing the reader would care to hear. The man was stunned and bewildered, though habit and professional reputation kept him up. He felt that the attachment was clenched and his case terribly prejudiced.

There was some curiosity among those who heard the speeches, to see the reports of them next day. As Brown picked his way over police reports and items, he gave a shout and tossed the paper to Lorn, with "Here, read that; read it aloud;" and Lorn did, with a grimace, Brown thrusting his long arms under his partner's arms and doing the gesticulating: —

A Scene in Court. — The bar and attendants were much entertained yesterday at the excoriation administered on a junior member of the shyster order ("That 's you," interpolated Brown) by that forensic Boanerges, Judge Groth, Esq. The *casus belli* was a perversion of the statute to the scandal of the business character of our esteemed fellow-citizen John Overdo, Esq., the head of many local charities. We trust the rebuke will have its effect in correcting a licentiousness in legal proceedings disgraceful to the profession.

It in no way impaired the influence of this journal that it was conducted on the avowed principle that the Fourth Estate is no moral or public institution, but a mere private enterprise in trade, for the behoof of stockholders, and that the above notice probably emanated from that patron of "local charities," John Overdo, Esq. The whole body

was diseased, and the press suffered in common.

But John Overdo, defeated in his effort and weakened in his unrighteous hold upon Katy's fortune, became more desperately earnest in his resolution to break up Katy's association with the family of the German Konigratz. Certainly the flat-hatted Ludwig, the snubbed and beaten of his eccentric dame, was, apparently, as little to be feared as any worm on this footstool. Yet Ludwig Konigratz was the terror and nightmare of the agent's life. He applied to an influential friend who was cognizant of the cause of his curious dread, and that friend scouted at it; but at the agent's earnest solicitation, and perhaps for reasons of his own, "to prevent scandal," he used his influence, and the Konigratz family were surprised, the day after the newspaper notice, to learn that the beery Ludwig was appointed to some small railroad agency in a neighboring State, with orders to go at once. It was the breaking up of Katy's pleasant associations. Konigratz went, and his family was to follow in a week. It was curious to observe how the man, even in his own family, rose in respect by this appointment. Even Taddy, habitually the most unfilial critic of his father, had a good word to say of him, and that word startled Katy with hints of a discovery that agitated her, and made her send for her lawyers.

"I tell you, my dad is hunky," said the boy in his usual slang. "Ther' an't none on 'em teches him when his coppers is hot. Ef it was a drunk world he 'd be king on it. Ye jes' orto heered him tell how he screwed ole Overdo into a-givin' o' mammy these yer premises. Ye see Overdo, he 'd done bilked some gal or 'nother outen $5500, and dad, he knowed it. He 'lowed if Overdo did n't ante up, he'd find out the gal an' h'ist old bladder-head higher 'n a kite, an' then Overdo, he jes' wilted."

Unluckily the partners were not in, and, from the note, Mr. Lorn did not understand what was wanting. Wishing to avoid the appearance of seeking thanks on his late effort, he turned over the note and business to Brown, who willingly undertook it. The affair was soon dispatched by an interview with Taddy and his mother. The information was meagre enough. Mr. Konigratz had overheard and witnessed the payment of money of Miss Keith to another gentleman who wore a blue dress-coat with brass buttons; but the name of this person was unknown. How had it happened that neither she nor her husband had recognized the young girl's name in Katy Keith's? Because, in the family, Katy's name, taken from her trunks, was given the German pronunciation — Kyte, and there was nothing in the sound to connect her with the name and circumstance attending an indefinite Miss Keet. Mrs. Konigratz undertook to get all the circumstances from her husband, and there was ample time, the case having already gone over to the next term. But this settled, there came another trial to the young woman. She could not fail to know that Mr. Brown loved her. He was just the sort of man never to conceal such a feeling, and Mrs. Konigratz having been called to the shop, there in the little back room he made his declaration in form.

"Oh! Mr. Brown!" she said in great distress, "what am I to say to you? I owe you and Mr. Lorn so much, and I must seem so ungrateful. But indeed, indeed I am not worthy of you, and I have been engaged to — to Mr. Earl Groth, oh! ever so long."

"What! that old cock's — I beg pardon, Judge Groth's son? oh well, that alters matters. Don't distress yourself; no doubt I will get on. I an't a-going to lie about it, and say it don't hurt; but I 'll get on. Oh yes, don't distress yourself; and I 'll stand by you like a brick. Well, good-by; I guess I 'd better toddle. Oh yes, we 'll stand by you for what 's up. Don't distress yourself about *me;* I 'll get on. Good-by," and he went away, not to return again, and I am sorry to say sought a remedy for his disappointment that brought him into very serious trouble.

But the severity of all these changes fell heaviest on Katy and her mother. With all her prudence, her little stock of money was trenched into. The widow especially, habituated to abundance, could not be brought to economize in little wants, or to know the importance of it. The money leaked out, in spite of all Katy could do; Mr. Lorn did not call the week they remained at Mrs. Konigratz's, and after that, Katy seemed to be lost to him in the big city. They occupied a close little room next to the roof in a common boarding-house, and were treated with that indifferent disrespect such poorer boarders receive. They felt timidly, or were made to feel it, that they were an encumbrance in the poor lodgings for which they paid extravagantly, and yet they had no other resource. Katy's bettered prospects in the suit had not helped her or her mother.

At this place, the Rev. Mr. Jargony found them. This good though bigoted man had come to say that it was the season for application for positions in the public schools. It did not make his visit seem kinder because he gave his usual warning against her friend Mr. Lorn, "who did not believe in the Bible." Once, when Mr. Lorn was an habitual visitor, Katy heard these warnings with indifference; but now that he came no more, it hurt her. She clung to the tie of influence she still held over the young man. He had promised her "never to drink," and she thought of that promise, and believed him. It was a sort of link between the two that her influence was over him though absent, and it comforted and pleased her, perhaps more than it ought, considering her engagement to Earl Groth.

But the immediate duty was preparation for the examination. Mr. Jargony had furnished her a list of text-books. Now it was that she learned the defects in her education. Katy had been educated by the old method. She knew French, a little Latin, music, drawing, painting in water-colors, embroidery, etc. She knew arithmetic, and could multiply or divide $2\frac{1}{2}$ by $3\frac{1}{4}$. She even knew algebra as ladies do — by sight. But she was woefully deficient. She did not know what her bones were made of; not in the least. They might have been anybody's bones, or no bones at all, mere chalk and gypsum, for all she knew. She did not know she was burning herself up in breathing, or she might have stopped that expensive habit of cremation; and as for sugar and starch, her knowledge of those abstruse subjects was limited to the sugar-bowl, and her cuffs and collars. Katy, however, had been grounded in chemistry and physics, and soon mastered the little shop-made books and was ready for her examination.

The committee of examination and control sit in the superintendent's office adjoining the large room in which the written examinations proceeded. There is the superintendent, Dr. Cutts, and Messrs. Shuffle and Deal. The young doctor has taken a trusteeship to increase his acquaintance, not from any interest in education.

Katy comes in with her neat paper of work, and they put on a sudden appearance of gravity. She hands it to the superintendent, and returns for her bonnet and shawl, for she is done. While she is out the superintendent, the only competent judge there, looks at it and exclaims with honest admiration: —

"It is very neat and all correct; she may be skittish, but she 's smart and handy."

Then Katy returns. She has to pass through that room. Mr. Deal stops her. Mr. Deal has two or three little catch questions he puts at applicants, and governs his vote and influence accordingly. The written examination is a mere form.

"Er — ah — see here, my gal: s'posin' a man has — er — ah — thirteen hosses; thirteen hosses. He wants fur to divide 'em among his three boys, Jeemes, John, and Alford. No, Alford 's in t' other question — Jeemes, John, and Horry. He 's to give Jim a half, Jack a third, and Horry a quarter. How 's he to be a-doin' of it and not cut nary hoss?"

Poor Katy! She is in a flush and tremor. Her heart sinks with disappointment, for she thought it all over. Now comes this which she feels, intuitively, is to be the real test.

"He cannot divide thirteen in that way," she says hesitatingly. "He can divide twelve in that proportion," she adds after thinking, "and the parts will make thirteen. Thirteen itself will not divide into those parts."

"So he can't divide 'em, can't he?" says the wretch, exulting over her supposed failure. "You better say *you* can't, my gal; and you think yourself fittin' to be a teacher."

If poor little Katy had answered in numbers all would have been well; but her caution overshot the trustees' small wits. In her mortification she pulls down her veil to hide the rising tears, and hurries out, heedless of Mr. Deal's important question about the "bit caliker." Of course her application failed. When local politicians use the trusteeships as an introduction to city offices, what other result is to be expected? or why see any mystery in the failure of public-school systems in the South?

On her way home she passed a brilliant drinking saloon, and was startled by an oath in a familiar voice. Mr. Lorn was coming out of that place munching a cracker. It came upon her in her distress, to complete her humiliation. The one person who had seemed to understand and to sympathize with her had broken his promise. There could be no more confidence between them. Poor little Katy!

Her mother saw her distress, and ascribed it to her failure. Then gently as she could, she advised her daughter to give up the vain struggle; to accept the love of some of the young men offered to her, and a much-needed home and protector.

Do not blame the mother for not understanding her daughter's nature. Katy was mortal like ourselves, and it is a part of the individualism of this, our clayey nature, to live in dark areas of isolation. Through these friendship or love may send a slender ray, or anger or ill-will momently reveal that inner self in the cocoon it prepares. But in this world the spirit forever toils alone, like that worm weaving with industrious but lonely art the sacred wings that shall bear it in that world of full knowledge and companionship. Who can say that the mother who bore him, or the wife who sleeps on his bosom, knows all the various shades of feeling that agitate his life? The vital law of individual existence is solitude, and the passionate yearning of the heart for that full knowledge of one another, we call love.

But the germ in the mother's mind bore fruit, bitter enough to Katy's lips. Returning from a weary search for employment, she found Ben Groth in the little skyloft room. He sat low down in his chair, his great feet spread out, supporting his head on his hands with elbows on his knees. It was not a pretty or a pleasant sight, and Katy struggled with her own discomposure to rouse him. He only said he "had had a row at home," and sat as before. Sympathy in such a case is a delicate duty, but Katy said, —

"You are so good, Ben, I cannot think you have done wrong, and so honorable that if you have, you will be the first to acknowledge it."

"Do you think so?" said he. "Do you like me, Katy? In fact, it was all about you."

"About me!" said she, shrinking at the thought.

"Yes, about taking up your suit;" and then he spoke. He offered to undertake her case, if she would marry him. "It will cost me my partnership," said he. "I don't mind that, and I don't blame father. Will you have me Katy? I don't mind asking you before her, now."

"You have my approval," said the widow, who had perhaps brought this about, and she was rising to go when Katy stopped her.

"Stay, mamma," said she; "I could not be the cause of division between you and yours, Ben, and I could not marry you because I do not love you well

enough. If I did, I would willingly give up my poor little case for you; but I do not."

That was her answer, and so another good friend fell off from them, and came no more.

In all this time she found no steady occupation of any kind. She had gone the round of her little feminine accomplishments, and failed. Then finding the occupations of her sex monopolized, she undertook a brave thing: to find employment in some lighter duties usually retained by the other. She went about it systematically. She would go up one side of a business street and down the other, applying at every door. There is something inexpressibly touching to me in the picture of this child-woman soliciting help from that harsh, sordid society. I see her as she enters each place of business among crowds of men, trembling with that piteous embarrassment that made it an actual and physical pain, with her, to speak to a stranger. She lifts up that child-like face and presents her poor little petition: "If you please, sir, have you any work a young woman could do? I write a good hand; that is my writing, sir," and she offers a poor little text of copy-book morality, so different in its humble precepts from the hot, grasping, covetous life around her. Sometimes she adds, "I would try very hard to please you, sir," but oftener a smothered sob chokes the utterance. Some answered kindly, some roughly, and a few coarsely. Given, a helpless, pretty girl and a vulgar, beastly man of means, and the equation is easily solved. But her ignorance prevents offense. She walks over the burning plowshares unscathed, protected by her virgin purity. Yet for her mother's sake, and because it was a part of her sweet nature, she kept her cheerfulness through it all, and when you addressed her, that kind face was always turned to you with the same quiet smile. Surely this world does not know its greatest martyrs.

But with this sketch of her trials, let us return to the case and the lost fortune.

Will Wallace Harney.

THE SHIP IN THE DESERT.

They stood upon the mountain brow,
The bearded trappers, halting stood
Irresolute, in nettled ire;
A group from out the cooling wood
They gazed right eagerly below.
The flushed sun settled to the west
Like some far hemisphere of fire;
The sands flashed back like fields of snow.
And yet again they gazed. And now,
Far off and faint, they saw or guessed
They saw, beyond the sands, a line —
A dim and distant lifting beach
That daring men might dare and reach:
Dim shapes of toppled peaks with pine,
And watered foot-hills dark like wine.

Their leader turned and shook his head.
"And shall we turn aside," he said,

"Or dare this hell?" The men stood still
As leaning on his sterner will;
And then he stopped and turned again,
And held his broad hand to his brow.
The far, white levels of the plains
Flashed back like billows. Even now
He saw rise up remote, 'mid sea,
'Mid space, 'mid wastes, 'mid nothingness,
A ship becalmed as in distress.
The dim sign passed as suddenly,
And then his eager eyes grew dazed —
He brought his two hands to his face.
Again he raised his head, and gazed
With flashing eyes and visage fierce
Far out, and resolute to pierce
The far, far, faint receding reach
Of space and touch its farther beach.
He saw but space, unbounded space;
Eternal space and nothingness.

They rested on the desert's rim
Of sand. They saw the sun go down
Like some round, sinking isle aflame.
Behind them wheeled white peaks of snow
As they proceeded. Gray, and dim,
And ghostly shapes, bat-winged and brown,
And awful objects went and came
Before them now. They pierced at last
The desert's middle depths, and lo!
There loomed from out the desert vast
A lonely ship, well built and trim,
And perfect all in hull and mast.

No storm had stained it any whit,
No seasons set their teeth in it.
The rains, the elements, and all
The moving things that bring decay
By fair green lands or fairer seas,
Had touched not here for centuries.
Lo! date has lost all reckoning
In this lost land, and no new thing,
Or old, can anywise befall,
For time goes by the other way.

The ages have not any course
Across this untracked waste. The sky
Wears here one blue, unchanging hue,
The heavens one unbending mood.
The far, still stars, they filter through
The heavens, falling bright and bold
Against the sands as beams of gold.

The wide, white moon forgets her force;
The very sun rides round and high,
As if to shun this solitude.

What dreams of gold or conquest drew
The oak-built sea-king to these seas,
Ere Earth, old Earth unsatisfied,
Rose up and shook man in disgust,
And smote his cities down, and dried
These measured, town-set seas to dust?
Who trod these decks? What captain knew
The straits that led to lands like these?

Blew south sea-breeze or north sea-breeze?
What spiced winds whistled through this sail?
What banners streamed above these seas?
And what strange seaman answered back
To other sea-king's beck and hail,
That blew across his foamy track?

Sought Jason here the golden fleece?
Came Trojan ship or ships of Greece?
Came decks dark-manned from sultry Ind,
Wooed here by spacious wooing wind;
Some like a grand, sweet woman, when
A great love moves her soul to men?

Came here strong ships of Solomon
In quest of Ophir by Cathay? . . .
Sit down and dream of seas withdrawn,
And every sea-breath drawn away. . . .
Sit down, sit down! What is the good
That we go on still fashioning
Great iron ships or walls of wood;
High masts of oak, or anything?

Lo! all things moving must go by.
The sea lies dead. Behold, this land
Sits desolate in dust beside
His snow-white, seamless shroud of sand;
The very clouds have wept and died,
And only God is in the sky.

Joaquin Miller.

WILLIE.

It frightened us a good deal when we found the little dead boy. This is the way it was. We were three country lads going home across the lots at noon for our dinner. In passing a lonely pasture ground we saw a little basket lying ahead of us upon the grass. We made a race for it and Ed captured the prize; a little farther on we picked up a small hat which we at once recognized as Willie Dedrick's. Then we turned the angle of the zig-zag rail fence, and there in the corner, jammed close under the bottom rail, was beautiful little Willie, only five years old.

His clothing was torn and bloody, and he did not move; we felt a little afraid because he was so still, but we went up to him. He was dead, and his plump little features were all blackened with great bruises.

It shocked us very much. Only three hours before we had been playing with Willie at the pond. We felt that it was a terrible thing to find him dead in this unlooked-for manner. We asked each other what Walter and Mary would do when they should hear of this; Willie was the only boy they had. And then the question came up what *we* ought to do under such circumstances. There was no one in sight to tell us. It was suggested that we might take up the body and carry it home to Walter and Mary; it was not far through the lot and down the bank, to the pond where their home was. It seemed natural and right at first that we should take the chubby little boy and carry him home. But we shrank from the presence of death even in the form of little Willie; and besides that, we had certain dim and confused ideas, as country lads do who read the city newspapers, that somehow a coroner was necessary, and that it would not be lawful or safe for us to meddle with Willie thus strangely found dead from an unknown cause.

So we sat down upon the large stones near by Willie and held a council. There was no chairman appointed and no secretary, and none of the surroundings that ordinarily belong to deliberative bodies; nevertheless in all the essentials of a great council this occasion was very eminent. Here were three lads seated upon three fragments of the ancient granite which strews the northern slope of the Adirondack Mountains, and below them stretched the wild woods, away to the valley of the mighty St. Lawrence; and in their midst, upon that bright summer day, sat the skeleton king with his awful sceptre and his iron crown, pressing upon their young hearts those matchless terrors which have ruled the world since time began.

It was an august presence, and the boys felt their responsibility more than members of councils ordinarily do. Their final conclusion was, that one of their number must go and tell Walter and Mary, while the other two watched the body. It required quite as much courage as wisdom to reach this conclusion, for to tell the parents was a task the boys dreaded.

The lot was cast, country-boy fashion, with three blades of grass, to determine who should be the messenger of evil tidings. The lot fell upon Phil, and he immediately rose up to start. Ed suggested at this point that in sending word the death ought to be ascribed to some cause. The boys had been very much puzzled from the first to know what *could* have done it. They gazed about the pasture ground to discover what suggestion could be made. There were a couple of horses, some cows, and some sheep grazing in a distant part of the inclosure. As soon as it was suggested that one of the horses might perhaps have done it by kicking Willie, the boys accepted that as the natural and undoubted solution of the mystery. And so Phil took that word with him.

Phil went upon a little trot through the lot and down the bank, moving rapidly so that his heart might not have time to quail or shrink; and in less than five minutes he stood by the little house near the pond.

He looked in at the door, which was wide open upon this warm summer day, and there he saw Walter and Mary. Walter sat cleaning the lock of his rifle, while the gun itself was lying across his lap. Doubtless Phil's face was somewhat pale as he went in at the door, for Mary looked at him as if she saw something there, and dreaded it.

The lad had good sense; he did not blurt out the sad news suddenly. He said to Walter in a quiet way, "Will you please to step out of the door with me; I wish to see you."

It was the earnestness of the voice, perhaps, that caused the man to put aside his gun and obey so quickly.

When they were out of the house Phil said, "I have bad news for you; we have found your little son in the lot kicked by a horse, and we are afraid that he is so bad that he is dead."

Phil had thought of this way of saying it before he got to the house. When he said dead, Walter gave a little start and said, "Is he *dead?*"

Phil had to say, "Yes, we are afraid he is, and we *think* he is."

Walter stepped into the cottage and Phil stood at the door to see how he would tell Mary. Walter said without any preface, "Mary, our little Willie is dead!"

"That was not a prudent thing," the boy thought, as the tragic words fell upon his ear and fixed themselves in his memory.

The effect of the words upon Mary reminded the boy of the way he had seen a rifle-shot tell upon a rabbit or partridge. The woman passed through a kind of flutter or shudder for a moment and then sunk straight down in a little heap upon the floor. Then followed a series of quick gasps and catching for breath, and short exclamations of "Oh dear! oh dear!" and then the stifled shrieking began.

Walter took his wife up in his strong arms, and tried to undo in part the sad work which had been accomplished upon her by the few words he had so suddenly and imprudently uttered. He said that Willie might not be dead after all, but only hurt. And so he placed her upon a bed, and he and Phil left her there and started to go and see Willie.

Not many words were said as the man and boy climbed the bank and strode hastily along to the fatal spot. As they neared it, there sat the two watchers, faithful to their post and as still as statues.

Phil and Walter turned the angle of the fence, and the father came up to the body of his little son. He had not seemed stricken with grief until now, but only excited. As he looked steadily upon the chubby little form, all battered and bloody and bruised, the lad who had brought him there felt that some word must be said.

"It 's a kick, an't it?" said he.

This was hardly the right thing to say at such a moment, perhaps. The poor father choked and trembled, and replied, "A kick or a bite or something — oh dear!" And then he turned his head and looked away, and there was the sound of his sobbing, and a strange, moaning cry.

Walter would not stay by the body, but directed the boys to remain and watch while he himself went and brought his friend the doctor. And then he turned away and went off over the fields toward the settlement, uttering loud sobs and that same strange cry.

It was hardly more than ten minutes' walk down to the road toward which Walter directed his steps, and in a very short time the boys saw groups of men coming from the houses, up the acclivity toward the fatal spot. They came hastily, two and three together, and soon a dozen or more were gathered around the three boys who had watched, and were gazing at the body.

After the first look the men made characteristic remarks.

"That *is* a rough piece of business!" said Dan.

"Fearful!" said Pete.

"That's durn queer work for a hoss now, ain't it?" said Levi, a tall, keen fellow intended by nature for a lawyer.

"It don't look like a hoss to me," said another.

And so they went on to comment and examine. It appeared that the rail under which Willie was jammed was dented and marked as if hammered by many blows. The three innocent boys who had originated the "hoss theory," as the men called it, accounted for the marks on the rail by saying that the horse pawed at Willie after he was under the fence.

The men said they knew better; they began to question the boys as if they entertained suspicions in regard to them, and the boys became very uncomfortable. The men asked repeatedly just how the body was lying when the boys had found it, and inquired again and again whether they had moved it at all. The lads felt these insinuations very keenly.

Men continued to come, and at length women came in groups, until quite an assembly was gathered there in the open field. Finally Walter returned slowly up the hill with a few friends, as if he were reluctant to come again to the place. Just as he reached the spot, good old Father Mosely, and his wife, a sharp, managing woman, came from the opposite direction and met Walter. Father and Mother Mosely lived down by the school-house at the other side of the settlement.

Mother Mosely at once seized hold of Walter, and while she wrung his hand exclaimed in a high voice, that seemed to the boys not a becoming or natural voice in which to express grief, —

"Oh, Walter! we can't give him up; no, no, no, oh dear!"

The gesticulation which accompanied this was tragic and stagey, and it was by far the most theatrical thing done upon that occasion.

Father Mosely spoke a few words which interested the people very much. Hearing some allusion made to the "hoss theory" he said, —

"The little boy down at the school says it was a sheep that did it."

And then it came out that Willie's playmate, Charlie Sanders, was "the little boy down at the school," and that Charlie had cried all the forenoon and dared not tell the teacher what the matter was; but finally at the noon-spell he told a little girl that Willie did not come to school because a sheep in the lot had chased them and knocked Willie down, and he could not get up.

Here was light indeed, especially for the three lads, who had begun to feel, since the horse theory was criticised, as if they themselves were culprits unless they accounted for "the murder."

Across the lot the sheep were still feeding. A young farmer stepped out of the crowd and called "Nan, nan, nan," and the flock, raising their heads, responded with a multitude of ba-a-as, and came galloping over the grassy field. At their head was "the old ram," a fine "buck" with great horns curling in spirals around his ears.

The young farmer held Willie's basket in one hand, and making a brawny fist of the other, struck out toward the ram, offering him battle. The buck at once brought his head down in line of attack, squared himself for a big butt, and came on with a little run, and a charge that in an artistic point of view was quite beautiful. The farmer, stepping aside, caught him by his horns as he came, and that magnificent charge was his last.

There was a blood-thirsty feeling pervading the crowd, undoubtedly, but Buck had a fair trial. There on his white bold face and horns were the bright carmine drops of fresh blood. No other witnesses were needed. In a moment a glittering keen knife flashed from somebody's keeping into the bright sunshine, and in a moment more a purple stream dyed the white wool around Buck's throat, and there was a red pool upon the grass; and a little later, as Dan remarked, "some tough mutton."

The excitement abated; for the mys-

tery was cleared up and Justice had its due. Kind-hearted Joe, who superintended the Sabbath-school and led the religious element of the neighborhood, stepped forward and said to the crowd:

"Well, boys, it is all right here, and no suspicion and no need of any ceremony; let us take him home."

And then Joe took Willie in his arms and held him closely with the little face against his own, as if he were still living, and started for the cottage. Some of the people followed in a picturesque procession, through the pasture lot and down the bank and along by the shore of the pond. When Walter's house was reached, a few of the women went in to soothe Mary; and Joe and the doctor went in also, and the people clustered about the door.

In the course of an hour it seemed that all had been done that could be done for Walter and Mary, and the people, except a few, who remained as watchers and helpers, dispersed to their homes.

The three days that followed were bright, sunny days. A strange stillness and unusual hush reigned in the neighborhood of the cottage. The harsh, grating sound of the saw-mill was not heard as at other times, for the mill was stopped in token of respect for the great sorrow. Only the softly flowing stream was heard, mingling its *susurrus* with the hum of the bees in the garden.

Now and then groups of children, dressed in their Sunday attire, would come down the bank, and with hushed voices and fearful looks steal up toward the cottage door. Then kind Joe would see them and would come out and take them in to see Willie; and after a few moments they would issue forth again, and walk sadly homeward, and as they went the sunlight dried their tears.

And farmers and hunters came from many miles away "to see the little boy that was killed by a sheep." Some of the rough men manifested their sympathy by exhibiting vindictive feelings toward the ram. After going in and viewing the bruised corpse, they would come out with dark, determined looks, and grasping again the long rifles which they had brought with them and "stood up" by the door, they would inquire of any by-stander, with fierce emphasis, whether the ram that "did that" was dead. On being informed of his execution, they would say, "*That will do,*" with an air that implied how much they would have enjoyed it to have had a shot at him. Indeed, it appeared that if the poor brute had been possessed of fifty or a hundred lives, so that each irate hunter might have taken one, it would have been a great relief and satisfaction.

On the fourth day Willie was buried. Mary continued inconsolable. All of the social influences which the neighborhood could command were put in operation from the time of the funeral onward, in order to cheer her and bind up her wounded spirit. Social meetings were held and pleasant little gatherings made for her. Wherever there was enjoyment Mary must be. She gratefully submitted herself to all their kindness, and tried to please her friends. But it seemed to do her little good. She remained pale, weak, and dispirited.

After a few months Walter and Mary discovered that somehow they were not suited with their farm. They sold the place at the first opportunity, and returned to their former home in New England, the remains of little Willie having been forwarded in advance to a cemetery there, with which they in their early days had been familiar.

P. Deming.

JOURNALISM AND JOURNALISTS.

THE readers of Mr. Frederic Hudson's entertaining history of Journalism in the United States from 1690 to 1872 — that is, from the birth of Franklin to the death of Greeley — have learned therefrom, long since, what the modern newspaper is, how it originated, and whither it is tending. It is a common saying in England that America is governed by newspapers, — and this by way of sneer, according to the charming fashion of Englishmen. But long ago Jefferson anticipated and met this reproach, when he said, "I would rather live in a country with newspapers and without a government, than in a country with a government but without newspapers." The alternative is seldom presented nowadays; indeed, it has been found easier to overthrow a government at Paris, Madrid, Mexico, or Rome, than to stop a well-managed newspaper. The steam-press, the electric telegraph, the enormous development of commerce and industry in the last half-century, accompanied as they have been by the swift growth of democratic ideas and institutions, social as well as political, have given newspapers a position and a responsibility which is but imperfectly understood, even by those who have the most to do with them. Journalism has been called the Fourth Estate (though what the other three are in America, it might puzzle us to tell), and certainly it is somewhat in the attitude of the Third Estate of France, as described by the Abbé Sieyès in his brief catechism: "What is the Third Estate? Everything. What has it hitherto been? Nothing. What does it aspire to be? Something." Journalism in America is something, has been nothing, and aspires to be everything. There are no limits, in the ambition of enterprising editors, to the future power of the American newspaper. It is not only to make and unmake presidents and parties, institutions and reputations; but it must regulate the minutest details of our daily lives, and be school-master, preacher, lawgiver, judge, jury, executioner, and policeman, in one grand combination. We find it intruding and interfering everywhere. It reports everything, has an espionage as universal and active as any despot ever established, and makes its comments with that species of boldness which the undiscriminating call impudence, on all that happens, or is imagined to happen or to be about to happen. It scorns to confine itself to the realm of the past and the present, but deals largely with the future. A German play represents in one of its scenes "Adam crossing the stage on his way to be created;" and much of the news gathered by our dailies is of this anticipative sort; imposing upon these active journals the necessity of contradicting on Tuesday the intelligence they have given on Monday.

Sydney Smith was fond of dating events before or after "the invention of common-sense;" and certainly the common-sense that contrived the modern newspaper does not go back many centuries. It is traditional to speak of newspapers as first originating in Venice early in the fifteenth century; but this Venetian *gazzetta* (whence our *gazette*) was only a monthly government bulletin, and unworthy of the name of newspaper. Dr. Johnson, in his life of Addison, asserts that "this mode of conveying cheap and easy knowledge began among us in the Civil War," that is, in Cromwell's time; but Cleveland, the loyal poet, affirms in his Character of a London Diurnal, that "the original sinner of this kind was Dutch; Gallo-Belgicus the Protoplas, and the modern Mercuries but Hans en Kelders." Fabricius, the German contemporary of Addison, gives the date of this Mercurius Gallo-Belgicus as from

1555 to 1632, and mentions that it had been collected into eighteen octavo volumes, and published at Frankfort. Carew's Survey of Cornwall, published in 1602, quotes some news from this Flemish newspaper. Its title of Mercury was copied by the real founder of English newspapers, Marchamont Nedham, whose Mercurius Britannicus did good service against King Charles and the prelates in the early years of the Long Parliament. As Captain Nedham is not only historically but typically the first representative of the modern "able editor," it may be well to speak of him more at length.

Disraeli the elder (whose account of the origin of newspapers, it must be said, is very inaccurate) calls Nedham "the great patriarch of newspaper writers, a man of versatile talents and more versatile politics; a bold adventurer, and the most successful, because the most profligate, of his tribe." Some account of his life is given by old Anthony à Wood in his Athenæ Oxonienses, from which we learn that he was a student of Oxford about the time that Milton was studying at Cambridge; and that, like Milton, he came afterwards to London and was a school-master there. Then he dabbled in law and was an under clerk at Gray's Inn; afterwards "studied physic and practised chymestry;" and finally, he became a soldier and was known as Captain Nedham of Gray's Inn. By this time we have got to the year 1643, when he began the publication of his weekly "newsbook," Mercurius Britannicus. Then, says the Tory Anthony, "siding with the rout and scum of the people, he made them weekly sport by railing at all that was noble in his Intelligence, called Mercurius Britannicus, wherein his endeavors were to sacrifice the fame of some lord, or any person of quality, and of the king himself, to the beast with many heads." He soon became popular, and "whatever he wrote was deemed oracular." In 1647, however, either because he thought the Presbyterian party were going too far, or for a worse reason, he went on his knees to King Charles, was reconciled to the royalists, and, to quote Wood again, "he soon after wrote Mercurius Pragmaticus, which, being very witty, satirical against the Presbyterians, and full of loyalty, made him known to and admired by the bravadoes and wits of those times." He began this second newspaper in September, 1647, when the king was intriguing with Cromwell and with the Presbyterian party, to see which would offer him the best terms; he seems to have continued it till the king's cause became hopeless; when, persuaded by Bradshaw and Speaker Lenthall, as Woods says, "he changed his style once more in favor of the Independents." This was early in 1649; and now he again christened his Mercury, and called it Mercurius Politicus, under which name it continued for more than ten years, and through the whole of Cromwell's reign. "He was then the Goliath of the Philistines," says Wood, "the great champion of the late usurper; and his pen, in comparison with others, was as a weaver's beam." In 1659 the government ceased to make his "weekly newsbook" their official organ, and, on the restoration of Charles II. in 1660, Nedham fled to Holland, fearing for his life. After a while he was pardoned by the king and allowed to return, but forbidden to continue his newspaper; and, instead of him, the servile wit, Roger L'Estrange, became the official editor.

The career of Marchamont Nedham has been repeated in every generation since his day, by some able man, in every country where newspapers have flourished. His first successor was De Foe, the novelist, who began to publish his Review in 1704, and continued it through nearly the whole reign of Queen Anne, supporting sometimes one side in politics, and sometimes the other, but always with spirit, and with an eye to the good of his country. His advice to editors, based, as he says, upon his own experience, is as good now as when he wrote it: "If a writer resolves to venture upon the dangerous precipice of telling unbiased truth, let him proclaim war with mankind, neither to give nor

take quarter. If he tells the crimes of great men, they fall upon him with the iron hands of the law; if he tells their virtues (when they have any), then the mob attack him with slander. But if he regards truth, let him expect martyrdom on both sides, and then he may go on fearless; *and this is the course I take myself.*"

If De Foe meant to say that he had been martyred for his truth-telling, he was right, for he began his newspaper, as his contemporary, Bunyan, did his sacred romance, in jail, after he had been set in the pillory by Queen Anne's government for writing satires on the high church party. He was thrown into Newgate in 1703, and pardoned out by the queen, at the request of Harley and Godolphin, in the latter part of 1704, when his semi-weekly Review had been in course of publication for eight or ten months. In March, 1705, he made it tri-weekly, and it so continued till May, 1713, when he was again imprisoned, fined, and compelled by his misfortunes to suspend the publication of his newspaper. He was a second time pardoned out by the queen, but she died the next year, and he was left with no powerful protector against the malice of his enemies. The persecutions to which he was exposed, along with other causes, now induced De Foe to accept a situation from which most men of honor would have shrunk, and which must be regarded as a blemish on his character, in spite of the arguments used in his behalf by his latest biographer, Mr. Lee. He became connected with the Tory newspaper, Mist's Journal, and was concerned in its management for several years, during the reign of George I., all the while acting as a spy on its contributors, and in correspondence with the Whig ministry, who were glad to make this use of his services. De Foe's contributions to this and other newspapers, during the last fifteen years of his life,[1] have been culled from them by Mr. Lee and published in two large volumes. They show with what zeal and industry he followed the profession of journalism, at an advanced age, and when he had become a famous and popular author.

As Nedham and De Foe are good examples of public journalists discussing politics, so Addison is the earliest instance of journalistic success, apart from political or religious controversy. The Spectator, though a daily, could hardly be called a newspaper. Its predecessor, the Tatler, had increased its circulation by publishing news from the Continent; but when Steele gave up the Tatler in 1710, and joined his friend, Addison, in beginning the Spectator (March 1, 1711), he ceased to make news any part of his plan, and devoted the new journal solely to literature. At first it was somewhat colored with the liberal politics of its editors, but this was gradually changed, until it became equally popular with all parties. But Steele, who was a warm patriot and partisan, soon grew weary of this neutrality, and in his Guardian (1713), and Englishman (1714), returned to political writing, in consequence of which he was censured and expelled from the House of Commons in 1714. Nor did he take any share in the revived Spectator of 1714, which was managed by Addison alone, without any meddling with politics.

The success of the Spectator was something extraordinary for that period. It was printed on a half sheet "of the vilest paper of which any specimens have descended to posterity," says Chalmers, and sold at first for a penny, at which price it had a daily sale of from three to ten thousand. When the stamp duty was first imposed (August 1, 1712) the additional half penny thus exacted reduced the sale one half, for the price was raised to two pence. This tax eventually killed the Spectator, as it did Swift's Examiner; and no doubt it had something to do with the failure of De Foe's Review. Occasional issues of the Spectator seem to have sold as many as fourteen thousand copies; a very large number when we consider that the London Morning Post, nearly

[1] He died in 1731, at the age of seventy-one. The misfortunes of his last years are believed by Mr. Lee to have been in some way connected with his unhandsome behavior towards Mist and the Tories.

a hundred years later, was thought to have an enormous circulation when Coleridge's leading articles and the news of Napoleon's wars had increased its sale to four thousand five hundred copies; and the London Times was some forty years in reaching a circulation as great as the Spectator acquired in a year.

Before De Foe, or Addison, Steele, Swift, Berkeley, Bolingbroke, or any of their witty contemporaries had engaged in journalism in the mother country, New England, according to the traditions, had seen the first American newspaper, the Publick Occurrences of Benjamin Harris, of which one number was published in Boston, September 25, 1690, "at the London coffee-house, which Harris kept." Mr. Hudson reprints this sheet in full; its authenticity has been questioned, but, so far as can be seen, without sufficient cause. De Foe's kinsman, the bookseller Dunton, gives a brief notice of Harris, who was a printer, and like De Foe, had stood in the London pillory for some publication. His Boston sheet was harmless enough, but the magistrates of that city saw fit to suppress it, as they afterwards tried to suppress the Courant of the Franklin family, for its strictures on the Mathers and other Boston ministers. Their view of the matter, both then and afterwards, — and it is an opinion still discernible in some parts of Massachusetts, — had been expressed by Roger L'Estrange, when he succeeded Marchamont Nedham as official organ of the English government. "Supposing the press in order," says L'Estrange, "the people in their right wits, and news or no news to be the question, a publique Mercury should never have my vote; because it makes the public too familiar with the actions and counsels of their superiors, too pragmatical and censorious; and gives them not only an itch, but a colorable right and license to be meddling with the government."

In 1722, the Massachusetts General Court took notice of this impertinence of the Franklins in venturing to have a different opinion from the Mathers, and voted that James Franklin should be forbidden to print or publish the New England Courant, or any other pamphlet or paper of the like nature, "*except it be first supervised by the secretary of this province;*" inasmuch as "the tendency of said paper is to mock religion, and bring it into contempt; that the Holy Scriptures are therein profanely abused, the reverend and faithful ministers of the gospel are injuriously reflected on, *and the peace and good order of His Majesty's subjects of this province disturbed* by the said Courant." In consequence of this vote, the newspaper was for a while published in the name of Benjamin Franklin, then a youth of sixteen. The rest of the story is well known; the two brothers quarreled, and Benjamin, at the age of seventeen, went to Philadelphia, where a few years later he established the first really good newspaper in America — the Pennsylvania Gazette.

When our Revolution began, a hundred years ago, daily newspapers had become common in England, and were not unknown in America. Dr. Johnson, writing at this period, said in his tumid way, "Journals are daily multiplied without increase of knowledge. The tale of the morning paper is told in the evening, and the narratives of the evening are bought again in the morning," a description which may still apply in Boston, if not in London. A few of the London dailies now existing are as ancient as the Worcester Spy, which kept its centennial in 1870, and of which that worthy old printer, Isaiah Thomas, was the founder. The Spy was not a daily, however, for the first seventy-five years, but generally a weekly. In 1794 it had the pedantry, not unusual then, to print its motto — *The Liberty of the Press is Essential to the Security of Freedom* — in four languages, English, Latin, Greek, and French. At that time it was just about one fourth of its present size; that is to say, its readers received in a week less than a twentieth part of the matter that the readers of the daily Spy now get. But, on the other hand, it cost but a dollar and a half, instead

of the eight dollars now paid for the daily Spy, and only a fourth of its space was given to advertising, instead of about three fourths, as now. Its news from Europe, in 1794, was nearly three months old, from Canada and Georgia more than a month old, and from New York a week, instead of coming twice every day from all these and a thousand other places, as it now does. Its editorial writing was almost nothing; and this was true of most American newspapers at that time. If principles were to be discussed or events commented upon, the task was usually left to correspondents, who, under various English and Latin names, maintained one side or the other of political and social questions.

The connection of poets and literary men of the highest rank with the modern newspaper is well known, and need only be alluded to. Had Goethe lived in England, instead of Germany, he would have been a newspaper editor rather than a theatre-manager, as he was at Weimar. In Paris everybody commences by writing for the journals. Sainte-Beuve and George Sand did so from the beginning; Thiers was and remains a journalist; and the Revue des Deux Mondes — the first authority in the world in matters of literature and philosophy — is but an exalted and glorified newspaper. Of this review and its editor, Buloz, George Sand said twenty years ago, "With perhaps two or three exceptions, all that have preserved a name as publicists, poets, novelists, historians, philosophers, critics, travelers, etc., have passed under the hands of Buloz, that man of sense, who cannot talk, but who has great keenness under his rough exterior. It is very easy, too easy, in fact, to laugh at this capricious and uncivil Genevese; he is even good-natured enough to let you make sport of him, when he is not cross; but what is not so easy is to avoid being persuaded and controlled by him. I have been urged many times to attack Buloz, but I have always squarely refused; although his critics steadily asserted that I had a great deal of talent so long as I wrote for the Revue, but since my quarrel with it, — alas, alas!" This is an able editor's portrait, which might almost serve for a type of the class; it is such men who succeed with newspapers and with magazines.

Thoreau's pungent criticism on the newspapers is not quite so true now as when he made it, twenty years ago. "I am sure," says he in Walden, "that I never read any memorable news in a newspaper. To a philosopher all *news*, as it is called, is gossip, and they who edit and read it are old women over their tea." "Read not the Times; read the Eternities." But even this philosopher admits that he read one newspaper a week, though he feared that was too much, and found that the sun, the clouds, the snow, the trees, did not say so much to him as before he desecrated his mind by letting in idle rumors and trivial incidents. And it is very true that to the serious thinker the murmurs brought by every day's report of the incessant stir of mankind are chiefly a disturbance and dissipation of his thought. But the journal of to-day is no longer a mere record of daily events; it occupies itself with the thoughts of men, the discoveries of science, the treasures of literature, and the acts of heroes.

There came a time after Thoreau had said these things, when he was driven to the morning paper with as much eagerness as anybody; when, as he says, "I read all the newspapers I could get within a week." It was when John Brown lay wounded at Harper's Ferry, and his enemies, thronging about him, drew from him those answers that rang through the country for years, and still thrill the heart as we recall them. It was the everlasting reporter of the New York Herald, who then and there noted down the undying words that might else have been lost, or distorted in the recital of the base men to whom they were spoken. Then it was made manifest for what purpose the Herald had been allowed to exist all these years, — no other paper could have had a reporter there, and without him the con-

versation must have perished. All this was "foreordained and freely predetermined;" and John Brown, lying there on the armory floor, was the final cause of the Herald and its otherwise unaccountable editor. In those days the Times and the Eternities got printed on the same sheet, as they always do when a hero appears.

The triviality for which Thoreau complained of the newspapers, he was no less sensible of in the daily life of his fellow-men. "Nations!" he cries, "what are nations? Tartars and Huns and Chinamen. Like insects they swarm. The historian strives in vain to make them memorable." How, then, could he expect the journalist to do it? whose business is to record what he finds, be it trivial or momentous, if it only be significant. And the great struggle of the editor, as of the historian or the essayist, always is to choose the significant fact, the event that really means something, and to give prominence to that. The telegraph and the innumerable newspapers have made the world one enormous ear of Dionysius — a perpetual whispering gallery; and out of the confused mass and rumble of rumors, the poor journalist must snatch and print what he can, for it is quite impossible to give currency to everything. But the best journals now aim to furnish their readers not only the news of the day, but the thought and spirit of the epoch; and to some extent they do so.

Of late, too, there has been a perceptible increase in the courage of our journalists. The same thing has been happening in this country within a dozen years, which an acute Frenchman, Baron d'Haussez, who was one of the ministers of Charles X., and followed him into exile in England, noted as going on in Europe forty years ago. "For a long time," he says, "the English newspapers limited themselves to studying public opinion; to follow in its wake was their sole aim. But lately the English press, following the example of the French journals, has jumped from the tail to the head of popular opinion; it seeks to mark out the course this opinion should follow, and aspires to direct it. The newspapers find fault with, denounce, menace one party and stimulate the other; and public sentiment is no less the slave of journalism in London than at Paris." Every observer of our American newspapers since the civil war began will see how well these remarks apply to them. Their tone has greatly changed; and though they are not yet models of courage, they are by no means deficient in boldness and confidence. They no longer deem it their highest duty "to feel round for the average judgment of their readers, and express that," as Wendell Phillips used to say; no, they have an ambition to lead rather than to follow; and instead of drawing steadily in the traces of party, as political newspapers did in the days of Jackson and Polk, they now try, every now and then, to form new parties, and raise new political issues; and sometimes they succeed. One reason for this change, which all must have noticed, is the vast change in the circumstances of our country and the features of American society. We have passed rapidly from a provincial to an imperial position among the nations, with all the attendants of our prosperous career, — fabulous wealth, increased culture, a prodigious diversity of tastes and interests, and a wide expansion of the horizon of individual ambition. These things stimulate us in all directions, and their influence is nowhere more keenly felt than in the field of journalism, where they are first noted and most frequently registered and compared.

Under the spur of such excitements, a new class of newspaper editors has appeared. In the book of Captain Basil Hall, an English traveler in this country in 1833, occurs this graphic sketch of the editors of that day: "The conductors of American journals are generally shrewd but uneducated men, extravagant in praise or censure, clear in their judgment of everything connected with their own interests, and exceedingly indifferent to all matters

which have no discernible relation to their own pockets or privileges." How well this describes Thomas Ritchie, Isaac Hill, Thurlow Weed, and men of that stamp, a few of whom still remain at the head of newspapers they have founded or inherited! But the new race of American editors is different. In spite of Mr. Greeley's bucolic sneer, — "Of all horned cattle, a college graduate in a newspaper office is the worst," — nearly all the rising and lately risen journalists in the country are educated men, many of them highly accomplished in scholarship or literature. Such as were not educated at the outset have oftentimes pursued their studies, and taken their degrees in half a dozen newspaper offices, — no mean school for acquiring a liberal culture. They are traveled men, too, familiar with foreign countries, and, what is quite as necessary and less common, with their own; accustomed to meet and deal with people of all sorts, and especially with the able men of their region. Not a few of them, in the late war, enriched their minds with the experiences of army life, either as soldiers or as war correspondents; some are popular lecturers, others are cultivating literature with zeal and success; all, as a class, are alert of mind, with their faculties ready at command, and trained to steady service as much as any professional men in the land.

Moreover, journalism is drawing into its ranks every year more and more of the intellectual ability of the country; clergymen leaving their pulpits, lawyers their briefs, school-masters their desks, and scholars their studies, to ply the pen for the daily and weekly newspaper. Add to these the multitude who, without abandoning their old avocations, are correspondents or occasional contributors for the press, and the number becomes enormous; including, as it does, so many women of genius and culture. When Mrs. Child, that genial grandmother of feminine journalism in America, wrote her Letters from New York, and when Margaret Fuller went to the same city to help Mr. Greeley edit the Tribune, how daring and strange their venture seemed to their country-women! But now their successors may be counted by the thousand; and nothing so much surprises and delights a young editor as to find what rich stores of womanly talent and insight he can draw upon to enrich his columns. Every editor now rejects, for want of room, bushels of manuscripts from feminine hands, that twenty years ago would have been sought out and proudly printed, — only, twenty years ago they did not exist.

And yet, with all this thronging of recruits to the rendezvous of journalism, the number of really able editors is small. Some years ago a journalist in another city was lamenting the poverty of Boston in this respect, and said with real pathos, "Why, they 've only got one good journalist in all Boston, and they 're spoiling him in the pulpit!" Of course, things have changed for the better since then, in Boston — but hardly elsewhere. Brilliant and forcible and sensible as so many American journalists are, they seldom develop into marked superiority; each has his foible, his impediment, and does not rise beyond a certain level. Some of them remind us of the compliment paid by a German prince to Wellington's troopers; he liked the British cavalry, he said; "there were none better in the world, — *if they only knew how to ride.*" Mr. Greeley, for example: how magnificently was he equipped for journalistic service! how much he has done, too! And yet, he too often suggested that homely figure of a cow who gives a good pail of milk and then kicks it over — so furious, so ungovernable, were his whims. His great rival, Mr. Raymond, certainly could ride, but he persisted in riding nowhere; he would trot smartly northward, then canter briskly southward, then amble easterly and westerly; but always came back at last to his centre of indifference. Unequaled in the details of journalism, he lacked the steady force and moral purpose that alone accomplish great results. Mr. Dana, who, like Mr. Raymond, was for a while the associate and afterwards the rival of Mr. Greeley, has shown some of the

rarest and most masterly traits of a successful journalist; but in these later years he has wantonly sacrificed the best parts of his reputation by a coarse, sensational, and impudent manner of conducting his newspaper. No other names than these three, — who are, on the whole, the most famous of American journalists, — are needed to remind us how easy it is for editors of rare ability and opportunity to fall short of the lofty ideal of journalism. Had Franklin lived in our day, and devoted himself to the work of a newspaper, as he did in his own century, he perhaps would have come nearer than any other to the true standard; but even of Franklin it was said by Timothy Pickering that "he was never found in a minority." Yet the ideal journalist must, like the greatest general, sometimes lead a forlorn-hope, and often must resist the public for the public good.

Courage, indeed, is the one quality indispensable for journalism of the highest order, and it is what our journalists still lack most. Of courage as an intellectual accomplishment, or a means of winning respect and deference, they have a much better perception than of its moral quality. They are, therefore, often bold and self-confident, audacious to the verge of insolence, and sometimes beyond it; but for that steady courage which accepts certain risks for uncertain advantages, and for that modest courage which dares more than it proclaims, they are not conspicuous. But it must be said that our newspapers, of late years, have one increased inducement and guarantee for a courageous course, — a much greater pecuniary independence than formerly. It grows more and more difficult each year to hire or buy a successful newspaper, because it can afford to hold its price high. Nor do newspapers now depend for success, except indirectly, upon their subscribers. It is advertising that supports them mainly, and a great subscription list is chiefly valuable, pecuniarily, to a great newspaper, as being certain to attract advertisers. This, to be sure, is only changing the burden of servitude, for an editor whose chief aim it is to please his advertisers and retain their "patronage," as it is called, is but one degree less fettered than he who dodges and shuffles to please his subscribers. And it is important that newspapers should be the property, so far as possible, of those who have the editorial management; for without this security from monetary dictation, a journal may be as venal as if it were purchased outright. Neither is it well for the owners of a newspaper to have much other property actively employed in business; else they will be tempted to use their newspaper columns to promote their private speculations. There is no more common mode of bribing editors and legislators, as we have lately seen illustrated, than by offering them an interest in schemes that depend upon public favor or special legislation for their success. The one excuse for all the annoyances and impertinences of which newspapers are guilty is their devotion to the public good; and a journalist who is detected feathering his own nest, or helping his friends to do so, loses at once his privilege as public benefactor. Need we add that detection makes no difference in the offense? It is the one unpardonable sin against journalism to cloak private gain or personal malice with professions of public virtue.

Great as the temptations of a journalist are to enrich himself by subservient or corrupt courses, they are far less than his temptations to self-conceit, which is the main vice of modern editors, the sin that doth so easily beset us. To err is human; this is a common frailty in all occupations, especially such as are literary or political. We have an amusing instance in a religious poet of the seventeenth century, who had a picture of himself engraved, kneeling before a crucifix with a label from his mouth, "Lord Jesus, do you love me?" which was answered by another label proceeding from the mouth of Jesus, "Yes, most illustrious, most excellent, and most learned Sigerus, poet-laureate of his Imperial Majesty, and most worthy rector of the University of Wittenberg,

—yes, I do love you!" The flattery which our journalists devise for themselves is less heavenly-minded than this, but no less gross.

Alcæus and Callimachus are nothing to the titles we bestow on one another, when in good humor; if you will take us at our own valuation you need be under no concern for the future of American literature. As Colonel Diver remarked to Martin Chuzzlewit, when handing him the Rowdy Journal for his perusal, "You'll find Jefferson Brick at his usual post in the van of human civilization and moral purity." The original Jefferson Brick has departed, no doubt, but he has left a family, and a numerous one, who have divided his mantle between them. Who is not forced to smile, sometimes, in the intervals of admiration, at the airs these gentlemen assume? as if uncreated wisdom had taken bodily form in their persons. They will allow us to know nothing which they have not told us; they give us epitomes of history after Tacitus, sketches of character after Clarendon and Kinglake, and systems of political economy as elaborate as Adam Smith's. And so positive, too, in all their knowledge! It should be the humble effort of a young student's life-time to acquire the omniscience of an American journalist under the age of thirty-five. "I wish I knew anything," said Lord Melbourne, "as positively as Macaulay knows everything." Why wonder that our American bishops at the Œcumenical Council easily agreed to the Pope's infallibility? Had they not seen an infallible chair in every one of the five thousand newspaper offices in their own country?

Still, let us be just to these instructors of ours; it is no mean talent that they possess, nor, on the whole, ill-employed. It is common to laugh at newspaper English, and the knowledge that is derived only from the newspapers. But, except in those masters of style who are above comparison, there is no better English than we find in the newspaper; and we can now fully appreciate what Horace Walpole meant in saying, a hundred years ago, "Every newspaper is now written in a good style; when I am consulted about style, I often say, 'Go to the chandler's shop for a style,'"—that is, read any old newspapers you may pick up. And he adds a strikingly just remark: "Had the authors of the silver age of Rome written just as they conversed, their works would have vied with those of the golden age. Writers are apt to think they must distinguish themselves by an uncommon style: hence elaborate stiffness and quaint brilliance. What a prodigious labor an author often takes to destroy his own reputation!" It is because a journalist thinks more of his matter than of his manner, and seeks to make himself understood rather than admired, that he writes so well; and how well our best editors and correspondents write one can easily see by writing himself on one of their themes. These men and women are the lineal successors of Hobbes, who said if he had read as many books as the learned, he should have been as ignorant as they; of De Foe, whose "low style" is the admiration of all good critics; of Franklin, who acquired his art of writing, by no means inferior to Addison's, in a printing-office; of the letter-writers and diarists, whose vocation has almost died out, except as they reappear in newspaper correspondents. Nor is it extravagant to say that the careful reader of a few good newspapers can learn more in a year than most scholars do in their great libraries; while the multitude of men and women are actually instructed so, more rapidly than in any way ever tried before.

At the same time, every able journalist, and nearly every mediocre one, is tempted to be a smatterer; he must have his say on every topic, and cannot be well informed about all. There was no royal road to geometry in Euclid's time, nor is there any railroad to universal knowledge now; to acquire it is impossible, and to come within sight of it demands much time and much patience, neither of which our journalists commonly have. The fancied necessity of scribbling something about every

event and every intellectual and social manifestation is the plague of an editor's life, the ruin of his good manners, the cause of delusion, bewilderment, and skepticism in his readers. Couple this with that other superlative folly, the rule never to retract an assertion or correct a mistake, and we have the cause of more than half the impertinence, error, and mischief of which newpapers are guilty.

A great deal is said about the slanderous character of the modern newspaper, and of its entire disregard of privacy and the right of individuals to be respected in their withdrawal from public notice. But in these respects our age is no worse than those before it. We have made error and slander more public by our inventions, but not more common, perhaps, nor more hurtful. In fact, the purely libelous industry of the press is probably less now, in comparison with its whole activity, than at any former time since pamphlets (*libelli*) began to be printed. This passage occurs in the letters of Prince Pückler-Muskau, written from England in 1826, before the era of railroads, to say nothing of the telegraph and the power-press: —

"A strange custom in England is the continual intrusion of the newspapers into the affairs of private life. A man of any distinction not only sees the most absurd details concerning him dragged before the public, — such as where he dined, what evening party he attended, and so forth, — but if anything really worth telling happens to him, it is immediately made public without shame or scruple. Personal hostility thus has full scope, as well as the desire of making profitable friends. Many use the newspapers for the publication of articles to their own advantage, which they send themselves. It is easy to see what formidable weapons the press thus furnishes. Fortunately, however, the poison brings its own antidote with it; this consists in the indifference with which the public receives such communications. An article in a newspaper, after which a Continental would not show himself for three months, here excites only a momentary laugh, and the next day is forgotten."

Would not this pass for a description of the — New York newspapers, we will say? The personalities in which the editor of to-day delights, annoying as they often are, surely are no worse than those here censured, while they fill a much smaller space in the reader's mind than formerly; partly because the modern journal contains so much besides, and partly for the consoling reason given by the German prince, — that so much publicity defeats its own aim and makes little impression.

It is also true, little as we may think it, that our American newspapers are vastly improved in most respects from what they were thirty years ago, when Dickens saw, felt, and caricatured them. How we all winced under his satire in Martin Chuzzlewit, knowing so much of it to be deserved! How the cries of the New York newsboys made our ears tingle! "Here 's this morning's New York Sewer! Here 's this morning's New York Stabber! Here 's the New York Family Spy! Here 's the New York Private Listener! Here 's the New York Peeper! Here 's the New York Keyhole Reporter! Here 's the Sewer's article upon the judge that tried him, day afore yesterday, for libel, and the Sewer's tribute to the independent jury that did n't convict him, and the Sewer's account of what they might have expected if they had!" etc., etc. This satire no longer stings us as it once did, because, notwithstanding the occasional efforts of the New York Sun, Times, and Tribune to rival the scarcely imaginary Sewer and Rowdy Journal of Martin Chuzzlewit's day, — notwithstanding the recent appearance of the interviewing reporter, that pest of society, — the moral and intellectual standard of our newspapers has risen a great many degrees in thirty years.

Nor is this the only change that has taken place. Since the death of Horace Greeley and the events which preceded and followed it, there is no difficulty in perceiving that we stand at the close of a long era of American journalism, and

are entering rapidly upon a new dispensation. The presidential campaign of 1872, and the death of Mr. Greeley, mark the end of partisan journalism in its old form, — that epoch of which the New York Tribune was the product and the survivor. "With the death of the founder of the Tribune," says Mr. Hudson, "party journalism pure and simple, managed by accomplished and experienced editors, inaugurated by Jefferson and Hamilton, aided by such writers as Fenno, Bache, Duane, Freneau, Coleman, Cheetham, Ritchie, and Croswell, has ceased to exist, and independent journalism becomes a fact impressed on the minds of the people." To Mr. Hudson's mind, loyal as he is to the memory and the traditions of the New York Herald, this event is but a fulfillment of the plans and hopes with which James Gordon Bennett, in 1835, announced the first publication of his great newspaper — the first successful example of an independent journal in the United States. The Herald was disreputable enough in those days, and for many a long year afterwards; it has not yet achieved the best reputation in the world, with all its expeditions and discoveries, but it has been tolerably true to the purpose indicated in the first number. Mr. Bennett expressed himself with coarseness and cynicism, but with much sincerity, when he said, "In *dêbuts* of this kind many talk of principle, political principle, party principle, as a sort of steel-trap to catch the public. We mean to be perfectly understood on this point, and therefore openly disclaim all steel-traps, all principle, as it is called, all party, all politics. Our only guide shall be good, sound, practical common-sense, applicable to the business and bosoms of men engaged in every-day life. We shall support no party, be the organ of no faction or *coterie*, and care nothing for any election, or any candidate, from president down to a constable. We shall endeavor to record facts on every public and proper subject, stripped of verbiage and coloring, with comments when suitable, just, independent, fearless, and good-tempered." This was not a very lofty ideal of editorial duty, but it was an honest one, and in the line of what the nation needed and the future promised. So far as it adhered to this profession, the Herald succeeded and deserved success; but its notorious faults have long kept its true and important mission from being fully recognized, and the proper credit given therefor. It has been the rude, low-bred, boisterous pioneer, preparing the way for the finer and better race of newspapers that are to follow in its track with nobler aims, a keener sense of decency and responsibility, and a broader culture in the men who conduct them. Nor is it by any means impossible that the Herald itself may eventually become a newspaper of the kind just described.

Delighting in the great advances now making in American journalism, but not quite satisfied with any of the existing journals, there are a few persons so unreasonable as still to hope for a model newspaper, though they have never seen one, and though the most brilliant instances of journalistic success are generally coupled with grave and incurable faults. Such enthusiasts deem it possible to walk uprightly and deal justly with all mankind in the career of the journalist as much as in any other; that it is inferior to no other in the interests it protects, the need it serves, the high standard of character and performance it exacts.

> "It was not for the mean;
> It requireth courage stout,
> Souls above doubt,
> Valor unbending."

Not less does it require the deepest purpose, the most active spirit, the broadest thought and culture, the most tolerant heart. Journalism now is what the stage was in Shakespeare's time; its purpose, as Hamlet says of the "purpose of playing," "both at the first and now, was and is, to hold, as 't were, the mirror up to nature; to show virtue her own feature, scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time his form and pressure." But literature, of which journalism is now the most alert

and prolific form, has even a nobler aim than this, to describe which we must borrow the words, not of the tolerant dramatist, but of the more heroic moral poet, Milton. Its office, like that of poetry, of which it is so apt a vehicle, is also "to inbreed and cherish in a great people the seeds of virtue and public civility, to allay the perturbations of the mind and set the affections in right tune; to deplore the general relapses of kingdoms and states from justice and God's true worship; lastly, whatsoever in religion is holy and sublime, in virtue amiable or grave, whatsoever hath passion or admiration in all the changes of that which is called fortune from without, or the wily subtleties and refluxes of man's thoughts from within; all these things, with a solid and treatable smoothness to paint out and describe."

To succeed in all this, without doing injustice to the shipping list and the price current, to the last great fire, mammoth squash, Cardiff giant, new novel, or new religion; to discuss, besides, all the social topics, little and large, that have come upon us in the present age for consideration, — this certainly gives scope enough for the greatest activity and the best talent. Moreover, this ideal journalist, like the poet in Rasselas, must "disregard present laws and opinions, and rise to general and transcendental truths, which will always be the same. He must therefore content himself with the slow progress of his name; contemn the applause of his own time, and commit his claims to the justice of posterity. He must write as the interpreter of nature and the legislator of mankind, and consider himself as presiding over the thoughts and manners of future generations; as a being superior to time and space." The reader, still subject to these limitations, is doubtless by this time ready to cry with Rasselas, "Enough, thou hast convinced me that no human being ever can be a *journalist*. It is so difficult that I will at present hear no more of his labors."

F. B. Sanborn.

CRITICISM.

"Crude, pompous, turgid," the reviewers said;
"Sham passion and sham power to turn one sick!
Pin-wheels of verse that sputtered as we read —
Rockets of rhyme that showed the falling stick!"

But while, assaulted of this buzzing band,
The poet quivered at their little stings,
White doves of sympathy o'er all the land
Went flying with his fame beneath their wings!

And every fresh year brought him love that cheers,
As Caspian waves bring amber to their shore.
And it befell that after many years,
Being now no longer young, he wrote once more.

"Cold, classic, polished," the reviewers said;
"A book you scarce can love, howe'er you praise.
We missed the old careless grandeur as we read,
The power and passion of his younger days!"

Edgar Fawcett.

AN EARNEST SOWING OF WILD OATS.

A CHAPTER OF AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

In taking temporary leave, last November, of my Atlantic readers, I told them that, at the age of twenty-seven, I engaged in a somewhat Quixotic enterprise, adding: "I saw what seemed to me grievous errors and abuses, and must needs intermeddle, hoping to set things right. Up to what point I succeeded, and how far, for lack of experience, I failed, or fell short of my views, some of those who have followed me thus far may wish to know."

It was in one sense, though not in the popular one, a "sowing of wild oats;" for many of the thoughts and schemes which in those days I deemed it a duty to scatter broadcast were crude and immature enough. Yet the records of such errors and efforts — if the errors be honest and the efforts well-meant — serve a useful purpose. It is so much easier to intend good than to do it! Young and rash reformers need to be reminded that age and sober thought must bring chastening influence, before we make the discovery how little we know, and how much we have still to learn.

It is forty-five years since Frances Wright and I established in the city of New York a weekly paper of eight large quarto pages, called The Free Enquirer. This paper was continued for four years; namely, throughout 1829, 1830, 1831, and 1832. It was conducted, during a portion of that time, with Miss Wright's editorial aid, and also with other assistance; but it was chiefly managed and edited by myself.[1]

Looking back through nearly half a century on these stirring times, I seem to be reviewing, not my own doings, but those of some enthusiastic young propagandist in whom I still take an interest, and whom I think I am able to see pretty much as he was in those early days of hope and anticipation; upright but hare-brained, with a much larger stock of boldness and force than of ballast and prudence, but withal neither mean nor arrogant nor selfish. I had failings and short-comings enough, very certainly, — among them lack of due meekness and of a wholesome sense of my own inexperience and ignorance and liability to error, — but the time never has been when I paltered with conscience, or withheld the expression of whatever I felt to be true or believed important to be said, from fear of man or dread of forfeiting popular favor. I have sometimes doubted since whether this zeal with insufficient knowledge resulted in much practical good; yet perhaps Herbert Spencer's view of cases like mine is the true one, when he says: —

"On the part of men eager to rectify

[1] During the first year Frances Wright and I edited the paper, aided, chiefly in the business department, by Robert L. Jennings, whom I have already mentioned as one of the Nashoba trustees; then we severed connection with him. In the autumn of 1829 Miss Wright left for six months, returning in May, 1830; to remain, however, only two months, then crossing to Europe and not returning until after our paper was discontinued. From July, 1830, to July, 1831, I conducted the Free Enquirer entirely alone, aided only by occasional communications from Miss Wright; then I engaged the services of Amos Gilbert, a member of the society of Friends (Hicksite), one of the most painstaking, upright, and liberal men I ever knew, but a somewhat heavy writer, who remained until the paper closed, managing it as sole resident editor for the last five months, when I was in Europe; but I left him a dozen editorials, and sent him a regular weekly article throughout that time.

Orestes A. Brownson, well known since, especially in the Catholic world, then living at Auburn, New York (where he had been editing a Universalist paper), was agent and corresponding editor of our paper for six months (from November, 1829, to May, 1830), but he sent us only two or three articles. In one of these he thus defines his creed: "I am no longer to appear as the advocate of any sect nor of any religious faith. . . . Bidding adieu to the regions where the religionist must ramble, casting aside the speculations with which he must amuse himself, I wish to be simply an observer of nature for my creed, and a benefactor of my brethren for my religion." — Free Enquirer, vol. ii. p. 38.

wrongs and expel errors, there is still, as there ever has been, so absorbing a consciousness of the evils caused by old forms and old ideas, as to permit no consciousness of the benefits these old forms and old ideas have yielded. This partiality of view is, in a sense, necessary. There must be division of labor here as elsewhere: some who have the function of attacking, and who, that they may attack effectually, must feel strongly the viciousness of that which they attack; some who have the function of defending, and who, that they may be good defenders, must over-value the things they defend."[1]

Some of the leading opinions which I put forth in our paper were without foundation. I made assertions, for example, touching man's inability to obtain knowledge in spiritual matters which I now know to be erroneous. Yet perhaps the frank expression even of such errors was not without its use; it has taught me charity to those who make similar mistakes; and I have since taken pains to correct these false conceptions in as public a manner as I expressed them. Then again, there is wisdom in what a thoughtful clergyman of the Anglican church (holding to the Oxford Essayist school, however) has well said: —

"It is necessary that absurd and harmful ideas should be expressed, in order that they may be seen to be what they are, and that time and conflict may destroy them. Hidden, repressed, they exist as an inward disease: freely expressed, they are seen and burnt away. . . . Whether any new phase of national thought be good or evil, the very fact of its being new will be a good in the end; for it will disturb the waters and provoke conflict: if evil, it will throw the opposite idea, which is good, into sharper outline; and if good, it will make its converts and subvert some existing evil. The only unmixt evil is to silence it by intolerance."[2]

The scope of our paper and the spirit in which we proposed to conduct it may be traced through a few brief extracts from its prospectus. After premising that we had not found, even in this land of freedom, "a single periodical devoted — without fear, without reserves, without pledge to men, parties, sects, or systems — to free, unbiased, and universal inquiry," we added: —

"We shall be governed in our choice of subjects by their importance, and guided in our estimation of their importance by the influence each shall appear to exert on the welfare of mankind. We will discuss all opinions with a reference to human practice, and all practice with a reference to human happiness. Religion, morality, human economy, — those master-principles which determine the color of our lives, — shall obtain a prominent place in our columns. . . . We exact from our correspondents what we promise for ourselves, courtesy and moderation. While there is no opinion so sacred that we shall approach its discussion with apprehension, there is none so extravagant that we shall treat its expression with contempt. . . . To the believer as to the heretic we say: 'He who will tolerate others shall himself be tolerated; exclusive pretension only shall be, with us, cause of exclusion.'"

Of ourselves we said: "We neither dread public censure, nor court public applause. We need not popular favor to put bread into our mouths, and we care not to put money into our pockets. We search truth alone and for itself. We think meanly of man's present condition, and nobly of his capabilities. Are we wrong? we want others to prove us so. Are we right? it shall be our endeavor to convince them of error. . . . We trust that many are wiser and we know that many are more gifted than ourselves; but we have yet to see — would that we could see! — those who are as earnest in the work and as fearless in its execution."

Somewhat boastful, certainly! Not at all what I should write to-day! But so it is, in this world. Experience and enthusiasm are much like the two buck-

[1] Study of Sociology; concluding chapter.

[2] Rev. Stopford A. Brooke, Freedom in the Church of England: London, 1871; pp. 5, 6.

ets of a well; as the one rises the other sinks, and they are found only for a moment together. While the heart is fresh and the spirits untiring, they lack prudence for a guide; and when at last prudence comes to our aid, she too often finds the heart cold and the spirits sluggish. Ah, if to the free and buoyant ardor of youth we could but unite the deliberate sagacity of age! In the life to come, perhaps — if, there, old and young are meaningless terms — some such dream may be realized.

As regards theology, which during the first two years was our chief topic, my views touching a First Cause were substantially identical with those recently put forth, in succinct and lucid terms, by Herbert Spencer. Our consciousness, he tells us, which is our sole guide to any knowledge of mind, does not enable us to conceive the character or attributes of an "originating mind." This, he says, is not materialism. It is not "an assertion that the world contains no mode of existence higher in nature than that which is present to us in consciousness." It is simply "a confession of incompetence to grasp in thought the cause of all things." It is a "belief that the ultimate power is no more representable in terms of human consciousness than human consciousness is representable in terms of a plant's functions." [1]

Such an avowal of inability to comprehend a first cause called forth, in those days, a storm of abuse quite beyond any with which Spencer and his co-believers are visited now. Press and pulpit assailed us as atheists. The mail brought us daily missives of wrath. Some of these I consigned to the waste-basket; a few I answered. One of the last — a fair sample of the rest — inclosed a tract which depicted the horrors of an unbeliever's death-bed, and an anonymous letter in which the writer said: "If you feel inclined to make any remarks in your infidel paper, you are at liberty to do so; but remember, there *will* be a day when you will regret that you ever turned a deaf ear to those warnings that are contained in that blessed book, the Bible." I inserted his letter, and, after stating that I had most earnestly sought religious truth, replied: —

If such a day indeed arrive, when I shall stand before the judgment-seat of a great immaterial Spirit, to answer for the deeds done in the body, then and there will I defend my honest skepticism. Then — when the secrets of all hearts shall be known; there — before that Being who will see and approve sincerity, will I say, as I say now, that for my heresies I am blameless. If my correspondent be there to accuse me, how shall he make out his case? Let us imagine the scene: —

Accuser. — During thy mortal life, thou didst turn a deaf ear to holy exhortations.

Mortal. — Nay, I heard them, but believed them not.

Accuser. — Thou hast not known on earth the great Judge before whom thou now standest in heaven.

Mortal. — True. There I knew him not, for he concealed his being from me. Here I know him, for he reveals to me his existence.

Accuser. — I warned thee of his existence.

Mortal. — But I did not believe the warning.

Accuser. — Dost thou confess thy sin?

Mortal. — I have no sin to confess in this; but I confess my human ignorance.

Accuser. — Thy ignorance was sinful.

Mortal. — To thee! hitherto unknown Spirit, I appeal. I knew thee not on earth, for thou hiddest thy existence from me. I thought not of thee, nor of this day of judgment; I thought only of the earth and of my fellow-mortals. The time which others employed in imagining thy attributes, I spent in seeking to improve the talents thou hadst given me, in striving to add to the happiness of the companions thou hadst placed around me, and in endeavors to improve the abode in which thou hadst caused me to dwell. I spoke of that which I knew.

1 Herbert Spencer on Evolution, in Popular Science Monthly for July, 1872.

I never spoke of thee, because I knew thee not. To thee I appeal from this my accuser.

Judge. — Thou hast well spoken. I placed thee on earth, not to dream of my being, but to improve thine own. I made thee a man that thou mightest give and receive happiness among thy fellows, not that thou shouldst imagine the ways and the wishes of gods. Even as thou condemnedst not the worm that crawled at thy feet, so neither do I condemn thy worldly ignorance of me.[1]

An illustration more forcible than well-judged; yet it will be conceded that it involves the assertion of a sacred privilege long and strangely denied to man — his right freely to express sincere convictions, especially in religious matters. That my creed was simply a confession of ignorance was due to the fact that, at that time, I had found no evidence which seemed to me trustworthy, of the spiritual or its phenomena.

My present opinions as to the evidence for a supreme intelligence, in some way personal, whose directing will is the equivalent of cosmical law, are at variance with Herbert Spencer's, and may be thus stated: I admit, to modern science, that force, aggregating atoms and acting on and through them, is the immediate cause of all the material objects that are presented to the senses. But if we go back of force, seeking its motive-power, can our consciousness supply no aid in the search? It informs us that, as regards that class of appearances which we call the handiwork of man, the originating cause is, in a certain sense, our human will. Beyond this we cannot go; for the materialist has utterly failed to prove that the will is the result of molecular changes in the brain. Whatever the cerebral mechanism may be, it is the spiritual principle within us which wills, and which, availing itself of that mechanism and acting in accordance with cosmical law, produces the thousand results of human skill and of human mind.

[1] Free Enquirer, vol. i. p. 326.

We speak familiarly, in these days, of motion, when it is arrested, being convertible into heat. May not will, when it is excited, be converted into force? or may not will be the original form of force? The spiritual part of man *is* the man — is, and will be, in another and a better phase of life than this; all else is only earthly induing. Is it not a reasonable belief that the entire phenomenal world, as manifest to sense, is but an outer investment — the epiphany of a deeper reality, and traceable to a spiritual force?

Certain it is that we reach, as ultimate, so far as our consciousness goes, human will-power; in other words, we detect what, within the range of its influence, may be termed originating mind. Within the petty range of its influence only, it is true, and subject, be it remembered, to forces which exist and operate independently of man. As to the myriads of phenomena that occur outside of human agency, or of similar limited influence, are we not justified, by strictest rule of analogy, in concluding that they, too, are due to will-force? And does not our consciousness thus enable us to conceive the overruling will-force of an originating mind, infinitely higher, wiser, more potent than ours?

I may here add that, in some of the recent developments of science, connected with the doctrine of evolution, and thought by many to be of atheistic tendency, I find, on the contrary, provided they are interpreted with enlightened limitations, proofs confirmatory of the views which I have here given touching a supreme intelligence controlling and directing the universe.

The great principle of natural selection, which in the main explains so strictly the mode of gradual progress in the vegetable and animal kingdoms, seems to me only partially applicable, as an element of advancement, to man. The origin of man's highest mental faculties cannot be logically traced to the preservation of useful variations. Some other principle intervenes. The degree of the human intellect, at any given time,

is not so much the result of past selection as the earnest of needs to be satisfied only in ages to come. The oldest human skulls yet found (some of them equal in size to the average of modern skulls and all quite disproportioned, in capacity of brain, to the requirements of their savage owners) were evidently constituted with prophetic reference to the distant future. So the human hands and voice, organs eminently delicate and sensitive, were, in the rudest ages, capable of being trained for elevated uses and refined enjoyment which for tens or hundreds of centuries were not to be attained.

But if, as from these and similar facts it appears, savage man's endowments (being of proleptic character and looking to far-off triumphs in intellectual and spiritual fields) have been due to some cause other than natural selection,[1] does not our human consciousness lead us to conceive that cause as a supreme being, forecasting the future, foreseeing what the needs of our race will be when generation after generation shall have passed away, and expressly preparing man for a high destiny to come — preparing him even in the dim beginnings of his existence on earth, when the instincts of the brute almost sufficed to provide for his rude wants and to satisfy his vague longings? I think we may rationally rest in such a belief.

The opinions which I held in those days touching a future state are condensed in this extract:[2] "From all assertions, affirmative or negative, regarding other worlds than this, I abstain. They exist, or they exist not, independently of our conceptions of them. Our belief cannot create, our unbelief cannot destroy them. Hereafter we shall enjoy, or we shall not enjoy them, whether we have anticipated such enjoyment, or whether we have had no such anticipation."

Mistaking that of which I knew nothing for the unknowable, I was, in common with my co-editors, what is now called a Secularist, and having adopted from Pope and Southwood Smith[3] the maxim that "Whatever is, is right," I sought to persuade myself that our horizon was wisely bounded by the world we live in; and that our earthly duties are better performed because of such a restriction. I have since had occasion to express my conviction that evidence, manifest to the senses, which assures man of a life to come, is one of the most cogent among civilizing influences; and that the human race will never attain that wisdom and virtue of which its nature is capable, until the masses shall have reached, not a vague belief, but a living, ever-present assurance, that character and conduct in this world determine our state of being in the next.

But at that time, in the absence of such evidence, I not only rejected, as I hope all men will, some day, reject the doctrine of *plenary* inspiration, but I lacked faith also in any inspiration other than that of genius; quite ignoring what Swedenborg calls influx from the spiritual world. My present views on that subject are given in a recent work: —

1 It would be out of place here to follow up in detail the argument that primeval man, supplied with attributes beyond his early needs, could not have obtained these merely by the persistent survival of those individuals of his race who were the fittest to protect and support themselves in ages of barbarism. For full details on this subject, I refer the reader to a recent work by a distinguished English scientist, Alfred Wallace; the first who put forth, in outline, the principle of natural selection, and one who has made special study of that subject. In his Contributions to the Theory of Natural Selection (London, 1870) there is a chapter on The Limits of Natural Selection as applied to Man (pp. 232-271), which merits careful perusal. On that subject his deductions are, in the main, similar to mine. From the class of phenomena which he describes, his inference is (p. 359), "that a superior intelligence has guided the development of man in a definite direction and for a special purpose, just as man guides the development of many animal and vegetable forms." He does not regard the human will as "but one link in the chain of events," and concludes: "If we have traced one force, however minute, to an origin in our own *will*, while we have no knowledge of any other primary cause of force, it does not seem an improbable conclusion that all force may be will-force; and thus that the whole universe is not merely dependent on, but actually *is*, the WILL of higher intelligences, or of one supreme intelligence" (p. 368).

2 From a manuscript lecture now before me, which I delivered, on various occasions, in the years 1831 and 1832.

3 In his Divine Government, a volume in which the author advocates earnestly, and (so far as I remember) logically, the principle of optimism.

"Inspiration is a mental or physical phenomenon, strictly law-governed; occasional, but not exceptional or exclusive; sometimes of a spiritual and ultramundane character, but never miraculous; often imparting to us invaluable knowledge, but never infallible teachings; one of the most precious of all God's gifts to man, but in no case involving a direct message from him — a message to be accepted, unquestioned by reason or conscience, as divine truth unmixed with human error. . . . Inspiration, in phase more or less pure, is the source of all religions that have held persistent sway over any considerable portion of mankind. And just in proportion to the relative purity of that source, welling up in each system of faith respectively, is the larger or smaller admixture of the Good and the True which, modern candor is learning to admit, is to be found in certain measure even in the rudest creed." [1]

But while in those days neither Frances Wright nor I regarded Christ as an Inspired Teacher, both of us expressed in strong terms our respect for his exalted character. She wrote thus: "The real history of Jesus, if known, will probably be found to be that of every reformer whose views and virtues are ahead of his generation. By his ignorant friends his superior natural powers were mistaken for inspiration, and by his ignorant enemies for witchcraft. . . . Jesus appears to have been far too wise and too gentle to have conceived the scheme now attached to his name." [2]

This called forth, from a correspondent, one or two articles in opposition, speaking of Jesus as possibly a myth; at all events as "a miracle-monger, a magician," and as "wanting in filial affection and respect," etc. To these I replied after this wise: "I think of Jesus as one of the wise and good . . . who pleaded the poor man's cause and was called the friend of publicans and sinners; who spoke against hypocritical forms and idle ceremonies, and was denounced as a Sabbath-breaker setting at naught the law; who exposed the selfishness of the rich and the powerful, and thus incurred their hatred; who attacked the priesthood of the day and by their machinations lost his life. This is a picture too strictly verified by all history to be refused credit, merely because its outlines are awkwardly filled up. There is, mixed with the mystery which beclouds Jesus' biography, too much of gentle, tolerant, high-minded principle to warrant the supposition that it was all the biographers' invention. Ignorant men do not invent tolerant democratic principles, nor imagine unpretending deeds of mercy, nor paint gentle reformers. . . . And if, speaking in parables, Jesus kept back much that might more distinctly have marked the character of his heresy, let us recollect that he spoke with his life in his hand, and that it is hard to blame him for having ventured so little, who suffered death, probably, for having ventured so much." [3]

Expressions of sentiment so plain as these did not save us, however, from bitter abuse; for instance by a certain Dr. Gibbons, a Quaker preacher with orthodox proclivities, who, quoting against us in an abusive pamphlet the words employed by our anti-christian correspondent, accused us of treating with indignity Christ and his teachings; and also of holding that "what is vice in one country is virtue in another." To him I replied: —

"No, Dr. Gibbons. You yourself know that we never expressed any such doctrine. Virtue is virtue in itself, independently of time, of name, and of country; honesty, for instance, and candor. You know, too, that the quotations touching Jesus given by you were not from our pens. Not one word of them was approved by us. You *know* that; and, knowing it, you suppress our words, *impute to us our very opponents' arguments as our own*, and thereupon (with a degree of assurance which to be credited must be seen) you found your

1 The Debatable Land between this World and the Next: New York, 1872; pp. 242, 243.

2 Free Enquirer, vol. i. p. 199.

3 Free Enquirer, vol. i. p. 256, and vol. ii. p. 190.

assertions that we have 'railed against Jesus Christ,' and 'reviled the author of Christianity.'

"In no country, Dr. Gibbons, will this pass for virtue. In no country will it be approved by any one whose approval is worth having. No end can justify such means; no cause sanction such weapons." [1]

Dr. Gibbons made no answer. This is but a specimen of a hundred similar attacks, to which I replied after the same fashion; gradually fighting my way, I think, to considerable respect. At all events, after the first two years, we were treated with much more consideration than at the outset, by the press and by the pulpit of the more liberal sects, Unitarian and Universalist, and more especially by the Hicksite Quakers.

Some of the New York dailies were bitter enough, refusing even our paid advertisements; others, hitting us from time to time, did it good-naturedly: among these last, M. M. Noah, then conducting the Inquirer. Major Noah (as he was usually called) was a man of infinite humor, and I used to enjoy his jokes even when made at my expense. He said of my father, commencing operations in Indiana: "Robert Owen, the Scotch philanthropist, has been putting his property at New Harmony into common stock; he ought to be put into the stocks himself for his folly." When some country editor came out against him thus: "We can't endure Noah for two reasons: first, we hate his politics; secondly, he spells Enquirer with an I"—the major replied: "Any man who would put out his neighbor's *ii's* (eyes) ought to forfeit all *ee's* (ease) for the rest of his life."

We had other heresies which brought us reproach, aside from those of a theological character. We advocated the abolition of imprisonment for debt and of capital punishment; equality for women, social, pecuniary, and political; equality of civil rights for all persons without distinction of color, and the right of every man to testify in a court of justice without inquiry made as to his religious creed. Above all, we urged the importance of a national system of education, free from sectarian teachings, with industrial schools where the children of the poor might be taught farming or a trade, and obtain, without charge, support as well as education.

This last brought upon us the imputation of favoring communism and holding agrarian views; quite unjustly, however, for I had taken pains to say: "We propose no equalization but that which an equal system of national education will gradually effect." As to the province of the general government as distinct from that of the States, I had then, like most foreigners, no very exact idea of the distinction.

Financially our enterprise was so far a success that it ultimately paid all expenses, including those of our household, with a trifle over. This was due to very strict economy, for we had but a thousand paying subscribers, at three dollars a year: in those early days, however, deemed a fair subscription list. We leased, at four hundred and forty dollars a year, from Richard Riker, then recorder of the city, a commodious mansion and grounds on the banks of the East River, some half mile southeast of Yorkville. There we lived and there our paper was handsomely printed by three lads who had been trained in the New Harmony printing-office. They boarded with us, and we paid them a dollar a week each.[2] We bought a small church in Broome Street, near the Bowery, for seven thousand dollars, and converted it into what we (somewhat ambitiously) called "The Hall of Science;" adding business offices in front. In this hall we had lectures and debates every Sunday, and sometimes on week-days; admission, ten cents. It paid interest and expenses, leaving the offices free of rent. We carried on also a small business in liberal books; our sales reaching two thousand dollars a year.

[1] Free Enquirer, vol. ii. pp. 134, 135.

[2] They got out the paper in five days of the week, and we paid them for extra work, when they did any.

We lived in the most frugal manner, giving up tea and coffee, and using little animal food; were supplied with milk from a couple of good cows, and vegetables from our garden. We kept two horses and a light city carriage; had two female servants, and a stout boy who attended to the stable and garden. I have now before me a minute account which I kept of our expenses.[1] Including paper (upwards of five hundred a year), printing, expenses of house, stable, and office, rent, etc., our total expenditure was but three thousand one hundred a year when Miss Wright and her sister were with us, and after they went, twenty-seven hundred dollars only. I was my own proof-reader, rode on horseback to and from the city (ten miles) daily, and my only assistant in the office was an excellent young man of fifteen, Augustus Matsell, to whom we paid two dollars a week. I was occupied fully twelve hours a day; and, having a vigorous constitution, my health was unimpaired.

Though it was a somewhat hard and self-denying life, my recollections would prompt me to say that I was bright and cheerful through it all, but for a letter of mine which recently came to my hands, written to a European friend in the autumn of 1830, in which, alluding to the death of my sister Anne, I wrote: —

"It is customary to lament the dead; I lament the survivors. If, indeed, the world were what it ought to be, we might sorrow for those who go; for from how much of enjoyment would they be cut off! But as it is, one must be very favorably and independently situated, to render it certain that death is a loss and not a gain. I myself am thus situated, so that these reflections have no special application in my own case. From nature or education, or both, I derived a lightness of heart which few circumstances can depress."

These are cheerless views of human life: quite different from any which I take now in old age. Can a skeptic, with vision restricted to this world and regarding our existence here as a finality, not as a novitiate, ever obtain assurance (except perhaps during the heyday of a prosperous youth) that life, with its lights so often overshadowed, is a gift worth having at all?[2]

I think that Frances Wright, less light-hearted than I, took a still gloomier view of the world as it is. Our deepest feelings are wont to crop out in genuine poetry; and Miss Wright, though it is not generally known, was a poet. I have read many of her fugitive pieces in manuscript, but she was never willing to have them issued in a volume. Some of these possessed, I think, considerable merit; as witness the following lines: —

TO GENIUS.

I.

Yes! it is quenched, the spark of heavenly fire
  Which Genius kindled in my infant mind:
Fled is my fancy, damped the fond desire
  Of fame immortal — all my dreams resigned.
  All, all are gone! Yet turn I ne'er behind,
Like pilgrim wending from his native land?
  Shall I in other paths such beauties find
As spring beneath Imagination's hand,
As bloom on wild Enthusiasm's visionary strand?

II.

Celestial Genius! dangerous gift of Heaven!
  How many a heart and mind hast thou o'er thrown!
Broken the first, the last to frenzy driven,
  Or jarred of both for aye the even tone!
  Once, once I thought such fate would be my own,
And only looked to find an early grave;
  To die as I had lived, my powers unknown;
Content, so reason might her empire save,
Unseen to sink beneath oblivion's rayless wave.

III.

But oh! with all thy pains thou hast a charm
  That nought may match within this vale below;
E'en for the pangs thou giv'st thou hast a balm,
  And renderest sweet the bitterness of woe:
  Thy breath ethereal, thy kindling glow,
Thy visions bright, thy raptures wild and high,
  He that has felt, oh, would he e'er forego?
No! in thy glistening tear, thy bursting sigh,
Though fraught with woe, there is a thrill of ecstasy.

[1] Some of the items sound strangely to-day: Flour five dollars a barrel, horse feed two dollars a week each, butter sixteen cents a pound, and so on.

[2] John Stuart Mill, in his Autobiography, says of his father, James Mill, who was a skeptic in religion but a man of the strictest moral principle: "He thought human life a poor thing at best, after the freshness of youth and of unsatisfied curiosity had gone by." — Amer. Ed. p. 48.

IV.

And art thou flown, thou high, celestial Power?
Forever flown? Ah! turn thee yet again!
Ah! yet be with me in the lonely hour!
Yet stoop to guide my wildered fancy's reign!
Turn thee once more, and wake thy ancient strain!
No joys that earth can yield I love like thine;
Nay, more than earth's best joys I love thy pain.
And could I say I would thy smile resign?
No; while this bosom beats, oh still, great gift, be mine!

These verses indicate the writer's ambitious aspirations, her self-estimate, and the restless and desponding moods to which, though not habitually sad, she was subject. In middle life, however, Frances Wright's ambition took the form of zealous endeavor to aid her suffering fellow-creatures. When the experiment at Nashoba proved a failure, and it became evident that the slaves there, instead of working out their freedom, were bringing the institution, year by year, into debt, she still resolved that the hopes with which she had inspired them should not be disappointed. She left New York for her Tennessee plantation in the autumn of 1829, and was absent six months, engaged in carrying out her final intentions regarding them.

I have in my possession the manifest of the brig — appropriately enough it was the John Quincy Adams, of Boston — in which the little colony was conveyed to Hayti. It shows that by that act, thirteen adults and eighteen children, — thirty-one souls in all, — liberated from slavery, were transported to a land of freedom. I have also the letter of the President of Hayti (Boyer), dated June 15, 1829, in which, after eulogizing Miss Wright's philanthropic intentions, he offers, to all persons of African blood whom she may bring to the island, an assured asylum; adding that they will be placed, as "cultivators," on land belonging to kind and trustworthy persons, where they will find homes, and receive what the law in such cases guarantees to all Haytien citizens, half the proceeds of their labor;[1] all which he faithfully carried out.

Miss Wright herself accompanied these people and saw them satisfactorily settled. The experiment thus brought to a close cost her some sixteen thousand dollars; more than half her property.

M. Phiquepal d'Arusmont, of whom I have already spoken as a teacher at New Harmony, escorted Miss Wright to Hayti; and when she returned, I learned that they were engaged to be married. Soon after, she left for France accompanied by her younger sister: and there, next year, two misfortunes happened to her: the one her marriage, the other her sister's death. That lady, inferior in talent to Frances, but unassuming, amiable, and temperate in her views, exercised a most salutary influence over her. The sisters, early left orphans and without near relatives, had spent their lives together and were devoted to each other. When I heard of the death of the younger, Mrs. Hemans's touching lines rushed to my mind: —

"Ye were but two; and, when thy spirit passed,
Woe to the one — the last!"

In that sister Miss Wright lost her good angel. In her husband (gifted with a certain enthusiasm which had its attraction) she found, from the first, an unwise, hasty, fanciful counselor, and ultimately a suspicious and headstrong man. His influence was of injurious effect, alike on her character and on her happiness; and certain claims made by him on her property finally brought about a separation. Whether there ever was a legal divorce I do not know. I saw but little of Madame d'Arusmont after her marriage, and lost sight of her altogether in the latter years of her life.

The "Fanny Wright" of Free Enquirer days — her self-sacrificing philanthropy overlooked, or reproached as rank abolitionism — attained notoriety not only in virtue of her theological

[1] "Comme cultivateurs, ils seront placés sur les habitations, dont les propriétaires, connus sous des rapports de sagesse et de justice, leur prodigueront tous les soins que necessiteront leur situation, et leur accorderont, suivant la loi qui guarantit et protège tous les citoyens, la moitié du produit de leur travaux."

heresy, verging nearer to materialism than mine, but also because of her expressed opinion that, in a wiser and purer future, men and women would need no laws to restrict and make constant their affections. I shared this opinion, as a theory; but I think she was not sufficiently careful explicitly to declare, as I did: "I have never recommended, and am not prepared to defend, any sudden abolition of the marriage law in the present depraved state of society. That great and immediate benefit would result from giving to married women independent rights of property, I am convinced; and I think such a change in the old Gothic antiquated statutes regarding *baron and feme* will soon be made in this country."[1]

We were both strongly opposed to indissoluble marriage; favoring divorce for cruel treatment and for hopeless unsuitability;[2] and adducing, in proof that this merciful provision was of virtuous tendency, the domestic morals of Catholic France and Spain and Italy, where marriage was a sacrament binding for life, which no secular law could reach. My present opinions remain the same as those expressed, in detail, on that subject in a correspondence with Horace Greeley (comprised in five letters each), originally published in March and April of 1860, in The New York Daily Tribune; afterwards in a pamphlet which had a very wide circulation. Greeley undoubtedly persisted in holding to his opinion then expressed, that marriage was no marriage if it could be severed by divorce; for, several years afterwards, he called on me, in his hurried way, one morning before early breakfast, earnestly asking me if I could not possibly supply him with a copy of that pamphlet, to be reprinted in the appendix to his Recollections of a Busy Life. I told him I had no copy remaining, but should do my very best to get one for him. I did so, and it appeared as he proposed; as much, I am quite sure, to my satisfaction as to his.

An additional cause of the harsh feeling toward Miss Wright which was felt, especially by the orthodox public, was the somewhat bitter manner in which she was wont to speak of what, like my father, she used to call the "priesthood." Her public lectures, of which she gave many throughout the country, East and West, usually attracted large crowds, thousands sometimes going away unable to find even standing-room. In one of these, she spoke of the clergy as "a class of men whom no one, not absolutely bent on self-martyrdom, would wish to have for enemies; but whom no honest man ever had — ever could have — for friends."

So sweeping a censure would place me, with all my heresies, in the category of the dishonest; seeing that I have found, throughout my life, nearly as fair a proportion of friends in the clerical profession as in any other calling.

I myself lectured, not only statedly at our hall on Sundays, but also in many of the principal towns and cities of the northern and northwestern States. I met, during my travels, with many amusing incidents, one of which occurs to me.

The stage-coach was then the usual mode of transit even on the chief routes; and familiar conversation with chance companions was more common there than it is now in rail-cars. On one occasion I sat next to an old lady of grave

1 Free Enquirer, vol. ii. p. 200.

2 Here is a specimen of the arguments by which then fortified my position: —

"The household sovereign little thinks, when he issues capricious commands, exacts grievous service, or employs tyrannical language, that George Washington's example will justify domestic disobedience. Yet are not all women 'endowed with unalienable rights, among which are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness'? Are not governments (matrimonial and national) 'instituted among men to secure these rights'? Do not marriages as well as governments 'derive their just powers from the consent' of the contracting parties? Whenever any marriage (be it of a king to his subjects or a husband to his wife) 'becomes destructive of these ends,' is it not right that it should be dissolved? Has not 'all experience shown' that women (and subjects) 'are more disposed to suffer, while evils are sufferable, than to right themselves by abolishing the forms to which they are accustomed?' And is not the abolition of these forms often right, desirable, a virtuous wish? Is not divorce, is not revolution, a virtuous act, when kings and husbands play the despot?" — Free Enquirer, vol. iv. p. 141.

and anxious aspect. She expressed great interest in the state of my soul. Then she asked me: "Are you going to our great city of Boston?"

"Yes."

"Great cities," she added, "offer great temptations; and there are many heretics in Boston. Are your religious opinions made up?"

Unwilling to offend, I replied, in general terms, that I was a searcher after truth.

"What church do you propose to attend?"

"I shall probably visit more than one."

"But you have a preference, I suppose?"

Thus pressed to the wall, I confessed that I hoped to hear Dr. Channing.

"Dr. Channing!" she repeated, "Dr. Channing! I fear — I greatly fear, young sir, that you are one of the *moral* sort of men!"

"I hope so, madam," I answered quietly. "I should be sorry to believe that I was not."

Some of the passengers smiled, but my reply evidently horrified the good dame. She lifted up her eyes to heaven; and, probably regarding the case as hopeless, relapsed into silence.

My lectures were well attended, commonly listened to with deep attention; in the case of a few audiences, interrupted by applause. On one occasion only did I meet with anything like violent opposition. It was at Cincinnati, where the authorities had granted me the use of the court house. I lectured there twice. During the first lecture, a member of an orthodox church rose, indignantly denied some statement I had made, and called on the audience to put me down. The audience resented the interruption by loud cries of "Out with him!" and I had to interfere, to prevent his expulsion. Next day the court house could not contain half the crowd that assembled, for opposition was expected. I took the precaution to obtain two moderators, Mr. Gazlay and Mr. Dorfeuil, proprietor of a large museum containing an elaborate collection of natural curiosities and scientific specimens. But I was suffered to close what I had to say without interruption, except that, while I was speaking, a stone, thrown from without, crashed through the casement of a window near by, and fell pretty close to where I stood.

Next morning I visited the museum; and Mr. Dorfeuil showed me, among his geological specimens, one a little larger than a man's fist, which a friend of his had picked up in the court house the evening before, and which now bore the quaint and pithy label: —

THIS ARGUMENT

was introduced through a window of the Cincinnati court house, in an attempt to put down Robert Dale Owen, while delivering there an address on Religion, March 6, 1832.

In addition to lecturing and the editorship of the Free Enquirer, I contrived, within the four years during which that paper appeared, to do a good deal of extra work.

I wrote and published a duodecimo volume of seventy or eighty pages, entitled: Moral Physiology; or, A Brief and Plain Treatise on the Population Question. In this little work I took ground against the theory of Malthus that the checks of vice and misery are necessary to prevent the world from being overpeopled. It had a circulation, in this country and in England, of fifty or sixty thousand copies.

I also engaged in a debate touching The Existence of God and the Authenticity of the Bible, with the Rev. Origen Bacheler. This extended to ten papers each; which were published, first in the Free Enquirer, and afterwards in two volumes, which had a fair circulation.

But the heaviest work I undertook was in connection with an evening paper, called The New York Daily Sentinel, commenced in February, 1830, by a few enterprising journeymen printers, in the interest of what was called the "Working Men's Party." They were

disappointed in an editor whom they had engaged; and, at their request, I agreed to supply his place for a few weeks, till they could find another. The few weeks stretched into months; and finally to more than a year, during which time I wrote for them, on the average, upwards of a column of editorial matter daily. This I did partly because, after a time, I got interested in editorial skirmishing, and partly to help the young fellows in their undertaking; not charging them, nor receiving from them, a dollar for my pains. I concealed my name, always leaving my articles with a friend, Mr. Samuel Humphreys; and many were the speculations as to "who the devil it was that was running the Workies' paper." I wrote as one of the industrial classes; and certainly had a good right so to do, considering my regular twelve hours' daily labor.

It was during the years 1828 and 1829 that I made the acquaintance of that young English lady of whom I have spoken, in one of my works on Spiritualism,[1] under the name of Violet. Her early death was a great grief to me. But I have received a communication (as to which the attendant circumstances forbid me to doubt that it was truly from her) to the effect that she has been able to aid and guide me from her home in the other world, more effectually than if she had remained to cheer and help me in this.

The readers of The Atlantic will be better able to judge the cogency of evidence that forces on me belief in such phenomena, when they shall have read my next chapter.

Robert Dale Owen.

1 In The Debatable Land between this World and the Next: New York and London, 1873; book iv. chap. iii., entitled, A Beautiful Spirit manifesting Herself.

DREAMS.

WHAT do we call them? Idle, airy things
  Broken by stir or sigh,
Or else sweet slumber's golden, gauzy wings
  That into heaven can fly.

What may we call them? Miracles of might.
  For such they are to us
When the grave bursts and yields us for a night
  Some risen Lazarus.

And if no trace or memory of death
  Cling to the throbbing form,
And in a dream we feel the very breath
  Coming so fast and warm, —

Then all is real; we know life's waking thrill
  While precious things are told,
Ay, such a dream is even stranger still
  Than miracles of old.

Charlotte F. Bates.

TWO EUROPEAN SCHOOLS OF DESIGN.

I.

SOUTH KENSINGTON.

If the artistic genius of England were to be judged by its art institutions, its position, already not too high, would become ridiculous; for the occasional individual examples of genuine art-feeling which crop out of the mass of stolid indifference to art seem never by any chance to diffuse their influence into the educational system. In artistic countries we see schools gathered together by the magnetism and genius of individual masters, and the best talent almost invariably more or less devoted to the perpetuation of its traditions; but in England, almost without exception, the men who have real talent put it in the market for what it will bring, without a trace of the generous enthusiasm which one finds in the great Continental *ateliers*. Artists thrive in England commercially, though art starves, and pictures are sold in quantities and at high prices, and now and then a genuine and remarkable artistic nature does appear; but in general, art as art does not enter into English education, or exercise any influence on it. I must not forget to notice one exception quite worthy of the artistic *confrérie* of the old times — Ford Madox Brown, the well-known "Pre-Raphaelite," whose knowledge and time have always been given freely to art-students.

A popular superstition prevails in England that to have art you need only to have art-schools; whence South Kensington, with numerous tributaries, and yearly competition and prizes: and as the popular mind is tolerably indifferent to the quality of the art, and the legislative mind utterly in the dark as to the measures to be taken to encourage it, the result has been that South Kensington is a huge receptacle into which everything notable in applied art drifts, and where it lies, the object of indiscriminate and undigesting admiration. I believe that in the course of generations these superb public collections will develop taste, perhaps an art; and if artists arise in England capable of teaching on correct principles, and with a notion of what art really is, there may be created a school; but meanwhile we have — South Kensington.

Last September I looked through the annual exhibition of prize drawings for the national competition, and a more hopeless mass of childish, misdirected patience and microscopic enthusiasm I have never seen. The system of study followed, if it deserves to be called system, seems to be analogous to what geography might be as studied by pismires — the attempt to crawl over and investigate at near sight every point and detail of the subject, without in the least comprehending the larger relations of it, much less the rhythmical tendencies; in fact, such a mapping of nature as a somewhat intelligent photographic machine would do if left pretty much to itself. Sign of masters or proof of mastery there is none; and of the three general divisions into which the work may be divided — drawing from the cast, from the life, and from nature, and decorative design — I was not able to discover a single example which showed the least promise of originality, or betrayed a comprehensive way of looking at things. The drawings from the cast were, in the specimens selected for the chief prizes, mainly distinguished by the carefulness and lithographic quality of the execution, all point-work, and painful from the excessive attention to the most minute markings and little fractures in the plaster of the original, and the laborious way in which a flat background was laid in, stippled, and pointed up like commonplace engravers' or lithographers' work. A plaster cast is a good sitter, and the worst lesson in the

world; but at least a draughtsman ought, with time and patience, to be able to rival the photograph in exactitude. Not one of these drawings of antique statues, however, showed more than a superficial apprehension of the original. The clear quality of the lines was gone; the muscle markings were all there; the pose and action no one could miss: but the subordination of detail to the action, and to the larger masses, was lost entirely; the outlines were hesitating and undulating, without expression, weak, and flabby. Through all the spiritless manipulation one felt that the object was seen by its details more than by its *ensemble;* that the feeling which lay at the root of the work was, Get the details right and the masses must be right — a superficial maxim, and one that is invariably falsified by practice; for no one ever does get the details absolutely right, and the sum of the errors is worse than any possible error in the larger way of working. The French system, the only correct one in use nowadays, is to get your ensemble at once and without reference to detail; your "motive" fixed, you may go on and add detail as long as you like; but the artist's work must be like the creation, first divided by the broadest demarkation. Any system of drawing not based on this principle will be wasteful certainly, weak probably, and invariably inaccurate. And it is not at all in the practice of working with the point of the crayon that the error exists, any more than inaccurate grammar lies in a bad pen. A good draughtsman, whether he begin his work with chalk, with a stump, as in most French schools, or with a huge hog tool, will invariably work largely, while the South Kensingtonian will but blunder without his point because he has learned to see nothing but detail, and the stump or the brush is too large for his facts.

But if the system of building up by detail be unfortunate in statuary even, what will it be with the mobile and easily-tired living model? Here Rousseau's precept, "If your picture is not made in the first five strokes, it never will be," is absolutely true. If the motive of the drawing, the character of the figure, is not caught in the first few strokes and the first few minutes of the pose, it will never come right; and so all depends on the rough cast, the blocking out, of it. And the South Kensington system betrays it votaries from the beginning, for it does not lead them to look mainly at this larger truth, without which all addition of facts is decoration without meaning, and finish without structure. There were no figures in full from the life, but a collection of studies of heads was just what we might have anticipated from the errors of system followed in the antique; not one was there which would not disgrace a French student three months in the atelier. It is not that there was no genius (if there were, it would not find its way through these sophistications), but there was an utter want of style and breadth in the drawing — all the petty points of feature elaborated and likeness hunted out with the eyes of a ferret, while the solid and plastic qualities, the roundness and large contours, were utterly lost sight of; detail protruded everywhere — hard, liney, and anatomical.

The studies from nature similarly had the character of botanical studies. There was no limit, except that of eyesight, to their faithfulness, but there was no artistic relation in them. If training is wanted for scientific draughtsmen in botany and inanimate nature, here it is; but one need not have South Kensington for that; it wants neither method nor masters nor public competition to bring it out — the true pismire habit is perhaps the best for it.

There remains only the decorative design to be considered. Here I failed to find anything beyond ingenious adaptation of the styles of ornamentation so well known, Persian, Italian, Morris & Co. — nothing equal as decoration to Japanese either in form or color, the best in color being some that were very like Morris & Co.'s designs for papers. There were conventional styles of decoration in which the daisies are a little more realistic and the climbers and

creepers more botanical, but this is, except for a naturalist's eye, rather an objection than an excellence. The essence of all good ornament is that it should be felt as ornament merely, not as natural history. There must be a certain conventionalism of type in the forms if the forms are borrowed from nature; but the noblest schools of decoration have always based their work on abstract or geometrical forms, and only unartistic people, or those with whom art has gone to decay, adopt naturalistic types with realistic treatment. A strongly realistic tendency is the worst possible symptom in a rising school, and in the whole history of the world there is no example of a noble school of art growing out of *imitation* of nature. A certain affectionate representation, far off and fantastic, with a strong subordination to the first motives of the work, have always attended the introduction of nature into the great schools. It is only in the English school that we have even the ornamental arts made intentionally realistic, and the ensemble sacrificed to the parts.

There were designs for fans in which the French of Louis XIV., or the *salon* style, was most appropriate and equally good with any. But in all, the principles of art were not so much as recognized. Now, the larger question at once arises, if, when art is to be cultivated, even for ornamental purposes, it is not better to lay the basis in the practice of the better style of design; and whether, if the commercial demand for ornamental designs alone were to be consulted, it is not wiser to aim at making artists (so far as training can accomplish that end) even for our house-papers, than to adopt a system which may make clever draughtsmen, but never will help make a true designer? Vulgar and uneducated tastes are caught by the recognition of the little facts of nature, and delight in being deceived by that artifice which they mistake for art. The study of nature is not necessarily art, but it is made artistic by a proper method, as we shall see in examination of the Belgian schools.

II.

THE SCHOOL OF ANTWERP.

THE course of instruction in the Academy of Antwerp is substantially in preparation for the higher branches of art-production, although the plan of organization extends over all the occupations in which design is applicable: painting, historical and genre, ornamental design, landscape, and animals; sculpture; architecture; ship-building; and engraving. The course is divided into elementary (comprising linear drawing of ornaments, heads, and figures, and geometrical drawing; ornaments, heads, and figures in light and shade, and orders of architecture), from which the pupils pass into the middle classes (*enseignement moyen*) by a competition in which they must satisfactorily acquit themselves in the execution of a drawing or model in the branches for which they compete, without assistance or direction, to show that they have thoroughly mastered their material, their subject being a print or cast. In the middle class the modeling or drawing is from an antique statue, from nature, with studies of expression, etc., in the classes of painting and sculpture; in architecture, of the principles of construction; and in engraving, of the different styles of copper and steel plate engraving and wood cutting with modeling in wax for medals, etc.

The competition for passing into the upper class is in the execution of a figure from an antique statue; in architecture, of a design for a dwelling-house, etc. There are, beside, competitions in costume and knowledge of antiquities, anatomy, proportion of the human body, perspective linear and picturesque, expression and geometry considered as accessory, and in the different branches of application of art to industry.

The plan of organization is very large and comprehensive; to carry it out in all its branches effectively would demand resources greater than any government has yet seen fit to devote to

such an object; but beside being the central institution of forty-six academies and schools of design in the different cities of Belgium, it has in its own schools given instruction in the last ten years to nearly sixteen thousand pupils, of whom forty-seven were from the United States, and of them one, Mr. Millett of Boston, is recorded in the last report (1873) as having taken seven first prizes out of eleven given in the department of painting and drawing of the highest classes. The staff consists of the director, De Keyser, and twenty professors. The primary classes were not in train when I visited the school, but of the evening classes, to which the artisans and apprentices of Antwerp come in great numbers, all instruction being free, that of architecture was by far the most striking, from the number of operatives of different occupations who come to receive an education which they may carry as far as their talents permit them. Of the total of the students in the academy last year (1872–73) one hundred and sixty-two were decorative painters, three hundred and eight carpenters and cabinet makers, seventy-seven stone-cutters, sixty-three plasterers and masons, twenty goldsmiths, and thirty-two other metal workers, beside representatives of nearly every trade in use in the city, about five hundred and sixty being undetermined yet as to their future careers.

The system of drawing is similar to that so long established in France, and in principle the antithesis of that employed in England. The pupil is taught to look mainly, in the antique school, for the individual character of the statue employed as model, and to render this in the drawing, beginning with the largest relation and carrying the elaboration on in all parts more or less *pari passu*, so far at least that no part shall be finished in advance of the whole. In the life school not only is this throughout insisted on, but the more difficult feat of catching the motive of the pose, and expressing it in the fewest and largest lines, is kept constantly before the pupil, for the double reason that the model soon loses the pose from weariness, and the draughtsman himself, if he does not catch the pose at once, is less likely to get it with each successive alteration; and the larger and simpler the cast of the outline, the more likely it is to give the essential character of the action. The pupil is taught, in other words, that the less his eye is diverted to details, the easier and truer his generalization is likely to be, and that no amount of detail will compensate for the loss of the general fidelity.

Some drawings which are hung in the class-room are admirable examples of the results of the system — outlines pure and clean, anatomy well developed, and the larger qualities of form underlying the expression of all the surface markings. There was not as much recognition as I have been accustomed to see in some of the French ateliers, of the distinctions of local color in terms of black and white, but it is a moot point amongst even good draughtsmen how far this should be carried, some preferring to render the forms as if they were monochromatic as in the plaster cast, others noting local color in equivalent of tint in the monochrome, much as the photograph renders it. The latter seems to me the true system, and certainly the most expressive and effective drawings are obtained in this way.

The drawings for the competition, such as those I saw in the class-room, are done without any assistance or advice from the professors, and so represent truly the attainment of the pupil. There are, beside drawings from life, anatomical studies in which the student can have no assistance even from diagrams. The professor makes a number of small sketches of figures in certain attitudes, and draws from them by lot those which must be the basis of the anatomical study, for which the pupil has no other guide than this sketch. He is shut into the drawing-room and must in twelve hours make a study showing all the anatomical developments in a figure taking that attitude — one drawing for the muscles and another

for the skeleton. For the drawing from the cast he is allowed eight sittings of two hours each, and for that from the living model ten, at the end of each of which sittings the drawings are put under the seal of the academy and kept so until the next sitting.

There is of course a certain degree of apprehension to be felt that such a vigorous system of positivism in artistic education would produce an academic rather than an individual development; but the director, though a master of all that pertains to academic art, is well aware of this danger, and knows that any indication of individuality must be protected and fostered as far as is consistent with sound knowledge and thorough draughtsmanship. The talent must be of a very weak order of individuality — hardly in fact more than an eccentricity — which will not be bettered by the system of instruction followed at Antwerp, which seems to me, so far as plan and scope is concerned, very nearly if not quite all that an institution of this kind can be made. Beyond this what may be realized is in part dependent on the means afforded, and in part on the assistance of collections of good art, in which it must be said Antwerp does not rival most of the artistic cities of Europe. In some respects the favorite French custom of the leading artists teaching the aspirants in their own schools is pleasanter, but it may be seriously questioned if the magnetism of a great genius, and the fascination of his results, may not be more dangerous to individuality and real rising genius than all the rigidity of an academic system. Few artists of great and peculiar powers have been able to lay down a plan of education which would adapt itself to widely different talent, and rarely have they succeeded in making worthy followers. The best painter is often far from being the best teacher, and indeed is rarely able to tell the reason of his working, while many a man of mediocre artistic powers has succeeded remarkably well in forming the talents of men of widely diverse character. I think that the experience of the world will prove that a good educational system like that of Antwerp, even if it possess no peculiar talent in its direction, is better than an individual influence, whatever may be its power or attraction.

W. J. Stillman.

WHILE THE ORIOLE SINGS.

THERE is a bird that comes and sings
  In the Professor's garden-trees;
Upon the English oak he swings
  And tilts and tosses in the breeze.

I know his name, I know his note,
  That so with rapture takes my soul;
Like flame the gold beneath his throat,
  His glossy cope is black as coal.

O oriole, it is the song
  You sang me from the cottonwood,
Too young to feel that I was young,
  Too glad to guess if life were good.

And while I hark, before my door,
Adown the dusty Concord road,
The blue Miami flows once more
As by the cottonwood it flowed.

And on the bank that rises steep
And pours a thousand tiny rills,
From loss and absence laugh and leap
My school-mates to their flutter-mills.

The blackbirds jangle in the tops
Of hoary-antlered sycamores;
The timorous killdeer starts and stops
Among the drift-wood on the shores.

Below, the bridge — a noonday fear
Of dust and shadow shot with sun —
Stretches its gloom from pier to pier,
Unto strange coasts, unknown, or won

Only by daring more than mine
Of older boys that breast the tide:
Dimly their slim, white bodies shine
Far over from the other side;

And on those alien coasts, above,
Where silver ripples break the stream's
Long blue, from some roof-sheltering grove
A hidden parrot scolds and screams. . .

Ah, nothing, nothing! Commonest things:
A touch, a glimpse, a sound, a breath —
But in the song the oriole sings
Lives a lost world that knew not death:

The world we somehow hope at last —
So the heart juggles with the brain —
We shall find somewhere, and the past
Forever make our own again.

W. D. Howells.

SCOTTISH BANKING.

In 1695 William Paterson, born in 1658 in the parish of Tinwald, Dumfriesshire, established the first bank which ever existed in Scotland. It was known by the name of the Bank of Scotland. The capital was fixed at £100,000 sterling, but of this sum only £30,000 was subscribed, and such was the poverty of the country, that even of that small sum the larger portion came from London, Holland, and Hamburg.

William Paterson had previously organized the Bank of England, which had occupied his thought for many years, and which was incorporated by royal charter, July 27, 1694; but for his share in establishing it, so far as I can ascertain, he never seems to have received any pecuniary reward; and, strange to say, from that day to this, no Scotsman has ever been allowed by our "auncient enemies of England" to be governor of the Bank of England, although Scotsmen are not by law excluded from its direction, as Jews and Quakers are. The nearest approach to having a Scotsman as governor was about thirty-five years ago, when Sir John Rae Reid, of Reid, Irving & Co., the son of a Scotsman, but born in England, attained, if I remember rightly, that high financial position.

About the same time that the Bank of Scotland was established, William Paterson was actively engaged in promoting his scheme for the colonization of the Isthmus of Darien, and such an enterprise had far greater charms for the "pervervidum ingenium Scotorum" than the sober pursuits of banking; for while £30,000 could not be raised in Scotland to carry on the Bank of Scotland, £400,000 sterling were subscribed for the Darien expedition! The consequence was that much of the little capital of Scotland was lost in that disastrous affair; and banking facilities seem to have been little understood or appreciated for very many years afterwards. This is little to be wondered at if we consider the condition of Scotland during the last ten years of the seventeenth century, as portrayed by that famous Scottish patriot, Andrew Fletcher of Saltoun, in 1698: "There are," says he, "at this day in Scotland 200,000 people begging from door to door; these are not only no ways advantageous, but a very grievous burden to so poor a country, and though the number of them be perhaps double what it was formerly, by reason of the present great distress, yet in all times there have been about 100,000 of these vagabonds, who have lived without any regard or submission either to the laws of the land or those of God and nature. They are not only a most unspeakable oppression to poor tenants (who, if they give not bread or some sort of provision to perhaps forty such villains in one day, are sure to be insulted by them), but they rob many poor people who live in houses distant from any neighborhood. In years of plenty many thousands of them meet together in the mountains, where they feast and riot for many days, and at country weddings, markets, burials, and other like public occasions, they are to be seen, both men and women, perpetually drunk, cursing, blaspheming, and fighting together." It is only fair to the Scottish people to say that the demoralization described by Fletcher was in a very great measure, if not solely, owing to the anarchy and confusion caused by the religious persecutions under Charles II. and James II., from 1661 to 1688, and the unsettled state of politics in Scotland, after the accession of William III. to the English throne, while it was as yet undetermined whether or not the Scottish Parliament would accept him as King of Scotland.

The total population of Scotland at this time was probably not over 950,000. It was estimated at 1,050,000 in 1707, at the union with England, only about

250,000 in excess of that of the city of London; and down to the present day the whole population of Scotland bears much the same proportion to the population of that metropolis. In the midst of a population of about 950,000, — 200,000 of which was of the character described by Fletcher of Saltoun, — the peaceful pursuits of commerce and finance could have little place.

In 1707 the union of Scotland with England was consummated, and as an equivalent for various losses sustained by Scotland, especially by Paterson's Darien scheme, and probably by way of smoothing matters with the recalcitrant Scots, the union commissioners recommended that £398,085 10s. sterling (the balance of a long debtor and creditor account between the two kingdoms) should be paid in cash to the Scottish exchequer. This was a large sum to be received by the poorer country, though hardly equal to what it lost by the Darien expedition alone, and it appears to have had but small effect in bettering the condition of the people, who were still to suffer from the political disturbances caused by the rebellions in favor of the Stuarts, of 1715 and 1745, before they finally settled down into quiescence.

It was not until some four or five years after the suppression of the latter rebellion, that Scottish agriculture and commerce took that start which has resulted in the magnificent development of both which we behold to-day.

Meanwhile, in 1727, the Royal Bank of Scotland had been established, which was followed in 1746 by the British Linen Co. Bank. The Bank of Scotland, established in 1695 by Paterson, was carried on under a special act of the Scottish Parliament; the Royal Bank and the British Linen Co. were chartered banks: and it was believed that in all three the shareholders were only liable for the amount of their shares. With regard to the last two this is now deemed to be a mistake, and the shareholders are presumed to be personally liable to the extent of their whole fortunes, and it is matter of doubt whether the shareholders of the Bank of Scotland are not so also.

It was as late as 1750 that private banks began to be established in Scotland, and before giving some details regarding them, it may be well to note the remarkable difference between the mercantile classes of Scotland and those of England. The former sprung from the younger sons of lairds or landed gentry, the latter worked their way up from the laborers and yeomanry. The Glasgow merchants trading to Virginia and the West Indies, up to the close of the last century, used to appear upon Change in scarlet cloaks, as indicative of their aristocratic position; and the family of the Dunlops of Carmyle, near Glasgow, had a whole collection of these scarlet cloaks worn by their ancestors, which having been stowed away for more than half a century were brought forth from their hiding-place and cut up into hoods and under-garments for the Scottish soldiers in leaguer before Sebastopol in the dreadful winter of 1855–56.

From the time of the establishment of the Bank of England, a banking firm in England could not consist of more than six partners, and could only issue notes outside of the London district. There was no such restriction as to the number of banking partners in Scotland, and there a registry office for the registration of sales, tranfers, and mortgages of land existed, while in England there was nothing of the sort. Therefore in Scotland, if the landed gentry became partners of a bank, any change in their holdings was at once known by an inspection of the books of the registry office; no such clew was afforded to the condition of the affairs of bankers in England.

The Scottish bankers, from the very origin of banking in their country, held a high social position; they were men of "mark and likelihood." When Andrew Drummond of Macheany, — an uncle of Viscount Strathallan, and a kinsman of the Duke of Perth, who after 1715 established the great banking-house of Drummonds, 49 Charing Cross, London, as it was surmised with

a view to forwarding the interests of the exiled Stuarts, — was upbraided by some of his aristocratic kinsmen for engaging in trade, he replied, "A gentleman may be a banker, though it by no means follows that every banker is a gentleman." Fifty or sixty years after his days, it was almost held as an axiom in Scotland that every banker was, *ex officio*, a gentleman. Within my own recollection, bankers in Scotland were looked upon as a sort of demi-gods, only to be approached with "bated breath and whispering humbleness;" but with all this there was a very kindly feeling between them and their customers, and there was a thorough appreciation, on the side of both, of the great principle expressed in the modern formula of "mutuality of service." The sphere of action of the various banks was comparatively limited, and the banker was thoroughly acquainted with the business and social habits of his customers.

The origin of private banks in Scotland was nearly coincident with the purchase by the government of the "hereditary jurisdictions," after the suppression of the rebellion of 1745. In exchange for these high but invidious privileges, which had cast a blight over the whole country, the sum of about £150,000 sterling was awarded to the Scottish lairds and Highland chiefs holding these privileges in 1748, and so the hereditary jurisdictions, hitherto instruments of oppression and extortion when represented by money, were turned into blessings in promoting the growth of agriculture, commerce, and manufactures. Of the £150,000 mentioned above, £21,000 were awarded to the Duke of Argyll, £6621 to the Duke of Queensberry, down to the smallest sum of £65 19s. 9d. to Sir James Lockhart for the regality of Carstairs. This money was a perfect godsend to Scotland, wasted as it was by the war of the rebellion, and as it was derived directly from the result of that rebellion, Scotland may be said literally, out of the nettle danger to have plucked the flower safety.

What those hereditary jurisdictions had been, it may be well to explain. The holders of them had the power of "heading and hanging" within their respective domains, but the Scottish lairds and Highland chiefs who possessed them had long anticipated Jeremy Bentham's apothegm that "The worst use you can put a man to is to hang him." Burton says in his History of Scotland from 1698 to 1748: "The authority of the lairds did not enable them to transport convicts, but when the gallows was in the background, they had little difficulty in persuading those who came under their wrath that it would be well not to be clamorous, but submit at once to the alternative of entering as apprentices in one of the American plantations. Some of these potentates increased their scanty incomes by prudently turning their judicial powers in this profitable direction. It is the natural effect of such powers as those involved in the hereditary jurisdiction that they exercise a tyrannical influence beyond their strictly legal bounds." Hence, besides convicts exiled as stated above, there was a regular trade in kidnapping carried on in Scotland, during the first half of the eighteenth century, and small as was the commerce of Scotland at that time, it was deeply stained with this criminal traffic during the period before the rebellion of 1745.

So little demand, however, was there for banking accommodation by the merchants of the commercial metropolis of Scotland in the last part of the seventeenth and earlier portion of the eighteenth century, that the Bank of Scotland, which attempted to establish a branch in Glasgow in 1696, had to withdraw it the following year for want of business; they tried it again in 1731, and again abandoned it in 1733 from the same cause, and for seventeen years afterwards Glasgow had no bank whatever.

In 1750 a few wealthy men determined to establish a private bank in that city, and in the early part of the year the Ship Bank was opened; the partners were Colin Dunlop of Car-

myle; James Dennistoun of Dennistoun; Alexander Houston of Jordanhill; William MacDowell of Castlesemple; George Oswald of Scotston; and James Simson, merchant; all but the last, it will be seen, lairds or landed proprietors. This was followed at the end of the same year by the establishment of the Glasgow Arms Bank, and about the same time was established in Edinburgh the private bank of Sir William Forbes & Co. The founder was a man of ancient lineage, but owing to the forfeitures for the rebellion of 1745, his family was reduced to very narrow circumstances. His father died when he was very young, predeceasing the grandfather of Sir William Forbes, and therefore never succeeding to the baronetcy. Sir William was brought up in a very thrifty manner by his mother, who, however, educated him well, and gave him literary tastes, so that after he had achieved fame and fortune as a banker he wrote a Life of Dr. Beattie, the author of The Minstrel, a poem in some repute eighty or ninety years ago. It is of him that Sir Walter Scott writes in the introduction to the fourth canto of Marmion: —

> "Scarce had lamented Forbes paid
> The tribute to his minstrel's shade,
> The tale of friendship scarce was told,
> Ere the narrator's heart was cold;"

which I take the opportunity of quoting to show that the Scottish name Forbes should be pronounced as a dissyllable, instead of as a monosyllable, as it always erroneously is in England and America. It was the second Sir William Forbes, successor of his father in the management of the bank, who married Miss Belsher-Stewart of Fettercairn, the first love of Sir Walter Scott, a match which did not interfere with the warm friendship of the gentlemen. The youngest son of this marriage, James David Forbes, was the contestant with Agassiz for the honor of first discovering the glacier theory.

The Scottish banking system may, then, be said to have fairly taken root in 1750. Before that time it was a very sickly plant, showing hardly any vitality, but afterwards "grew, and waxed a great tree, and the fowls of the air lodged in the branches of it." Private banks gradually increased in Glasgow, Paisley, Ayr, and Greenock on the west side of Scotland, and in Edinburgh, Dundee, and Aberdeen on the east side.

The last private bank established in Glasgow, and I believe in Scotland, was the Glasgow Bank, established in May, 1809, by my grandfather, the late James Dennistoun of Golfhill. Besides himself the partners were sixteen in number: namely, the Right Honorable Lord Kinnaird, the elder brother of Byron's friend, Douglas Kinnaird, — who by the way always pronounced the poet's name as we should the Irish name of Byrne; John Tennent, Peter Macadam, Robert Blair, Robert Brown, William Taylor, all merchants in Glasgow; W. B. Cabbell, Samuel Nicholson, Thomas Hayden, William Morland, and Henry Boase, merchants in London; Walter Fergus, merchant in Kirkcaldy; John Baxter and William Roberts, merchants in Dundee; Alexander McGregor, merchant, Liverpool; and John Grundy, Jr., woolen manufacturer, Bury, Lancashire.

It is worthy of remark that the partnership is nearly all of mercantile men, instead of being nearly all of landed proprietors, as that of the first private bank established in Glasgow was, fifty-nine years before. The Glasgow Bank maintained a very high character under the management of Mr. Dennistoun until he retired from business in 1829. On that occasion (December 2, 1829) a great public dinner was given to him at the opening of the Glasgow Royal Exchange, by the magistrates and his fellow-citizens, in testimony of their respect for him, not only as a banker, but as a man of most liberal political views and principles. He was offered a baronetcy by Lord Grey's government in 1832, which he declined, a very unusual thing for a Scotsman to do. The Glasgow Bank became finally one of the numerous private banks merged in the Union Bank of Scotland.

The basis of all Scottish banking, from its real commencement with the establishment of private banks in 1750, seems to have been:—

1st. The receiving and keeping of one person's money at one rate of interest, and the lending of it to another person at a higher rate of interest, generally at a difference of two or two and one half per cent. per annum, the capital of the bank, and the unlimited liability of the partners, forming a reserve against bad debts.

2d. The issuing of notes payable on demand and the keeping of the same in circulation as long as possible.

3d. The keeping very considerable reserves in London, invested in such a manner as to enable the banker, at a moment's notice, to meet any demands which may be made upon him.

There appears to have been no particular proportion kept between the reserve and the liabilities, that being a matter regulated by the prudence of the partners of the individual banks.

Up to 1845 notes of £1 and upwards were issued by the various Scottish banks without any apparent rule as to the proportion between the issue and the sum reserved for the redemption of the notes, but any overissue by an individual bank was efficiently checked by the clearance in Edinburgh, twice a week, of each bank with every other bank. So that if any bank were too eager to get out its notes, they were speedily returned to it by its competitors, and the excess over what it held of the notes of other banks had to be settled by exchequer bills payable in London.

Scotsmen always have had a most infantile and perfect trust in the notes of their own banks, with little or no consideration as to the standing of the issuing banks. A "note" with them was a convertible term for £1 sterling, and it could not have been held in greater respect had it been a golden sovereign. In fact, of the two, the note by ninety-nine resident Scotsmen out of one hundred would have been preferred, and this was the case all over Scotland; and even as far south as York, Scottish bank-notes were circulated before 1844.

The Scottish *demand* bank-notes were always legally convertible into coin, except during the suspension of specie payments by the Bank of England for the twenty-four years from 1797 till 1811; but I well recollect that if any English bagman, who had come down to Scotland to collect accounts for his masters in England, wished to convert the notes he received into gold, to carry with him to England, the look of the paying teller to whom he made the unusual and unwelcome proposition was much the same as that with which he would have regarded a highwayman who had bidden him, with a pistol at his head, "Stand and deliver!"

In 1761, when silver change became extremely scarce, as it continued to be for sixty years afterwards, the Glasgow banks for a time issued ten-shilling notes on demand, but temporarily made their £1 and £5 notes payable "either on demand, or six months after presentation, at the option of the bank, with six months' interest." After some time the Edinburgh banks, which had a great jealousy of the Glasgow banks, had sufficient influence with the government of the day to have an Act of Parliament passed prohibiting the optional clause in the Glasgow bank-notes.

Guinea notes were originally issued by the Ship Bank of Glasgow about 1780, with a view of meeting, to some extent, the difficulty of procuring silver change. Thus, if a person owed £20 18s. sterling, he gave his creditor eighteen guinea notes and two £1 notes, and never a sixpence of silver passed between them.

To show the great scarcity of silver at the period referred to, and the dislike of the wealthy Glasgow banks to be called upon even for the smallest sums of specie, the following anecdote will suffice. A little boy was sent out by his mother to get change for a £1 note, and having in vain tried to change it at their own baker's and grocer's and at various other shops, he went and pre-

sented it at the Ship Bank, by which it was issued, and requested change. "What's your name, sir?" asked the teller. Being told, his next question was, "Who is your master?" The boy replied he had none. "Who told you to come here, then?" said the persistent inquisitor. "My mother," replied the boy. The teller then gave a "Humph!" and sullenly doled out the necessary change. When silver was demanded for a guinea note, a gold guinea was frequently handed to the owner of the note, the teller well knowing that the gold was not wanted, being really less easily converted into silver change than the note itself. The Glasgow branch of the Royal Bank in those days absolutely refused to cash the mother bank's notes in silver, except to its own customers, and referred strangers, asking for change of these notes, to the head office in Edinburgh where the notes were issued and domiciled.

The ten-shilling bank-notes had gone out of existence long before my day, but I do very well remember that after I had finished my college course and entered the office of my father's firm, James and Alexander Dennistoun of Glasgow, in 1827, the payments for cotton sold by the house were not made by checks on the bank in favor of the sellers of the produce, which was in those days a thing unknown, the banks expecting that their customers would draw out notes by checks in their own favor, and pay these notes to those to whom they owed money; and the notes so paid were not of the £5 denomination, which were unlikely to circulate long, but consisted of huge bundles of greasy one-pound and one-guinea notes which might be paid out to laborers and others, and remain in circulation.

A peculiar feature of Scottish banking is the granting of what are called "cash credits" to small farmers and manufacturers. These cash credits are not generally for large amounts, the majority of them probably for sums not over £1000 sterling; their aggregate, however, may amount to a very considerable sum. They are granted upon the security of the person receiving the credit, and also of two other persons whose circumstances are well known to the bank, and who produce, before such cash credit can be granted, evidence of their sufficiency as guarantors. On this particular sort of banking business, there has been, it is understood, very little loss to the banks, and in the earlier stages of Scottish agriculture and manufacture the system no doubt tended greatly to develop both. In advancing money to farmers on cash credits, the Scottish bankers had the great advantage over their English rivals, that in Scotland farm leases ran from nineteen to twenty-one years, whereas in England the farmers were mostly tenants at will. In a small country such as Scotland, the circumstances of persons in trade were and are pretty generally known to bankers, and the applications for cash credits are granted or refused generally upon the personal knowledge of the bankers of the entire sufficiency of the sureties.

In order to obtain a wide circulation for their notes, and in districts whence they would not speedily return, the Scottish banks often purchased landed property in distant counties, and also advanced money to needy lairds on mortgage. Neither, scientifically considered, was a good bankable security, but they answered the purpose in the infancy and youth of Scottish banking. The owner or mortgagee owner of land at once had a standing and credit in the neighborhood of the property so held, and the notes of the bank for wages, etc., were easily paid out, and kept out, in those days when railways were not, and even stage-coaches were of rare occurrence out of the line of the great roads between Glasgow, Edinburgh, and London.

Another mode of circulating notes was by getting the Highland drovers to use them in their journeys with cattle from the Highlands to England. Robin Carrick, as he was familiarly called, who managed the Ship Bank with great profit to himself and his partners for forty-six years, from 1775 till

1821, — and whom I well recollect, when I was a boy, being pointed out to me as a very wealthy and very miserly man, in his shabby carriage, with its scarecrow driver and wretched horses, — cultivated the acquaintance of the Highland drovers with considerable assiduity, for the purpose of passing his bank-notes through their agency. The following anecdote illustrates the keen dealing of both banker and drover, the former, with all his eagerness to circulate his notes in the remote regions of the Highlands, being equally determined not to abate one jot of his rights as a discounting banker. A drover came into Mr. Carrick's private room, and presenting a bill which wanted three days of maturity, asked the cash for it. Carrick readily agreed to discount the bill, and remarked that there was sixpence discount to be taken off.

"Na, na!" said the Highlandman, "she maun hae a' t'e siller."

"I can't do that," replied Carrick, "the discount must be deducted." He handed back the bill to its owner, put on his spectacles, resumed his pen, and commenced writing. The Highlander, getting outside the door, kept it a little ajar, and popping in his head said, —

"She 'll gie 't for a groat" (fourpence).

"No, no!" replied Carrick, "it must be sixpence."

"Weel, weel!" cried the drover, "if it maun be sae, it maun be sae." So the sixpence was deducted, and the balance handed to the drover in notes and change.

It may be said, I think, with great truth, that the infancy and youth of Scottish agriculture and manufactures were nourished and cherished chiefly by the private banks. The manhood of these industries is sustained by joint stock banks alone, there not having been a private bank of issue in Scotland for upwards of a quarter of a century; all have been absorbed by the joint stock banks.

The Commercial Bank of Scotland was established in Edinburgh in 1810, and the National Bank of Scotland in 1825, both joint stock banks; and even remote Aberdeen, as early as 1825, established a joint stock bank, under the name of the Aberdeen Town and County Bank; but it was not until 1830 that the usually enterprising and energetic merchants of Glasgow established their first joint stock banking institution, under the name of the Union Bank of Glasgow. Its establishment was soon followed by that of the Western Bank and others, but I will only trace the process of absorption by the Union Bank of various private banks, and thus show the course of all the other joint stock banks, in reference to the private ones.

The Glasgow Bank, already referred to as established in 1809, and the last private bank opened in Scotland, absorbed in 1836 the Ship Bank, the first private bank, established in 1750, and the name of the two associated banks became thenceforth the Glasgow and Ship Bank.

The Union Bank of Glasgow assumed the name of the Union Bank of Scotland, and under that designation absorbed in the order named, the following private banks: —

1st. The Thistle Bank of Glasgow.

2d. The Paisley Union Bank of Paisley.

3d. Sir William Forbes & Co. of Edinburgh.

4th. Hunter & Co. of Ayr.

5th. The Glasgow and Ship Bank of Glasgow.

6th. The Old Bank of Aberdeen.

In 1826 Sir Robert Peel had attempted to put an end to the Scottish bank-note circulation, and substitute for it Bank of England notes, without any notes of a lower denomination than £5, while the currency of Scotland consisted almost entirely of £1 notes. The Scots felt greatly disgusted at the proposed change, as they were perfectly satisfied with their own bank-note system, had asked for no change, and wanted none. Their national pride was also roused, feeling, as they did, that their whole monetary system was to be upset by an English statesman, apparently for no other reason but that the Scottish sys-

tem might be made uniform with that of England.

The national feeling found a fitting mouth-piece in that greatest of Scotsmen, Sir Walter Scott, who, under the *nom de plume* of Malachi Malagrowther, in the pages of the Edinburgh Weekly Journal, with mingled invective, sarcasm, and wit, put an entire stop to Peel's project of uniformity.

After this, Scottish banking was let severely alone for eighteen years, that is, until after Peel's Bill of 1844, regulating the management of the Bank of England, had become law. It was then determined that as the note circulation could not be assimilated with that of England, the law regarding it should be so altered as to give it a tendency in the same direction. The note circulation, therefore, of each bank of issue, as in 1844, was ascertained, and to that amount each bank was restricted in future, excepting that beyond that authorized amount any one of the existing banks might issue as many notes as it could circulate upon a gold basis; that is to say, for every £1 of notes issued beyond the authorized amount, it must have a sovereign in its coffers; but the £1 note circulation, thanks to Sir Walter's efforts in 1826, was not otherwise interfered with. No new bank of issue was allowed to be established in Scotland after 1844.

The Scottish banks are now all joint stock and of unlimited liability, that is, the shareholders, beyond losing the money paid for their shares, in case of failure of the bank, are liable to the utmost penny of their property, present and future, to both note-holders and depositors. From this category of unlimited liability it is possible that the Bank of Scotland may be an exception, as previously stated.

The present bank-note circulation and entire banking business of Scotland is provided for by the following eleven joint stock banks, their branches and sub-branches, as shown by the following tables, made up to December 31, 1873:

Name of Bank.	Instituted.	No. of Partners.	Branches.	Paid up Capital.
Bank of Scotland,	1695	1405	76	£1,000,000
Royal Bank,	1727	1412	101	2,000,000
British Linen Co.,	1746	1203	61	1,000,000
Commercial Bank,	1810	1170	94	1,000,000
National Bank of Scotland,	1825	1602	86	1,000,000
Aberdeen Town and County Bank,	1825	823	40	252,000
Union Bank of Scotland,	1830	1215	116	1,000,000
North of Scotland Bank,	1836	1407	44	320,000
Clydesdale Bank,	1838	1378	76	900,000
Caledonian Bank,	1838	786	20	125,000
City of Glasgow Bank,	1839	1234	122	1,000,000
Paid up Banking Capital of Scotland,				£9,597,000

The authorized and actual circulation of notes, with the reserve of coin held by the foregoing banks, as made up on December 31, 1873, was as follows: —

Name of Bank.	Authorized Circulation of 1845.	Actual Average Circulation of 1872-73.	Average Coin Held 1872-73.
Bank of Scotland,	£343,418	£644,187	£394,956
Royal Bank,	216,451	684,431	590,306
British Linen Co.,	438,024	539,262	214,718
Commercial Bank,	374,880	727,994	466,198
National Bank of Scotland,	297,024	551,885	386,131
Aberdeen Town and County Bank,	70,133	179,299	137,077
Union Bank of Scotland,	454,346	761,112	432,255
North of Scotland Bank,	154,319	286,102	162,668
Clydesdale Bank,	274,321	516,485	319,675
Caledonian Bank,	53,434	94,804	63,669
City of Glasgow Bank,	72,921	611,445	617,879
[1]	£2,749,271	£5,597,006	£3,785,832

The deposits in the Scottish banks, as given in evidence before the parliamentary committee on the bank acts in 1858, were estimated at £50,000,000 sterling, and I think it will be pretty safe to add a million per annum since that date. If this supposition be correct, it would make the deposits in the Scottish banks at present in the neighborhood of £66,000,000, which I apprehend is not far from the truth. The circulation of these notes is now a far less profitable operation to the Scottish banks than it was thirty or forty years ago. Scotland has become so permeated by railways that notes are very speedily returned to the issuing bank.

[1] The par of exchange with England is now, gold, $4.8665 per pound sterling, and $5 gold per pound is therefore a sufficiently near approximation for converting these tables into American coin.

The poorer classes no longer hoard notes, but at once deposit them in savings-banks or with the ordinary banks and their numerous branches, where the smallest depositors are allowed exactly the same rate of interest as the largest depositors.

Prior to the panic of 1857, when there happened to be a run on any Scottish bank, its note-holders were quite satisfied if they got them exchanged for notes of other undoubted banks; but in 1857 there was a decided run for *gold*, which had to be met by bringing gold from the coffers of the Bank of England. This gold was obtained by the Scottish banks selling securities in London (such as consols, exchequer bills, and London bills of exchange), which were of course paid for in Bank of England notes, convertible into gold on demand. The Bank of England complained of this extra demand for gold from the Scottish banks, and the latter proposed that in future Bank of England notes should be made a legal tender in Scotland from all parties but the Bank of England itself, as well as in England, so as to obviate the necessity for bringing gold to Scotland. To this, however, the Bank of England was opposed, although it is difficult to see how it would have been placed in any worse position by the arrangement, which apparently would, to some extent, at least, have relieved it from a drain of gold in times of panic. Of the gold brought to Glasgow from London in the worst week of the panic of 1857, about a third was sent back to London the following week.

I think it not improbable that with its increased and increasing wealth, Scotland, before the end of this century, will have no notes below £5, its £1 notes being superseded by sovereigns, and then will follow the substitution of Bank of England notes for its remaining paper currency. The note circulation of the whole of Great Britain will then be uniform, and Sir Robert Peel's fond dream of 1826 be fully realized.

The highest dividend paid by any of the joint stock Scottish banks in 1873 was fifteen per cent. per annum by the Union Bank of Scotland, and the lowest nine per cent. per annum by the Royal Bank; the others paid from ten to fourteen per cent. per annum. In general terms the dividends paid by the Scottish banks hardly exceed four per cent. per annum on the existing market value of their shares, or only about one per cent. per annum more than consols, and I believe the Scottish people have quite as much confidence in the one security as in the other. They have always had a stout faith in their banks, bankers, and bank-notes, and they have hitherto had good reason for the faith that is in them.

In 1873 the minimum rate of discount charged by the Scottish banks on three months' local bills ranged from three and one half per cent. on August 22d, to nine per cent. on November 8th, and beginning at five per cent. in January, it closed at the same rate in December. The Scottish banks charge about one half per cent. per annum less discount on bills domiciled in London than on local bills.

In 1873 the interest charged by the Scottish banks to their customers on cash credit accounts ranged from four and one half per cent. on August 22d, to nine per cent. on November 8th, and beginning at six and one half per cent. in January, it closed at five and one half per cent. in December. In the same period the interest allowed on deposits ranged from two per cent. on August 22d, to six per cent. on November 8th, and beginning at four and one half per cent. in January, it closed at three and one half per cent. in December, 1873.

In Scotland there is a continuous and active employment of the means of the banks, and the numerous branches suck up, as it were, all idle capital from numerous small depositors in the remoter provinces; and beyond the moderate amounts which the managers of the branches are permitted to lend out on the spot, they remit to the mother banks for investment in the great financial centres, Glasgow and Edinburgh, where

there is always an active demand from borrowers for the pursuits of commerce, manufactures, ship-building, mining, and agriculture.

The number of ordinary directors in the existing Scottish banks ranges from seven to twelve, and it is usual for two of the directors to go out annually. In some of the banks, I believe the outgoing directors are reëligible at once; in others, two new men must be introduced; but in a directory of twelve this rule can readily be adhered to, and yet a permanent staff of directors be maintained by choosing from the same body of fourteen men. Although the directors attend at specified times each week, and some of them are probably in the bank daily, yet the manager or president is *de facto* lord of the ascendant in all ordinary routine business; and in nothing so much as in banking is this one-man power necessary for success. Thorough mastership of the position, promptitude of decision, and honesty of purpose are of course essential attributes of a good bank manager, and in all these elements the Scottish bank managers, whether as respects the old private banks or the modern joint stock ones, have very rarely proved deficient.

I cannot conclude these remarks on Scottish banking better than by quoting what Adam Smith wrote on the subject of banking, more than one hundred years ago, and I may say that upon the principles therein enunciated the Scottish banks have almost uniformly been conducted. These principles are equally applicable now as when predicated by Smith, and to this side of the Atlantic as well as to the other: —

"Though the principles of the banking trade may appear somewhat abstruse, the practice is capable of being reduced to strict rules. To depart on any occasion from these rules, in consequence of some flattering speculation of extraordinary gain, is almost always extremely dangerous, and frequently fatal to the banking company which attempts it. But the constitution of joint stock companies renders them in general more tenacious of established rules than any private co-partnery. Such companies, therefore, seem extremely well fitted for this trade. The principal banking companies in Europe, accordingly, are joint stock companies, many of which manage their trade very successfully without any exclusive privilege. The Bank of England has no exclusive privilege, except that no other banking company in England shall consist of more than six persons. The two banks of Edinburgh (Bank of Scotland and Royal Bank) are joint stock companies without any exclusive privilege."

William Wood.

COUNTERPARTS.

A Lover's Conceit.

I send, sweet, my yearning
  Half-kisses to thee;
Oh send your returning
  Half-kisses to me.

When our half-kisses meet, love,
  What marvels have birth!
All fair things and sweet, love,
  New heaven, new earth!

J. J. Piatt.

A REBEL'S RECOLLECTIONS.

II.

THE MEN WHO MADE THE ARMY.

A NEWSPAPER correspondent has told us that the great leader of the German armies, Count Von Moltke, has never read anything — even a history — of our war, and that when questioned on the subject, he has said he could not afford to spend time over "the wrangling of two armed mobs." If he ever said anything of the kind, which is doubtful, his characterization of the two armies had reference, probably, to their condition during the first year or two of the struggle, when they could lay very little claim indeed to any more distinctively military title. The Southern army, at any rate, was simply a vast mob of rather ill-armed young men from the country.[1] As I have said in a previous paper, every gentleman in Virginia, not wholly incapable of rendering service, enlisted at the beginning of the war, and the companies, unarmed, untrained, and hardly even organized, were sent at once to camps of instruction. Here they were in theory drilled and disciplined and made into soldiers, by the little handful of available West-Pointers and the lads from the Military Institute at Lexington. In point of fact, they were only organized and taught the rudiments of the drill before being sent to the front as full-fledged soldiers; and it was only after a year or more of active service in the field that they began to suspect what the real work and the real character of the modern soldier is.

Our ideas of the life and business of a soldier were drawn chiefly from the adventures of Ivanhoe and Charles O'Malley, two worthies with whose personal history almost every man in the army was familiar. The men who volunteered went to war of their own accord, and were wholly unaccustomed to acting on any other than their own motion. They were hardy lovers of field sports, accustomed to out-door life, and in all physical respects excellent material of which to make an army. But they were not used to control of any sort, and were not disposed to obey anybody except for good and sufficient reason given. While actually on drill they obeyed the word of command, not so much by reason of its being proper to obey a command, as because obedience was in that case necessary to the successful issue of a pretty performance in which they were interested. Off drill they did as they pleased, holding themselves gentlemen, and as such bound to consult only their own wills. Their officers were of themselves, chosen by election, and subject, by custom, to enforced resignation upon petition of the men. Only corporals cared sufficiently little for their position to risk any magnifying of their office by the enforcement of discipline. I make of them an honorable exception, out of regard for the sturdy corporal who, at Ashland, marched six of us (a guard detail) through the very middle of a pud-

[1] In order that no reader of The Atlantic may misconceive the spirit in which this paper is written, I wish to say, at the outset, that in commenting upon the material of which the Southern army was made up, nothing has been further from my thought than to reflect, even by implication, upon the character of the Union army or of the men who composed it, for indeed I honor both as highly as anybody can. I think I have outlived whatever war prejudices I may have brought with me out of the struggle, and in commenting upon some of the better characteristics of the early Virginian volunteers, I certainly have not meant to deny equal or like excellence to their foemen. I happen, however, to know a great deal about the one army and very little about the other, — a state of things consequent upon the peculiar warmth with which we were always greeted whenever we undertook to visit the camps of our friends on the other side. Will the reader please bear in mind, then, that my estimate of the character of the Southern troops is a positive and not a comparative one, and that nothing said in praise of the one army is meant to be a reflection upon the other? Between Bull Run and Appomattox I had ample opportunity to learn respect for the courage and manliness of the men who overcame us, and since the close of the war I have learned to know many of them as tried and true friends, and gentlemen of noblest mold.

dle, assigning as his reason for doing so the fact that "It 's plagued little authority they give us corporals, and I mean to use that little, any how." Even corporals were elected, however, and until December, 1861, I never knew a single instance in which a captain dared offend his men by breaking a non-commissioned officer, or appointing one, without submitting the matter to a vote of the company. In that first instance the captain had to bolster himself up with written authority from head-quarters, and even then it required three weeks of mingled diplomacy and discipline to quell the mutiny which resulted.

With troops of this kind, the reader will readily understand, a feeling of very democratic equality prevailed, so far at least as military rank had anything to do with it. Officers were no better than men, and so officers and men messed and slept together on terms of entire equality, quarreling and even fighting now and then, in a gentlemanly way, but without a thought of allowing differences of military rank to have any influence in the matter. The theory was that the officers were the creatures of the men, chosen by election to represent their constituency in the performance of certain duties, and that only during good behavior. And to this theory the officers themselves gave in their adhesion in a hundred ways. Indeed, they could do nothing else, inasmuch as they knew no way of quelling a mutiny.

There was one sort of rank, however, which was both maintained and respected from the first, namely, that of social life. The line of demarkation between gentry and common people is not more sharply drawn anywhere than in Virginia. It rests there upon an indeterminate something or other, known as family. To come of a good family is a patent of nobility, and there is no other way whatever by which any man or any woman can find a passage into the charmed circle of Virginia's peerage. There is no college of heralds, to be sure, to which doubtful cases may be referred, and there is no law governing the matter; but every Virginian knows what families are, and what are not good ones, and so mistakes are impossible. The social position of every man is sharply defined, and every man carried it with him into the army. The man of good family felt himself superior, as in most cases he unquestionably was, to his fellow-soldier of less excellent birth; and this distinction was sufficient, during the early years of the war, to override everything like military rank. In one instance which I remember, a young private asserted his superiority of social standing so effectually, as to extort from the lieutenant commanding his company a public apology for an insult offered in the subjection of the private to double duty, as a punishment for absence from roll-call. The lieutenant was brave enough to have taken a flogging at the hands of the insulted private, perhaps, but he could not face the declared sentiment of the entire company, and so he apologized. I have known numberless cases in which privates have declined dinner and other invitations from officers who had presumed upon their shoulder-straps in asking the company of their social superiors.

In the camp of instruction at Ashland, where the various cavalry companies existing in Virginia were sent to be made into soldiers, it was a very common thing indeed for men who grew tired of camp fare to take their meals at the hotel, and one or two of them rented cottages and brought their families there, excusing themselves from attendance upon unreasonably early roll-calls, by pleading the distance from their cottages to the parade-ground. Whenever a detail was made for the purpose of cleaning the camp-ground, the men detailed regarded themselves as responsible for the proper performance of the task by their servants, and uncomplainingly took upon themselves the duty of sitting on the fence and superintending the work. The two or three men of the overseer class who were to be found in nearly every company, turned some nimble quarters by standing other men's turns of guard-duty at twenty-five cents

an hour; and one young gentleman of my own company, finding himself assigned to a picket rope post, where his only duty was to guard the horses and prevent them, in their untrained exuberance of spirit, from becoming entangled in each other's heels and halters, coolly called his servant and turned the matter over to him, with a rather informal but decidedly pointed injunction not to let those horses get themselves into trouble if he valued his hide. This case coming to the ears of Colonel (afterwards General) Ewell, who was commanding the camp, that officer reorganized the guard service upon principles as novel as they were objectionable to the men. He required the men to stand their own turns, and, worse than that, introduced the system, in vogue among regular troops, of keeping the entire guard detail at the guard-house when not on post, an encroachment upon personal liberty which sorely tried the patience of the young cavaliers.

It was in this undisciplined state that the men who afterwards made up the army under Lee were sent to the field to meet the enemy at Bull Run and elsewhere, and the only wonder is that they were ever able to fight at all. They were certainly not soldiers. They were as ignorant of the alphabet of obedience, as their officers were of the art of commanding. And yet they acquitted themselves reasonably well, a fact which can be explained only by reference to the causes of their insubordination in camp. These men were the people of the South, and the war was their own; wherefore they fought to win it of their own accord, and not at all because their officers commanded them to do so. Their personal spirit and their intelligence were their sole elements of strength. Death has few terrors for such men, as compared with dishonor, and so they needed no officers at all, and no discipline, to insure their personal good conduct on the field of battle. The same elements of character, too, made them accept hardship with the utmost cheerfulness, as soon as hardship became a necessary condition to the successful prosecution of a war that every man of them regarded as his own. In camp, at Richmond or Ashland, they had shunned all unnecessary privation and all distasteful duty, because they then saw no occasion to endure avoidable discomfort. But in the field they showed themselves great, stalwart men in spirit as well as in bodily frame, and endured cheerfully the hardships of campaigning precisely as they would have borne the fatigues of a hunt, as incidents encountered in the prosecution of their purposes.

During the spring and early summer of 1861, the men did not dream that they were to be paid anything for their services, or even that the government was to clothe them. They had bought their own uniforms, and whenever these wore out they ordered new ones to be sent, by the first opportunity, from home. I remember the very first time the thought of getting clothing from the government ever entered my own mind. I was serving in Stuart's cavalry, and the summer of 1861 was nearly over. My boots had worn out, and as there happened at the time to be a strict embargo upon all visiting on the part of non-military people, I could not get a new pair from home. The spurs of my comrades had made uncomfortable impressions upon my bare feet every day for a week, when some one suggested that I might possibly buy a pair of boots from the quartermaster, who was for the first time in possession of some government property of that description. When I returned with the boots and reported that the official had refused my proffered cash, contenting himself with charging the amount against me as a debit to be deducted from the amount of my *pay and clothing allowance*, there was great merriment in the camp. The idea that there was anybody back of us in this war — anybody who could, by any ingenuity of legal quibbling, be supposed to be indebted to us for our voluntary services in our own cause — was too ridiculous to be treated seriously. "Pay money" became the standing subject for jests. The card-playing with which

the men amused themselves suffered a revolution at once; euchre gave place to poker, played for "pay money," the winnings to fall due when pay-day should come, — a huge joke which was heartily enjoyed.

From this the reader will see how little was done in the beginning of the war toward the organization of an efficient quartermaster's department, and how completely this ill-organized and undisciplined mob of plucky gentlemen was left to prosecute the war as best it could, trusting to luck for clothing and even for food. Of these things I shall probably have occasion to speak more fully in a future paper, wherein I intend to say something of the management of affairs at Richmond. At present, I merely refer to the matter for the purpose of correcting an error (if I may hope to do that) which seems likely to creep into history. We have been told over and over again that the Confederate army could not possibly have given effectual pursuit to General McDowell's flying forces after the battle of Bull Run. It is urged, in defense of the inaction which made of that day's work a waste effort, that we could not move forward for want of transportation and supplies. Now, without discussing the question whether or not a prompt movement on Washington would have resulted favorably to the Confederates, I am certain, as every man who was there is, that this want of transportation and supplies had nothing whatever to do with it. We had no supplies of any importance, it is true, but none were coming to us there, and we were no whit better off in this regard at Manassas than we would have been before Washington. And having nothing to transport, we needed no transportation. Had the inefficiency of the supply department stopped short at its failure to furnish wagon trains, it might have stood in the way of a forward movement. But that was no ordinary incompetence which governed this department of our service in all its ramifications. The breadth and comprehensiveness of that incompetence were its distinguishing characteristics. In failing to furnish anything to transport, it neutralized its failure to furnish transportation, and the army that fought at Bull Run would have been as well off anywhere else as there, during the next ten days. Indeed, two days after the battle we were literally starved out at Manassas, and were forced to advance to Fairfax Court House in order to get the supplies which the Union army had left in abundance wherever there was a storing-place for them. The next morning after the battle, many of the starving men went off on their own account to get provisions, and they knew very well where to find them. There were none at Manassas, but by crossing Bull Run and following the line of the Federal retreat, we soon gathered a store sufficient to last us, while the authorities of the quartermaster's department were finding out how to transport the few sheet-iron frying-pans which, with an unnecessary tent here and there, were literally the only things there were to be transported at all. Food, which was the only really necessary thing just then, lay ahead of us and nowhere else. All the ammunition we had we could and did move with the wagons at hand.

To return to the temper of the troops and people. Did the Southerners really think themselves a match for ten times their own numbers? I know the reader wants to ask this question, because almost everybody I talk to on the subject asks it in one shape or another. In answer let me say, I think a few of the more enthusiastic women, cherishing a blind faith in the righteousness of their cause, and believing, in spite of historical precedent, that wars always end with strict regard to the laws of poetic justice, did think something of the sort; and I am certain that all the stump speakers of the kind I have hitherto described held a like faith most devoutly. But with these exceptions I never saw any Southerner who hoped for any but well-fought-for success. It was not a question of success or defeat with them at all. They thought they saw their duty plainly, and they did it without regard to the consequences.

Their whole hearts were in the cause, and as they were human beings they naturally learned to expect the result for which they were laboring and fighting and suffering; but they based no hopes upon any such fancy as that the Virginian soldier was the military equivalent of ten or of two Pennsylvanians armed as well as he. On the contrary, they busily counted the chances and weighed the probabilities on both sides from the first. They claimed an advantage in the fact that their young men were more universally accustomed to field sports and the use of arms than were those of the North. They thought too, that, fighting on their own soil, in an essentially defensive struggle, they would have some advantage, as they certainly did. They thought they might in the end tire their enemy out, and they hoped from the first for relief through foreign intervention in some shape. These were the grounds of their hopes; but had there been no hope for them at all, I verily believe they would have fought all the same. Certainly very few of them hoped for success after the campaign of 1863, but they fought on nevertheless, until they could fight no more. Let the reader remember that as the Southerners understood the case, they could not, without a complete sacrifice of honor, do anything else than fight on until utterly crushed, and he will then be prepared to understand how small a figure the question of success or failure cut in determining their course.

The unanimity of the people was simply marvelous. So long as the question of secession was under discussion, opinions were both various and violent. The moment secession was finally determined upon, a revolution was wrought. There was no longer anything to discuss, and so discussion ceased. Men got ready for war, and delicate women with equal spirit sent them off with smiling faces. The man who tarried at home for never so brief a time, after the call to arms had been given, found it necessary to explain himself to every woman of his acquaintance, and no explanation was sufficient to shield him from the social ostracism consequent upon any long-tarrying. Throughout the war it was the same, and when the war ended the men who lived to return were greeted with sad faces by those who had cheerfully and even joyously sent them forth to the battle.

Under these circumstances, the reader will readily understand, the first call for troops took nearly all the men of Virginia away from their homes. Even the boys in the colleges and schools enlisted, and these establishments were forced to suspend for want of students. In one college the president organized the students, and making himself their commander, led them directly from the class-room to the field. So strong and all-embracing was the thought that every man owed it to the community to become a soldier, that even clergymen went into the army by the score, and large districts of country were left too without a physician, until the people could secure, by means of a memorial, the unanimous vote of the company to which some favorite physician belonged, declaring it to be his patriotic duty to remain at home. Without such an instruction from his comrades no physician would consent to withdraw, and even with it very many of them preferred to serve in the ranks.

These were the men of whom the Confederate army was for the first year or two chiefly composed. After that the conscription brought in a good deal of material which was worse than useless. There were some excellent soldiers who came into the army as conscripts, but they were exceptions to the rule. For the most part the men whose bodies were thus lugged in by force had no spirits to bring with them. They had already lived a long time under all the contumely which a reputation for confessed cowardice could bring upon them. The verdict of their neighbors was already pronounced, and they could not possibly change it now by good conduct. They brought discontent with them into the camp, and were sullenly worthless as soldiers throughout. They

were a leaven of demoralization which the army would have been better without. But they were comparatively few in number, and as the character of the army was crystallized long before these men came into it at all, they had little influence in determining the conduct of the whole. If they added nothing to our strength, they could do little to weaken us, and in any estimate of the character of the Confederate army they hardly count at all. The men who early in the war struggled for a place in the front rank, whenever there was chance of a fight, and thought themselves unlucky if they failed to get it, are the men who gave character afterwards to the well-organized and well-disciplined army which so long contested the ground before Richmond. They did become soldiers after awhile, well regulated and thoroughly effective. The process of disciplining them took away none of their personal spirit or their personal interest in the war, but it taught them the value of unquestioning obedience, and the virtue there was in yielding it. I remember very well the extreme coolness with which in one of the valley skirmishes, a few days before the first battle of Bull Run, a gentleman private in my own company rode out of the ranks for the purpose of suggesting to J. E. B. Stuart the propriety of charging a gun which was shelling us, and which seemed nearer to us than to its supporting infantry. I heard another gentleman without rank, who had brought a dispatch to Stonewall Jackson, request that officer to "cut the answer short," on the ground that his horse was a little lame and he feared his inability to deliver it as promptly as was desirable. These men and their comrades lost none of this personal solicitude for the proper conduct of the war, in process of becoming soldiers, but they learned not to question or advise, when their duty was to listen and obey. Their very errors, as General Stuart once said in my hearing, proved them the best of material out of which to make soldiers. "They are pretty good officers now," he said, "and after a while they will make excellent soldiers too. They only need *reducing to the ranks.*"

This personal interest in the war, which in their undisciplined beginning led them into indiscreet meddling with details of policy belonging to their superiors, served to sustain them when as disciplined soldiers they were called upon to bear a degree of hardship of which they had never dreamed. They learned to trust the management of affairs to the officers, asking no questions, but finding their own greatest usefulness in cheerful and ready obedience. The wish to help, which made them unsoldierly at first, served to make them especially good soldiers when it was duly tempered with discipline and directed by experience. The result was that even in the darkest days of the struggle, when these soldiers knew they were losing everything but their honor, when desperation led them to think of a thousand expedients, and to see every blunder that was made, they waited patiently for the word of command and obeyed it with alacrity and cheerfulness when it came, however absurd it might seem. I remember one incident which will serve to illustrate this. The Federal forces one day captured an important fort on the north side of James River, which had been left almost unguarded, through the blundering of the officer charged with its defense. It must be retaken, or the entire line in that place must be abandoned and a new one built at great risk of losing Richmond. Two bodies of infantry were ordered to charge it on different sides, while the command to which I was then attached should shell it vigorously with mortars. In order that the attack might be simultaneously made on the two sides, a specific time was set for it, but for some unexplained reason there was a misunderstanding between the two commanders. The one on the farther side began the attack twenty minutes too soon. Every man of the other body, which lay then by our still silent mortars, knew perfectly well that the attack had begun, and

that they ought to strike then if at all. They knew that, without their aid and that of the mortars, their friends would be repulsed, and that a like result would follow their own assault when it should be made, twenty minutes later. They remained as they were, however, hearing the rattle of the musketry and listening with calm faces to the exulting cheers of the victorious enemy. Then came their own time, and knowing perfectly well that their assault was now a useless waste of life, they obeyed the order as it had been delivered to them, and knocked at the very gates of that fortress for an hour. These men, in 1861, would have clamored for immediate attack as the only hope of accomplishing anything, and had their commander insisted, in such a case, upon obeying orders, they would in all probability have charged without him. In 1864, having become soldiers, they obeyed orders even at cost of failure. They had reduced themselves to the ranks — that was all.

George Cary Eggleston.

LETTER FROM MR. OWEN BROWN.

To the Editor of The Atlantic Monthly:

Sir, — I am sorry to learn that certain passages in the narrative of my escape from Harper's Ferry, as written down by Mr. Keeler, have been taken in a sense unfavorable to some of my comrades, especially Charles Plummer Tidd.

That narrative was meant to be simply the history of our adventures and sufferings, and my opinions of my companions' characters were not so carefully expressed in it as they would have been if I had been speaking of what they *were* rather than what they *did* and *endured*.

I wish now to say that my impressions of Tidd, as I recall them, are that he was a very warm friend, generally of cheerful disposition, true, and devoted to his ideas of right and moral principle. He was firm and persistent in what he undertook, rather inclined to be arbitrary, and of a temper not always under perfect control. As a whole, he stands far above the average of men. I hold for him a warm friendship.

Cook was a man of strong friendship, genial, brave, daring, often to recklessness, generous, very sympathetic, of high principle. He was generally cheerful, often mirthful — with a temper under good control. He has a warm place in my memory.

Coppoc was brave, philanthropic, true to principle, faithful to his friends, and of well-restrained temper. Few have more admirable qualities.

Merriam was unassuming, and, so far as I have knowledge of him, possessed many admirable traits for which in life he probably did not receive due credit. He was generous to a fault. Under the severest tests his patience never failed him. His temper was under perfect control. He was never to my knowledge occupied in the business of reforming others, but acted at all times as though fully impressed with the idea that it is all one can do to manage himself. I have always felt grateful to him, and I entertain for him a lasting friendship.

These men possessed intellectual abilities quite above the average.

The courage of all our men has been sufficiently proved and acknowledged. Tidd was one of the bravest.

Owen Brown.

Put in-Bay Island, Lake Erie, Ohio.

RECENT LITERATURE.[1]

THE Legend of Jubal, in George Eliot's new book, and the dramatic poem Armgart, have already appeared in The Atlantic; and Agatha, and How Lisa loved the King, have also been published here. The new poems are A Minor Prophet, Brother and Sister, Stradivarius, Two Lovers, Arion, and Oh may I join the Choir Invisible.

There is not much question, we think, but they form the worthiest proof that the author has given of her right to make verse; but we do not suppose there is much hope that they will be treated with exacter justice than her former poetic attempts. She stands with her great fame as a novelist between her work and the friendly and the unfriendly critic alike. No doubt the one will be moved by his admiration for Romola and Middlemarch, and the other hold by his persuasion that so great a writer of prose ought to let poetry alone, or else in all decency ought to make a miserable failure of it. We ourselves are prepared to say that if George Eliot had not written her novels, these poems —

Would alone render her famous;

Or,

Would make no impression upon the public:

That —

They are full of sentiment taking the clearness of thought, that is to say, poetry;

Or,

They are cold intellectualities struggling to clothe themselves in the color and warmth of emotion, that is to say, prose.

It is a token of our high esteem for the reader's judgment that we leave him to make his choice of these generalities, while we pass on to particulars.

The best poem in the book, to our thinking, is Brother and Sister, in which little-boy and little-girl life is so sweetly and delicately portrayed, with humorous touches of character that individualize the picture. It is thoroughly pleasant and good; the thought is warmly interfused with tender sentiment, and it is undoubtedly poetry; we cannot be so sure of anything else in the book.

"I held him wise, and when he talked to me
Of snakes and birds, and which God loved the best,
I thought his knowledge marked the boundary
Where men grew blind, though angels knew the rest.

"If he said 'Hush!' I tried to hold my breath;
Whenever he said 'Come!' I stepped in faith."

. . . . . .

"His sorrow was my sorrow, and his joy
Sent little leaps and laughs through all my frame;
My doll seemed lifeless and no girlish toy
Had any reason when my brother came."

. . . . . .

"Till the dire years whose awful name is Change
Had grasped our souls." . . .

"But were another childhood-world my share,
I would be born a little sister there."

Stradivarius is mainly talk between the old violin-maker and Naldo, a painter; good, bright, wholesome talk, like much of the Italian chat in Romola, and the burden — perhaps somewhat often insisted on — is one from which all honest workers may take heart: —

"'T is God gives skill,
But not without men's hands: He could not make
Antonio Stradivari's violins
Without Antonio."

1 *The Legend of Jubal and other Poems.* By GEORGE ELIOT. Author's Edition. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co. 1874.

A Voyage to the Fortunate Isles, etc. By MRS. S. M. B. PIATT, Author of A Woman's Poems. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co. 1874.

Poems. By H. R. HUDSON. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co. 1874.

The Trust and The Remittance. Two Love Stories in Metred Prose. By MARY COWDEN CLARKE. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1874.

Mary and Charles Lamb: Poems, Letters, and Remains. Now first collected, with Reminiscences and Notes. By W. CAREW HAZLITT. London: Chatto and Windus. 1874.

Theodore Parker. A Biography. By OCTAVIUS BROOKS FROTHINGHAM. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. 1874.

Life of Thomas Jefferson, Third President of the United States. By JAMES PARTON. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co. 1874.

An Art Tour to Northern Capitals of Europe. By J. BEAVINGTON ATKINSON. New York: Macmillan & Co. 1873.

The Butterflies of North America. Vol. I. Vol. II., Part i. By WILLIAM H. EDWARDS, Member of the American Entomological Society. 4to. New York and Cambridge: Hurd and Houghton; The Riverside Press. 1868-74.

John Andross. By REBECCA HARDING DAVIS. New York: Orange Judd & Co. 1874.

Record of a School. By A. BRONSON ALCOTT. Third Edition. Roberts Brothers. 1874.

Primitive Culture: Researches into the Development of Mythology, Philosophy, Religion, Art, and Custom. By EDWARD B. TYLOR. First American from the second English Edition. In two volumes. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1874.

Armgart must strike the careful observer less as a powerful dramatic situation than as the contemplation of it. The story of the beautiful and triumphant singer who loses her voice and her lover, and must descend alone, forced by an inexorable fate, to a lower plane of life, is full of tragedy only partially evoked. The characters tell the story, they do not live it. We have the same sense of the author's philosophical perception and analysis in the scenes, as when in her novels she plucks her people apart between their speeches, and anatomizes their motive and intention, while they pause to take breath at a comma. It is a great intellect, not a great art at work; it wants climax and effect. Nevertheless one is strongly interested. One does not feel that Armgart is, and suffers, but considers very seriously that if she were, she would suffer greatly.

About such a poem as Jubal, so far as it is a dream of primeval times and people, it is hard to know what to say. If one likes to do such poems, there is no objection, except that there are a great many poems in the world already. In the nature of the case they can only make the past reverberate the nineteenth century's voice and features, and this does not seem quite worth while. Jubal is a plunge into remotest time, when that antediluvian invented music, and after enjoying the honor of his tribe set out on his wanderings through the earth. He returns to his home and finds a procession going toward a temple to pay him divine honors. When he says that he is Jubal, the devotees fall upon him and beat him and cast him out. His Song comes to him at death, and tells him he shall live and triumph in it. The circumstance is dimly realized, and the desolating moral does not fill the spaces left desert by the author's lack of poetic warmth. It is the disadvantage — the artistic disadvantage, at least — of the materialistic creed, that it can appeal to nothing but the intellect; it tends to deathly allegory, and it preaches the Worm and the Grave much more tiresomely than Eternal Life can be set forth. On the whole, our poor old religion has some things to recommend it even to people of culture.

The first part of A Minor Prophet is deliciously humorous, and it is a pity that the end is somewhat overpreached. The conceit of the American vegetarian and his perfected world is charming; one almost hears his contented expatiation upon its tediousness, and this is a wonderfully good picture of him: —

"You could not pass him in the street and fail
To note his shoulders' long declivity,
Beard to the waist, swan-neck, and large pale eyes;
Or, when he lifts his hat, to mark his hair
Brushed back to show his great capacity —
A full grain's length at the angle of the brow
Proving him witty, while the shallower men
Only seem witty in their repartees.
Not that he 's vain, but that his doctrine needs
The testimony of his frontal lobe."

This which follows is very amusing and very good indeed: —

"No tears are sadder than the smile
With which I quit Elias. Bitterly
I feel that every change upon this earth
Is bought with sacrifice. My yearnings fail
To reach that high apocalyptic mount
Which shows in bird's-eye view a perfect world,
Or enter warmly into other joys
Than those of faulty, struggling human kind.
That strain upon my soul's too feeble wing
Ends in ignoble floundering: I fall
Into short-sighted pity for the men
Who living in those perfect future times
Will not know half the dear imperfect things
That move my smiles and tears — will never know
The fine old incongruities that raise
My friendly laugh; the innocent conceits
That like a needless eyeglass or black patch
Give those who wear them harmless happiness;
The twists and cracks in our poor earthenware,
That touch me to more conscious fellowship
(I am not myself the finest Parian)
With my coevals. So poor Colin Clout,
To whom raw onion gives prospective zest,
Consoling hours of dampest wintry work,
Could hardly fancy any regal joys
Quite unimpregnate with the onion's scent:
Perhaps his highest hopes are not all clear
Of waftings from that energetic bulb:
'T is well that onion is not heresy.
Speaking in parable, I am Colin Clout.
A clinging flavor penetrates my life —
My onion is imperfectness: I cleave
To nature's blunders, evanescent types
Which sages banish from Utopia.
'Not worship beauty?' say you. Patience, friend!
I worship in the temple with the rest;
But by my hearth I keep a sacred nook
For gnomes and dwarfs, duck-footed waddling elves
Who stitched and hammered for the weary man
In days of old. And in that piety
I clothe ungainly forms inherited
From toiling generations, daily bent
At desk, or plow, or loom, or in the mine,
In pioneering labors for the world."

The commonplace dream of this disheartening seer is so exquisitely laughed at that one longs in reading George Eliot's own poem — Oh may I join the Choir Invisible — to have her try the fine edge of her irony upon the doctrine she there seriously celebrates. It is the idea that we are to realize our inborn longing for immortality in the blessed perpetuity of man on earth; the supreme effort of that craze which, having abolished God, asks a man to console

himself when he shall be extinct with the reflection that somebody else is living on toward the annihilation which he has reached.

— In reading Mrs. Piatt's little book of poems, one has none of the uncertainty that troubles one about George Eliot's painfully thought-out verse. The presence of innate poetic genius of the subtlest kind, finding its natural expression is a pensive music, is felt at once; and we wish that our praise could carry this book of poems to half the people whom the great novelist's fame will make acquainted with her work in rhyme. But we must be content if we can find far fewer willing to listen when we tell them that here, in this volume, is poetry as delicate and purely poetic as ever was given to the world. The range is not great, we will own. It is a wife, looking sadly and questioningly to the past and future alike, while she clings for safety and rest to the love she knows; it is a mother, talking with a mystical, half-melancholy playfulness to her children, and telling them tales in which there always lurks some poignant allegory for older hearts; it is a woman softly bewailing the loss of her youth and the dreams of her youth, who sings here. But from chords few and simple, this poet wakes a pathetic music that is never monotonous, never cloys or wearies; her touch, even where it conveys a vague meaning to the intelligence, is full of significance for the hopes, the regrets which are really motions of the blood in us.

SOMETIME.

Well, either you or I,
  After whatever is to say is said,
Must see the other die.
  Or hear, through distance, of the other dead,
    Sometime.

And you or I must hide
  Poor empty eyes and faces, wan and wet
With Life's great grief, beside
  The other's coffin, sealed with silence, yet,
    Sometime.

And you or I must look
  Into the other's grave, or far or near,
And read, as in a book
  Writ in the dust, words we made bitter here,
    Sometime.

Then, through what paths of dew,
  What flush of flowers, what glory in the grass,
Only one of us two,
  Even as a shadow walking, blind may pass,
    Sometime!

And, if the nestling song
  Break from the bosom of the bird for love,
No more to listen long
  One shall be deaf below, one deaf above,
    Sometime.

For both must lose the way
  Wherein we walk together, very soon:
One in the dusk shall stay,
  The other first shall see the rising moon,
    Sometime.

Oh! fast, fast friend of mine!
  Lift up the voice I love so much, and warn;
To wring faint hands and pine,
  Tell me I may be left forlorn, forlorn,
    Sometime.

Say I may kiss through tears,
  Forever falling and forever cold,
One ribbon from sweet years,
  One dear dead leaf, one precious ring of gold,
    Sometime.

Say you may think with pain
  Of some slight grace, some timid wish to please,
Some eager look half vain
  Into your heart, some broken sobs like these,
    Sometime!

There never was poetry that more keenly searched out the hiding-places of our mute, dim fears and longings, than these mournful strains which give them voice here; and especially to whoever has known what it is tremblingly and fearfully to love children, here are appeals that cannot fail of quick response: —

THE FAVORITE CHILD.

Which of five snowdrops would the moon
  Think whitest, if the moon could see?
Which of five rosebuds flushed with June
  Were reddest to the mother-tree?
Which of five birds, that play one tune
  On their soft-shining throats, may be
  Chief singer? Who will answer me?

Would not the moon know, if around
  One snowdrop any shadow lay? —
Would not the rose-tree, if the ground
  Should let one blossom droop a day?
Does not the one bird take a sound
  Into the cloud, when caught away,
  Finer than all the sounds that stay?

Oh, little, quiet boy of mine,
  Whose yellow head lies languid here —
Poor yellow head, its restless shine
  Brightened the butterflies last year! —
Whose pretty hands may intertwine
  With paler hands unseen but near:
  You are my favorite now, I fear!

BABY OR BIRD?

"But is he a Baby or a Bird?"
  Sometimes I fancy I do not know;
His voice is as sweet as I ever heard
  Far up where the light leaves blow.

Then his lovely eyes, I think, would see
  As clear as a Bird's in the upper air;
And his red-brown head, it seems to me,
  Would do for a Bird to bear.

"If he were a Bird," you wisely say,
  "He would have some wings to know him by:"
Ah, he has wings, that are flying away
  Forever — how fast they fly!

They are flying with him, by day, by night;
Under suns and stars, over storm and snow,
These fair, fine wings, that elude the sight,
In softest silence they go.

Come, kiss him as often as you may —
Hush, never talk of this time next year,
For the same small Bird that we pet to-day,
To-morrow is never here!

These poems serve only partially to show what even one phase of the book is; and we do not know how to choose such as shall give its entire expression. Here is one that is perhaps as true as any to the subjective yet strongly dramatized general character of Mrs. Piatt's poetry:

LOVE-STORIES.

Can I tell any? No:
I have forgotten all I ever knew.
I am too old. I saw the fairies go
Forever from the moonshine and the dew
Before I met with you.

"Rose's grandmother knows
Love-stories?" *She* could tell you one or two?
"*She* is not young?" You wish that you were Rose?
"*She* hears love-stories? Are they ever true?"
Sometime I may ask you.

I was not living when
Columbus came here, nor before that? So
You wonder when I saw the fairies, then?
The Indians would have killed them all, you know?
"How *long* is long ago?"

And if I am too old
To know love-stories, why am I not good?
Why don't I read the Bible, and not scold?
Why don't I pray, as all old ladies should?
(I only wish I could.)

Why don't I buy gray hair?
And why —
Oh! child, the Sphinx herself might spring
Out of her sands to answer, should you dare
Her patience with your endless questioning.
"Does *she* know anything?"

Perhaps. "Then, could she tell
Love-stories?" If her lips were not all stone;
For there is one she must remember well —
One whose great glitter showed a fiery zone
Brightness beyond its own.

One whose long music aches —
How sharp the sword, how sweet the snake, O Queen! —
Into the last unquiet heart that breaks.
But the Nile-lily rises faint between —
You wonder what I mean?

I mean there is but one
Love-story in this withered world, forsooth;
And it is brief, and ends, where it begun
(What if I tell, in play, the dreary truth?),
With something we call Youth.

For others equally characteristic the reader must read The Palace-Burner, At the Play, I wish that I could go, If I were a Queen. All are perfect of their kind, and each will give the reader something to think over long after he could have forgotten whole volumes of ordinarily pleasing verse. There is indeed no poem here without its sharp suggestion, and we name a few because we cannot name them all. The Black Princess, A Doubt, This World, and that beautiful wise poem which gives its name to the book, we cannot leave unmentioned. And here is something that we must needs copy entire:

A WOMAN'S BIRTHDAY.

It is the Summer's great last heat,
It is the Fall's first chill: they meet.
Dust in the grass, dust in the air,
Dust in the grave — and everywhere!
Ah, late rose, eaten to the heart:
Ah, bird, whose southward yearnings start;
The one may fall, the other fly.
Why may not I? Why may not I?

Oh, Life! that gave me for my dower
The hushing song, the worm-gnawed flower,
Let drop the rose from your shrunk breast
And blow the bird to some warm nest;
Flush out your dying colors fast:
The last dead leaf — will be the last.
No? Must I wear your piteous smile
A little while, a little while?

The withering world accepts her fate
Of mist and moaning, soon or late;
She had the dew, the scent, the spring
And upward rapture of the wing;
Their time is gone, and with it they.
And am I wooing Youth to stay
In these dry days, that still would be
Not fair to me, not fair to me?

If Time has stained with gold the hair,
Should he not gather grayness there?
Whatever gifts he chose to make,
If he has given, shall he not take?
His hollow hand has room for all
The beauty of the world to fall
Therein. I give my little part
With aching heart, with aching heart.

Such poetry as this, so fine, so true, may wait a long while for recognition; but fame is sure to follow it at last. Nevertheless, because an author is not always as immortal as his book, and because the fame that comes soonest is sweetest even when well earned, we wish that every reader of ours might pay tribute to this woman of genius by reading her book.

— Miss Hudson's poetry reaches its best in the story called Episodes, which is also the longest in the little book. It is the history of a girl's tragical love, and it is told simply and effectively. Her lover is killed on their wedding-day in a railroad accident. When the war breaks out she goes to nurse

in the hospitals, and a young Southern Unionist amongst the wounded falls in love with her. After the war, he comes and asks her to marry him, but she, searching her troubled heart, finds it, with all its sympathy and compassion for him, true to the first love, and refuses; and so the story ends. There are many reasons why such a poem should be the best in a book of fugitive verses. It is in the first place a story, and the employment of the poet's mind with the details of incident and situation preserves her from that fatal New England tendency to preaching which kills all joy in the bosom of the reader. Then the ground if not new is good, and is the ground of enough actual experience to make it very real; it only, indeed, wants localization, and if the scene could have been laid in some place known to the gazetteer, it would have been vastly better. However, it is very well as it is — the first parts being the best. The bride and her sisters banter each other in the morning, before it is time for the bridegroom to come, and their talk is very natural and girl-like: —

"And saucy repartee and jest
Were tossed about among the girls:
'See, here is rue for Roger's vest,
With dandelions to trim your curls!'
'How beautifully we 'd be drest,
If only grooms were knights and earls!
Pray tell us, Mary, — you know best, —
If Roger cares for crimps and quirls?

"'Remember, when you 're saying yes,
You must n't glance at Maud or me!
Just count the ruffles on your dress,
Or blossoms on the apple-tree.
Roger 'll be grave enough, I guess, —
Grave as a bridegroom ought to be, —
I 'm sure I wish you both success
In putting on your dignity.'

"'Roger be grave?' 'Well, hardly that;
But graver than his wont, I trow.
I 'll give his arm a friendly pat,
If he forgets and answers, "No."
You 'll stand just here, where father sat
When James was married, long ago,
Right on the border of the mat,
Between the door and window, — so!

"'And Roger, with his careless grace,
Will look as handsome as a king;
And you! — this rose would match your face
When first you wear the marriage-ring!'
Thus chattering, all about the place
They set the witnesses of spring,
And left a little, subtle trace
Of love and care on everything.

"But she, half laughing at their talk,
Kept watchful eyes upon the gate,
The road's far windings, white as chalk;
Then Maud said gayly, 'Roger 's late.
Let 's promenade along the walk
And scold because he makes us wait;
Let 's gather each a tansy-stalk
And wear a weed in widowed state!'"

Then when the blow has fallen, and the girl sits beside her dead lover's coffin, the situation is enforced with some excellently suggestive strokes of description: —

"The silence and the shadows held all the place in thrall,
Sometimes across the meadows she heard a night-bird's call,
And sometimes, vaguely noted, as sounds that break a dream,
The stamping of the cattle, the murmur of the stream."

The second episode is less satisfactorily managed. We have a feeling that the writer feared to grasp the honest circumstance of her story vigorously, lest some weak, æsthetic sensibilities should suffer. But we shall never have any poetry worth while, so long as we strive to transport our American realities into the atmosphere of books we have read. We do not say that Miss Hudson strives to do this at all constantly, and we are bound to say that we read her poem to the end with satisfaction in its sort of good Wordsworthian literalness. Of course there were little falterings in the direction of the "poet's corner," as, —

"Only a girl's despairing cry
Ringing across the sunny air,"

which we could have wished absent even while we forgave them; but they were anything but characteristic. In fact, Miss Hudson's characteristic tendency, we should say, was toward what is best in the execution of Episodes: a sincere diction and a tangibility of incidents and personages. Aunt Janet and Grandma and Madame, are all fair examples and proofs of this. In some other pieces, like The Newsboy and The Peddler, the plain material is not poetical, or not patiently and thoroughly wrought. In justice to the reader, we must add that there is a large number of poems in the book which we cannot praise for any but the negative virtues.

— The Trust and The Remittance are two slight stories of which it would be hard to speak well and yet harder to speak ill, if one keeps in mind the graceful and valuable services the author has rendered to literature. If Mrs. Clarke liked to write these tales, she had earned the right to offer them to the public, which can read them or not as it pleases. She frankly calls them metred prose, and to the greatest kindness they cannot appear otherwise.

They are blank verse to the eye; but it is a blank verse which does not scruple to end with a preposition, an adjective, even an indefinite article; and it is rather odd that Mrs. Clarke should not have so profited by her school in making her Shakespeare Concordance as to have found the writing of such verses impossible.

— The reader will thank Mr. William Carew Hazlitt for the letters of Mary Lamb, and for one or two of Charles Lamb's letters and "notelets," which are about all the new things in the volume of much value or interest. Most of the poems, letters, and other matter, which Hazlitt is pleased to call "the inedited remains of Charles Lamb," are included in the last English edition of Lamb's works. The sonnet on Work, the pretty, characteristic little poem entitled The Christening, the delightful letter to Patmore about Dash, the dog, the remarkable letter to George Dyer describing the Vulcanian Epicure of Enfield, and one or two more articles, were published long ago by Talfourd.

Notwithstanding that he has done so much to make one believe to the contrary, the editor and compiler of this work is affectionate to Charles Lamb's memory, and if he were only correct and trustworthy in his details, statements, and citations, his reminiscences and notes would not be altogether contemptible, though lacking in judgment, discrimination, and appreciation. We dislike and distrust most of his theories and speculations concerning the Lambs, and have mighty little faith in what he writes of the less known events of their "checkered history." He says he "should not be inclined, certainly, to place the visit to Margate, when they both [Charles and Mary Lamb] saw the sea for the first time, very early: perhaps it took place about 1818." Lamb, in mentioning this first sea-side trip in the paper on The Old Margate Hoy, says that "we [Elia and Bridget] had never been from home so long together in company." Therefore this visit to Margate must have been previous to the well-known one to the lakes of Cumberland in 1802, when they spent three weeks with Coleridge at Keswick. Of this memorable excursion, which is so delightfully described in a letter to Manning, there is no mention in the chapter or rather part of a chapter about The Lambs from Home. In a note to this chapter it is said that Lamb was at Margate again in 1831, and for proof of this the reader is referred to a letter to John Taylor, one of the publishers of The London Magazine. If the editor or compiler had read this letter he must have seen that it could not have been written in 1831, because it was sent with the proof of Elia's Mackey End in Hertfordshire, an article which was published in 1821 — the correct date of this late visit to Margate. "I am here at Margate," writes Lamb to Taylor, "spoiling my holidays with a review I have undertaken for a friend." If the editor had rescued this article from oblivion he would have done a commendable thing. But he has not been very successful in his attempt to "gather up" all that "still remained uncollected of Elia's writing." We have seen half a dozen articles, at least, which he seems never to have heard of. We hope they will be collected some day. He says Lamb has described the visit to Oxford, with the Hazlitts, in 1809, at some length in one of the essays of Elia, Oxford in the Vacation. Lamb has done no such thing. The visit to Oxford, described by Elia, was made in 1820. Indeed, the essay seems to have been written in that heart of learning, "under the shadow of the mighty Bodley." The paper, upon its publication in the London Magazine, was dated "August 5, 1820. From my rooms facing the Bodleian."

The compiler is also in doubt about the date of Lamb's Continental tour. Talfourd says it was in the summer of 1822, and he is proved to be right by a passage in Crabb Robinson's diary briefly describing an interview with Miss Lamb at Paris in August, 1822. We are informed that "Mr. Patmore has preserved some record of this strange pilgrimage in a letter from Lamb to him, in which the writer says he has tasted frogs." This letter, which is well-known to the lovers of Elia, does not contain anything about the Lambs' invasion of France, nor does the writer say he has tasted frogs, but asks Patmore, then sojourning in Paris, if he has ever tasted them. But the epistle to Baron Field, written soon after Lamb's return, which Mr. Hazlitt has ignored or forgotten, contains a characteristic brief description of Elia's impressions of Paris, and some pleasant matter concerning Talma, when Lamb had to breakfast with him in Paris.

What is said of White — Elia's "pleasant friend Jem White" — and his Falstaff's Letters, is, to put it mildly, highly unsatisfactory, if not mostly worthless or untrue. Because the work was dedicated to

"Master Samuel Irelaunde" some criticaster or other, whom Mr. Hazlitt quotes and indorses, conjectures that White wrote the Falstaff correspondence to denote his contempt for the Ireland forgeries. Lamb, however, who was "in familiar habits" with the author, says, in his review of the book in The Examiner, which Mr. Hazlitt knows nothing about, that the Letters were dictated "from the fullness of a young soul, newly kindling at the Shakespearean flame, and bursting to be delivered of a rich exuberance of conceits." But perhaps this that follows is the boldest and unwisest supposition in these hypothetical chapters on the life and character of Charles Lamb; we say perhaps, because their author or compiler is fertile in such things, and it is not always easy to say which one of them is preëminent in ignorance, error, or audacity. "Spurious as White's lucubration was, and unsatisfactory, in some respects, as we may consider Lamb's connection with it to have been, we must not be sure that it has not the merit of having first directed the attention of the latter to Shakespearean letters. For White was an earnest and warm admirer of the great poet, and his acquaintance with Lamb had not improbably the useful effect of imparting a share of this enthusiasm and love." We admit that White was "an earnest and warm admirer of the great poet;" his book proves it. But "this enthusiasm and love" was kindled by Lamb, who really introduced Shakespeare to White. "We remember," writes Elia in his uncollected paper on White, "when the inspiration came upon him; when the plays of Henry Fourth were first put into his hands. We think *at our recommendation he read them*, rather late in life, though still he was but a youth." We are told that nowadays White's book is "common enough." We know not Mr. Hazlitt's idea of commonness in a book, but Falstaff's Letters was getting to be a scarce work in its author's lifetime, and Lamb thought he was lucky when he picked it up at the stalls for eighteen pence, as he did once or twice. About thirty years ago an English literary gentleman, a lover of Charles Lamb and Charles Lamb's friends, searched London through for a copy of it, and could not find one at stall or bookshop. He had to go to the British Museum to read it. Later he succeeded in borrowing a copy, and had it entirely transcribed and bound in a volume. Later again he was so fortunate as to meet with a copy for sale for which he paid a deal more than eighteen pence, though not quite as much as the Roxburgh copy brought at the sale of that magnificent library. The work turns up as seldom now as then. You rarely find it at the stalls or in the catalogues of the dealers in old and second-hand books. If it ever gets into an auction — and it seldom does in these days — it is eagerly bid for, and is knocked down at a good quotable sum.

It is possible that "Lamb may not have been a very careful corrector of the press," though compared with Mr. Hazlitt he was a Wilson or a Nichols. For Mr. Hazlitt can seldom touch a poem or essay without marring its beauty or spoiling its sense by gross typographical errors. Lamb's poem on The Christening, which is wrongly included in his "inedited remains," is disfigured by having the word "vests," in the second line, printed "nests:" —

> "Arrayed — a half-angelic sight —
> In nests of baptismal white."

In correcting one of Mr. Percy Fitzgerald's mistakes regarding Lamb — it would be an almost Herculean task to correct all of them — Mr. Hazlitt quotes thus from that gentleman: "K—— who, with his wife — 'that part French, better part English*man*' — carried off Margaret, Duchess of Newcastle." By the literal accuracy with which the extract is made, Mr. Hazlitt repeats the absurdly bad misprint which makes K——'s wife a man! Of course Elia, from whom Fitzgerald quotes, wrote Englishwoman. In the beautiful letter to George Dyer, which is familiar to all readers of Talfourd's Life and Letters of Lamb, there is what Elia would call a damnable erratum: "Poor Enfield, that has been so peaceable hitherto, that has caught no inflammatory fever," and then Lamb goes on to describe the great fire blazing "last night" in the barns and haystacks of an Enfield farmer, which shows conclusively that Enfield had caught the inflammatory fever then prevailing in rural England. The correct reading is: "Poor Enfield, that has been so peaceable hitherto, has caught the inflammatory fever." In attempting to correct another of Mr. Fitzgerald's mistakes about Lamb, Mr. Hazlitt makes a greater one himself by saying that nobody ever heard of such a book as Scott's Critical Essays on some of the Poems of Several English Poets, "for the excellent reason that it never existed." But notwithstanding this confident assertion to the

contrary, such a book *does* exist. Allibone includes it among the works of John Scott the Quaker. But the MS. annotations with which Lamb's copy of the work was enriched were all written by Lamb himself, and not by Ritson, as Elia gravely said in The London Magazine, somewhat to the confusion and sorrow of those simple souls who, like Mr. Percy Fitzgerald, believe all that is told them by such a "matter-of-lie man" as Charles Lamb.

In an early letter to Coleridge, Lamb thus writes concerning Fairfax's translation of Tasso's Godfrey of Bulloigne: "Fairfax I have been in quest of a long time. Johnson, in his Life of Waller, gives a most delicious specimen of him." To this passage Mr. Hazlitt says, in a foot-note, "There is no specimen of Fairfax in Johnson's Memoir." No specimen of Fairfax in the memoir of Waller! If the reader will consult the Lives of the Poets he will find eighteen stanzas of Fairfax's fine old translation in the Life of Waller, which are introduced by Johnson in these words: "As Waller professed himself to have learned the art of versification from Fairfax, it has been thought proper to subjoin a specimen of his work." In a note to a letter to Baron Field (one of the few new letters of Lamb's in the volume) Mr. Hazlitt says that "Lamb had been asked for a catalogue of Mr. Field's gallery." If Mr. Hazlitt had read this letter, or even the sentence to which his note particularly refers, he must have seen that it was Mathews's gallery, not Field's, Lamb had been asked to make a catalogue of. "For Mathews, I know my own utter unfitness for such a task," Lamb writes to Field. "I am no hand at describing costumes, a great requisite in an account of mannered pictures. I have not the slightest acquaintance with pictorial language even. An imitator of me, or rather pretender to be *me*, in his Rejected Articles, has made me minutely describe the dresses of the *poissardes* at Calais! I could as soon resolve Euclid. I have no eye for forms and fashions. I substitute analysis, and get rid of the phenomenon by slurring in for its impression. I am sure you must have observed this defect, or peculiarity, in my writings; else the delight would be incalculable in doing such a thing for Mathews, whom I greatly like — and Mrs. Mathews, whom I almost greatlier like. What a feast 't would be, sitting at the pictures, painting 'em into words! but I could almost as soon make words into pictures. I speak this deliberately, and not out of modesty. I pretty well know what I can't do."

Mr. Hazlitt says that Lamb "was very possibly more than semi-serious when he once said, in a letter to a friend, 'Hang the age! I will write for posterity!'" We think he would have been a good deal more than "semi-serious," could he have known how cruelly this editor would misquote him. To appease Elia's troubled shade we will give the joke or jest, or whatever you prefer to call it, just as he told it in a letter to Barry Cornwall, with the writer's own characteristic comments and explanations: "Did you see a sonnet of mine [The Gypsy's Malison] in Blackwood's last? Curious construction! *Elaborata facilitas!* And now I'll tell. 'T was written for The Gem, but the editors declined it, on the plea that it would *shock all mothers;* so they published The Widow instead. I am born out of time. I have no conjecture about what the present world calls delicacy. I thought Rosamund Gray was a pretty modest thing. Hessey assures me the world would not bear it. I have lived to grow into an indecent character. When my sonnet was rejected, I exclaimed, 'Hang the age, I will write for antiquity!'"

There are more of these blunders, but enough — perhaps more than enough — has been said of Mr. William Carew Hazlitt's slips and inaccuracies.

— "No man," said Selden, with that strict sense of predestination belonging to a Calvinistic age, "no man is the wiser for his learning; wit and wisdom are born with a man." If this was true of any man, it certainly was of Theodore Parker; and as Mr. Frothingham has told the story of his life, the fact plainly appears. The secret of his greatness was that he so well incarnated and gave voice to the native, homebred New England genius. The humor, the conscience, the moral sense, and the intrepid courage, not less than the eager thirst for knowledge, partial insensibility on the æsthetic side, and the countryman's simplicity, were all embodied in Parker, as they have been before and will be again in representative men of New England. It was not so much his opinions, theological, philosophical, or political, that drew men unto him and held them fast; it was this inborn quality by which he showed them their own consciousness, their own aspirations, mir-

rored or realized in the life of another. Not that opinion was indifferent to him or to them; for except the Scotch, possibly, no people hold more tenaciously to their beliefs than do the New Englanders. But there is something in human nature more inward and permanent than intellectual belief — the structure of character itself; and there is often a complete unity in this, among those who hold widely diverse dogmas in religion or politics. "It is well known," says Emerson, "that Parker's great, hospitable heart was the sanctuary to which every soul conscious of an earnest opinion came for sympathy, — alike the brave slave-holder and the brave slave-rescuer." Perhaps the best illustration of this was the undoubting faith in Parker's sympathy with which John Brown, an Old Testament Calvinist, if ever there was one, came in secret to the arch-heretic of Boston, when his heroic dream of destroying slavery by violence was about to manifest itself in action.

Still it need not be denied that Parker was near the head of an advancing wave in religious opinion. Where he stood almost alone, thirty years ago, whole sects and communities now stand; while some of his disciples, or old opponents even, have got so far beyond him that he already begins to look like a conservative in theology. He held firmly and warmly to the personal element in religion. The universe did not seem to him governed by an algebraic formula, or capable of being reduced to a chemic reaction; it was created and upheld by a loving parental will. When the churches excommunicated Parker's form of heresy, startling and annoying as it seemed, they could not have foreseen these days of protoplasm and the Ascidians, when science does not so much as condescend to leave a place for God at all, even as a *caput mortuum*. And one of the few faults in this biography of Mr. Frothingham's is the too recent and Darwinian point of view from which he chooses to regard Parker. Another is too strong a desire, or at least too great a willingness, to perpetuate the memory of the sectarian squabbles over Parker's position when he first left the Unitarian ranks. What happened then, though keenly felt and well remembered by Parker, was but a trifling episode in his career, as it will be viewed by posterity, if we may be permitted to judge by the way it impresses us after this brief interval of a single generation.

As a brave, devoted friend of mankind, and a political leader of rare courage and sagacity, Parker now presents himself to the knowledge of those who have grown to manhood since he left his country never to return, fifteen years ago. In the long and dismal conflict with slavery, he stood between Garrison and Sumner, — the agitator his friend on one side, and the statesman his companion on the other. He was hardly less an agitator than Garrison, and quite as profound and well trained in statesmanship as Sumner. Among his friends also were Phillips, the matchless orator, and he whom Mr. Frothingham well calls "a colossal figure" — John Brown. This man was neither orator nor statesman, but one who could do what eloquence and policy had failed to accomplish. He cut the Gordian knot at which statesmen for seventy years had fumbled, and once cut, it could never be tied again. In Brown's enterprise, as Mr. Frothingham shows, Parker took an important part, and the two names, neither of them soon to be forgotten, will go down in history together.

— The readers of this magazine know better than we could tell them the general character of Mr. Parton's Life of Jefferson, for it formed the most popular feature in twenty-one successive numbers of The Atlantic. People turned to it before they read the serial stories, or even cut the pages whose jealous fold concealed the instruction and delightfulness of the book-notices. It is quite idle then to say that it is most entertainingly written, and if we leave this perfectly safe ground we could hardly say anything else in praise of it which would not be disputed by others. There are people who believe not only that Jefferson was no saint, but that he was a vastly mistaken statesman, and but indifferent honest as a politician. For these, apparently, Mr. Parton has not written except in so far as he has thought well to afflict them by the attribution of nearly all the good qualities to his hero, surrendering the bad ones with a generous profusion for division among Jefferson's enemies. He is an advocate, there is no question of that, and probably would be the last to claim finality for his words about any man, measure, or event. He states the case as it seems to him, and no doubt he is swayed by his passion, his preference. But he makes people read, and we hope that he makes them think and provokes them to the very inquiry which, if he is wrong, will enable them to refute him. He rescues our annals from dullness, and the memories of the

fathers from weariness, and weaves so pleasant a story about them that they seem almost as interesting to us as each one of us is to himself. In all this we consider him thoroughly honest, however partial he may be. Mr. Parton may not be the man to do justice to such men as Adams and Hamilton, who, in their turn, were not the men to do justice to Jefferson; but whether Mr. Parton is not the man to do justice to some tendencies which those two eminent patriots represented, and which Jefferson opposed, is by no means so certain. We rather fancy that he is, the more so that he shows himself able to see and deplore the unlimited power which the success of some of the Jeffersonian ideas has thrown into the hands of the ignorant. Universal suffrage now seems our evil, not because suffrage has not been limited by a property qualification, or some other aristocratic device, but because it is not limited by the only democratic device, that of education. Our case, bad as it is (and it is not so bad as it is represented), is no worse than that of our Canadian neighbors, who have the check of a property suffrage; and our case might be very much worse than it now is if the press were fettered by such regulations as several of the most honest and patriotic men of the Revolution thought necessary. The fact is simply that Hamilton held by the old monarchical traditions which surrounded government with state and with awfulness; and Jefferson conceived the notion of a business-house in which the affairs of the nation should be transacted without show and without ceremony, by persons chosen to do their duty and to expect no honor merely for their office' sake, and no easier glory for it than men achieve by the proof of their supreme fitness for art, for letters, for commerce, for war. He made such a government possible, and such a government will finally be ours. This is the central truth enforced by Mr. Parton's work; this is its moral and its value.

— Mr. Beavington Atkinson's qualifications for recording his Art Tour to Northern Capitals certainly do not consist in any remarkable ability for drawing useful or interesting conclusions, nor in describing with anything like pictorial skill the various towns, public buildings, pictures, and statues which he has seen. In this latter particular, indeed, he is very deficient; he begins with an intention of describing something and ends with giving us only a few detached objections to certain features of the object under notice. Still, it is apparent from his variety of reference, and his free use of proper names, that he has had unusual opportunities for comparison of art-products in widely different localities, and has personally encountered a great many painters. And in spite of his short-comings, in spite of an inconsequent manner of stringing all sorts of observations together, as if he were about to come to some complex conclusion, — a manner which seems to be a sort of disordered imitation of M. Taine's aggregations of multitudinous fact, — the fields through which he has wandered are so new to us, and have been so little written about in English from the art-critic's point of view, that his volume really becomes very interesting for the large number of new items it contributes to our knowledge. And doubtless it will appeal as strongly to the American reader as to the audience originally addressed by the author through The Portfolio, The Saturday Review, and other English periodicals in which these chapters first appeared. In fact, there is a special reason why any review of the achievements in art of Denmark, Norway, Sweden, and Russia, should attract our notice more than that of any other public; for these countries stand, in some respects, in much the same position as ourselves with regard to the development of art in other portions of Europe — a resemblance which Mr. Atkinson in one place expressly points out, speaking of Russia. Here, too, is a sentence not without some application to the state of art in this country. "The Danish idea of the grand is superficial size, or cubic contents; hence large pictures are unusually rife, and the dimensions of the canvas are wholly in excess of the magnitude of the thought."

In Denmark, also, there are notions afloat about some phase of art which shall be purely national; notions which seem to have resulted in little good, and to have caused considerable discord. "By all means," says Mr. Atkinson, "let them be national from backbone to fingers' ends, in everything but national ignorance." This is a discriminating admonition which we should do well to keep in mind, in view of the tendency of young artists and thoughtless on-lookers to suppose that originality is endangered by study of previous originality. In Norway, a style of "landscape heroics" is in vogue. "Pictures are systematically composed out of mountains, lakes, deep valleys, vast rocks, and stormy skies. Bierstadt, the American,

serves up such materials with the like dressings."

The case seems to be somewhat better in Sweden, where the artists born previous to this century were nerveless classicists, but those born since its opening have strengthened their cause by an alliance with subjects drawn from peasant life. In the matter of portrait-statues, also, something appears to have been effected of a genuine kind. But, as a whole, the development remains an hybrid one, as is apt to be the case where the arts are nurslings of royal patronage. The putting a civilized community into readiness for yielding artistic fruit is as yet less understood than the chemical preparation of soils in agriculture. Meantime, must we conclude that fine pictures and noble statues are to be looked for only in certain latitudes where such beauties are indigenous? Mr. Atkinson inclines to consider climate supreme in these matters, following M. Taine. For ourselves, we are disposed to hold out against the weather, a while longer. The history and science of æsthetics are at present too little understood to enable such an organization of intellectual, emotional, and physical conditions as would insure the growth of a self-sustaining art in any of the regions intermediate between the frigid zones. But it may be that we shall sometime discover how to bring forth, under the skies of different countries, the different fruits which will best thrive there.

The progress of Russia toward forming a school of creative art is, it must be confessed, not encouraging. In that empire there is an academy, with a branch at Rome; and students are dispatched to the latter city with an allowance of $800 a year, for six years, and $200 extra for the journey out, and the same for the return. Nor are they ill-provided with objects of study at home; for the palace of the Hermitage at St. Petersburg contains a collection of 1500 paintings, more than half a thousand drawings, 1700 vases, the largest collection of gems in existence, and 361 ancient marbles, many of them from Kertch, in the Crimea, and excellent examples of Greek sculpture. "The Hermitage," says our author, "does not suffer by comparison with the Vatican, the Museum of Naples, the galleries of Florence, the Louvre in Paris, or the Great Picture Gallery in Madrid;" while "the Dutch pictures are not to be equaled save in Holland or in Dresden." Notwithstanding this, and that these institutions have been in operation for a century, Mr. Atkinson not only finds nothing genuinely new and distinctive in Russian art, but even pronounces himself hopeless as to the future of such art as has already been brought to growth there.

It is true, that an obstacle to advance exists in Russia which we shall not have to encounter here, namely, in the restriction put upon sculpture of the human figure by the Greek Church, and the traditional Byzantine style of religious painting. Also, it may be that Mr. Atkinson does not look far enough ahead. From his own account, we gather that there has been an appreciable advance upon the work of Bruin and Neff, who began early in the present century; an approach to something not merely derivative. We must not overlook the historic value of partial successes in art. A people just making its way into the arts will naturally impress upon its artistic work something of the prevailing incompleteness characteristic of any nation without good art of its own. For example, Walt Whitman may not improbably come to be looked upon hereafter as exactly typical of the unfinished, unwieldy, somewhat boastful, and earnest attitude withal, in which, if we regard ourselves impartially, we shall see that we at present stand, in the United States. Further, it appears to us that Mr. Atkinson has not done justice to Vereschagine (whose name is spelled in the book Wereschagin and Warestschagin, indifferently). So far as we can gather from woodcuts of his powerful compositions exhibited in England at the Crystal Palace, and from verbal report, we suspect not only originality in his choice of subjects, but in treatment also. In decorative art, it is admitted that the Russians are likely to accomplish much that is genuine and beautiful. In 1825, Count Stroganoff founded a school of design at Moscow (supported for eighteen years at his own expense, and now in a flourishing condition) which forms the centre of growth in decorative and industrial art. This school is based upon the school at South Kensington. But Mr. Atkinson has some fear that the tendency of the management is to stifle originality by a too assiduous insistence upon strict South Kensington methods. Here is a caution which comes directly home to ourselves; and with the more force because we have not, like Russia, three different historic lines of ornament to choose from — the Northern (Finnish), Byzantine, and Oriental. The Oriental tendency is urged by Mr. Atkinson as

the only one which can lead to real and rich originality. The situation does not, then, appear altogether dark.

We must protest against the execrable Gallicism of Mr. Atkinson's writing. He indulges in preposterous constructions, abounds in redundancies, and burdens the comma to madness with the appointed duties of the semicolon. His book is also marred by errors of spelling, like "Pireus" for Piræus, "Mr. Power," for Powers, the American sculptor; and by a phrase like this (in the chapter preceding the entertaining essay on Thorwaldsen): . . . . "*lies* moldering fires and latent forces." We are unable to conceive how fires could *molder*. This chapter, we learn with some surprise, originally appeared in The Saturday Review.

— Six years ago, Mr. Edwards of West Virginia began a series of publications intended to illustrate only the perfect form of new or hitherto unfigured American butterflies. These have lately been collected into a quarto volume of elegant and attractive form, and of no ordinary scientific interest.

Up to the seventh number the work was chiefly noted for its wonderful illustrations of our species of Argynnis, Colias, and Grapta, which compose more than half of the species described in the whole work, and twenty-eight of the fifty plates. But during the publication of this series unusual interest arose in the transformations of butterflies, and Mr. Edwards was led to make an essential change in the character of his work, which has also increased its value. In this seventh number he illustrates the earlier stages of two western butterflies; and in the succeeding parts nearly half of the species depicted are accompanied by drawings of some or all of the early stages. The letter-press had hitherto been in great measure confined to the mere description of the butterflies. But in tracing the life-histories of these beautiful objects, our author becomes an investigator, and in the ninth part of his work adds more to our knowledge of butterflies than any other observer has done for years past. He finds that Papilio Ajax appears under three forms, which he distinguishes as Walshii, Telamonides, and Marcellus. His attempt to trace their relationship leads to most curious results: the progeny of Walshii and Telamonides (which appear in spring only) becomes Marcellus; and the progeny of Marcellus, if perfected the same season, also becomes Marcellus; but if wintering as a chrysalis, it changes the next year to either of the three, according to the time of its eclosion. Then all the individuals of a single brood do not behave alike. Of one set of seventy chrysalids, which suspended at the end of May, a part produced butterflies during the first week in June; one butterfly appeared June 23, another July 12; while the rest lived unchanged through the winter, and such as did not die emerged early in spring.

In the same number of his work he gives the details of a somewhat similar case in Grapta interrogationis. Naturalists had been disputing which of two American butterflies should bear this name, when these plates put an end to the discussion by showing its utter unimportance; the two so-called species were one; each could be raised from the eggs of the other; yet the case was not parallel to that of Ajax, for both varieties were simultaneously produced from one parent, and appeared at any season of the year.

These observations naturally attracted great attention; but the chief permanent value of the work lies unquestionably in the richness and wonderful accuracy of its illustrations. These have increased in excellence as the work has advanced; compare, for example, the plates of Argynnis Diana and A. Nokomis issued in Part 1, with corrected plates of the same in the supplementary part. And then what a wealth of illustration! There is an average of four or five drawings for each species described; to represent the varieties of Papilio Ajax we have eleven pictures of the imago, seven of the caterpillar, and five of the chrysalis; or take Parnassius Smintheus, where we have no less than fifteen exquisite drawings of the butterfly alone; no work ever illustrated so richly a single European species. And what can exceed the softness of finish in figures four and five of Plate Parnassius IV.? or the evenness of the coloration and its delicate tone? And then the tasteful arrangement of the whole upon the plate; it is as if one had but just startled a bevy of these Alpine beauties. Notice too how well the artist has rendered the bloom on the under surface of some of the Graptas, scarcely veiling the darker marbling or the ragged, party-colored bands beneath; and contrast them with the decided brilliancy of the spots on some of the Parnassians, or the crimson of the under surface of Ajax. There is nowhere any excess of color, no exaggeration of nature; the precise tone is caught, whether sober or

vivacious. The iconographic works on butterflies now publishing in England are tame and lifeless beside these figures, which seem to live upon the plates. In truthfulness of outline and sobriety of color, Butler's illustrations far surpass Hewitson's; yet both lack altogether the delicacy and precision of the work Miss Peart has done for Mr. Edwards. Millière's plates are done on steel by the most expert of Parisian engravers; yet even these in no way surpass the lithography of Miss Peart; to parallel her achievements we must go back to Hübner, that prince of iconographers, whose art seemed lost half a century ago. In outline, and in the delineation of the neuration, these drawings are faultless; and in this the scientist takes a pride; for his art is to transcribe nature and fix upon paper her hidden beauties of color and form; he glories as much in the truthful pictorial representation of an object as in its faithful delineation with the pen.

An appendix to the volume contains a "Synopsis" of American butterflies; it would better have been named a classified list, since it is unaccompanied by any characterization of the groups employed. Merely to serve as a check-list and as a guide to the specific synonymy, it is valuable, although we cannot but regret the typographical inelegancies with which it abounds, and the poverty of its references. As an accompaniment to such a work, however, it should have been much more than a list; it should have been a correct expression of the latest studies upon the structure and affinities of butterflies; whereas it sets them all at defiance. The Pieridæ, for instance, are not distinguished from the Papilionidæ, although such groups as the Ageronidæ (founded on an error of observation long since corrected) and the Danaidæ are separated, respectively, from the Nymphalidæ and Heliconidæ. The Erycinidæ are placed below the Lycænidæ, as is done by no author, ancient or modern, excepting in a discreditable compilation on American butterflies, by Morris; and the same compiler is followed in other strange and devious paths, as where the Coppers are placed between the Blues and the Hair-streaks, and where the Libytheidæ, or Long-beaks, are found in an association they never knew before, in or out of a book. If our author had but followed Bates, of whom he professes admiration, he would not have drawn the young student into so many quagmires. The treatment of the different parts of the list is very unequal, for while one author is followed in a somewhat minute subdivision of the Skippers, another is followed in distributing the Lycænidæ among three or four genera only, of unwieldy proportions and heterogeneous material.

Where the synonymy refers to the earlier authors, the reference is usually given with sufficient fullness; but references which must have been made at first hand are almost invariably too meagre; generally, too, there is no mark enabling one to judge whether an author quoted places the species in a different genus from that of the list or not; any one wishing to know this is obliged to search authorities for himself; whereas one special object of lists is to save others such researches. A very little more pains on the author's part would have doubled the value of the Synopsis.

A similar neglect of details detracts from the ready use of the body of the work; the want of any paging, and the complicated numbering of the plates, is an unnecessary defect, rendering reference to the work awkward and cumbersome; again, several illustrations on a plate are sometimes marked with the same number; in the page devoted to "dates of issue," this want of care is shown in the simple transference of the dates printed on the cover of each part; whereas the parts often appeared months after the time indicated.

These exquisite illustrations seem too little known outside the circle of naturalists, and we therefore the more urgently call attention to them here; every lover of the beautiful in nature will be enchanted with them. The first part of a new series has just been issued, and is equal to the best standard of the previous parts. It is similar in design, but the author distinctly states his intention of following the plan of the later numbers of the first series and illustrating the transformations of the older known butterflies, as well as of those more recently described. He has already shown himself as good a historian as an iconographer, and these new illustrations with their accompanying text hold out a good promise. The same artists are employed, and three of the five plates illustrate caterpillars and chrysalids as well as butterflies; among them we find a Papilio from California, an Anthocaris from the West, and the Libythea of the Eastern States; the history of the latter is especially interesting and carefully detailed; the author tells us that at the slightest innovation in the larval life of this

species, the caterpillars at once change to chrysalids, even though they are but half grown, and have cast their skins less than the regular number of times. Illustrations of butterflies from Virginia, British Columbia, and the red-wood forests of California, make up the series; the notes on the natural history of the insects are much fuller than usual, and add greatly to the interest of the plates.

— John Andross is certainly a very readable novel. Mrs. Davis writes well; with all her grimness she has a very agreeable humor, and if about all the men there is a certain exaggeration of their prominent qualities, the women — both the serious and sensible one whom the men of the story consider dull, and the frivolous and pretty one whom they with equal unanimity take for charming and loving — are very well described. The scene of the story is laid in western Pennsylvania, in the coal and oil region, and in Philadelphia and Harrisburg, and the local color is very well given. We may expose ourselves to the danger of being thought to be in the pay of a rich and powerful corporation — we only wish we were! — when we say that there is a chance that the power of a "whisky ring" is somewhat exaggerated, for the plot of the novel turns on the sufferings of an amiable but weak man, who, partly by his own fault and partly by force of circumstances, has got into the power of a "ring," which needs his glib tongue and ready manners for aid in doing its dirty work, in buying up Pennsylvania representatives. One should remember, however, that even in works of fiction it would be very hard to exaggerate the evil doings of Pennsylvania legislators and rings. The hero, John Andross, is the victim and tool of the ring, and the position in which he is placed is certainly a very dramatic one; he is struggling to free himself from its clutches; he has fled to this unknown region, where he has found a benefactor in Dr. Braddock, who in his ungainliness and shyness is a trifle overdrawn, although his principal qualities are well set before us. Even in this obscure retreat he is traced out by the myrmidons of the ring, and to get his freedom Andross steals a large sum of money from Braddock, indeed nearly all the latter's earnings, the sum he had laid by to get married on. With some ingenuity we are spared being made accomplices to his hesitation — if there was any — before committing this crime; but we have instead his remorse, not when he was alone, but when, after lonely wanderings through the mountains, he gets back to civilized life and tries to make a confession of his guilt. The struggle between his somewhat lax sense of duty and his easy enjoyment of all that is comfortable about him make his fault seem like some remote incident of ancient history, with which he has no right to disturb the pleasure of his friends, and he is only too ready to let time smooth everything over. The acquiescence of a weak man is admirably given, better than the idealized patience of Dr. Braddock. It is alone quite good enough to make the novel a success.

The weak woman, Anna Maddox, is, as we have said, well drawn; with a vein of malice perhaps, which, however, does not outweigh the lavish amount of praise the vine-like young woman gets from men when they write novels, and in real life. The woman who writes novels has no patience with such as she, and the authoress's scorn for the blindness of men in being so easily hoodwinked is very great. All the love-making is well told, and full weight is given to the momentary influence which such women get over men. Very different is Isabella. The interest rather flags, it must be said, in the last half of the novel; but on the whole the book is very entertaining. It is an American novel in which the American part does not outweigh everything else; it has those other qualities more important than geographical accuracy; it is clever and interesting.

— The Record made by Miss E. P. Peabody of the methods and teachings in Mr. Alcott's school, in the year 1834, has lately gone into a third and revised edition; and its peculiarity demands perhaps a more thorough and extended notice than we can give.

Mr. Alcott aimed to impart moral and religious, as well as intellectual instruction to the young children of his school, and this chiefly through conversations. No one can fail to note the pure, lofty, sympathetic, and unsectarian character of the spiritual lessons here recorded. Still, without assuming to know much experimentally of the best methods of teaching the young idea how to shoot, the impression the book leaves on our mind is that sometimes there may be a little too much of a good thing; that though self-inspection and self-analysis are excellent habits at all periods of life, there is a possible danger of carrying the practice a

little too far with children of a very tender age — especially as in Mr. Alcott's method a very lofty and unmixed ideal right was uncompromisingly insisted upon. Not that a lofty ideal is not a good thing; but that there may be more judicious and *complete* methods, in which the *whole* nature of the child, including appetite, emotion, love of variety, freedom of experimental knowledge, and spontaneous growth, shall be recognized, as well as the ideal element of conscience and deep self-scrutiny. That very young children are easily susceptible to the influx of purely ideal truth is a hint that this susceptibility should be wisely trained. There is reason to believe from this Record that Mr. Alcott was eminently conscientious, and from his point of view discreet; and that by this Socratic plan of questions and answers a far more powerful impression was made upon the young learners than could have been obtained by any formal, old-fashioned courses of drilling. But that there must have been habits of self-inspection fostered, somewhat at the expense of free and spontaneous development, and that the practice of requiring the children to *speak out* without reserve all their half-shaped thoughts, in words and phrases beyond their range of solid experience, may have tended to flatter individual love of praise, or spiritual pride, or self-abasement, is a suspicion one has difficulty in resisting while perusing this Record. The reading and analysis of Wordsworth's Ode on Immortality one would think is not exactly a text for the simple thoughts and dreams of a very young child; yet Mr. Alcott seems to have paraphrased a good deal of it to the satisfaction of his school.

We note that Miss Peabody herself, though at this period, nearly forty years ago, when she was an instructor in this school, she sympathized strongly with Mr. Alcott, states in her Preface to the third edition that though she believes now as then that education must be moral, intellectual, and spiritual, as well as physical, from the very beginning of life, she has come to doubt the details of Mr. Alcott's method of procedure. And even in her explanatory essay in the second edition, she also criticises with some justice Mr. Alcott's tendency to mental and moral dissection.

We will quote a passage from these conversations, which may illustrate some of the practical deficiencies to which we have alluded.

"Mr. Alcott asked which was most interesting, such conversation as this (about aspiration) or conversation about steam-engines or such things. Many said such conversation, but some did not reply. Mr. Alcott put the question in another form: and at last a little boy exclaimed, I never knew I had a mind till I came to this school; and a great many more burst out with the same idea."

In spite of many such passages, we think this book in the hands of a judicious teacher cannot fail to suggest a vast deal that may be useful in the education of the young.

— We are very glad to welcome an American edition of Mr. Tylor's charming volumes on Primitive Culture. The alterations in the second English edition are very slight, so that those who, three years ago, bought the book when it first appeared, need not feel as if that was money thrown away. Those who are not yet familiar with this work will find it one of the most remarkable and interesting books of the present day. It belongs to the Darwinian school, inasmuch as it makes application of the doctrine of evolution, and it is also, more literally, a follower of Darwin's book, since it takes up man, where that leaves him, at the remotest periods of which we have any knowledge, and traces his intellectual growth as shown in his actions, his philosophy, his religion, etc., from that time forth. A comparison is made of all that we have been able to learn of early times and of the savage races now extant; their myths and stories are collected and studied, and those amusements and customs of our own which are survivals of the doings of our uncivilized ancestors are shown to be landmarks in the history of the human race. It is the growth of civilization which the book illustrates. The first volume shows us how many of our children's games are simply what was in former times the occupation of all; now, for instance, the bow is merely a means of amusement, while formerly it was the ordinary weapon in warfare; and again, our custom of wishing well to any one who sneezes is a memorial of the belief that spirits could enter the human body. Light is thrown on some points of the question of the origin of language. Certain mythological matters are discussed, and the study of what the author calls animism is begun, a subject which occupies the greater part of the second volume. By animism is meant the opinions regarding the soul of man,

its relation to the living, and its probable fate after death.

In the discussion of these matters, Mr. Tylor has collected an enormous mass of material, of which, however, he always remains the perfect master. He is never borne down by his facts; he arranges them in an orderly way, and he never maintains an opinion without plenty of support for it, nor without adducing enough proof to convince the most incredulous. Not only is the book entertaining in its explanation of what we ourselves do, but it is also extremely valuable in enabling us to see the way in which the human mind grows from abject ignorance, through every kind of embarrassing superstition, to a position of scientific knowledge. In this respect it is without an equal, and when we add that it is admirably written, often with great humor and at times with eloquence, and never with a dull line, its importance can be readily estimated. In fact it is a model scientific book; it is based on firm facts, the deductions are wise, novel, and temperate, and the style is attractive as well as intelligible. The many students of Darwin and Spencer in this country cannot do better than to supplement the books of these writers by this work on Primitive Culture; and those who are averse to the main point of their philosophy will be able to judge, from the study of these really delightful volumes, how fruitful is their method in certain of its applications.

Other Publications.

Harper and Brothers, New York: Northern California, Oregon, and the Sandwich Islands. By Charles Nordhoff. — Five-Minute Chats with Young Women and certain other Parties. By Dio Lewis. — The Heart of Africa. Three Years' Travels and Adventures in the Unexplored Regions of Central Africa, from 1868 to 1871. By Dr. Georg Schweinfurth. In two vols. with maps and wood-cuts. — The Queen of Hearts. A Novel. By Wilkie Collins.

Henry Holt & Co., New York: The Sacred Anthology. A Book of Ethical Scriptures, collected and edited by Moncure Daniel Conway. — The Cretan Insurrection of 1866–7–8. By Wm. J. Stillman, Late U. S. Consul in Crete. — Waldfried. A Novel. By Berthold Auerbach. Translated by Simon Adler Stern. — Recent Art and Society, as described in the Autobiography and Memoirs of Henry F. Chorley. Compiled by C. H. Jones.

Scribner, Armstrong & Co., New York: Forgiveness and Law, grounded in Principles interpreted by Human Analogies. By Horace Bushnell. — Bric-à-Brac Series. Personal Reminiscences by Chorley, Planché, and Young. Edited by R. H. Stoddard.

Dodd and Mead, New York: David Crockett, his Life and Adventures. By John S. C. Abbott. — Fetich in Theology; or, Doctrinalism Twin to Ritualism. By John Miller. — Prayer and the Prayer Gauge. By Rev. Mark Hopkins, D. D.

James S. Burnton, New York: My Visit to the Sun; or, Critical Essays on Physics, Metaphysics, and Ethics. By Lawrence S. Benson.

J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia: On Civil Liberty and Self-Government. By Francis Lieber, M. D. Third Edition, Revised. Edited by Theodore D. Woolsey. — A Concordance to Shakespeare's Poems. An Index to every Word therein contained. By Mrs. Horace Howard Furness. — A History of the Conquest of Peru. By Wm. H. Prescott. New and revised edition. Edited by John Foster Kirk.

L. L. and Moses King, St. Louis: Dean's Interest and Equation Exponents. A System of Equation, governed by the Principle of Decimal Notation, by means of which the Correct Interest of any Sum, at any Rate Per Cent., for any given Time, is ascertained almost at a Glance. Fifth Edition. Computed by A. F. Dean.

William Blackwood & Sons, Edinburgh: Rome or Death; and The Madonna's Child. By Alfred Austin.

J. B. Ford & Co., New York: The Sermons of Henry Ward Beecher, in Plymouth Church, Brooklyn. From verbatim Reports by T. J. Ellinwood. Ninth and Tenth Series.

New York Bird Store, Boston: Holden's Book on Birds. By Charles F. Holden.

John P. Jewett, New York: Papa's Own Girl. A Novel. By Marie Howland.

Enander and Bohman, Chicago: Förenta Staternas Historia. Utarbetad för den Svenska Befolkningen i Amerika. Af Joh. A. Enander.

Roberts Brothers, Boston: Phantasmion, a Fairy Tale. By Sara Coleridge. — Sea and Shore. A Collection of Poems. — Some Women's Hearts. By Louise Chandler Moulton.

J. C. Hotten, London: A Life's Love

and Poems and Sonnets. 3 vols. By George Barlow.

J. R. Osgood & Co., Boston: Prudence Palfrey. A Novel. By T. B. Aldrich.

French and German.[1]

The state of mind of Benedix towards Shakespeare, as shown in his Shakespearomanie, does not differ materially from that of the youth in Leslie's caricature, who regarded "Shakespeare as a very much overrated man." He professes to attack nothing but the absurd exaggerations of unwise enthusiasts, who look upon every word in every one of Shakespeare's plays as the product of direct inspiration, and who, from various ulterior motives, look down upon the writers of their own country; but in point of fact he finds very little to approve in the great poet (as he is still popularly considered), and for one word against the empty phrases of Shakespeare's defenders, he has ten against the empty phrases of Shakespeare himself. The cause that he has taken needs only more defenders to make it part of a controversy which in time might do more towards defining the exact merits of the poet in question, than can thousands of books filled with nothing but reëchoing praise. As matters stand now, it is impossible for us to form a wholly unbiased opinion of Shakespeare's worth; we cannot discriminate what we have felt ourselves from what we have heard preached to us since we were children, and if we try to be independent we are likely to fall into whimsicality. One should not be too sure that this form of superstition is harmful. There would seem to be no reason why we should not profit by the critical experience of our forefathers, as well as by their skill in carpentering, tilling the earth, eschewing poisonous food, or in painting, building, and the other arts. The world is too large to be made wholly over again by every young man. At times, it is true, the world worships false idols, but, on the whole, literary taste shows an excellent record for impartiality. At any rate, when the time for examining an idol comes, a great deal depends upon who the person is that attacks the prevailing belief. In this case it is a German playwright, who is perhaps as well known to those of us not familiar with the German stage, by the paraphrase of his Aschenbrödel, which was performed very often in this country under the name of School, as by any other of his pieces. We believe that the friends of the late English dramatist, Robertson, claim that he was innocent of any plagiarism from the German; if that is true, the resemblance of their two pieces is one of the most remarkable cases of coincidence on record. None of Benedix's plays are of the highest merit, but almost all are entertaining, and carefully fitted for the stage. The Shakespearomanie is a posthumous work of his; what the editor of the book calls "a legacy to the German nation."

A great deal of the book is written for the Germans alone; he uses, for instance, nothing but the German translation, never once referring to the original, indeed, pointedly barring out any reference to it, on the ground that the plays have won their position in their new dress, and so must be judged in that form. Again, he has a very strong feeling of patriotism in his criticism of Lessing's, Goethe's, and Schiller's plays, which forbids his judging them with the severity the English poet must. In general, however, his attack goes much further than that, and he tries to show that the plays, in whatever language they are expressed, are full of faults, and, more than that, radically undeserving of the highest praise.

The form he has chosen to express his views in is the one best adapted for an easy victory on paper, that, namely, of having the different sides defended by different men, whose colloquies compose the book. They are three friends: Hellmuth, who is hostile to Shakespeare; Reinhold, who supports Hellmuth in his apostacy with the learning a wider culture has given him; while the opposite side is taken by Oswald, a man of straw, easily overthrown, abandoning every position at the first attack, or after making only a sham defense by quoting some stock phrase from the most laudatory pages of the copious Shakespeare literature of Germany. This is manifestly unfair, for we cannot imagine that Benedix supposed no one really enjoyed Shakespeare, that his worship was only a fashionable superstition, which his so-called admirers only wanted an excuse to drop. Between them Hellmuth and Reinhold have an easy victory.

There is hardly a play of Shakespeare's

1 All books mentioned under this head are to be had at Schoenhof and Moeller's, 40 Winter Street, Boston.

Die Shakespearomanie. Zur Abwehr. Von Dr. Roderick Benedix. Stuttgart. 1873.

which escapes their hostile criticism; those which get off best are Romeo and Juliet, Macbeth, King Lear, and Midsummer Night's Dream. They charge Shakespeare with faults of construction, bombastic use of language, pompous and absurd metaphors, lack of invention in his plots, ignorance of what he was proposing to himself to write, and manifold violations of psychological laws. If there is any reason in the book, one wonders why we do not at once hurl our Shakespeares into the fire and bow our heads for shame at our wasted enthusiasm. At times, their, or rather Benedix's, criticism is of the narrowest sort; for instance, in what is said about the Tempest, he finds fault with the first scene in the sinking ship; he says it cannot be represented on the stage, that on board of a ship in such a storm no talking could be heard, that it is a piece of the absurdest folly for the passengers to abuse the sailors on whose efforts their lives depend, etc., etc. He has never read anything more miserable in the way of poetical narration than the next scene between Prospero and Miranda, and he compares it unfavorably with Schiller's attempts in the same manner, and Goethe's in the Iphigenia, and Nathan the Wise with his story of the three rings. He shows us how, if Shakespeare had only been a Benedix, Prospero might have described his being driven out of the palace, his agony on the water, etc., and then, surpassing almost everything in the book, he asks why Prospero, if he were really a magician, did not detect and withstand the attack made upon him! Oswald, and this is a good example of that young man's force, suggests that he acquired his knowledge of magic upon the island, which Hellmuth refutes, and Oswald says no more. So the criticism runs on, and we need not wonder that Hellmuth says he never has taken any pleasure in the piece. We can be sure he would vastly prefer Crossing the Quicksands, or The Stranger.

Of Hamlet he says it is absurd to speak of the mysteriousness of his character; it is not that which makes the play hard to understand; he has, on the contrary, a very simple, transparent character; it is the numerous episodes that have caused all the trouble; if you cut them out, you have the key at once. The superfluous episodes that have wrought all the confusion are the embassy to Norway, Laertes' journey to Paris, the march of Fortinbras through Denmark, and the sending of Hamlet to England; cut them out, and there is no trace of Hamlet's indecision; he had good grounds for delay: if he had killed the king at once at the bidding of the ghost, we should have had no play; and so he doubts the ghost, and all the episodes are willfully thrust in to spin out the play after Hamlet has made sure of his uncle's guilt by the device of the play he has represented before him. Shakespeare, he says, is inconsistent in his delineation of character, and here, between following the tradition which makes Hamlet return from England victorious and oust his uncle, and his own invention, he falls to the ground. He acknowledges the play has its merits, but they are mainly dramatic effects, such as the feigned madness of Hamlet, and the real madness of Ophelia. The ghost, too, makes the play attractive. Besides these charms, there are the play within the play, the grave-yard and the funeral, a fight and half a dozen corpses, and a great deal of pompous language.

For Antony and Cleopatra he has also nothing but abuse; Shakespeare has followed Plutarch with slavish fidelity; battles, even naval battles, are begun and ended in a few minutes. Cleopatra was a woman unworthy to be written about; the principal characters repel us; and if the greater part of the minor characters were removed, the play would be only the better for it, etc.

Othello has perhaps some merits. To be sure, the whole of the first act is superfluous; in the second act the scene changes to Cyprus; and here we are offended by another impossibility, the speed with which the ships arrive. At last, in the third scene of the third act, the action fairly begins and goes on with energy. The delineation of character to be noticed in this play did not please Benedix; to be sure, Othello's jealousy is well represented, but the reason of his growing jealous is insufficient.

In this way the criticism, or rather, the commentary, runs on, stripping Shakespeare of every good quality, convicting him of all manner of inaccuracies and errors, and the final conclusion reached is that Shakespeare has produced no characters to be compared, in respect to the pleasure to be derived from them, with Karl Moor, Philip II., Stauffacher, and Wallenstein, of Schiller; Faust and Orange, of Goethe; and Lessing's Nathan, The Cloister-Brother, Saladin, etc. Benedix says the Shakespeare-maniac will shrug his shoulders at that statement. He was right; he will.

That Benedix should prefer Schiller's simpler creations to the characters of Shakespeare is not surprising when one reads his critical remarks, and especially when one makes out the apparent animus of half his hostility, which is his strong unwillingness to praise foreign poets. Schiller is more truly a national poet than Shakespeare; he represents that quality to be found among the young of all nations, and, more or less, among the Germans of all ages, namely, a certain generous enthusiasm which is very different from the complexer view of life to be found in Shakespeare. In general, as indeed Benedix's book shows, there is among the Germans a deeper love of Shakespeare than even among the English; they discovered him at an important time in the intellectual development of their nation, and they have certainly devoted to his study that immense research of which they are such wonderful masters, and which, it may be safe to say, is only now rivaled among his fellow-countrymen. Benedix does his best to moderate what Lessing said in his praise, but with little success. Of course there has been a tendency among later Germans to exaggerate what was the popular feeling, and there has often been indiscreet and foolish praise lavished on Shakespeare, for which he least of all is to blame; but these excesses, which are the nominal object of Benedix's attack, get very little blame from him. It is Shakespeare whom he really dislikes.

The unfairness of his attack we have tried to show without sharing his fault; no one, it would seem, who starts from his stand-point can hope to have any influence; he does not speak an intelligible language; he gets no pleasure from The Tempest, and yet he asks us to prefer what he is fortunate enough to be able to comprehend. He is always pained in reading Othello by the feeling that Othello cannot fairly be jealous without being something else than Othello, —this sounds much like prejudice seeking some excuse for its bitterness.

No one would for a moment maintain that Shakespeare stands on a pinnacle which makes it blasphemy to criticise him, that he is wholly without flaws; even his admirers are obliged to confess that; but Benedix, starting to show he is not perfect, leaves him with hardly a leg to stand on; one might judge that he thought that in a dramatic point of view, there was no play of Shakespeare's to be compared with Lessing's didactic Nathan the Wise, which is a moral tale in dramatic form, with much beauty, it is true, but void of even any theatrical merit. We cannot be grateful for Benedix's book; it may have been a conscientious piece of work, but it fails of its object. It merely shows how a man who has written really very good plays, can entirely misunderstand the theory of the stage. It seems impossible that one who has studied his kind, as every successful dramatist must, could be so ignorant of human nature. He only saw the trifles.

What he says about the general ignorance of Shakespeare that exists among the Germans is something that he should know better than any foreigner, but the way in which, every winter, many of Shakespeare's plays are performed in almost all of the best theatres, would seem to argue against his remarks. The Germans certainly have excellent and frequent opportunities of judging the English poet, and it is their own fault if they do not take advantage of them. If they do not, why are the plays given? Then, too, it is to be remembered that the highest fame does not always accompany the greatest popularity. Benedix's plays are oftener given, but no one would on that account put him above Shakespeare. We remain Shakespeare-maniacs in spite of the book.

ART.

It appears that in New York the Academy has at last succeeded in selling some pictures from its exhibition-rooms. If such a thing could be effected in the galleries of the Boston Art Club, we might hope to see collections of pictures formed there which should comprise always the best that our painters have, and constitute nurseries of fresh and constantly progressive effort. As it is, we are provided at stated times and seasons with assemblages of paintings, of which a third, perhaps, are the productions of foreigners, copies from the works of European painters of former times, or antique products of early American genius. In the last exhibition, for example, were a cartoon by Mengs, and one by Overbeck; a fine group of portraits by Angelica Kaufmann, a charming Calame, and some finely modeled and wonderfully colored Italian children, by Bonnat. The exhibitions thus acquire an historically illustrative value to students; but is there not another function which they might, but do not yet, fulfill? Is it well that the only organized body among our artists should expend its energies upon the formation of exhibitions which do not especially and forcibly bear upon the development of a vigorous native art? The phrase "development of native art" is, we confess, discouragingly vague. Yet we believe it could be made to mean something, if sympathetically accepted and acted upon. All movements towards its realization, however, to be successful, must be mutual on the part of painters and the patrons of art. And it strikes us that the artists of Boston have hardly done their part in endeavoring to make the exhibitions of the Art Club representative of them at their best. Several of those painters to whom the public looks with special eagerness for fresh pleasures have become very guarded in their contributions to the club exhibitions. The name of William Hunt hardly appears at all on the catalogues; Frank Smith has not been represented during the past season; J. Appleton Brown has dropped out of the ranks, in the spring exhibition. Mr. Hunt, it is true, contributes, this time, an interesting river scene in Florida, but only vicariously — the picture having passed out of the artist's hands. What we stand in need of is a determination among all prominent or energetic young painters, to put some of their best strength and skill every year into a picture or two for the Art Club! There is no lack of skill in one department, at least — that of landscape-painting. Even as the case stood this spring, the few contributors made a fair show in that branch. W. E. Norton contributed a noble Midnight on the Grand Banks, containing what we might call an elegiac passage of moonlight, glittering mournfully on the great deep; with a fine contrast of ship-lights, a cloud of spectral canvas on the large vessel "head on" to the spectator, and wonderful gradations of light throughout, contributing to a sombre, pervasive harmony of the whole. The drawing was perfect; the sea moving in its own way, heedless of all else, while the vessels rock as they would upon waves really passing under them. The clouds around the moon were masterly; the whole was a clear, profound poem, of a strong naturalistic flavor. E. Baxter's Marsh near Providence, a capital performance, gives notice of a real genius for landscape; the varicolored mist and moist ground being felt out with delicate sympathy, and artistically converted into a delicious web of color. F. P. Vinton displayed an honest study of a walnut-tree, and a pleasing Sheep Pasture, showing a nice sentiment for a simple meadow on a gray morning. A view of land and water, — Eagle Head, — by R. S. Fay, was a good bit of water-color; and Miss Beckett's Coming Home, — a twilight sky gleaming through a lonely wood, and crows flying westward, — was very poetically rendered. Other smaller performances we can only mention, namely: Cranch's dreamy Glimpse from J. R. Lowell's Window, and two Venetian subjects; and four water-colors by Miss Hedges, two of which indicate a good appreciation of the pale minor color-chords characteristic of our sea-shore. Some landscapes by Miss M. J. Beckett (a name new to us) are not without promise. The human figure, however, is nearly ignored by American contributors. We have three or four portraits by Longfellow, Healy, Miss Reed; and a cold and hard Priscilla by Miss Knowlton. Miss Boott contributes a Mother and Child sympathetically imagined, — the child's head

worked out with some skill and much tenderness. Besides this, there is only an agglomeration of false, gymnastic, elocutionary figures, by J. W. Carter, called Death of Warren.

So far as we know, there is no cöoperative effort whatever made by the artists of Boston, to procure models for the figure and to work systematically from the life. Until such effort is made, we cannot, of course, look for any satisfactory achievement in that direction. But at least we may ask that our painters should fairly let us know what is to be expected from them, — in what they are strong, and in what weak. The compact being once formed that every individual shall put forth all his strength in a fair representative picture, we shall soon know the status of art in this locality. On all accounts it would be better to know this; for, in discovering deficiencies, we should also be made aware of strength sometimes unsuspected under the present lackadaisical mode of procedure. The painters themselves would be the first to profit by a change of policy; and the public, instead of being subject to a fortuitous conjunction of circumstances, as at present, for the boon of an agreeable exhibition, would always have the interest attaching to collections which really indicate the rate and direction of progress among the painters who live among them.

Among the European pictures there was a piece of grape-painting by Giordano of Rome, in which the luxurious branches were executed with great truth and wonderful relief — the grape leaves hardly so good. Constantinople, by Félix Ziem of Paris, gave a distant and sketchy glimpse of the city, with white houses and minarets gleaming across fields and a strip of very blue water and under a row of large trees, beneath which were grouped in picturesque confusion crowds of gayly dressed Orientals, feasting, talking, and making music. The picture is effective, but the colors are too crude. The blue sky especially, which takes up a large part of the canvas, is quite unworthy such a colorist as Ziem, being very hard and opaque. The old trees are very sketchily treated, and are steeped in an afternoon light a little too hot to be quite agreeable. A certain French exaggeration characterizes the work. It is artistic, perhaps poetic; everything is managed with a remarkable *chic*. The bit of blue, yellow, and red drapery on the greens under the shadow of the trees, are dashed off with a telling vigor and effect. But the whole picture has too much of a stage-scenic look, and as if it were painted for the market.

There were two or three figure-pictures which are marked illustrations of the purely materialistic school of art, by which we mean the school that believes in emphasizing all the externalities, bestowing more love and labor on a bit of tapestry or wall-paper or *ormolu*, than on the action of a figure or the expression of a face, and troubles itself very little about an idea, or an imagination, or a feeling, in comparison with mere mechanical execution. Every gallery of high-priced pictures is afflicted with such gilded traps to catch the unthinking public. Their name is legion. Europe exports them, and America imitates them. Here is one of them — probably one of the imitations — by E. H. Blatchfield, with a glass over it, as though it were too precious to be exposed to the vulgar air. The title thereof is Rejected. But the subject might be anything else. How often have we seen this same characterless young lady in white satin, standing in her elegant boudoir, posing, with her costly furniture and *bric-à-brac* around her, every inch of which is just as important, just as lovable, in the painter's eye, as the maiden herself! The young lady takes various poses. Sometimes she is looking into a mirror, dressing, sometimes holding a love-letter, sometimes a book, or a flower, sometimes fondling a parrot or greyhound. Like Queen Elizabeth she is *semper eadem*. We very soon get through with our admiration of the handsome objects by which she is so artistically surrounded. Mr. Blatchfield introduces her anew with as much circumstance as if she were a stranger. She has even less expression than usual. We hardly look at her face — it is her satin robe we admire. She is posing with her hand on an exquisite little cabinet of yellow and black wood inlaid with mother-of-pearl, behind which are two rich old china plates. The cabinet stands on an exquisite table of black wood of highly ornamental pattern, with hanging silver chains. Beneath her feet is a rich and expensive carpet. Behind her is a highly elegant and aristocratic chair; and the wall-paper is of the most approved artistic and costly quality. And all under glass. Could anything be more *récherché* in selection, more faultless in execution? What labor, what skill — but alas, what vapidity!

Here is another young lady by M. Becker, a disciple apparently of M. Hamon, but without Hamon's poetry. A Pompeian Lady, she is called. Her chief attraction is a piece of gorgeously figured drapery. She is looking at some images and masks, and other objects of *virtu* supposed to be Pompeian. How nicely painted, — but how without meaning or motive!

And here is M. Merle, a popular French painter, who finishes up everything with such wonderful neatness of brush. This is a moral French tableau, called The Right Path; a more ambitious subject, and a larger picture, than the last two we have commented upon. It is a young artist of the old Italian time, looking like Masaccio, with portfolio and palette in one hand, the other hand raised theatrically to his chin, while he looks steadily away from a group of fair tempters behind him. He stands, in shadow, in the front of the canvas, with red cap and thick black curls, red robe relieved with green drapery and exquisite embroidered yellow sleeves, and red tight-fitting hose on his legs, — altogether an expensively dressed youth for a painter. But then he is only posing, like the young lady models; and so long as he is posing, why not drape him in the handsomest style? The improper young ladies in the background are not real enough to be alluring; but make a pretty enough tableau, with the conventional columns, flowers, inlaid mosaic floors, and all that.

These were perhaps the most noticeable pictures of the materialistic school, in this exhibition. And before leaving the gallery we turn with a certain feeling of refreshment to two or three pieces of natural painting: a Zouave eating his Broth, by M. Pils, a French battle-painter of some note, is finely touched; an Italian peasant girl with a fat, good-natured baby in her arms, is deserving of praise as a solid piece of painting; and M. Schmitzberger's family of cat and kittens is charming for all who appreciate truthful and characteristic portraiture of the feline race.

— Dr. Franz Reber has published the first number of a History of Modern German Art from the end of the last century down to the Vienna Exposition of 1873, with a side glance at the contemporary art-history of France, Belgium, Holland, England, Italy, and Russia. The present number contains 128 octavo pages printed in fair, open type, on good paper, and the book, which the publishers say will be completed in the course of the present year, is to consist of five numbers, each of about the same size as the one before us. The work promises to be a useful one, supplying a want much felt by persons interested in the modern development of art; it gives us more amply and completely the history too slightly sketched by Kugler in his hand-book (Hand buch der Geschichte der Malerei seit Constantin dem Grossen).

But what is it that makes it impossible apparently for Germans to write at once learnedly and interestingly on art-matters? They take the ripe vintage, and, having pressed it in their mill, present us with the pulp, skin, seeds, and stems, and ask us to warm the cockles of our hearts with that. Perhaps this statement hardly does them justice, but the best we can say for the most of their writing on art is, that feeding on it is like feeding on bran-bread. We know it is nourishing, and we wish it were nice. It is often said that the French writers are indeed more entertaining, but then the Germans are the more lastingly useful because of their greater accuracy. However this may be true in science and history, we cannot say that it is true always in art, — at least in the case of modern writers; witness Passavant, Waagen, Woltmann, and Lübke. It is not safe to depend upon either of these writers in his statements of facts, as many a student must know to his cost. Passavant and Waagen are oftenest wrong in their facts; Woltmann and Lübke least to be depended on in their deductions: the reader may judge which of these counts is the greater disparagement. Lübke's short-comings have already been exposed in The Atlantic. How little Woltmann is to be leaned upon, witness his dancing back and forth on the subject of the Dresden and Darmstadt Madonnas, and his treatment of the Dance of Death in his Holbein und seine Zeit, with reference to Holbein's authorship. This book is a useful one no doubt, and represents a vast amount of plodding industry, and abounds in dry-asdust detail, but it is not easy, for all that, to understand why Mr. Ruskin should call it, as he has lately, a very valuable book. Perhaps he has been vainly trying to read Mr. Wornum's lumpish and futile work on the same subject, and after the effort, any book on Holbein might seem valuable. Perhaps it only comes from the difference between the two men. Woltmann's book is all facts and no spirit. Ruskin's books are all spirit, and no facts to speak of. Dr.

Waagen's principal work, Art-treasures of Great Britain, is useful as a guide-book, but as an authority his reputation has gone steadily down. He tells us where the Titians, Vandycks, and Holbeins are said to be, and, to be sure, that is something, but unfortunately his decision as to authenticity in any case makes nothing either for or against the work in question. As for Passavant, he is the least worthy respect of the four, though strangely enough he has the highest popular reputation of all of them for learning and accuracy. He is being slowly found out, however, and it is risking little to prophesy that when he has been examined in detail, the result will be in each case what so careful an observer and so conscientious a writer as Mr. G. E. Street found it in his own field of study. In the preface to his Gothic Architecture in Spain, second edition, 1869, passing in review the writers on the subject of mediæval Spanish architecture, he says of Passavant, "Passavant who has published some notes on Spanish architecture (Die Christliche Kunst in Spanien, Leipzig, 1853) is so ludicrously wrong in most of his statements that it seems probable that he trusted to his internal consciousness instead of to personal inspection for his facts." But we did not mean to make Dr. Reber's book a text for fault-finding. After all, the short-comings we complain of are such as must, we fear, always be counted on in reckoning with human work, and the student of any subject, if he be really a student, will never buy of these middle-men, but will go to original sources; while the general public, that insists so in these days on having everything made easy, must look to be often served by journeymen.

EDUCATION.

There has lately been an interesting discussion in California respecting the scope of university education, which is not yet closed. Directly opposite the Golden Gate, on the western slope of the Contra Costa hills, and within sight of San Francisco, two large and handsome buildings, costing over three hundred thousand dollars, have been completed within the last six months, for the University of California. Within these walls, nearly two hundred students, not including any preparatory department, are now receiving instruction in the higher branches of science and literature. Laboratories, apparatus, books, maps, photographs, and cabinets illustrative of geology, mineralogy, botany, and zoölogy have been already secured by munificent outlays. Two hundred acres of land, traversed by a brook which is lined with bay-trees and oaks, are reserved for the culture of every sort of plants adapted to the climate. Professors are engaged in teaching who represent varied ideas of intellectual training and the experience of many different Eastern institutions. More than a million and a quarter of dollars, in interest-bearing funds, have been secured for the institution by the liberal endowments of the State and National governments. Eighty thousand dollars were voted besides by the legislature just in session, for current expenses during the next two years. The gifts of wealthy men are beginning to supplement the provisions of the State, and the voluntary zeal of the wise and good has been enlisted to build up around the university, and independent of it, homes, lodging-houses, and churches in all the attractiveness of a college village.

The site bears the name of Berkeley, a reminiscence of educational enthusiasm in the last century, and a token of liberality and hope prevailing to-day. The university is free from sectarian control, and its advantages are open, without the slightest fee, to all qualified applicants, young men and young women, and from every State, country, and race. The instructions include the various branches of literary and historical learning, ancient and modern, and they give equal if not greater prominence to all the claims of modern science, both in its abstract aspects and in its applications to human industry.

At the very outset the question whether the State should maintain an agricultural school, or a university including an agricultural school, was discussed and determined in favor of the comprehensive plan. The laws of the State are clear upon this point.

With all these prospects, there is a seri-

ous danger. The chief supporter of the university may become its chief destroyer. The funds having chiefly come from the public treasury, the legislature of the State has retained a visitorial power, and is disposed to supervise not merely the expenditures of money, but the interior organization, discipline, and courses of instruction. The university is not governed by a charter, but by sections of the political code. Its regents are civil executive officers, individually responsible. The legislature while in session is supreme, having in its hands a despotic power such as kings and parliaments have never possessed in the management of colleges and universities. It may, at will, abolish the board of regents, and substitute for it a body selected by popular suffrage. It may alter the code in any respect.

This supremacy is nominally the supremacy of the people; but there is danger that it will be the supremacy of ignorant and prejudiced men, acting in haste, under personal pique, and without full consideration of the consequences which are involved.

During the last winter a bold effort was made openly and persistently by the farmers' granges of the State, to persuade the legislature that an agricultural school and not a university should be the chief object of care; that blacksmithing and carpentry as well as plowing should be taught; that boys should be trained, according to one of the popular phrases, "to be the peers of the laborer in muscle, and the peers of the scholar in mind." In order to accomplish this the effort was made to turn out the board of regents and replace the members by those who are "fresher from the people." Fortunately the danger has been averted.

Many persons had apprehended the interference of political partisanship in the university management, but the recent discussions were not the result of partisan zeal. They came from popular clamor. The cry was that of the uninformed, who wanted a good thing, but who disregarded the experience of other States, and called for methods and agencies which have elsewhere been abandoned as sterile.

Underlying this clamor was the feeling, sometimes uttered as a tenet, that the State should not only give an education, but, like the national government at West Point, should provide the means of simultaneous support; or at least, that the university should give manual labor to all who wish it, and should keep its standard so low that those who have spent their vital force in muscular exertion shall not be dismissed or disciplined because their cerebral action is feeble and confused. "We don't want a Harvard or a Yale, or an Oxford or a Berlin," was frequently said. This did not mean that a slavish copy of these institutions was to be avoided, — a doctrine to which everybody would assent, but a result of which there was not the slightest prospect; it did mean that "old-fashioned" notions of culture, and learning, and long-continued brain-work should give way to the more "practical" ideas of muscular education.

Fortunately there was no crystallization of these parties into organized rivalry. The discussions were crude and mixed up with some personalities; and mistakes were doubtless committed by the friends of liberal culture as well as by their opponents. Perhaps the views of both sides were modified by the contest.

Many persons wonder why the friends of the university, in California, prefer State aid *plus* State interference rather than private generosity, *minus* State interference. The answer is easy. For twenty years, from 1849 to 1869, a vigorous effort was made to keep up a college on the Eastern basis, with a private corporation. Good men, wise, devoted, and efficient, toiled long and hard for this result, but success did not come as they expected. When the national grant of 1862 led the State to do something, the College of California gave up its plans and merged its possessions and its prospects in the State university.

If determination, perseverance, a careful scrutiny of education elsewhere, and a firm belief in all culture will avail, the University of California has a bright future before it. The views just uttered at Aberdeen, by the new Lord Rector, are precisely those which from its foundations have been recognized by the institution at Berkeley: "Universities should be places in which thought is free from all fetters, and in which all sources of knowledge and all aids to learning should be accessible to all comers, without distinction of creed or country, riches or poverty."

— The Boston University Year Book is the first official greeting of this new-born institution to its sister colleges, and to the friends of culture everywhere. Founded in 1871–72, by some prominent and munificent Methodists of Boston, — Isaac Rich,

Lee Claflin, and Jacob Sleeper, — Boston University has set before it at the outset of its career the highest educational aims of both hemispheres, and appears in the intellectual arena determined to be the most comprehensive and generous training-school for humanity in the world. German, English, and American experience and ideas are all drawn upon in the plan of its organization, and it only remains to secure adequate funds and professors of recognized ability to make it the most interesting educational experiment yet attempted.

The plan of the university, stated briefly, is to establish, under its general government and oversight, either colleges or schools in every department of learning, art, or science, and so to carry out the instruction in them, that along with the special knowledge which will enable the student to be a bread-winner, may be gained the higher and broader culture which makes the complete man or woman. In doing its work the university does not recognize any distinction between the sexes, and all its classes and professorships are equally open to both.

The departments thus far organized and in operation are, The College of Liberal Arts (fourteen male and eight female students); the College of Music (seven male and nine female students); the School of Theology (one hundred male students); the School of Law (eighty male students and one female); the School of Medicine (Homœopathic, forty-nine male and twenty-nine female students); and the School of Oratory (twenty-one male and fifteen female students); in all, deducting repetitions, three hundred and thirteen students, who are taught by fifty professors and lecturers, Dr. William F. Warren being the president. There are also preparatory schools for the College of Liberal Arts and the College of Music respectively. There is no dormitory system connected with the university, and the departments are not collected in any particular building or buildings, but hold their recitations at different points near the Common and Tremont Street. The latter is the great horse-car artery of Boston, and it is obvious that an arrangement so convenient for the immense suburban population of the city will induce many students of both sexes to complete their education by a college course, who could not have afforded a residence away from home for that purpose.

Boston University starts with such large numbers because it incorporated with itself a theological school and two medical schools already existing. The curriculum of its College of Liberal Arts corresponds very nearly to that of the recognized American college, which seems to us rather a departure from the fundamental idea. We should have supposed that separate schools for languages, mathematics, and the physical and natural sciences would have better carried out the theory of the university, and then, while each school would have had its own degree, a combined course among them all would have answered to the under-graduate course of other colleges. At the end of the catalogue a prospectus is given of a School of all Sciences. This is a post-graduate department only, and for "qualified specialists it will aim to provide thorough instruction" in — in short, in every branch of human knowledge or attainment; and "for qualified students of generalizing aims, instruction will be provided in the universal sciences." Of these, one group, for example, is the "universal or comparative history of languages, universal or comparative philology, universal or comparative philosophy of language, or philosophy of language universally considered." The prospectus says, "Several years must elapse before the immense work of this department can be organized with anything like the desirable completeness," but we fear that such a "school of all sciences" as is here projected "for graduates only" is impossible to any but national resources. The picked men of the whole country would have to be enlisted as professors.

The manifesto of the new university on the question of the co-education of the sexes is manfully frank and explicit. It is as follows: "Class schools are very well in their place. Schools for the Feeble Minded, Reform Schools, Schools for Deaf Mutes, — no one should object to these. So if any class of philanthropists feel called upon to organize special schools for girls or boys constitutionally too delicate to bear the nervous shock of school association with the other sex, let no one oppose. Such institutions may serve to illustrate the tender and gentle charities to which our Christian civilization gives origin. But a university exists for altogether different purposes. It is not instituted for the benefit of a class. It is the highest organ of human society for the conservation, furtherance, and communication of knowledge; for the induction of

successive generations into its possession; for the service of mankind in all highest social offices. To artificially restrict the benefit of such an institution to one half of the community, by a discrimination based solely upon a birth distinction, is worse than un-American. It is an injury to society as a whole, a loss to the favored class, a wrong to the unfavored." To us the great interest in the founding of this university is the hope that it will help on a new era in common-school education. There must be in every grammar school a college-bred female principal, before these institutions can become what the community is suffering for.

Whether this new institution can flourish into commanding intellectual life in the very shadow of old Harvard, time only can show, though it is said that its law school is already disputing the palm with that of the latter. There is little doubt that the great religious body from which it has sprung will put forth large effort to sustain it, and the liberality of its foundation should draw from other quarters many a sympathizing bequest. On the other hand, the intellectual standards of the Methodist church have hitherto been the reverse of high. Boston University must expect, therefore, to have the curricula of the "schools," and the lists of its professors, scrutinized by those who are competent to judge of them with more than ordinary keenness.

— The Thirty-Seventh Annual Report of the Massachusetts Board of Education, with its five hundred octavo pages filled with a great variety of matter relating to the public schools of the State, has just been issued. The report proper of the board is a brief and business-like paper. The bulk of the volume is composed of reports on the normal schools and the new normal art school, reports of the officers of the board, — namely, the director of art education, the agents, and the secretary, — a large body of selections from the school reports of cities and towns, and a hundred pages of clearly arranged statistics. The issue of this document is accompanied by no public sensation; indeed, its appearance is scarcely anywhere noticed by the press. And yet, it is safe to say that no other publication, whether official or unofficial, has appeared among us during the past year, which affords more profitable matter for the careful study of all who are interested in promoting the public welfare. It does not pretend to be light and entertaining reading. It is not designed for the circulating library. But its purpose is to convey reliable information and sound practical suggestions respecting the most important interest of the community.

The establishment of the State Normal Art School, in Boston, last October, was doubtless, as the first report on that institution remarks, the most important event of the past year connected with the educational interests of the Commonwealth. It was in fact an educational event of national importance, as it is the pioneer institution of the kind in this country. It is provided with accommodations in the upper chamber and attic of a house in Pemberton Square, accommodations really inadequate and unfit for a primary school. But its importance is seen in the magnitude of the industrial interests it is designed to promote, to say nothing of the still greater interests of general education which it is calculated to subserve. The specific purpose of the school is to train teachers of drawing and the arts of design. When Mr. Walter Smith began his work of introducing art education among us, it became apparent immediately, that the first thing to be done was to form teachers competent to instruct, for such teachers were nowhere to be found among us, with the exception of a few specialists in our technical institutions who had enjoyed the advantages of foreign training. Hence the necessity of this new educational instrumentality. The name of Mr. Smith as director was sufficient to inspire confidence in the enterprise, as appeared from the crowd of applicants for admission on the morning of its opening, affording a striking contrast to the paucity of candidates — only three in number — who presented themselves for admission at the opening of the first State Normal School. The course of study for this first year, although called "elementary," is really very formidable, apparently too severe for the most talented students. It is evident enough from the conditions of graduation that the director intends that the diploma of the institution shall mean something. The subjects for subsequent years are painting, sculpture and architecture, and engineering drawing.

An examination of the statistics of the secretary's report reveals two very remarkable facts, namely, the large amount of school taxes voluntarily raised by the municipalities, and the unparalleled rapidity of the increase of this voluntary taxa-

tion within a few years. The exact sum raised last year for *ordinary* school purposes, that is, exclusive of the cost of sites and buildings, was $3,889,053.80, which gives for each child in the State, of school age, upwards of *thirteen* dollars, whereas, the law requires only *three* dollars per scholar to be raised. The increase in school taxes during the brief period of seven years has been almost exactly a *hundred per cent.*, while, during the same period, the increase in the valuation of the property of the State has been only about fifty per cent. We could hardly place too high an estimate on the town reports and the abstracts from them printed by the board, for it has been by their means to a very great extent that the people have been educated up to this extraordinary liberality in support of public schools. It was in view of these two distinguishing characteristics of the system, so closely connected as cause and effect, — the reports, local and State, and the generous self-taxation of the people for the support of schools, — that the international jury for the educational department of the Vienna Exposition awarded the Commonwealth the Grand Diploma of Honor.

But the people of Massachusetts would make a sad mistake to suppose that their system of popular education as a whole is entitled, at the present day, to be held up as a model system. It needs very important reforms, reforms which have been repeatedly urged upon the attention of the legislature by the board and its secretary, without avail. One of the most important of the proposed reforms relates to the normal training of teachers. The existing provision for this purpose is wholly inadequate. Not one in seven of all the teachers employed in the State has enjoyed the advantages of a course of training at a normal school. The great majority of the teachers, especially those outside the cities, begin their work with no suitable preparation, and leave it before they have had the time to acquire much skill by study and experience. Hence a very large percentage of the people's school money is wasted on imperfectly qualified teachers. There is reason to believe that hundreds and even thousands of the schools in the State are kept by young, inexperienced, and untrained girls, and schools so kept must be of comparatively little value. Even in a country so backward educationally as England, it is now conceded that every teacher must have a professional training before he is deemed competent to take charge of a school. Another of the reforms proposed is a plan for improving the supervision of the schools. In no State probably are the local committees more competent or faithful than in Massachusetts, but experience has proved that however valuable the services of such officers may be, they are not sufficient to produce the best results. They need the supplementary aid of thoroughly qualified professional superintendents or inspectors, who shall occupy an intermediate position between the State board and the towns' committees. This important agency has been adopted and is now in successful operation in nearly all the Northern States of the Union. The other leading reforms recommended by the board are a more stringent and comprehensive law for compelling school attendance, and the levy of a moderate State school tax, the proceeds to be distributed to the cities and towns in proportion to the school population, not for the purpose of increasing the aggregate amount of taxes for schools, but to equalize to some extent the burden of school expenses.

The adoption of these greater measures of reform would no doubt vastly increase the efficiency and economy of the system. The existing instrumentalities are good as far as they go, but they have exhausted their capabilities. They need the reinforcement of new agencies, and if these are not provided, progress cannot be expected. These measures of reform would no doubt be speedily adopted, if the people were made to see the enormous loss they are yearly sustaining for the want of them. The cry has been, "Raise more money." The Board of Education now say, "Adopt measures to economize the expenditure of the money raised."

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A NORTH NORTHUMBRIAN VILLAGE.

I.

HEBRON HILL.

AT the base of a hill, with the waters of the river Tweed lapping its northern and the waves of the German Ocean beating against its eastern side, lay the village. About a mile to the north, on the other side of the river, with its high walls and ruined castle, lay Berwick-on-Tweed, famed in Border history and in Border song. To the west, high up on the sloping hills, gleaming in the summer sunshine and gently waving in the western breeze, were fields of yellow corn. Away to the south rugged rocks and frowning cliffs rose high in the air, a narrow strip of white sandy beach skirting their base. More distant in the same direction, the tall turrets of Holy Island castle were clearly cut against the blue sky; near them the ruins of the ancient abbey of Lindisfarne; and farther distant still, the Fern Isles were scattered like dark specks on the shimmering surface of the German Ocean. Far away to the north, frowning darkly on the waters of the North Sea, rose St. Abb's Head, — the proudest headland in Europe, — the dark waves tumbling themselves wrathfully against its jagged sides.

The village was an outlandish place, albeit it was a favorite resort of the wealthy in summer; for its beach was regarded as one of the finest on the coast, affording facilities for bathing of which Newport could never boast. Consumptive dukes and superannuated duchesses might often be seen laving their aristocratic limbs in the waters which bleached its sands. There for a short season the famous Major Yelverton sojourned with his since discarded wife. There professors from the Edinburgh University and impecunious students from Durham Academy were wont to spend their hours of summer recreation, and there might be seen the country clergyman with a dozen of blooming daughters, the worn-out pedagogue from the base of the Cheviots, the coal merchant from Newcastle, and the weaver from Paisley. But these were only transient visitors; they had nothing in common with the inhabitants; they lived in a different world. The visitors were members of society, the inhabitants belonged to the village.

It was, as has already been observed, an outlandish place. Tradition states that it was founded in the twelfth century by a Danish prince, who when on a cruise landed some of his sick seamen, and built a hospital for them on the spot where the village now stands. The sailors having recovered, and seeing the

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situation was an excellent one, as a base for smuggling and piratical operations, resolved to locate themselves there. The prince gave them permission, and called the place Hospital. The name was subsequently abbreviated to Spital, which with the addition of a *t* — Spittal — it bears to-day.

II.

THE INHABITANTS.

It would be difficult to find in any other part of the civilized world a class of people exhibiting so many peculiarities of character, so much ignorance combined with the highest order of intelligence, so much piety combined with the most daring profanity, as was to be found in this little village. Most of the inhabitants were fishermen, — rough, uncouth men, as rugged as the rocks which raised their frowning fronts in defiance of the North Sea waves. Men the greater number of whom had never seen the inside of a school-house, and who listened to the call of the church bell only when it was rung in foggy weather to guide them in safety to their harbor. They believed the great end of life consisted in catching as many fish as possible, and believing this they pursued their calling with zeal. Two or three hours before sunrise, every morning when the condition of the weather permitted, they launched their cockle-shell craft and sped miles away into the ocean. At sunrise they cast their lines, and after waiting half an hour, hauled them in again. If the weather continued fine, they usually reached the harbor about ten o'clock. But oftentimes, more especially in the winter months, the calm, pleasant morning was succeeded by a stormy day. Fiercely would the northeast storm sweep over the bosom of the ocean lately so calm; the dark waves would come rolling along from the turbulent firth, raising their white frothy crests high in the air, and hiding from anxious wives and children, gathered on the shore, the tiny craft which bore husbands and fathers, bravely buffeting the rising storm. When the fishermen returned, their duties were over for the day, while those of their wives and children began. The wives stood upon the beach with their creels (baskets in which the fish were carried to market) upon their backs, waiting for their load. The lines, which were coiled in baskets called swulls, were put on shore first, after which the wives handed their creels to their husbands, into which the fish were flung. How grim and sour the wives looked if their loads were light, and how pleasant and amiable their bearing if their creels were heavy! It was amusing to hear their questions when their husbands landed.

Wives. — It 's been a fine mornin', men.

Husbands. — 'Deed an' that 's a' ye ken aboot it. Been blawin' a gale a wund frae th' narrit (northward) ootside a' this mornin'.

Wives. — D' ye say sa! Is there onything gaun? (Indeed! have you caught many fish?)

Husbands. — Ugh!

Wives look sour and throw their creels wrathfully into the boat.

Wives. — Jemmy Duggan's boat 's jest come in wi' fower creel-fu' (four creels full).

Husbands. — Jemmy Duggan be d—d; there 's yer fish; pack aff t' market.

Of quite a different nature was the conversation if a successful haul was the result of the morning's fishing. The husbands chatted in friendly tones with their wives, and the wives smiled pleasantly, and spoke of the nice toast and butter, and ham and eggs, that awaited their hungry lords at their humble homes.

The duties of the children were to pick bait, the limpet and periwinkle, which were found among the rocks that lined the shore for miles. Sometimes they dug sand-eels and a species of sea-worm called lug, the latter being regarded as an excellent bait for haddock and cod fishing.

The limpet is a univalve, and is found

in great numbers on the Scotch and English coasts. It adheres firmly to the rock on which it grows, and has to be detached with a sharp steel implement, called, in the village vernacular, a "lampit picker." Securing this kind of bait was called "lampit pickin'." The periwinkle is a species of sea-snail inhabiting the clefts of the rocks. It was gathered in baskets, or in small wooden buckets. This occupation was called "gatherin' wulks," wulk being the name — and the only name — by which the periwinkle was known to the inhabitants of the village. Sand-eels were dug up with a hoe or a small iron implement shaped like a hoe, used by the villagers in raking the ashes from their grates. This implement was called a coal-rake, but it was pronounced precisely the same as choleric. Sometimes a blunted sickle was used in procuring sand-eels; it was drawn rapidly through the sand, dragging out the eels with ease and rapidity. This occupation was called "howkin' sandals," howk being the term used for dig. The sea-worm called lug is of a purplish color, measuring from five to fifteen inches in length, softer than the earthworm and less robust, the largest scarcely ever measuring more than the eighth of an inch in diameter. It was much prized by the fishermen, but it was not plentiful in the vicinity of the village, and only a few of the more enterprising among them took the trouble to secure it. Besides procuring the bait, the children were obliged to bait the lines. This was an occupation requiring great skill and patience. Each line was fitted with twenty score of hooks. In baiting, the swull, an oval-shaped basket was used. The line was neatly coiled into one end of the basket, and the hooks, baited with limpet, periwinkle, sand-eel, or lug, were placed side by side in rows across the entire breadth of the basket, a layer of fog (fine, dry grass, called in New England "old tore") between each row. The task of baiting occupied an unusually expert boy or girl two hours, ordinary workers two hours and a half. In baiting with lug much more time was required than with limpets or periwinkles, as each worm required to be fastened to the hook. This was done by wrapping around the hook and worm a few threads of fine, white wool. The villagers called this "baitin' wi' oo."

Thus was the fisherman's family engaged; the husband in catching the fish, the wife in selling them, and the children in gathering the bait and baiting the lines. Haddock and cod fishing began in October and continued until June. About the beginning of July the herring season commenced; and great were the preparations that were made for it. The boats used for herring fishing were much larger than those used for haddock fishing, and built on a different plan. They were called keel boats; fine boats they were, well adapted to the pursuits in which they were engaged, fast sailers, and thoroughly sea-worthy. These boats were laid up during the haddock-fishing season, and on the approach of the herring season they were launched. An entire day was devoted by the fishermen to launching the boats. This day was called "boat lānchin' doon day," and on the close of the herring season another day was devoted to dragging the boats up on to the banks. This was called "boat lānchin' up day." These were not ordinary days. They were to the villagers what the Fourth of July is to Americans; looked forward to for months. Early in the morning the fishermen met on the beach, and the preparations for launching were begun. Two pieces of rope, each about fifty feet in length, were fastened to the boat. The stern was then raised with a lever, and a roller placed under it. Rollers were placed at intervals of about ten feet from the boat down to the edge of the water. Everything being in readiness the ropes were manned by the fishermen, who faced each other in two rows. About a dozen men placed themselves on each side of the boat to keep her on an even keel. The owner of the boat then sang out, —

"A' ready, men?"

"Ay, ay; a' ready," from a hundred voices.

"Start her, then."

But this was easier said than accomplished. Having lain in one position for many months, the keels of the boats had sunk deep into the sandy earth, and it required a strong pull to start them.

"D' she move, men?"

"Not a skuddick" (not a hair's-breadth).

The services of a dozen of boys who were playing near were now requested, and the following colloquy ensued.

Men. — Look ye here, youngsters, what are ye yellin' about?

Boys. — Whā 's yellin'?

Men. — Ee ar' (you are). D' ye want yer backs broken?

Boys. — No, we dinna want wur backs broken. Whā 'll brick wur backs?

Men. — Then if ye dinna want yer backs broken, come an' clap on t' this rop. Come alang, sharp; handle yer malleys (hands or feet).

The boys sullenly lay hold of the rope and now the boat must start.

Chorus of Men. — A-he-ā-ho! A-he! Hiree, ho-he-ūp oh-ho! Oh-ho! She starts, a-he-a-he-ah! pull away, men! Now then — ho-he-oh-ho hūp! — there she goes — keep her gaun — keep her gaun!

Chorus of Boys. — Start her, start her, pull away Snuffy Wull! Ho-he-oh-ho! He-he ee-he! Hi-he-i-hi! A lang pull, a strang pull — keep her on her keel, lazy Laurens! — there she goes — dinna stap her!

The boat was soon drawn down to the water's edge, and another was proceeded with, until all the herring boats were launched. The owner of each boat paid seven shillings and sixpence for launching. There were twenty-eight boats, which made a sum total of ten pounds ten shillings. This was distributed among the landlords of the thirteen public-houses in the village, and after the boats were all launched men and boys repaired to the public-houses, when the "boat lānchin' spree" commenced. About ten o'clock on the night of "boat lānchin' day" fighting began, rather mildly at first, but as the night wore on the strife increased. Then were heard fearful oaths and imprecations, wild shouts and startling cries. All the fishermen, with a few exceptions, were drunk. The village was in an uproar. Suddenly the door of a public-house would be thrown open, a glare of light streaming into the street, and a drunken crowd would issue forth. In a few moments a circle was formed, in the centre of which a couple of fishermen were to decide which was the better man.

"Are ye ready?" was asked in a fierce tone by one.

"Ay; are ee?" from the other.

"Take that then, ye cowart (coward). I 'll batter ye, ye loosey thief."

Fierce now became the strife, the surrounding crowd urging on the combatants to deeds that would render them famous in the annals of "boat lānchin' days."

"Go in t' 'im, Jimmy." — "Hammer 'im, Jack." — "Gie 'im a crass-ballicker" (that is, knock him down and strike him as he falls). — "Stap that, Jack; it 's nae fair strikin' 'im when he 's doon." — "Fair play. He 's no gittin' fair play; bit I 'll see that he gits it," shouts a friend of the prostrate gladiator, springing into the ring.

"Wull ye? Wull ye?" shouts a friend of the other, throwing off his coat and dashing in beside the lover of fair play. "We 'll see whā 's t' hae the best af it."

This was the signal for a general engagement, and in a few moments the entire crowd, men, women, and children, were fighting. All order was lost. Friends knocked down friends. Husbands beat their own wives and wives tore the hair from the heads of their own husbands. Blood flowed, eyes were closed for indefinite periods, shirts and shawls were torn to shreds, and red night cowls trampled in the dust. When the crowd became exhausted they separated peacefully, and met each other as friendly as ever on the following day, all their differences

buried until Spittal Feast or next boat launching day.

After the boats were launched they were ballasted; masts, sails, and oars put on board; a crew hired; the nets laid down, and they were ready for the herring season. Each boat carried from eighteen to twenty-seven nets. Each of these nets was from forty to seventy yards in length, and twelve yards in depth. Along the top of the net, a piece of rope called the net bank, about an inch in diameter, was fastened, and to this rope were attached the buoys which kept the net from sinking beyond a certain depth. These buoys were made from bullocks' bladders well tanned, tarred within, painted without, and sometimes bearing the name and number of the boat to which they belonged. The bladders were filled with air, securely fastened at the neck, and so buoyant were they that two of them were quite sufficient to keep a man from sinking. A piece of rope about a quarter of an inch in diameter and six yards in length was fastened, one end to the neck of the bladder and the other to the bank, thus allowing the top of the net to sink to the depth of three fathoms, the bottom of the net being nine fathoms from the surface. The bladders were placed at intervals of eight yards, each net having from six to eight bladders. Before proceeding to sea the nets, one fastened to another, were carefully laid in the bottom of the boat, the bladders neatly arranged in an after compartment called the cuddy. When the boat reached the fishing-ground a portion of sail was taken in and the speed reduced to about two knots an hour. The fishermen then proceeded to cast their nets, the boat being put before the wind, no matter from what point it blew. The nets were put out in a straight line; that is, they were left behind as fast as they were put out. When the last net was run over the side the sail was lowered, the mast taken down, and everything made snug. To the net next the boat was fastened a strong piece of rope about two inches in diameter and from one hundred to one hundred and fifty fathoms in length. About fifty fathoms of this rope were run out, and by it the boat rode to the nets. In stormy weather the entire length of the rope was run out with the view to making the boat ride easier. This rope was called "the swing," a very appropriate name, as it enabled the boat to swing easily in fine weather or foul. It was a pretty sight to see the herring boats swinging at their nets on a fine night. North and south as far as the eye could reach they lay, their lights twinkling like stars. Stretching far astern from each boat in a straight line were the rows of bladders from which the nets depended, rising and falling with the gentle swell which unceasingly rolls in the North Sea. On a moonlight night the scene was beautiful in the extreme, — the hundreds of boats, with their twinkling lights, lying like black specks on the silvery surface of the ocean, lazily drifting north or south according to the current, the bladders glistening in the moonlight and bobbing up and down on the tiny waves which sportively played around them. In this part of the world and on the ocean the moonlights are perfectly beautiful, so bright yet so soft, — so tender, so subdued. Nor were the ignorant, uncouth fishermen insensible to the charm of such a spectacle. Clustered around the fire blazing brightly in a grate which was secured in a wooden box, — the bottom being covered with sand about two inches in depth to prevent its ignition from the frequently falling embers, — they gazed around them with feelings akin to awe, and drank in the beauty of the scene which lay before them, stretching away north, south, east, and west as far as the eye could reach; with such expressions as "Dys n't she look bonnie the night?" referring to the moon; or, "Wull, it's worth lossin' sleep t' see sic a thing as this!" referring to the scene. Thirty miles distant to the north the light on St. Abb's Head gleamed brightly, and twenty miles to the south the revolving lights of the Fern Islands shot their rays far out on

the ocean. Westward rose the Cheviots and the Lammermuirs, and eastward, shimmering in the soft moonlight until they met the sky, stretched the waters of the German Ocean. There lay a world of beauty of which the painter never dreamed. The scene changes. Behind a dense mass of gloomy clouds the moon is hidden; her light is extinguished by the gathering gloom, the northeast wind hurries along in fierce gusts, the herring boats are no longer visible. Only their lights are to be seen flaring fitfully in the gusts of wind, St. Abb's Head light is brighter than ever, and the beacons of the Fern Islands pierce the gloom with their rays. A black curtain hides the Lammermuirs and the Cheviots from sight, and save when a wave breaks and scatters millions of phosphorescent sparks around the rocking boat the surface of the ocean is invisible. The scene has changed from the beautiful to the grand. As the wind blows fiercer, and the waves rise higher, the sea presents the aspect of a sheet of flame. Now a wave breaks seemingly into a million pieces, each piece reflecting a diamond brilliancy. Again the surface of the ocean is broken and every color of the rainbow is presented to the wondering and delighted gaze. Even more beautiful and more impossible of description was the spectacle presented when the fishermen began the task of hauling in their nets. The fish in the nets, as they passed over the side of the boat dripping with phosphorescence, gleamed with auroral brilliancy, and it seemed as if the fishermen had been fishing in the sky and caught a sheet of the Northern Lights.

III.

FACILITIES FOR EDUCATION.

THERE were three schools in the village; "the subscription school" and two private schools. The subscription school was supported by voluntary contributions, that is, those of the villagers who were interested in promoting the means of education subscribed money for the purchase of books and other material necessary for the school. The salary of the master was seventy pounds a year and a free house. A school fee of twopence per week was paid by scholars over six years of age, and a penny per week under that age. These fees went towards the payment of the master's salary, the remainder being made up by subscription.

Arithmetic, grammar, geography, and sacred history were the chief studies. The scholars were also taught to sing — not by note, but by ear. The master of the subscription school was a kind-hearted, but stern and scrupulously conscientious man — well educated but full of that spirit of piety, almost amounting to fanaticism, which is peculiar to the Border character. The school opened in the morning with the singing of a hymn and the reading of a chapter from the Bible, which the master expounded as he read. After finishing the reading of the chapter, the master invoked the Divine blessing on the exercises of the day. With closed eyes and folded hands the scholars knelt in silence, while the master, with uplifted face and solemn aspect, returned thanks for past mercies and supplicated strength and wisdom in discharging the solemn duty of imparting instruction to the young. It was a beautiful sight — nearly three hundred boys and girls, varying in age from four to fifteen years, some in rags, some clothed neatly and respectably, some with begrimed faces and unkempt hair, some clean, rosy, and fresh, their hair smoothly combed and their clothing neat and comfortable, kneeling before their unpainted, unvarnished pine desks, silent and with closed eyes; the master, his face glowing with the inspiration of faith, with uplifted eyes, solemnly invoking the blessing of God on his labors, and the young committed to his charge. Truly

> "From scenes like these auld Scotia's grandeur springs,"

as much as from the scenes so beautifully described by the Ayrshire plow-

man. Prayer finished, another hymn was sung, after which the scholars applied themselves to their different tasks. The scholars were divided into eight classes, according to the degree of proficiency they had attained. The classes were composed of boys and girls indiscriminately, and it was no unusual thing to see a girl occupying the head of a class. The master taught the first class and appointed tasks for the remainder; a scholar of the first class taught the second class, and the teachers for the remaining classes were taken from the second class. These teachers were changed every day. The master, albeit kind and benevolent, was a rigid disciplinarian, and his school was a very model of order. He turned out some excellent scholars, many of whom could be pointed out to-day, holding high positions in the literary and commercial world. His own son, who was educated in the school, and received no greater advantages than were afforded the son of the poorest and most ignorant fisherman of the village, occupies a high place in the ranks of American journalism; and it is worthy of remark that other graduates of his school are rapidly rising to conspicuous positions in the same profession.

The private schools were kept, one by an old man familiarly known in the village as Dominie Bowson, and the other by a woman named Esther Lauther. These were regarded as primary schools, although the dominie pretended to run in opposition to the subscription school. The dominie was very proud of his scholastic accomplishments, which consisted of a knowledge of arithmetic and geography. He did not pretend to teach grammar, affirming it as his opinion that it was a useless accomplishment. "Feegurs," said he, "Feegurs is the thing. Learn a youngster feegurs an' he 's a' right." The more intelligent fathers of families did not indorse the dominie's philosophy, and sent their children to the subscription school. The dominie had, nevertheless, quite a number of scholars of all ages and both sexes, many of whom turned out creditably. Being lame from an accident, — he had been a coal-miner, — and confined to his chair, his pupils not unfrequently opposed his authority. He kept upon his desk a cat-o'-nine-tails, denominated the "tawse;" this he would throw to a misbehaving scholar, who would bring them to the dominie and stand until he received a thrashing commensurate with his offense. Some of the bolder scholars would refuse to take the hint thrown out by the dominie with the tawse, and allow the corrective agent to lie beside them unnoticed. This indifference would arouse the dominie's wrath, and he would deliver himself as follows: —

"Ho, ho! So ye won't bring them, won't ye? Ho, ho, ha, ha! We 'll see if ye won't, ye jackass; ye — ye — ye what-ye-may-call-it; ye jackynapps; ye nint' feegur without the tail (a cipher). I 'll wallop ye, ye fisher's brat, I 'll be whuppit (whipped) if I don't. I 'll make the red ink (blood) fly, ye what-ye-may-call-it!"

During the delivery of this extemporaneous threatening address, the exasperated dominie raised his hand to a level with his eye, the index finger pointed like a pistol at the rebellious and, too often, indifferent pupil. His passion spent, he would sink back in his chair and resume his wonted serene demeanor.

Miss Esther Lauther's school was attended principally by girls, who were taught arithmetic, the alphabet, and plain sewing, darning, and knitting. Besides these there was Hobbie Elliott's school, which, from the peculiarity of the studies pursued in it, deserves special mention.

Hobbie Elliott was a fisherman who had seven sons. Having no faith in schools, he determined to educate his sons himself. He could neither read nor write; but, as he said himself, he had got on in the world without those accomplishments. He was prosperous; the majority of educated men in the village were not so comfortable as he, which fact was unquestionably owing to their knowledge. His sons should never be ruined by a schoolmaster.

"Na, na," he concluded, "I 'll school them masel'."

Each of Hobbie's seven sons, besides his baptismal name, had a nickname; indeed, there was hardly a man, woman, boy, or girl in the village, who was not more familiarly known by a nickname than by his or her real name.

The eldest son, Joseph, was nicknamed "Ginger," from his having red hair. The second was James or Lazy Jemmy. The latter name was merited, as James was naturally disinclined to work. The third was Ned, which was lengthened into Nedico. The fourth was Frank, who was called the Prince, his mother in a fond moment having bestowed that illustrious title upon him. The fifth was Bartholomew, named Sea-water-goods, from a habit he had of traversing the beach at all times, on the lookout for treasure cast up by the sea. The sixth was Benjamin, who was familiarly known as Toby. The seventh was Jack, who rejoiced in the peculiar appellation of the Fiend. The latter was the son of Hobbie's old age, and consequently the favorite. Thus the sons of Hobbie were seven: namely, Ginger, Lazy Jemmy, Nedico, Prince, Sea-water-goods, Toby, and Fiend. Hobbie's system of education was not the same as that taught in the other schools. It was an original system, of which he was the inventor. Only his own sons participated in the benefits derived from it. Outsiders were excluded for the reason that every father had it in his power to educate his sons in the same way, and as Hobbie said, "Every man for himsel'."

Hobbie's system of education may be gathered from the following scene, which is described exactly as it occurred.

It is about half past nine o'clock in the morning of a winter day. The sea is too rough for the boats to put out, and Hobbie and his sons are assembled in the only habitable room in the house, which constitutes kitchen, parlor, bedroom, and school-room. Hobbie sits at the head of a large pine table, his eldest son at the foot, and the remaining six are ranged, three on each side. Hobbie breaks the silence by saying, "Sea-water-goods, take the big mug an' run doon t' Nancy Burney's fur a quārt av beer."

"Ay, ay, feyther," S. W. G. answers, preparing to execute the order.

"Fiend, tak' yer fing-ers oot yer mooth an' look at me. That 's right; now, answer this ques'on. How mony stra's wad it tak' t' reach t' th' moon?"

Fiend promptly replies, "Yen (one), if 't was lang 'nuff."

"That 's right, ma spunkie; I 'll gie ye a drink a beer whun Sea-water-goods comes back."

"Onybody might answer that ques-'on," says Ginger, sarcastically.

"Yes, onybody might answer it," repeat the others.

"What did ye no answer it fur, then?" asks Fiend, somewhat sullenly.

"Wadna tak' the trouble," says the Prince.

Sea-water-goods now makes his entrance with the beer. Hobbie fixes his eyes upon him sternly and asks, —

"Did ye drink ony, Sea-water?"

"Not a drap, feyther."

"That 's right, ma hearty; ye 'll be a man afore yer mother." Then seizing the pitcher he places it to his lips, saying, "Gud day, ma hearties, I 'll be back in a jiffy," and for a moment disappears in the foam.

"Hould on, feyther," cries Fiend, "ye ken ye promised me some." An inarticulate sound comes from the recesses of the pitcher. With a sigh, Hobbie passes the vessel to the child of his age, whose head for a moment disappears within it. Sea-water-goods finishes the remainder of the beer and restores the pitcher to the shelf.

"Now then, ma swankies," says Hobbie, "we 'll hae t' get at it; we canna pit aff ony mair time. Let 's see, where was it I left aff?"

"At the beer, feyther," Prince remarks.

"Prince, ye 're as sharp as a frosty mornin'. Now I 'll ax ye the first ques'on. Suppose ye wur at sea, ridin' at yer nets on a coorse (stormy) night,

wi' the wund blawin' frae the narrit (northward) an' swingin' heed on; an' suppose the herrin' wur thickest inshore, an' ye wanted yer boat t' swing in, instead uv settin' aff, wi' the flood-tide, what wad ye do?"

"Pit a couple a' han's t' the starboard bow an' after oars, an' keep her heed in."

This answer causes a general laugh.

"What wad ye do, Fiend?"

"I dinna ken, feyther."

"What wad ye do, Lazy?"

"Naethin', feyther; let her swing in if she wanted to, or swing oot, ony way she liked."

"Jist like ye, Lazy. What wad ye do, Nedico?"

"Swing her starn on wi' the swing on the larboard timmer heed" (timber head).

"Ye 've come pretty near it, Nedico."

"What wad ye do, Ginger?"

"Let her ride heed on; clap the swing on the after timmer heed an' gie her bow a swing in; an' the flood wad set her inshore."

"Right, ma swankie. Ye 'll do. Mind what he says, youngsters. Wad ye a' do that?"

"Yes, feyther; Ginger 's right."

"Weel then, suppose ye wur ootside an' a gale uv wund sprang up frae the narrit, an' a stormy flood-tide runnin', an' ye wur sooth (south) a' the harbor, what wad ye do t' git t' the harbor quickest, Sea-water-goods?"

"Reach her in on the starboard teck (tack) till I gat close inshore where the tide was easy, then make short tecks i' the easy tide till I gat t' the harbor."

"Right, ma son; right ye are. Ye 're a credit t' the fam'ly."

"An' suppose an ebb-tide was runnin', what wad ye do, Toby?"

"Smash her into it i' the offin' till I gat abreest a' the harbor, then reach her in wi' the ebb under her lee."

"Capital, capital, ma swankie; ye 've hit it. That 's 'nuff fur this time. Now fur yer fight. Go at it, ma sodgers, an' the thickest skin stand longest oot."

This was the signal for a general fight among the members of the family. The brothers paired according to their ages, and while Hobbie and his youngest son, Fiend, sat on the table, the remaining six pummeled each other to their hearts' content. During these affrays, furniture was often smashed, crockery ware demolished, and eyes partially closed; but, as Hobbie observed, it made the youngsters hardy and instructed them in the noble art of self-defense; a very necessary accomplishment in a North Sea fisherman. For the credit of the village, it is but just to remark here that Hobbie's was the only family in which this system of education was carried on.

IV.

RELIGION.

THE population of the village was about eighteen hundred; most of these were fishermen. A few mechanics, four or five fish-merchants, and some persons with hereditary incomes of from fifty to seventy-five pounds a year, who were called independent, composed the aristocracy. The majority of the aristocracy professed religion and attended "meetin'" on Sundays. Out of the entire number of fishermen only five or six were conspicuous for their piety; but these were very remarkable men when viewed in comparison with their professional brethren. There was only one house of worship in the village, and this was of the Presbyterian denomination. Strange to say, not one of the pious fishermen belonged to it. Two were Baptists, one a Swedenborgian, one an Irvingite, and one stood alone, calling himself a member of the church of Christ. What was very remarkable, the society of these pious fishermen, who, divested of their religion, were nothing more than poor, ignorant men, was sought by some of the most eminent divines of the mother country, including Cummings, of London, Lee, of Edinburgh, Cairns, of Berwick-on-Tweed, Mursell, the Manchester Spurgeon, and hosts of others. Ignorant of every other

class of literature, these men were thoroughly conversant with the Holy Scriptures and the best theological works. So extensive was their knowledge, so vast their comprehension of truth, so subtile their reasoning, that the most learned divines were humbled before them, and listened to them in wonder. The Rev. John Cairns, D. D., a man as remarkable for his profundity as for his eloquence, had a handsome church built by his congregation. When it was finished, he invited one of these fishermen — he who called himself a member of the church of Christ — to examine it. Arm in arm the doctor of divinity and the North Sea fisherman walked through the richly carpeted aisles, examined the gorgeous pews, gazed upon the carved pulpit, the lofty ceiling, the stained glass windows.

"What do you think of it, brother?" asked the doctor.

The rugged North Sea fisherman raised his eyes to the lofty ceiling, drew his rough fustian jacket closer around him, and folding his arms upon his breast, said in reverential tones, —

"Howbeit the Most High dwelleth not in temples made with hands."

The divine gazed upon the fisherman, an expression of admiration on his face, and laying his hand affectionately on the latter's shoulder said, —

"Brother, you have preached the first and the grandest sermon that will ever be heard within these walls."

These fishermen were in the habit of meeting together at the house of the member of the church of Christ, and it was no uncommon thing to see some of the greatest lights of the church militant mingling with them, and taking part in the theological controversies for which they assembled together. But though the arguments waxed hot, and in some instances debate almost tinged itself with acrimony, they never separated without exchanging the heartiest wishes for each other's temporal and spiritual welfare, and with common consent they knelt and praised the one God whom they worshiped differently, but earnestly and fervently.

On one occasion an Angel of the Irvingite church, who had been visiting the solitary lamb of that flock living in the village, was present, and debate between him and the member of the church of Christ ran high. At length the Angel, finding himself beaten at every point, and desirous of ending an argument in which all the advantages were on the side of his opponent, arose from his rough pine chair, and looking sternly at the pious fisherman said, —

"Brother, I will leave your dwelling. You are too dogmatical in your opinions, and I am grieved to say that I feel it my duty to shake the dust off my feet when I pass the threshold of your dwelling."

The humble fisherman arose and followed the Angel to the door. In his hand he held the well-thumbed Bible. Pointing to the book he said, —

"Brother, your decision does not make *that* the less true. Good-by, brother, and the blessing of our Father go with you."

The Angel turned back, and with tears in his eyes shook the fisherman by the hand. "Dear brother," said he, "I cannot part with you in anger after that speech. Let us pray together to the Almighty whom we both worship. Though I may differ with you in opinion, I admire the grandeur of your character, and envy the mighty strength of your faith."

In the families of these men, as may be imagined, religious discipline was very rigid. The Sabbath was most strictly observed. The food for Sunday was cooked on Saturday afternoons and eaten cold on the following day. The children were not allowed to go beyond the threshold of the door, unless to church or Sunday-school. In the house they were not allowed to indulge in the luxury of leaning back in their chairs, unless they were reading the Bible, Doddridge's Rise and Progress, the Pilgrim's Progress, Paley's Theology, or Harvey's Meditations Among the Tombs. The children of the family, from the eldest down to the boy or girl of three or four years old, were each

obliged to commit to memory a chapter or portion of a chapter from the Old or New Testament during their leisure moments on Sunday, and repeat it without the book after family worship in the evening. The parents fully agreed with Dr. Watts that "Satan finds some mischief still for idle hands to do," and the children were kept busy. The severity of this discipline frequently had the effect of engendering a hatred in the minds of the less religiously inclined children against every form of piety, and runaways from the parental authority to the large sea-ports of Newcastle-on-Tyne and Shields, — where the boys bound themselves as apprentices in merchant's vessels, — were not uncommon.

Among the members of the Presbyterian church, with a few exceptions, the young were not ruled so rigidly. The children were allowed to lean back in their chairs, and I dare say the circumstance is yet fresh in the mind of every inhabitant of the village, of a boy caught one Sunday afternoon in the act of impaling a fly on a needle, who only received a slight whipping on the following day. No thrashing was done on Sunday. Crimes perpetrated on Sunday were not punished on that day, and the children who otherwise would have joyfully hailed the approach of Monday frequently awaited its arrival in terror.

Some of the inhabitants who attended church regularly, but who had never experienced a change of heart, had strange ideas of the future state, which was all the more remarkable as the genuine orthodox doctrine was preached to them every Sunday. A short distance north of the village was a small fishing hamlet, the inhabitants of which were known as "Grinders," and the most bitter rivalry existed between them and the fishermen of the village. They pursued their calling on the same ocean, braved the same dangers, and frequently, in storms, had to seek the same refuge; but the cloud of enmity which threw its shadow between them never for an instant seemed to lessen, but as time passed grew larger and blacker.

During the herring season a fish similar in appearance to a shark, but no larger than a cod, known by the fishermen as a sea-dog, made its appearance on the coast in great numbers, and committed dreadful ravages among the herrings, literally destroying whole "schools," and frequently destroying them when they were caught in the nets. One of the fishermen, a regular attendant of the Presbyterian church, being on his death-bed, his friends, anxious for his future welfare, thought to ask him some questions in regard to his spiritual condition.

"Weel, Rab, ye 're dyin', ye ken? "

"Ay, Jamie, I 'm gaun."

"An' where d' ye expect t' gau t' ? "

"I dinna ken, Jamie, bit I wad like t' turn int' a sea-dog an' plunder the Grinders' nets." And thus he died!

The sexton of the "meetin'," who had rung the bell regularly on Sundays for twenty years, but who was not distinguished for piety, died. After his funeral his chances of future bliss formed the topic of conversation among a few old men who were wont to meet at the "jetty corner" to discuss things in general.

"Weel, he was na a bad man after a'," said Jemmy Duggan.

"No, he was na verra bad; I 've seen warse," said Jack Crystal.

"D' ye think he 's gane t' heaven? " asked another.

"Gane t' heaven! " said Wull Johnson, the polemic and politician of the village. "Where else cud he gaun t' ? I wush I wus as sure a' heaven."

"What mak's ye think sae, Wull? " asked Jemmy Duggan.

"Think sae! why, ye ignorant fyll (fool), has n't he rung the meetin' bell fur twenty years? "

The Presbyterians observed the ordinance of the last supper four times a year, once every three months. One Saturday evening two women got into a dispute. They were both members of the church, and the following day — Sunday — was "sacrament day." The dispute ran high and harsh words were used. At length one of the women, her

face inflamed with anger, stalked up to the other, and, shaking her clenched fist before the eyes of her antagonist, shouted wrathfully, —

"Ye hussy, if it hadna been Sacrament Sunday th' morn, I 'd a walloped ye!"

The children of the fishermen were, as I have already stated, obliged to gather bait, and had no opportunity of attending school regularly, even if their parents were willing that they should. Some of them attended Sunday-school, where they learned the child's catechism and sometimes portions of Scripture. It was no uncommon thing to find children who had not learned the alphabet able to repeat the catechism from beginning to end, and whole chapters from the Bible. The son of a fisherman who had never seen the inside of day-school or Sunday-school, one Sunday morning found himself clad in a new suit of corduroy made by Tam Carr, the tailor of the village, in the primary class of the Sabbath-school. The teacher, an elder of the church, asked the boy if he had been to school before. The boy answered "No."

"Who made you?" interrogated the teacher.

The boy, his mind filled with thoughts of his new suit of corduroy, promptly answered, —

"Tam Carr, bit they 're no' paid fur yet."

V.

SUPERSTITIONS.

THE Irish are said to be the most superstitious people in the world — that is, the peasant Irish; but these semi-Scotch, semi-English fishermen were far beyond the most grossly superstitious Irish peasant in that particular, and firmly believed in the existence of ghosts, goblins, fays, fairies, witches, kelpies, wraiths, warlocks, brownies, etc. Every tree that grew on the outskirts of the village screened within its leafy branches a fay or a fairy; every lichened rock that rose out of the heather-clad cliffs concealed behind it some malignant goblin, who only awaited a chance to seize his victim; every pool contained within its dark recesses some treacherous kelpie, that was ready to spring upon and drag into its dark waters the unwary passer-by; every woman who had turned the age of seventy, if not familiarly known, was avoided as a witch; every poor man whom nature had "sent into this breathing world before his time, but half finished, half made up," was dreaded as a warlock; every lonely place was inhabited by a ghost; every marsh was peopled with wraiths; and even at sea the fishermen were not safe, for mermaids had frequently been seen, and their appearance boded evil. They had more ghosts than the ancient Greeks and Romans had gods. Nor did their faith end there. They believed in signs and presentiments. Death was always heralded by some sign, and disaster by some presentiment.

At one time in the history of the village all the fishermen, with the exception of one boat's crew, were lost in a storm. It was during the winter season, while they pursued the haddock and cod fishing. About an hour before dawn, when the fishermen were preparing to proceed to sea, a woman, tall, and clad in a white dress and black shawl, was observed to go down on to the beach and touch every boat as she passed it, except one, with her hand. All the boats went to sea except the one that she had not touched, — two of her crew were sick. About an hour after sunrise a storm arose, such a storm as had never been seen on that coast. In a few minutes the sea ran mountains high, and not one of the boats, nor a solitary man out of all their crews, ever reached the shore. They were all drowned. It was a terrible calamity and almost depopulated the village.

On another occasion, as the boats were going out, a woman stood on the beach and shook her hand at one of them. That boat never returned. On approaching the harbor a thick fog settled down, she struck on a rock, and

her crew, which consisted of four brothers, were drowned.

One morning the crew of a boat had all taken their places with the exception of one man, who was late. When he reached the boat he handed his line on board, and looking solemnly at his companions said, —

"Boys, I dinna ken what t' say 'bout gaun aff this mornin'."

"What 's the matter, Jemmy?" asked the others somewhat excitedly.

"Weel, I met that lout Dod Hay, wi' his limpin' (lame) horse, as I cam doon."

"D' ye say sae, Jemmy?"

"Ay, bo', I did, an' I dinna like it."

"Ye may weel say that, Jemmy," said the others.

There was a silence of a few moments' duration, which the owner of the boat broke by saying, —

"What d' ye say, boys; shall we try her?"

"Jest as ye like, bo', only I dinna like the looks a' the thing," answered one of the crew.

"Nor me naether," said another.

"Then I think, boys, we 'd better let her tak' her swagger fur this mornin'," said the owner of the boat.

"It 's the safest plan," said the others; and mooring the boat they shouldered their lines and returned to their homes.

If one of the crew of a boat was unfortunate enough to meet a woman, and did not speak to her, when going to the boat in the morning, no earthly power could by force or bribe induce that boat's crew to proceed to sea that day.

The younger fishermen were less superstitious than their elders, and a good story was told of how one young lad, who wanted a holiday to visit a neighboring village, managed to obtain it.

It was in winter, and the morning was very cold, with a strong breeze blowing from the northwest. The sea was smooth, however, and the boats made preparations for going out. The young fisherman, while anxious that his boat should not go to sea, was careless as to whether the others went or not, so one by one they were unmoored, and with a small piece of sail set, flitted out of the harbor in the gray dawn like dark birds skimming over the surface of the water. As the boat to which the young fisherman belonged was being unmoored, he stepped up to his father, who was the owner and captain of the boat, and said, —

"Feyther, I met a wumman this mornin'."

"What 's that, Buswing (the nickname of the young man); ye met a wumman, d' ye say?"

"Ay, feyther; I did in the Prince's Opens" (an alley known by that name).

"D' ye hear that, men?" the father inquired of the remainder of the crew.

"Ay, ay, bo'; she looks dirty enough too, away t' th' narrit" (referring to the weather), answered one of the crew.

"Meetin' a wumman 's a bad sign, men," the owner of the boat remarked.

"Ugh!" came from the crew in chorus.

"What 's t' be done, men?" inquired the owner.

"Let her take her swag," said one.

"Better sit at yer fireside an' starve, than gae aff there an' be drooned," said another gloomily.

"What 's the matter, men?" asked the owner of another boat, coming up at this moment.

"Buswing met a wumman, as he cam doon wi' his line this mornin'," replied the father.

"Heh! d' ye say sae? Did ye speak t' her, Buswing?"

"I did," answered the youth, "bit she didna answer me back again."

"Weel, I met her too, an' there 's na affin fur me this mornin'. What are ye gaun t' do, men?"

"Stap ashore," answered Buswing's father. "As Jemmy says, better starve than droon; fur when ye 're starvin' ye ken where ye are. Tak' yer lines, men, an' gae hame."

The crews of both boats went home and lost a day's fishing. The morning turned out beautiful; but the fishermen who did not go to sea were confident that if they had the weather would have been stormy.

No death had occurred in the village since its foundation but had been "forewarned," so the old women said. On "the night that Widow Ruffel's bairn died," a pig, with its throat cut, had been seen to walk across the kitchen floor and disappear beneath the hearthstone. And the "night that auld Tam Crystal died, a black cat cam doon the chimley an' walked out at the door." When old Jemmy Benney was in his last sickness, a strange man was seen at midnight standing near the door of the house, with a bloody razor in his hand. Next morning Jemmy was dead. "Jack Johnson's dog growled a' night when Tammy Rutherford died," and on the night that the Lapwing was lost, with all hands, a woman with disheveled hair was seen on the beach just before dark, wringing her hands and weeping.

VI.

NOTED CHARACTERS.

I HAVE already mentioned the jetty corner. This was a piece of common situated near the river's edge, where a small landing, for the ferry-boats which plied between the village and Berwick-on-Tweed, ran out. It was the custom of the old men of the village to meet at this place and indulge in the latest gossip. It was also the debating ground. All disputes that were found impossible of settlement by physical means were brought to the jetty corner and submitted to the patriarchs for settlement. Debate often ran high, and it was not uncommon to hear one disparaging the character of another. Although it might be called the village parliament, no order was observed in conducting debate. All the members spoke at once and gave their opinions in the same breath. At such times the by-stander could not hope to understand a word of what was being spoken. The patriarchs themselves did not understand each other. The debate went on, nevertheless.

Some of these old men were peculiar characters. Old and feeble they were, but each one had a strongly marked individuality. One (Joe Steele) bore the reputation of having been the greatest liar in the village, and though age had dimmed his eyes it had not impaired his inventive faculty. Standing with one foot in the grave, he could tell a lie at which Munchausen would have shuddered, with as much satisfaction and as earnestly as when he was in the full possession of his strength. Village boys, in giving each other the lie, would say: "That's ane o' Joe Steele's figgers." Another (Jamie Smith) was noted as the laziest man of the village, and nobly he sustained his reputation. Labor he regarded with the greatest aversion. He was too lazy to go to bed, and after he got to bed, too lazy to get up. Nothing but the pangs of hunger could induce him to exert himself to eat, and after eating he wished he would remain satisfied forever. His peculiarity was visible in his dress. Each garment was fastened with only one button. He had no laces in his shoes. "What's the use," said he, "of havin' show laces; if ye fas'n them i' the mornin' ye have t' loos'n them again at night." The only subject in which he appeared to take an interest was that of new inventions. He looked forward to the time when men "wadna need t' have buttons on their claes, and when chairs wi' soft cushions wud be placed at street corners."

Another, and the most striking character was William Johnson, familiarly known as au'd Wull Johnson. He was a very old man, nearly ninety but strong and vigorous. He was the champion debater of the "outs" of the assembly. He always differed from everybody, and in his own belief he was always right. He never formed an opinion until everybody else had formed his; then, after all had delivered themselves, he would take a position in direct antagonism to each, and he always triumphed, no matter how numerous and how strong the majority. And how he enjoyed his triumphs! How he would chuckle and mutter to himself, "Beat them again,

the d—d fyells." These, with a few others, formed the assembly which daily met at the jetty corner to discuss the topics of the day. Sometimes their subjects took a wide range, embracing political economy, astronomy, grammar, geography, history, cheap breed (bread), bait, and ethics. The debate one day touched on the definition of words — "practice" being the word in question. Joe Steele, the liar, defined it as "the habit of doing anything, use, etc.; also a rule in arithmetic." The others, with the exception of Wull Johnson, agreed with Steele.

Wull Johnson defined it as a rule in arithmetic. The word had *no other* meaning, he was confident! A dictionary was necessary to settle the dispute. One was brought, and Wull Johnson was declared to be wrong for once. The defeated disputant looked crestfallen, but brightened up in a moment.

"Whā's dictionary is that?" he asked.

"Walker's," replied Joe Steele.

"Walker's!" repeated Johnson. Then in the most contemptuous tone imaginable, "An' whā the deevil is Walker?"

No one could answer the question.

"I see, I see," Wull continued. "Another d—d upstart 's been writin' a dictionary, an' he doesna ken a bee frae a bull's fut. Walker! ho, ho! an' ye thought t' impose upon me by that upstart Walker! Did ye think me a jackass?"

"Weel, Wull," said Joe Steele apologetically, "I didna ken but that Walker cud be trusted."

"Weel, man Joe," said Johnson, commiseratingly, "ye 're t' be pitied; I didna think ye wur sae ignorant."

And so Wull Johnson triumphed.

Wull, true to his name, swore that Johnson's Dictionary was the only standard authority for Spittalers.

There came a day, however, when the champion disputant was to be vanquished. Alas that such a day should ever have dawned!

An old and much respected woman, long known in the village for her kind and benevolent disposition, went the way of all the living, and her funeral was attended by the assembly in a body. A few of the patriarchs, among them Wull Johnson, stood at the grave and watched the coffin — a plain pine on the lid of which a small metal plate bore the dates of her birth and death and her age — slowly lowered, and the earth placed upon it.

On the following day the assembly met early to discuss the probable chances of the deceased reaching heaven. Contrary to his usual custom, Wull Johnson coincided in the opinion of the others that "she was a' right." But shortly after, when the question of her age came up, Wull affirmed that the others had mistaken the figures on the coffin-plate. He had carefully scrutinized them, — indeed he attended the funeral for that purpose, — and the woman was not so old, by five years, as the others stated. The others had also seen the figures on the coffin-plate, and they were certain that Wull Johnson was wrong.

"The wumman was seeventy," said Joe Steele.

"Ye 're a liar," replied Wull Johnson; "she was only sixty-five."

"I saw the feegurs," said Joe Steele, mildly.

"Feegurs! what d' ye ken aboot feegurs! where did ye learn feegurs? ye 're as igorant as a cuddy" (ass).

"Never mind, the wumman was seeventy year au'd."

Wull Johnson flew into a terrible passion; the other members sided with Steele. As usual Wull himself, unaided and alone, represented the minority, and he braced himself for the contest. From morn till noon they argued, from noon till dewy eve. Wull Johnson would not budge an inch. The assembly did not adjourn for tea, but continued the debate, and midnight found them exhausted, but as far from settlement as ever. At last Joe Steele proposed that the assembly should proceed to the grave-yard, disinter the coffin, examine the dates on the plate, and fill in the grave again. The proposition was favorably received, and, provided with

spades, the patriarchs tremblingly took their way to the grave-yard. Stationing a sentinel at the gate, they proceeded to the grave and in a short time the coffin-lid was laid bare. A match was lighted and the figures on the plate revealed to the gaze of all.

Wull Johnson was wrong!

Chuckling with glee the triumphant patriarchs filled up the grave, and when the last shovelful of earth had been thrown upon the mound, Joe Steele, with a smile of triumph, turned to Wull Johnson and in an exulting tone said, —

"Weel, Wull, what have ye t' say now, eh? Ye 've seen the feegurs an' they are jest as we said."

"Oh! ye ignorant anes, ye shuckle-heeds, yes, I 've seen the feegurs, *but the feegurs have been changed since I saw them afore!*"

"What! whā cud change them since yesterday, an' the coffin i' the grave?"

"I dinna ken, nor I dinna care, bit they 've been changed."

A general laugh drove Wull from the grave-yard. He did not make his appearance at the jetty corner next day. His spirit was crushed. He never held up his head again, and when the doctor told him he was dying, he could only murmur, "Ye 're a liar," and without continuing the argument, breathed his last. After Wull's death the assembly was broken up. Where they all agreed, it was impossible to get up a dispute. Joe Steele for some time managed to draw them together by relating his marvelous adventures, but they tired of these at last; and six months after Wull's death, the jetty corner was deserted by all save lazy Jamie Smith, who dragged himself to the old rendezvous every morning — too lazy to change his old habits — and lay sleeping until carried home by his son at night. The patriarchs have been gathered to *their* fathers, and the village, which now boasts an Episcopal as well as a Presbyterian church, is being educated and otherwise improved.

But the fishermen still think, with a sigh, of the good old days when they drank gin at every meal, and could get drunk on "boat lānchin' day" without being taken to task for it.

George Runell Jackson.

PISA.

On the Lung' Arno, in each stately street,
The silence is a hunger, and craves food
Like Ugolino cowering o'er his brood.
Sad Pisa! in thy garments obsolete
Still grand, the sceptre fallen at thy feet,
An impuissant queen of solitude,
Thine inconsolable gaze speaks widowhood,
Fixed on the river, voiceless and deplete.

A trance more lonely — lo! not many rods
From the shrunk Arno, a more slumberous air,
A dream of heaven in marbles rich and rare!
Oppressed with sleep the Campanile nods;
But in the Campo Santo's hush of breath,
Orcagna's pathos paints, not Sleep, but Death!

William Gibson.

A FOREGONE CONCLUSION.

III.

Don Ippolito had slept upon his interview with Ferris, and now sat in his laboratory, amidst the many witnesses of his inventive industry, with the model of the breech-loading cannon on the work-bench before him. He had neatly mounted it on wheels, that its completeness might do him the greater credit with the consul when he should show it him, but the carriage had been broken in his pocket, on the way home, by an unlucky thrust from the burden of a porter, and the poor toy lay there disabled, as if to dramatize that premature explosion in the secret chamber.

His heart was in these inventions of his, which had as yet so grudgingly repaid his affection. For their sake he had stinted himself of many needful things. The meagre stipend which he received from the patrimony of his church, eked out with the money paid him for baptisms, funerals, and marriages, and for masses by people who had friends to be prayed out of purgatory, would at best have barely sufficed to support him; but he denied himself everything save the necessary decorums of dress and lodging; he fasted like a saint, and slept hard as a hermit, that he might spend upon these ungrateful creatures of his brain. They were the work of his own hands, and so he saved the expense of their construction; but there were many little outlays for materials and for tools, which he could not avoid, and with him a little was all. They not only famished him; they isolated him. His superiors in the church, and his brother priests, looked with doubt or ridicule upon the labors for which he shunned their company, while he gave up the other social joys, few and small, which a priest might know in the Venice of that day, when all generous spirits regarded him with suspicion for his cloth's sake, and church and state were alert to detect disaffection or indifference in him. But bearing these things willingly, and living as frugally as he might, he had still not enough, and he had been fain to assume the instruction of a young girl of old and noble family in certain branches of polite learning which a young lady of that sort might fitly know. The family was not so rich as it was old and noble, and Don Ippolito was paid from its purse rather than its pride. But the slender salary was a help; these patricians were very good to him; many a time he dined with them, and so spared the cost of his own pottage at home; they always gave him coffee when he came, and that was a saving; at the proper seasons little presents from them were not wanting. In a word, his condition was not privation. He did his duty as a teacher faithfully, and the only trouble with it was that the young girl was growing into a young woman, and that he could not go on teaching her forever. In an evil hour, as it seemed to Don Ippolito, that made the years she had been his pupil shrivel to a mere pinch of time, there came from a young count of the Friuli, visiting Venice, an offer of marriage; and Don Ippolito lost his place. It was hard, but he bade himself have patience; and he composed an ode for the nuptials of his late pupil, which, together with a brief sketch of her ancestral history, he had elegantly printed, according to the Italian usage, and distributed among the family friends; he also made a sonnet to the bridegroom, and these literary tributes were handsomely acknowledged.

He managed a whole year upon the proceeds, and kept a cheerful spirit till the last soldo was spent, inventing one thing after another, and giving much time and money to a new principle of steam propulsion, which, as applied without steam to a small boat on the

canal before his door, failed to work, though it had no logical excuse for its delinquency. He tried to get other pupils, but he got none, and he began to dream of going to America. He pinned his faith in all sorts of magnificent possibilities to the names of Franklin, Fulton, and Morse, and though he was so ignorant of our politics and geography as to suppose us at war with the South American Spaniards, yet he knew that English was the language of the North, and he applied himself to the study of it. Heaven only knows what kind of inventor's Utopia our poor, patent-ridden country appeared to him in these dreams of his, and I can but dimly figure it to myself. But he might very naturally desire to come to a land where the spirit of invention is recognized and fostered, and where he could hope to find that comfort of incentive and companionship which our artists find in Italy.

The idea of the breech-loading cannon had occurred to him suddenly one day, in one of his New-World-ward reveries, and he had made haste to realize it, carefully studying the form and general effect of the Austrian cannon under the gallery of the Ducal Palace, to the high embarrassment of the Croat sentry who paced up and down there, and who did not feel free to order off a priest as he would a civilian. Don Ippolito's model was of admirable finish; he even painted the carriage yellow and black, because that of the original was so, and colored the piece to look like brass; and he lost a day while the paint was drying, after he was otherwise ready to show it to the consul.

He had parted from Ferris with some gleams of comfort, caught chiefly from his kindly manner, but they had died away before nightfall, and this morning he could not rekindle them.

He had had his coffee served to him on the bench, as his frequent custom was, but it stood untasted in the little copper pot beside the dismounted cannon, though it was now ten o'clock, and it was full time he had breakfasted, for he had risen early to perform the matin service for three peasant women, two beggars, a cat, and a paralytic nobleman, in the ancient and beautiful church to which he was attached. He had tried to go about his wonted occupations, but he was still sitting idle before his bench, while his servant gossiped from her balcony to the mistress of the next house, across a calle so deep and narrow that it opened like a mountain chasm beneath them. "It were well if the master read his breviary a little more, instead of always maddening himself with those blessed inventions, that eat more soldi than a Christian, and never come to anything. There he sits before his table, as if he were nailed to his chair, and lets his coffee cool — and God knows I was ready to drink it warm two hours ago — and never looks at me if I open the door twenty times to see whether he has finished. Holy patience! You have not even the advantage of fasting to the glory of God in this house, though you keep Lent the year round. It's the Devil's Lent, *I* say. Eh, Diana! There goes the bell. Who now? Adieu, Lusetta. To meet again, dear. Farewell!"

She ran to another window, and admitted the visitor. It was Ferris, and she went to announce him to her master by the title he had given, while he amused his leisure in the darkness below by falling over a cistern-top, with a loud clattering of his cane on the copper lid, after which he heard the voice of the priest begging him to remain at his convenience a moment till he could descend and show him the way up-stairs. His eyes were not yet used to the obscurity of the narrow entry in which he stood, when he felt a cold hand laid on his, and passively yielded himself to its guidance. He tried to excuse himself for intruding upon Don Ippolito so soon, but the priest in far suppler Italian overwhelmed him with lamentations that he should be so unworthy the honor done him, and ushered his guest into his apartment. He plainly took it for granted that Ferris had come to see his inventions, in compliance with the

invitation he had given him the day before, and he made no affectation of delay, though after the excitement of the greetings was past, there was a quiet dejection in the promptness with which he rose and offered to lead his visitor to his laboratory.

The whole place was an outgrowth of himself: it was his history as well as his character. It recorded his quaint and childish tastes, his restless endeavors, his partial and halting successes. The anteroom in which he had paused with Ferris was painted to look like a grape-arbor, where the vines sprang from the floor, and flourishing up the trellised walls, with many a wanton tendril and flaunting leaf, displayed their lavish clusters of white and purple all over the ceiling. It touched Ferris, when Don Ippolito confessed that this decoration had been the distraction of his own vacant moments, to find that it was like certain grape-arbors he had seen in remote corners of Venice before the doors of degenerate palaces, or forming the entrances of open-air restaurants, and did not seem at all to have been studied from grape-arbors in the country. He perceived the archaic striving for exact truth, and he successfully praised the mechanical skill and love of reality with which it was done; but he was silenced by a collection of paintings in Don Ippolito's parlor, where he had been made to sit down a moment. Hard they were in line, fixed in expression, and opaque in color, these copies of famous masterpieces, — saints of either sex, ascensions, assumptions, martyrdoms, and what not, — and they were not quite comprehensible till Don Ippolito explained that he had made them from such prints of the subjects as he could get, and had colored them after his own fancy. All this, in a city whose art had been the glory of the world for nigh half a thousand years, struck Ferris as yet more comically pathetic than the frescoed grape-arbor; he stared about him for some sort of escape from the pictures, and his eye fell upon a piano and a melodeon placed end to end in a right angle. Don Ippolito, seeing his look of inquiry, sat down and briefly played the same air with a hand upon each instrument.

Ferris smiled. "Don Ippolito, you are another Da Vinci, a universal genius."

"Bagatelles, bagatelles," said the priest pensively; but he rose with greater spirit than he had yet shown, and preceded the consul into the little room that served him for a smithy. It seemed from some peculiarities of shape to have once been an oratory, but it was now begrimed with smoke and dust from the forge which Don Ippolito had set up in it; the embers of a recent fire, the bellows, the pincers, the hammers, and the other implements of the trade gave it a sinister effect, as if the place of prayer had been invaded by mocking imps, or as if some hapless mortal in contract with the evil powers were here searching, by the help of the adversary, for the forbidden secrets of the metals and of fire. In those days, Ferris was an uncompromising enemy of the theatricalization of Italy, or indeed of anything; but the fancy of the black-robed young priest at work in this place appealed to him all the more potently because of the sort of tragic innocence which seemed to characterize Don Ippolito's expression. He longed intensely to sketch the picture then and there, but he had strength to rebuke the fancy as something that could not make itself intelligible without the help of such accessories as he despised, and he victoriously followed the priest into his larger workshop, where his inventions, complete and incomplete, were stored, and where he had been seated when his visitor arrived. The high windows and the frescoed ceiling were festooned with dusty cobwebs; litter of shavings and whittlings strewed the floor; mechanical implements and contrivances were everywhere, and Don Ippolito's listlessness seemed to return upon him again at the sight of the familiar disorder.

Conspicuous among other objects lay the illogically unsuccessful model of the new principle of steam propulsion,

untouched since the day when he had lifted it out of the canal and carried it indoors through the ranks of grinning spectators. From a shelf above it he took down models of a flying-machine and a perpetual motion. "Fantastic researches in the impossible. I never expected results from these experiments, with which I nevertheless once pleased myself," he said, and turned impatiently to various pieces of portable furniture, chairs, tables, bedsteads, which by folding up their legs and tops condensed themselves into flat boxes, developing handles at the side for convenience in carrying. They were painted and varnished, and were in all respects complete; they had indeed won favorable mention at an exposition of the Provincial Society of Arts and Industries, and Ferris could applaud their ingenuity sincerely, though he had his tacit doubts of their usefulness. He fell silent again when Don Ippolito called his notice to a photographic camera, so contrived with traps and springs that you could snatch by its help whatever joy there might be in taking your own photograph; and he did not know what to say of a submarine boat, a four-wheeled water-velocipede, a movable bridge, or the very many other principles and ideas to which Don Ippolito's cunning hand had given shape, more or less imperfect. It seemed to him that they all, however perfect or imperfect, had some fatal defect: they were aspirations toward the impossible, or realizations of the trivial and superfluous. Yet, for all this, they strongly appealed to the painter as the stunted fruit of a talent denied opportunity, instruction, and sympathy. As he looked from them at last to the questioning face of the priest, and considered out of what disheartened and solitary patience they must have come in this city, — dead hundreds of years to all such endeavor, — he could not utter some glib phrases of compliment that he had on his tongue. If Don Ippolito had been taken young, he might perhaps have come to something, though this was questionable; but at thirty — as he looked now — with his undisciplined purposes, and his head full of vagaries of which these things were the tangible witness . . . Ferris let his eyes drop again. They fell upon the ruin of the breech-loading cannon, and he said, "Don Ippolito, it 's very good of you to take the trouble of showing me these matters, and I hope you 'll pardon the ungrateful return, if I cannot offer any definite opinion of them now. They are rather out of my way, I confess. I wish with all my heart I could order an experimental, life-size copy of your breech-loading cannon here, for trial by my government, but I can't; and to tell you the truth, it was not altogether the wish to see these inventions of yours that brought me here to-day."

"Oh," said Don Ippolito, with a mortified air, "I am afraid that I have wearied the Signor Console."

"Not at all, not at all," Ferris made haste to answer, with a frown at his own awkwardness. "But your speaking English yesterday . . . perhaps what I was thinking of is quite foreign to your tastes and possibilities" . . . He hesitated with a look of perplexity, while Don Ippolito stood before him in an attitude of expectation, pressing the points of his fingers together, and looking curiously into his face. "The case is this," resumed Ferris desperately. "There are two American ladies, friends of mine, sojourning in Venice, who expect to be here till midsummer. They are mother and daughter, and the young lady wants to read and speak Italian with somebody a few hours each day. The question is whether it is quite out of your way or not to give her lessons of this kind. I ask it quite at a venture. I suppose no harm is done, at any rate," and he looked at Don Ippolito with apologetic perturbation.

"No," said the priest, "there is no harm. On the contrary, I am at this moment in a position to consider it a great favor that you do me in offering me this employment. I accept it with the greatest pleasure. Oh!" he cried, breaking by a sudden impulse from the composure with which he had begun to

speak, "you don't know what you do for me; you lift me out of despair. Before you came, I had reached one of those passes that seem the last bound of endeavor. But you give me new life. Now I can go on with my experiment. I can attest my gratitude by possessing your native country of the weapon I had designed for it — I am sure of the principle: some slight improvement, perhaps the use of some different explosive, would get over that difficulty you suggested," he said eagerly. "Yes, something can be done. God bless you, my dear little son — I mean — perdoni! — my dear sir" . . .

"Wait — not so fast," said Ferris with a laugh, yet a little annoyed that a question so purely tentative as his should have met at once such a definitive response. "Are you quite sure you can do what they want?" He unfolded to him, as fully as he understood it, Mrs. Vervain's scheme.

Don Ippolito entered into it with perfect intelligence. He said that he had already had charge of the education of a young girl of noble family, and he could therefore the more confidently hope to be useful to this American lady. A light of joyful hope shone in his dreamy eyes, the whole man changed, he assumed the hospitable and caressing host. He conducted Ferris back to his parlor, and making him sit upon the hard sofa that was his hard bed by night, he summoned his servant, and bade her serve them coffee. She closed her lips firmly, and waved her finger before her face. Then he bade her fetch it from the caffè; and he listened with a sort of rapt inattention while Ferris again returned to the subject and explained that he had approached him without first informing the ladies, and that he must regard nothing as final. It was at this point that Don Ippolito, who had understood so clearly what Mrs. Vervain wanted, appeared a little slow to understand; and Ferris carried away with him a doubt whether it was from subtlety or from simplicity that the priest seemed not to comprehend the impulse on which he had acted. He finished his coffee in this perplexity, and when he rose to go, Don Ippolito followed him down to the street-door, and preserved him from a second encounter with the cistern-top.

"But, Don Ippolito — remember! I make no engagement for the ladies, whom you must see before anything is settled," said Ferris.

"Surely, — surely!" answered the priest, and he remained smiling at the door till the American turned the next corner. Then he went back to his work-room, and took up the broken model from the bench. But he could not work at it now, he could not work at anything; he began to walk up and down the floor.

"Could he really have been so stupid because his mind was on his ridiculous cannon?" wondered Ferris as he sauntered frowning away; and he tried to prepare his own mind for his meeting with the Vervains, to whom he must now go at once. He felt abused and victimized. Yet it was an amusing experience, and he found himself able to interest both of the ladies in it. The younger had received him as coldly as the forms of greeting would allow; but as he talked she drew nearer him with a reluctant haughtiness which he noted. He turned the more conspicuously towards Mrs. Vervain. "Well, to make a long story short," he said, "I could n't discourage Don Ippolito. He refused to be dismayed at the notion of teaching Miss Vervain, — as I should have been. I did n't arrange with him not to fall in love with her as his secular predecessors have done — it seemed superfluous. But you can mention it to him if you like. In fact," said Ferris, suddenly addressing the daughter, "you might make the stipulation yourself, Miss Vervain."

She looked at him a moment with a sort of defenseless pain that made him ashamed; and then walked away from him towards the window, with a frank resentment that made him smile, as he continued, "But I suppose you would like to have some explanation of my motive in precipitating Don Ip-

polito upon you in this way, when I told you only yesterday that he would n't do at all; in fact I think myself that I've behaved rather fickle-mindedly — for a representative of the country. But I'll tell you; and you won't be surprised to learn that I acted from mixed motives. I'm not at all sure that he 'll do; I've had awful misgivings about it since I left him, and I'm glad of the chance to make a clean breast of it. When I came to think the matter over last night, the fact that he had taught himself English — with the help of an Irishman for the pronunciation — seemed to promise that he'd have the right sort of sympathy with your scheme, and it showed that he must have something practical about him, too. And here 's where the selfish admixture comes in. I did n't have your interests solely in mind when I went to see Don Ippolito. I had n't been able to get rid of him; he stuck in my thought. I fancied he might be glad of the pay of a teacher, and — I had half a notion to ask him to let me paint him. It was an even chance whether I should try to secure him for Miss Vervain, or for Art — as they call it. Miss Vervain won because she could pay him, and I did n't see how Art could. I can bring him round any time; and that 's the whole inconsequent business. My consolation is that I've left you perfectly free. There 's nothing decided."

"Thanks," said Mrs. Vervain; "then it 's all settled. You can bring him round as soon as you like, to our new place. We 've taken that apartment we looked at the other day, and we 're going into it this afternoon. Here 's the landlord's letter," she added, drawing a paper out of her pocket. "If he 's cheated us, I suppose you can see justice done. I did n't want to trouble you before."

"You 're a woman of business, Mrs. Vervain," said Ferris. "The man 's a perfect Jew — or a perfect Christian, one ought to say in Venice; we true believers do gouge so much more infamously here — and you let him get you in black and white before you come to me. Well," he continued, as he glanced at the paper, "you 've done it! He makes you pay one half too much. However, it 's cheap enough; twice as cheap as your hotel."

"But I don't care for cheapness. I hate to be imposed upon. What 's to be done about it?"

"Nothing; if he has your letter as you have his. It 's a bargain, and you must stand to it."

"A bargain? Oh nonsense, now, Mr. Ferris. This is merely a note of mutual understanding."

"Yes, that 's one way of looking at it. The Civil Tribunal would call it a binding agreement of the closest tenure, — if you want to go to law about it."

"I *will* go to law about it."

"Oh no, you won't — unless you mean to spend your remaining days and all your substance in Venice. Come, you have n't done so badly, Mrs. Vervain. I don't call four rooms, completely furnished for housekeeping, with that lovely garden, at all dear at eleven francs a day. Besides, the landlord is a man of excellent feeling, sympathetic and obliging, and a perfect gentleman, though he *is* such an outrageous scoundrel. He 'll cheat you, of course, in whatever he can; you must look out for that; but he 'll do you any sort of little neighborly kindness. Good-by," said Ferris, getting to the door before Mrs. Vervain could intercept him. "I'll come to your new place this evening to see how you are pleased."

"Florida," said Mrs. Vervain, "this is outrageous."

"I would n't mind it, mother. We pay very little, after all."

"Yes, but we pay too much. That 's what I can't bear. And as you said yesterday, I don't think Mr. Ferris's manners are quite respectful to me."

"He only told you the truth; I think he advised you for the best. The matter could n't be helped now."

"But I call it a want of feeling to speak the truth so bluntly."

"We won't have to complain of that in our landlord, it seems," said Florida.

"Perhaps not in our priest, either," she added, a little more seriously.

"Yes, that *was* kind of Mr. Ferris," said Mrs. Vervain. "It was thoroughly thoughtful and considerate — what I call an instance of true delicacy. I'm really quite curious to see him. Don Ippolito! How very odd to call a priest *Don!* I should have said Padre. Don always makes you think of a Spanish cavalier. Don Rodrigo: something like that."

They went on to talk, desultorily, of Don Ippolito, and what he might be like. In speaking of him the day before, Ferris had hinted at some mysterious sadness in him; and to hint of sadness in a man always interests women in him, whether they are old or young: the old have suffered, the young forebode suffering. Their interest in Don Ippolito had not been diminished by what Ferris had told them of his visit to the priest's house and of the things he had seen there; for there had always been the same strain of pity in his laughing account, and he had imparted none of his doubts to them. They did not talk as if it were strange that Ferris should do to-day what he had yesterday said he would not do: perhaps as women they could not find such a thing strange; but it vexed him more and more as he went about all afternoon thinking of his inconsistency, and wondering whether he had not acted rashly.

IV.

The palace in which Mrs. Vervain had taken an apartment fronted on a broad campo, and hung its empty marble balconies from gothic windows above a silence scarcely to be matched elsewhere in Venice. The local pharmacy, the caffè, the grocery, the fruiterer's, the other shops with which every Venetian campo is furnished, had each a certain life about it, but it was a silent life, and at midday a frowzy-headed woman clacking across the flags in her wooden-heeled shoes made echoes whose garrulity was interrupted by no other sound. In the early morning, when the lid of the public cistern in the centre of the campo was unlocked, there was a clamor of voices and a clangor of copper vessels, as the housewives of the neighborhood and the local force of strong-backed Friulan water-girls drew their day's supply of water; and on that sort of special parochial holiday, called a *sagra*, the campo hummed and clattered and shrieked with a multitude celebrating the day around the stands where pumpkin-seeds and roast pumpkin and anisette-water were sold, and before the movable kitchen where cakes were fried in caldrons of oil, and uproariously offered to the crowd by the cook, who did not suffer himself to be embarrassed by the rival drama of adjacent puppet-shows, but continued to bellow forth his bargains all day long and far into the night, when the flames under his kettles painted his visage a fine crimson. The sagra once over, however, the campo relapsed into its habitual silence, and no one looking at the front of the palace would have thought of it as a place for distraction-seeking foreign sojourners. But it was not on this side that the landlord tempted his tenants; his principal notice of lodgings to let was affixed to the water-gate of the palace, which opened on a smaller channel so near the Grand Canal that no wandering eye could fail to see it. The portal was a tall arch of Venetian gothic tipped with a carven flame; steps of white Istrian stone descended to the level of the lowest ebb, irregularly embossed with barnacles, and dabbling long fringes of soft green sea-mosses in the rising and falling tide. Swarms of water-bugs and beetles played over the edges of the steps, and crabs scuttled sidewise into deeper water at the approach of a gondola. A length of stone-capped brick wall, to which patches of stucco still clung, stretched from the gate on either hand under cover of an ivy that flung its mesh of shining green from within, where there lurked a lovely garden, stately, spacious for Venice, and full of a delicious, half-sad surprise for whoso opened upon it. In the midst

it had a broken fountain, with a marble naiad standing on a shell, and looking saucier than the sculptor meant, from having lost the point of her nose; nymphs and fauns, and shepherds and shepherdesses, her kinsfolk, coquetted in and out among the greenery in flirtation not to be embarrassed by the fracture of an arm, or the casting of a leg or so; one lady had no head, but she was the boldest of all. In this garden there were some mulberry and pomegranate trees, several of which hung about the fountain with seats in their shade, and for the rest there seemed to be mostly roses and oleanders, with other shrubs of a kind that made the greatest show of blossom and cost the least for tendance. A wide terrace stretched across the rear of the palace, dropping to the garden path by a flight of balustraded steps, and upon this terrace opened the long windows of Mrs. Vervain's parlor and dining-room. Her landlord owned only the first story and the basement of the palace, in some corner of which he cowered with his servants, his taste for pictures and *bric-à-brac*, and his little branch of inquiry into Venetian history, whatever it was, ready to let himself or anything he had for hire at a moment's notice, but very pleasant, gentle, and unobtrusive; a cheat and a liar, but of a kind heart and sympathetic manners. Under his protection Mrs. Vervain set up her impermanent household gods. The apartment was taken only from week to week, and as she freely explained to the *padrone* hovering about with offers of service, she knew herself too well ever to unpack anything that would not spoil by remaining packed. She made her trunks yield all the appliances necessary for an invalid's comfort, and then left them in a state to be strapped and transported to the station within half a day after the desire of change or the exigencies of her feeble health obliged her going. Everything for housekeeping was furnished with the rooms. There was a gondolier and a sort of house-servant in the employ of the landlord, of whom Mrs. Vervain hired them, and she caressingly dismissed the padrone at an early moment after her arrival, with the charge to find a maid for herself and daughter. As if she had been waiting at the next door this maid appeared promptly, and being Venetian, and in domestic service, her name was of course Nina. Mrs. Vervain now said to Florida that everything was perfect, and contentedly began her life in Venice by telling Mr. Ferris, when he came in the evening, that he could bring Don Ippolito the day after the morrow, if he liked.

She and Florida sat on the terrace waiting for them on the morning named, when Ferris, with the priest in his clerical best, came up the garden path in the sunny light. Don Ippolito's best was a little poverty-stricken; he had faltered a while, before leaving home, over the sad choice between a shabby cylinder hat of obsolete fashion and his well-worn three-cornered priestly beaver, and had at last put on the latter with a sigh. He had made his servant polish the buckles of his shoes, and instead of a band of linen round his throat, he wore a strip of cloth covered with small white beads, edged above and below with a single row of pale blue ones.

As he mounted the steps with Ferris, Mrs. Vervain came forward a little to meet them, while Florida rose and stood beside her chair in a sort of proud suspense and timidity. The elder lady was in that black from which she had so seldom been able to escape; but the daughter wore a dress of delicate green, in which she seemed a part of the young season that everywhere clothed itself in the same tint. The sunlight fell upon her blonde hair, melting into its light gold; her level brows frowned somewhat with the glance of scrutiny which she gave the dark young priest, who was making his stately bow to her mother, and trying to answer her English greetings in the same tongue.

"My daughter," said Mrs. Vervain, and Don Ippolito made another low bow, and then looked at the girl with a sort of frank and melancholy wonder, as she turned and exchanged a few

words with Ferris, who was assailing her seriousness and hauteur with unabashed levity of compliment. A quick light flashed and fled in her cheek as she talked, and the fringes of her serious, asking eyes swept slowly up and down as she bent them upon him a moment before she broke abruptly, not coquettishly, away from him, and moved toward her mother, while Ferris walked off to the other end of the terrace, with a laugh. Mrs. Vervain and the priest were trying each other in French, and not making great advance; he explained to Florida in Italian, and she answered him hesitatingly; whereupon he praised her Italian in set phrase.

"Thank you," said the girl sincerely, "I have tried hard to learn. I hope," she added as before, "you can make me see how little I know." The deprecating wave of the hand with which Don Ippolito appealed to her from herself, seemed arrested midway by his perception of some novel quality in her. He said gravely that he should try to be of use, and then the two stood silent.

"Come, Mr. Ferris," called out Mrs. Vervain, "breakfast is ready, and I want you to take me in."

"Too much honor," said the painter, coming forward and offering his arm, and Mrs. Vervain led the way indoors.

"I suppose I ought to have taken Don Ippolito's arm," she confided in under-tone, "but the fact is, our French is so unlike that we don't understand each other *very* well."

"Oh," returned Ferris, "I've known Italians and Americans whom Frenchmen themselves could n't understand."

"You see it 's an American breakfast," said Mrs. Vervain with a critical glance at the table before she sat down. "All but hot bread; *that* you *can't* have," and Don Ippolito was for the first time in his life confronted by a breakfast of beef-steak, eggs and toast, fried potatoes, and coffee with milk, with a choice of tea. He subdued all signs of the wonder he must have felt, and beyond cutting his meat into little bits before eating it, did nothing to betray his strangeness to the feast.

The breakfast had passed off very pleasantly, with occasional lapses. "We break down under the burden of so many languages," said Ferris. "It is an *embarras de richesses*. Let us fix upon a common maccheronic. May I trouble you for a poco più di sugar dans mon café, Mrs. Vervain? What do you think of the bellazza de ce weather magnifique, Don Ippolito?"

"How ridiculous!" said Mrs. Vervain in a tone of fond admiration aside to Don Ippolito, who smiled, but shrank from contributing to the new tongue.

"Very well, then," said the painter. "I shall stick to my native Bergamask, for the future; and Don Ippolito may translate for the foreign ladies."

He ended by speaking English with everybody; Don Ippolito eked out his speeches to Mrs. Vervain in that tongue with a little French; Florida, conscious of Ferris's ironical observance, used an embarrassed but defiant Italian with the priest.

"I'm *so* pleased!" said Mrs. Vervain, rising when Ferris said that he must go, and Florida shook hands with both guests.

"Thank you, Mrs. Vervain; I could have gone before, if I'd thought you would have liked it," answered the painter.

"Oh nonsense, now," returned the lady. "You know what I mean. I'm perfectly delighted with him," she continued, getting Ferris to one side, "and I *know* he must have a good accent. So very kind of you. Will you arrange with him about the pay? — such a *shame!* Thanks. Then I need n't say anything to him about that. I'm so glad I had him to breakfast the first day; though Florida thought not. Of course, one need n't keep it up. But seriously, it is n't an ordinary case, you know."

Ferris laughed at her with a sort of affectionate disrespect, and said good-by. Don Ippolito lingered for a while to talk over the proposed lessons, and then went, after more elaborate adieux.

Mrs. Vervain remained thoughtful a moment before she said: —

"That was rather droll, Florida."

"What, mother?"

"His cutting his meat into small bites, before he began to eat. But perhaps it 's the Venetian custom. At any rate, my dear, he 's a gentleman in virtue of his profession, and I could n't do less than ask him to breakfast. He has beautiful manners; and if he must take snuff, I suppose it 's neater to carry two handkerchiefs, though it does look odd. I wish he would n't take snuff."

"I don't see why we need care, mother. At any rate, we cannot help it."

"That 's true, my dear. And his nails. Now, when they 're spread out on a book, you know, to keep it open, won't it be unpleasant?"

"They seem to have just such fingernails all over Europe — except in England."

"Oh, yes; I know it. I dare say we should n't care for it in him, if he did n't seem so very nice otherwise. How handsome he is!"

V.

It was understood that Don Ippolito should come every morning at ten o'clock, and read and talk with Miss Vervain for an hour or two; but Mrs. Vervain's hospitality was too aggressive for the letter of the agreement. She oftener had him to breakfast at nine, for, as she explained to Ferris, she could not endure to have him feel that it was a mere mercenary transaction, and there was no limit fixed for the lessons on these days. When she could, she had Ferris come, too, and she missed him when he did not come. "I like that bluntness of his," she professed to her daughter, "and I don't mind his making light of me. You *are* so apt to be heavy if you 're not made light of occasionally. I certainly should n't want a *son* to be so respectful and obedient as you are, my dear."

The painter honestly returned her fondness, and with not much greater reason. He saw that she took pleasure in his talk, and enjoyed it even when she did not understand it; and this is a kind of flattery not easy to resist. Besides, there was very little ladies' society in Venice in those times, and Ferris, after trying the little he could get at, had gladly denied himself its pleasures, and consorted with the young men he met at the caffès, or in the Piazza. But when the Vervains came, they recalled to him the younger days in which he had delighted in the companionship of women. After so long disuse, it was charming to be with a beautiful girl who neither regarded him with distrust nor expected him to ask her in marriage because he sat alone with her, rode out with her in a gondola, walked with her, read with her. All young men like a house in which no ado is made about their coming and going, and Mrs. Vervain perfectly understood the art of letting him make himself at home. He perceived with amusement that this amiable lady, who never did an ungraceful thing nor wittingly said an ungracious one, was very much of a Bohemian at heart, — the gentlest and most blameless of the tribe, but still lawless, — whether from her campaigning married life, or the rovings of her widowhood, or by natural disposition; and that Miss Vervain was inclined to be conventionally strict, but with her irregular training was at a loss for rules by which to check her mother's little waywardnesses. Her anxious perplexity, at times, together with her heroic obedience and unswerving loyalty to her mother had something pathetic as well as amusing in it. He saw her tried almost to tears by her mother's helpless frankness, — for Mrs. Vervain was apparently one of those ladies whom the intolerable surprise of having anything come into their heads causes instantly to say or do it, — and he observed that she never tried to pass off her endurance with any feminine arts; but seemed to defy him to think what he would of it. Perhaps she was not able to do otherwise: he thought of her at times as a

person wholly abandoned to the truth. Her pride was on the alert against him; she may have imagined that he was covertly smiling at her, and she no doubt tasted the ironical flavor of much of his talk and behavior, for in those days he liked to qualify his devotion to the Vervains with a certain nonchalant slight, which, while the mother openly enjoyed it, filled the daughter with anger and apprehension. Quite at random, she visited points of his informal manner with unmeasured reprisal; others, for which he might have blamed himself, she passed over with strange caprice. Sometimes this attitude of hers provoked him, and sometimes it disarmed him; but whether they were at feud, or keeping an armed truce, or, as now and then happened, were in an *entente cordiale* which he found very charming, the thing that he always contrived to treat with silent respect and forbearance in Miss Vervain was that sort of aggressive tenderness with which she hastened to shield the foibles of her mother. That was something very good in her pride, he finally decided. At the same time, he did not pretend to understand the curious filial self-sacrifice which it involved.

Another thing in her that puzzled him was her devoutness. Mrs. Vervain could with difficulty be got to church, but her daughter missed no service of the English ritual in the old palace where the British and American tourists assembled once a week with their guide-books in one pocket and their prayer-books in the other, and buried the tomahawk under the altar. Mr. Ferris was often sent with her; and then his thoughts, which were a young man's, wandered from the service to the beautiful girl at his side, — the exquisite head that punctiliously bowed itself at the name of the second person in the Trinity; the full lips that murmured the responses; the silken lashes that swept her fair cheeks as she perused the morning lesson. He knew that the Vervains were not Episcopalians when at home, for Mrs. Vervain had told him so, and that Florida went to the English service because there was no other. He conjectured that perhaps her touch of ritualism came from mere love of any form she could make sure of.

The servants in Mrs. Vervain's lightly ordered household, with the sympathetic quickness of the Italians, learned to use him as the next friend of the family, and though they may have had their decorous surprise at his untrammeled footing, they probably excused the whole relation as a phase of that foreign eccentricity to which their nation is so amiable. If they were not able to cast the same mantle of charity over Don Ippolito's allegiance, — and doubtless they had their reserves concerning such frankly familiar treatment of so dubious a character as a priest, — still as a priest they stood somewhat in awe of him; they had the spontaneous loyalty of their race to the people they served, and they never intimated by a look that they found it strange when Don Ippolito freely came and went. Mrs. Vervain had quite adopted him into her family; while her daughter seemed more at ease with him than with Ferris, and treated him with a grave politeness which had something also of compassion and of child-like reverence in it. Ferris observed that she was always particularly careful of his supposable sensibilities as a Roman Catholic, and that the priest was oddly indifferent to this deference, as if it would have mattered very little to him whether his church was spared or not. He had a way of lightly avoiding, Ferris fancied, not only religious points on which they could disagree, but all phases of religious thought as wearisome or trivial. At such times Miss Vervain relaxed her reverential attitude, and used him with something like rebuke, as if it did not please her to have the representative of even an alien religion slight his office; as if her respect were for his priesthood and her compassion for him personally. That was rather hard for Don Ippolito, Ferris thought, and waited to see him snubbed outright some day, when he should behave without sufficient gravity.

The blossoms came and went upon the pomegranate and almond trees in the garden, and some of the earliest roses were in their prime; everywhere was so full leaf that the wantonest of the strutting nymphs was forced into a sort of decent seclusion, but the careless naiad of the fountain burnt in sunlight that subtly increased its fervors day by day, and it was no longer beginning to be warm, — it was warm, — when one morning Ferris and Miss Vervain sat on the steps of the terrace, waiting for Don Ippolito to join them at breakfast.

By this time the painter was well on with the picture of Don Ippolito which the first sight of the priest had given him a longing to paint, and he had been just now talking of it with Miss Vervain.

"But why do you paint him simply as a priest?" she asked. "I should think you would want to make him the centre of some famous or romantic scene," she added, gravely looking into his eyes as he sat with his head thrown back against the balustrade.

"No, I doubt if you *think*," answered Ferris, "or you 'd see that a Venetian priest does n't need any tawdry accessories. What do you want? Somebody administering the extreme unction to a victim of the Council of Ten? A priest stepping into a confessional at the Frari — tomb of Canova in the distance, perspective of one of the naves, and so forth — with his eye on a pretty devotee coming up to unburden her conscience? I 've no patience with the follies people think and say about Venice!"

Florida stared in haughty question at the painter.

"You 're no worse than the rest," he continued with indifference to her anger at his bluntness. "You all think that there can be no picture of Venice without a gondola or a Bridge of Sighs in it. Have you ever read the Merchant of Venice, or Othello? There is n't a boat nor a bridge nor a canal mentioned in either of them; and yet they breathe and pulsate with the very life of Venice. I 'm going to try to paint a Venetian priest so that you 'll know him without a bit of conventional Venice near him."

"It was Shakespeare who wrote those plays," said Florida. Ferris bowed in mock suffering from her sarcasm. "You 'd better have some sort of symbol in your picture of a Venetian priest, or people will wonder why you came so far to paint Father O'Brien."

"I don't say I shall succeed," Ferris answered, "but the principle is right, all the same. I don't expect everybody to see the difference between Don Ippolito and Father O'Brien. At any rate, what I 'm going to paint *at* is the lingering pagan in the man, the renunciation first of the inherited nature, and then of a personality that would have enjoyed the world. I want to show that baffled aspiration, apathetic despair, and rebellious longing which you catch in his face when he 's off his guard, and that suppressed look which is the characteristic expression of all Austrian Venice. Then," said Ferris, laughing, "I must work in that small suspicion of Jesuit which there is in every priest. But it 's quite possible I may make a Father O'Brien of him."

"You won't make a Don Ippolito of him," said Florida, after serious consideration of his face to see whether he was quite in earnest, "if you put all that into him. He has the simplest and openest look in the world," she added warmly, "and there 's neither pagan, nor martyr, nor rebel in it."

Ferris laughed again. "Excuse me; I don't think you know. I can convince you" . . .

Florida rose, and looking down the garden path said, "He 's coming;" and as Don Ippolito drew near, his face lighting up with a joyous and innocent smile, she continued absently, "he 's got on new stockings, and a different coat and hat."

The stockings were indeed new and the hat was not the accustomed *nicchio*, but a new silk cylinder with a very worldly, curling brim. Don Ippolito's coat, also, was of a more mundane cut than the talare; he wore a waistcoat

and small-clothes, meeting the stockings at the knee with a sprightly buckle. His person showed no traces of the snuff with which it used to be so plentifully dusted; in fact, he no longer took snuff in the presence of the ladies. The first week he had noted an inexplicable uneasiness in them when he drew forth that blue cotton handkerchief after the solace of a pinch; shortly afterwards, being alone with Florida, he saw her give a nervous start at its appearance. He blushed violently, and put it back into the pocket from which he had half drawn it, and whence it never emerged again in her presence. The contessina had not shown any aversion to Don Ippolito's snuff or his blue handkerchief; but then the contessina had never rebuked his finger-nails by the tints of rose and ivory with which Miss Vervain's hands bewildered him. It was a little droll how anxiously he studied the ways of these Americans, and conformed to them as far as he knew. His English grew rapidly in their society, and it happened sometimes that the only Italian in the day's lesson was what he read with Florida, for she always yielded to her mother's wish to talk, and Mrs. Vervain preferred the ease of her native tongue. He was Americanizing in that good lady's hands as fast as she could transform him, and he listened to her with trustful reverence, as to a woman of striking though eccentric mind. Yet he seemed finally to refer every point to Florida, as if with an intuition of steadier and stronger character in her; and now, as he ascended the terrace steps in his modified costume, he looked intently at her. She swept him from head to foot with a glance, and then gravely welcomed him with unchanged countenance.

At the same moment, Mrs. Vervain came out through one of the long windows, and adjusting her glasses, said with a start, "Why, my dear Don Ippolito, I should n't have known you!"

"Indeed, madama?" asked the priest with a painful smile. "Is it so great a change? We can wear this dress as well as the other, if we please."

"Why, of course it 's very becoming and all that; but it does look so out of character," Mrs. Vervain said, leading the way to the breakfast-room. "It 's like seeing a military man in a civil coat."

"It must be a great relief to lay aside the uniform now and then, mother," said Florida, as they sat down. "I can remember that papa used to be glad to get out of his."

"Perfectly wild," assented Mrs. Vervain. "But he never seemed the same person. Soldiers and — clergymen — are so much more stylish in their own dress — not stylish, exactly, but taking; don't you know?"

"There, Don Ippolito," interposed Ferris, "you had better put on your talare and your nicchio again. Your *abbate's* dress is n't acceptable, you see."

The painter spoke in Italian, but Don Ippolito answered — with certain blunders which it would be tedious to reproduce — in his patient, conscientious English, half sadly, half playfully, and glancing at Florida, before he turned to Mrs. Vervain, "You are as rigid as the rest of the world, madama. I thought you would like this dress, but it seems that you think it a masquerade. As madamigella says, it is a relief to lay aside the uniform, now and then, for us who fight the spiritual enemies as well as for the other soldiers. There was one time, when I was younger and in the subdeaconate orders, that I put off the priest's dress altogether, and wore citizen's clothes, not an abbate's suit like this. We were in Padua, another young priest and I, my nearest and only friend, and for a whole night we walked about the streets in that dress, meeting the students, as they strolled singing through the moonlight; we went to the theatre and to the caffè, — we smoked cigars, all the time laughing and trembling to think of the tonsure under our hats. But in the morning we had to put on the stockings and the talare and the nicchio again."

Don Ippolito gave a melancholy laugh.

He had thrust the corner of his napkin into his collar; seeing that Ferris had not his so, he twitched it out, and made a feint of its having been all the time in his lap. Every one was silent as if something shocking had been said; Florida looked with grave rebuke at Don Ippolito, whose story affected Ferris like that of some girl's adventure in men's clothes. He was in terror lest Mrs. Vervain should be going to say it was like that; she was going to say something; he made haste to forestall her, and turn the talk on other things.

The next day the priest came in his usual dress, and he did not again try to escape from it.

VI.

One afternoon, as Don Ippolito was posing to Ferris for his picture of A Venetian Priest, the painter asked, to make talk, "Have you hit upon that new explosive yet, which is to utilize your breech-loading cannon? Or are you engaged upon something altogether new?"

"No," answered the other uneasily, "I have not touched the cannon since that day you saw it at my house; and as for other things, I have not been able to put my mind to them. I have made a few trifles, which I have ventured to offer the ladies."

Ferris had noticed the ingenious reading-desk which Don Ippolito had presented to Florida, and the footstool, contrived with springs and hinges so that it would fold up into the compass of an ordinary portfolio, which Mrs. Vervain carried about with her.

An odd look, which the painter caught at and missed, came into the priest's face, as he resumed: "I suppose it is the distraction of my new occupation, and of the new acquaintances — so very strange to me in every way — that I have made in your amiable countrywomen, which hinders me from going about anything in earnest, now that their munificence has enabled me to pursue my aims with greater advantages than ever before. But this idle mood will pass, and in the mean time I am very happy. They are real angels, and madama is a true original."

"Mrs. Vervain is rather peculiar," said the painter, retiring a few paces from his picture, and quizzing it through his half-closed eyes. "She is a woman who has had affliction enough to turn a stronger head than hers could ever have been," he added kindly. "But she has the best heart in the world. In fact," he burst forth, "she is the most extraordinary combination of perfect fool and perfect lady I ever saw."

"Excuse me; I don't understand," blankly faltered Don Ippolito.

"No; and I'm afraid I could n't explain to you," answered Ferris.

There was a silence for a time, broken at last by Don Ippolito, who asked, "Why do you not marry madamigella?"

He seemed not to feel that there was anything out of the way in the question, and Ferris was too well used to the child-like directness of the most maneuvering of races to be surprised. Yet he was displeased, as he would not have been if Don Ippolito were not a priest. He was not of the type of priests whom the American knew from the prejudice and distrust of the Italians; he was alienated from his clerical fellows by all the objects of his life, and by a reciprocal dislike. About other priests there were various scandals; but Don Ippolito was like that pretty match-girl of the Piazza of whom it was Venetianly answered, when one asked if so sweet a face were not innocent, "Oh yes, she is mad!" He was of a purity so blameless that he was reputed crack-brained by the caffè-gossip that in Venice turns its searching light upon whoever you mention; and from his own association with the man Ferris perceived in him an apparent single-heartedness such as no man can have but the rarest of Italians. He was the albino of his species; a gray crow, a white fly; he was really this, or he knew how to seem it with an art far beyond any common deceit. It was the half expectation of coming sometime

upon the lurking insincerity in Don Ippolito, that continually enfeebled the painter in his attempts to portray his Venetian priest, and that gave its undecided, unsatisfactory character to the picture before him — its weak hardness, its provoking superficiality. He expressed the traits of melancholy and loss that he imagined in him, yet he always was tempted to leave the picture with a touch of something sinister in it, some airy and subtle shadow of selfish design.

He stared hard at Don Ippolito while this perplexity filled his mind, for the hundredth time; then he said stiffly, "I don't know. I don't want to marry anybody. Besides," he added, relaxing into a smile of helpless amusement, "it 's possible that Miss Vervain might not want to marry me."

"As to that," replied Don Ippolito, "you never can tell. All young girls desire to be married, I suppose," he continued with a sigh. "She is very beautiful, is she not? It is seldom that we see such a blonde in Italy. Our blondes are dark; they have auburn hair and blue eyes, but their complexions are thick. Miss Vervain is blonde as the morning light; the sun's gold is in her hair, his noonday whiteness in her dazzling throat; the flush of his coming is on her lips; she might utter the dawn!"

"You 're a poet, Don Ippolito," laughed the painter. "What property of the sun is in her angry-looking eyes?"

"His fire! Ah, that is her greatest charm! Those strange eyes of hers, they seem full of tragedies. She looks made to be the heroine of some stormy romance; and yet how simply patient and good she is!"

"Yes," said Ferris, who often responded in English to the priest's Italian; and he added half musingly in his own tongue, after a moment, "but I don't think it would be safe to count upon her. I 'm afraid she has a bad temper. At any rate, I always expect to see smoke somewhere when I look at those eyes of hers. She has wonderful self-control, however; and I don't exactly understand why. Perhaps people of strong impulses have strong wills to overrule them; it seems no more than fair."

"Is it the custom," asked Don Ippolito, after a moment, "for the American young ladies always to address their mammas as *mother?*"

"No; that seems to be a peculiarity of Miss Vervain's. It 's a little formality that I should say served to hold Mrs. Vervain in check."

"Do you mean that it repulses her?"

"Not at all. I don't think I could explain," said Ferris with a certain air of regretting to have gone so far in comment on the Vervains. He added recklessly, "Don't you see that Mrs. Vervain sometimes does and says things that embarrass her daughter, and that Miss Vervain seems to try to restrain her?"

"I thought," returned Don Ippolito meditatively, "that the signorina was always very tenderly submissive to her mother."

"Yes, so she is," said the painter dryly, and looked in annoyance from the priest to the picture, and from the picture to the priest.

After a minute Don Ippolito said, "They must be very rich to live as they do."

"I don't know about that," replied Ferris. "Americans spend and save in ways different from the Italians. I dare say the Vervains find Venice very cheap after London and Paris and Berlin."

"Perhaps," said Don Ippolito, "if they were rich you would be in a position to marry her."

"I should not marry Miss Vervain for her money," answered the painter, sharply.

"No, but if you loved her, the money would enable you to marry her."

"Listen to me, Don Ippolito. I never said that I loved Miss Vervain, and I don't know how you feel warranted in speaking to me about the matter. Why do you do so?"

"I? Why? I could not but imagine that you must love her. Is there

anything wrong in speaking of such things? Is it contrary to the American custom? I ask pardon with all my heart if I have done anything amiss."

"There is no offense," said the painter, with a laugh, "and I don't wonder you thought I ought to be in love with Miss Vervain. She *is* beautiful, and I believe she 's good. But if men had to marry because women were beautiful and good, there is n't one of us could live single a day. Besides, I 'm the victim of another passion — I 'm laboring under an unrequited affection for Art."

"Then you do *not* love her?" asked Don Ippolito, eagerly.

"So far as I 'm advised at present, no, I don't."

"It is strange!" said the priest, absently, but with a glowing face.

He quitted the painter's and walked swiftly homeward with a triumphant buoyancy of step. A subtle content diffused itself over his face, and a joyful light burnt in his deep eyes. He sat down before the piano and organ as he had arranged them, and began to strike their keys in unison; this seemed to him for the first time childish. Then he played some lively bars on the piano alone; they sounded too light and trivial, and he turned to the other instrument. As the plaint of the reeds arose, it filled his sense like a solemn organ-music, and transfigured the place; the notes swelled to the ample vault of a church, and at the high altar he was celebrating the mass in his sacerdotal robes. He suddenly caught his fingers away from the keys; his breast heaved, he hid his face in his hands.

W. D. Howells.

A SEA DREAM.

We saw the slow tides go and come,
The curving surf-lines lightly drawn,
The gray rocks touched with tender bloom
Beneath the fresh-blown rose of dawn.

We saw in richer sunsets lost
The sombre pomp of showery noons;
And signaled spectral sails that crossed
The weird, low light of sea-born moons.

On stormy eves from cliff and head
We saw the white spray tossed and spurned;
While, over all, in gold and red,
Its face of fire the light-house turned.

The rail-car brought its daily crowds;
Half curious, half indifferent,
Like passing sails or floating clouds,
We saw them as they came and went.

But, one calm morning, as we lay
And watched the mirage-lifted wall
Of coast, across the dreamy bay,
And heard afar the curlew call,

And nearer voices, wild or tame,
Of airy flock and childish throng,
Up from the water's edge there came
Faint snatches of familiar song.

Careless we heard the singer's choice
Of old and common airs; at last
The tender pathos of his voice
In one low chanson held us fast.

A song that mingled joy and pain,
And memories old and sadly sweet:
While timing to its minor strain,
The waves in lapsing cadence beat.

The waves are glad in breeze and sun,
The rocks are fringed with foam;
I walk once more a haunted shore,
A stranger, yet at home, —
A land of dreams I roam!

Is this the wind, the soft sea-wind
That stirred thy locks of brown?
Are these the rocks whose mosses knew
The trail of thy light gown
Where boy and girl sat down?

I see the gray fort's broken wall,
The boats that rock below;
And, out at sea, the passing sails
We saw so long ago,
Rose-red in morning's glow.

The freshness of the early time
On every breeze is blown;
As glad the sea, as blue the sky, —
The change is ours alone;
The saddest is my own!

A stranger now, a world-worn man
Is he who bears my name;
But thou, methinks, whose mortal life
Immortal youth became,
Art evermore the same.

Thou art not here, thou art not there,
Thy place I cannot see;
I only know that where thou art
The blessed angels be,
And heaven is glad for thee.

Forgive me, if the evil years
  Have left on me their sign;
Wash out, O soul so beautiful,
  The many stains of mine
  In tears of love divine!

Oh turn to me that dearest face
  Of all thy sea-born town,
The wedded roses of thy lips,
  Thy loose hair rippling down
  In waves of golden brown!

Look forth once more through space and time,
  And let thy sweet shade fall
In tenderest grace of soul and form
  On memory's frescoed wall,
  A shadow, and yet all!

Draw near, more near, forever dear!
  Where'er I rest or roam,
Or in the crowded city streets
  Or by the blown sea-foam,
  The thought of thee is home!

At breakfast hour the singer read
  The city news, with comment wise,
Like one who felt the pulse of trade
  Beneath his finger fall and rise.

His look, his air, his curt speech told
  The man of action, not of books,
To whom the corners made in gold
  And stocks were more than sea-side nooks.

Of life beneath the life confessed
  His song had hinted unawares;
Of flowers in traffic's ledgers pressed,
  Of human hearts in Bulls and Bears.

But eyes in vain were turned to watch
  That face so hard and shrewd and strong;
And ears in vain grew sharp to catch
  The meaning of that morning song.

In vain some sweet-voiced querist sought
  To sound him, leaving as she came;
Her baited album only caught
  A common, unromantic name.

No word betrayed the mystery fine
  That trembled on the singer's tongue;
He came and went, and left no sign
  Behind him save the song he sung.

John G. Whittier.

A REBEL'S RECOLLECTIONS.

III.

THE CONDUCT OF THE WOMEN.

DURING the latter part of the year in which the war between the States came to an end, a Southern comic writer, in a letter addressed to Artemus Ward, summed up the political outlook in one sentence, reading somewhat as follows: "You may reconstruct the men, with your laws and things, but how are you going to reconstruct the women? *Whoop-ee!*" Now this unauthorized but certainly very expressive interjection had a deal of truth at its back, and I am very sure that I have never yet known a thoroughly "reconstructed" woman. The reason, of course, is not far to seek. The women of the South could hardly have been more desperately in earnest than their husbands and brothers and sons were, in the prosecution of the war, but with their woman-natures they gave themselves wholly to the cause, and having loved it heartily when it gave promise of a sturdy life, they almost worship it now that they have strewn its bier with funeral flowers. To doubt its righteousness, or to falter in their loyalty to it while it lived, would have been treason and infidelity; to do the like now that it is dead would be to them little less than sacrilege.

I wish I could adequately tell my reader of the part those women played in the war. If I could make these pages show the half of their nobleness; if I could describe the sufferings they endured, and tell of their cheerfulness under it all; if the reader might guess the utter unselfishness with which they laid themselves and the things they held nearest their hearts upon the altar of the only country they knew as their own, the rare heroism with which they played their sorrowful part in a drama which was to them a long tragedy; if my pages could be made to show the half of these things, all womankind, I am sure, would tenderly cherish the record, and nobody would wonder again at the tenacity with which the women of the South still hold their allegiance to the lost cause.

Theirs was a peculiarly hard lot. The real sorrows of war, like those of drunkenness, always fall most heavily upon women. They may not bear arms. They may not even share the triumphs which compensate their brethren for toil and suffering and danger. They must sit still and endure. The poverty which war brings to them wears no cheerful face, but sits down with them to empty tables and pinches them sorely in solitude.

After the victory, the men who have won it throw up their hats in a glad huzza, while their wives and daughters await in sorest agony of suspense the news which may bring hopeless desolation to their hearts. To them the victory may mean the loss of those for whom they lived and in whom they hoped, while to those who have fought the battle it brings only gladness. And all this was true of Southern women almost without exception. The fact that all the men capable of bearing arms went into the army, and staid there, gave to every woman in the South a personal interest not only in the general result of each battle, but in the list of killed and wounded as well. Poverty, too, and privation of the sorest kind, was the common lot, while the absence of the men laid many heavy burdens of work and responsibility upon shoulders unused to either. But they bore it all, not cheerfully only, but gladly. They believed it to be the duty of every able-bodied man to serve in the army, and they eagerly sent the men of their own homes to the field, frowning undisguisedly upon every laggard until there were no laggards left. And their spirit knew no change as the war went

on. Their idea of men's duty comprehended nothing less than persistence as long as a shot could be fired. When they saw that the end was not to be victory, but defeat, that fact made no change whatever in their view of the duty to be done. Still less did their own privations and labors and sufferings tend to dampen their ardor. On the contrary, the more heavily the war bore upon themselves, the more persistently did they demand that it should be fought out to the end. When they lost a husband, a son, or a brother, they held the loss only an additional reason for faithful adherence to the cause. Having made such a sacrifice to that which was almost a religion to them, they had, if possible, less thought than ever of proving unfaithful to it.

I put these general statements first, so that the reader who shall be interested in such anecdotes as I shall have to tell may not be misled thereby into the thought that these good women were implacable or vindictive, when they were only devoted to a cause which in their eyes represented the sum of all righteousness.

I remember a conversation between two of them, — one a young wife whose husband was in the army, and the other an elderly lady, with no husband or son, but with many friends and near relatives in marching regiments. The younger lady remarked, —

"I 'm sure I do not hate our enemies. I earnestly hope their souls may go to heaven, but I would like to blow all their mortal bodies away, as fast as they come upon our soil."

"Why, you shock me, my dear," replied the other; "I don't see why you want the Yankees to go to heaven! I hope to get there myself some day, and I 'm sure I should n't want to go if I thought I should find any of them there."

This old lady was convinced from the first that the South would fail, and she based this belief on the fact that we had permitted Yankees to build railroads through the Southern States. "I tell you," she would say, "that 's what they built the railroads for. They knew the war was coming, and they got ready for it. The railroads will whip us, you may depend. What else were they made for? We got on well enough without them, and we ought n't to have let anybody build them." And no amount of reasoning would serve to shake her conviction that the people of the North had built all our railroads with treacherous intent, though the stock of the only road she had ever seen was held very largely by the people along its line, many of whom were her own friends.

She always insisted, too, that the Northern troops came South and made war for the sole purpose of taking possession of our lands and negroes, and she was astonished almost out of her wits when she learned that the negroes were free. She had supposed that they were simply to change masters, and even then she lived for months in daily anticipation of the coming of "the new land owners," who were waiting, she supposed, for assignments of plantations to be made to them by military authority.

"They 'll quarrel about the division, maybe," she said one day, "and then there 'll be a chance for us to whip them again, I hope." The last time I saw her, she had not yet become convinced that title-deeds were still to be respected.

A young girl, ordinarily of a very gentle disposition, astonished a Federal colonel one day by an outburst of temper which served at least to show the earnestness of her purpose to uphold her side of the argument. She lived in a part of the country then for the first time held by the Federal army, and a colonel with some members of his staff made her family the unwilling recipients of a call one morning. Seeing the piano open, the colonel asked the young lady to play, but she declined. He then went to the instrument himself, but he had hardly begun to play when the damsel, raising the piano top, severed nearly all the strings with a hatchet, saying to the astonished performer, as she did so, —

"That 's my piano, and it shall not give you a minute's pleasure." The colonel bowed, apologized, and replied,

"If all your people are as ready as you to make costly sacrifices, we might as well go home."

And most of them were ready and willing to make similar sacrifices. One lady of my acquaintance knocked in the heads of a dozen casks of choice wine rather than allow some Federal officers to sip as many glasses of it. Another destroyed her own library, which was very precious to her, when that seemed the only way in which she could prevent the staff of a general officer, camped near her, from enjoying a few hours' reading in her parlor every morning.

In New Orleans, soon after the war, I saw in a drawing-room, one day, an elaborately framed letter, of which, the curtains being drawn, I could read only the signature, which to my astonishment was that of General Butler.

"What is that?" I asked of the young gentlewoman I was visiting.

"Oh, that 's my diploma, my certificate of good behavior, from General Butler;" and taking it down from the wall, she permitted me to read it, telling me at the same time its history. It seems that the young lady had been very active in aiding captured Confederates to escape from New Orleans, and for this and other similar offenses she was arrested several times. A gentleman who knew General Butler personally had interested himself in behalf of her and some of her friends, and upon making an appeal for their discharge received this personal note from the commanding general, in which he declared his willingness to discharge all the others, "But that black-eyed Miss B.," he wrote, "seems to me an incorrigible little devil whom even prison fare won't tame." The young lady had framed the note, and she cherishes it yet, doubtless.

There is a story told of General Forrest, which will serve to show his opinion of the pluck and devotion of the Southern women. He was drawing his men up in line of battle one day, and it was evident that a sharp encounter was about to take place. Some ladies ran from a house, which happened to stand just in front of his line, and asked him anxiously, —

"What shall we do, general, what shall we do?"

Strong in his faith that they only wished to help in some way, he replied,

"I really don't see that you can do much, except to stand on stumps, wave your bonnets, and shout 'Hurrah, boys!'"

In Richmond, when the hospitals were filled with wounded men brought in from the seven days' fighting with McClellan, and the surgeons found it impossible to dress half the wounds, a band was formed, consisting of nearly all the married women of the city, who took upon themselves the duty of going to the hospitals and dressing wounds from morning till night; and they persisted in their painful duty until every man was cared for, saving hundreds of lives, as the surgeons unanimously testified. When nitre was found to be growing scarce, and the supply of gunpowder was consequently about to give out, women all over the land dug up the earth in their smoke-houses and tobacco barns, and with their own hands faithfully extracted the desired salt, for use in the government laboratories.

Many of them denied themselves not only delicacies, but substantial food also, when by enduring semi-starvation they could add to the stock of food at the command of the subsistence officers. I myself knew more than one houseful of women, who, from the moment that food began to grow scarce, refused to eat meat or drink coffee, living thenceforth only upon vegetables of a speedily perishable sort, in order that they might leave the more for the soldiers in the field. When a friend remonstrated with one of them, on the ground that her health, already frail, was breaking down utterly for want of proper diet, she replied, in a quiet, determined, way, "I know that very well; but it is little that I can do, and I must do that little at any cost. My health and my

life are worth less than those of my brothers, and if they give theirs to the cause, why should not I do the same? I would starve to death cheerfully if I could feed one soldier more by doing so, but the things I eat can't be sent to camp. I think it a sin to eat anything that can be used for rations." And she meant what she said, too, as a little mound in the church-yard testifies.

Every Confederate remembers gratefully the reception given him when he went into any house where these women were. Whoever he might be, and whatever his plight, if he wore the gray he was received, not as a beggar or tramp, not even as a stranger, but as a son of the house, for whom it held nothing too good, and whose comfort was the one care of all its inmates, even though their own must be sacrificed in securing it. When the hospitals were crowded, the people earnestly besought permission to take the men to their houses and to care for them there, and for many months almost every house within a hundred miles of Richmond held one or more wounded men as especially honored guests.

"God bless these Virginia women!" said a general officer from one of the cotton States, one day, "they 're worth a regiment apiece;" and he spoke the thought of the army, except that their blessing covered the whole country as well as Virginia.

The ingenuity with which these good ladies discovered or manufactured onerous duties for themselves was surprising, and having discovered or imagined some new duty they straightway proceeded to do it at any cost. An excellent Richmond dame was talking with a soldier friend, when he carelessly remarked that there was nothing which so greatly helped to keep up a contented and cheerful spirit among the men as the receipt of letters from their woman friends. Catching at the suggestion as a revelation of duty, she asked, "And cheerfulness makes better soldiers of the men, does it not?" Receiving yes for an answer, the frail little woman, already overburdened with cares of an unusual sort, sat down and made out a list of all the men with whom she was acquainted even in the smallest possible way, and from that day until the end of the war she wrote one letter a week to each, a task which, as her acquaintance was large, taxed her time and strength very severely. Not content with this, she wrote on the subject in the newspapers, earnestly urging a like course upon her sisters, many of whom adopted the suggestion at once, much to the delight of the soldiers, who little dreamed that the kindly, cheerful, friendly letters which every mail brought into camp, were a part of woman's self-appointed work for the success of the common cause. From the beginning to the end of the war it was the same. No cry of pain escaped woman's lips at the parting which sent the men into camp; no word of despondency was spoken when hope seemed most surely dead; no complaint from the women ever reminded their soldier husbands and sons and brothers that there was hardship and privation and terror at home. They bore all with brave hearts and cheerful faces, and even when they mourned the death of their most tenderly loved ones, they comforted themselves with the thought that they buried only heroic dust.

"It is the death I would have chosen for him," wrote the widow of a friend whose loss I had announced to her. "I loved him for his manliness, and now that he has shown that manliness by dying as a hero dies, I mourn but am not heart-broken. I know that a brave man awaits me whither I am going."

They carried their efforts to cheer and help the troops into every act of their lives. When they could, they visited camp. Along the lines of march they came out with water or coffee or tea, — the best they had, whatever it might be, — with flowers, or garlands of green when their flowers were gone. A bevy of girls stood under a sharp fire from the enemy's lines at Petersburg one day, while they sang Bayard Taylor's Song of the Camp, responding to an encore with the stanza: —

"Ah! soldiers, to your honored rest,
Your truth and valor bearing,
The bravest are the tenderest,
The loving are the daring!"

Indeed, the coolness of women under fire was always a matter of surprise to me. A young girl, not more than sixteen years of age, acted as guide to a scouting party during the early years of the war, and when we urged her to go back after the enemy had opened a vigorous fire upon us, she declined, on the plea that she believed we were "going to charge those fellows," and she "wanted to see the fun." At Petersburg women did their shopping and went about their duties under a most uncomfortable bombardment, without evincing the slightest fear or showing any nervousness whatever.

But if the cheerfulness of the women during the war was remarkable, what shall we say of the way in which they met its final failure and the poverty that came with it? The end of the war completed the ruin which its progress had wrought. Women who had always lived in luxury, and whose labors and sufferings during the war were lightened by the consciousness that in suffering and laboring they were doing their part toward the accomplishment of the end upon which all hearts were set, were now compelled to face not temporary but permanent poverty, and to endure, without a motive or a sustaining purpose, still sorer privations than any they had known in the past. The country was exhausted, and nobody could foresee any future but one of abject wretchedness. It was seed-time, but the suddenly freed negroes had not yet learned that freedom meant aught else than idleness, and the spring was gone before anything like a reorganization of the labor system could be effected. The men might emigrate when they should get home, but the case of the women was a very sorry one indeed. They kept their spirits up through it all, however, and improvised a new social system in which absolute poverty, cheerfully borne, was the badge of respectability. Everybody was poor except the speculators who had fattened upon the necessities of the women and children, and so poverty was essential to anything like good repute. The return of the soldiers made some sort of social festivity necessary, and "starvation parties" were given, at which it was understood that the givers were wholly unable to set out refreshments of any kind. In the matter of dress, too, the general poverty was recognized, and every one went clad in whatever he or she happened to have. The want of means became a jest, and nobody mourned over it; while all were laboring to repair their wasted fortunes as they best could. And all this was due solely to the unconquerable cheerfulness of the Southern women. The men came home moody, worn out, discouraged, and but for the influence of woman's cheerfulness, the Southern States might have fallen into a lethargy from which they could not have recovered for generations.

Such prosperity as they have since achieved is largely due to the courage and spirit of their noble women.

George Cary Eggleston.

THE MOTH.

Poor Moth, that, fluttering through my candle's flame,
Die of your sudden passion for the light,
From the great gulf of outer dark you came,
Then flash into utter night!

J. J. Piatt.

OVER THE FOOT-LIGHTS.

THE morning after my *début* I was in no haste to rise from the pillow on which I had passed a dreamless and refreshing night. I felt much as one feels who, having embarked upon a voyage full of novelty and adventure, suffers himself to be borne onward by the prevailing wind, and shifts all further responsibility upon the captain.

I was no longer my own master; if it pleased the manager to summon me to rehearsal at the midnight hour, it was my duty to answer the call, provided my bodily health was equal to the task. He could cast me for any part he pleased, though I had shipped as juvenile, and by rights was subject to nothing outside of the young lover and dutiful son business.

If I declined to enact any *rôle* set down to the juvenile, I was liable to a peremptory and unqualified discharge from the company; it was, however, my privilege to speak my mind freely in case I found myself doomed to assume a character that seemed eminently unsuited to my peculiar talents. All this I turned over in my mind while I congratulated myself that the bill for the evening was a repetition of the last night's performance, and that it was to be succeeded by a change of programme which relieved me for a night or two from any duties whatever, save that of holding myself in readiness to answer a call in case of the sudden indisposition of any member of the company whose services were in requisition.

This substitution is by no means agreeable, and the substitute, after having passed two or three hours in the swiftest possible study, is generally introduced to the audience by the manager, who makes an apology before the curtain at the beginning of the play; a pitiful consolation for the embarrassed actor who is thus led to the sacrifice an unwelcome and unwilling victim, reeking with fresh cues that start at the slightest provocation and threaten to ruin all. I believe the litany of the profession contains this supplementary petition: "From sudden calls, good Lord, deliver us!"

It is excessively monotonous work trying to lie abed when there is no further prospect of napping. I had no rehearsal that morning, but I was getting hungry, and it occurred to me that I had not seen the morning papers. I arose, dressed, and was about quitting the room when I was interrupted by a knock at the door.

Enter the comedian from the rival theatre, whom until that hour I had known only by reputation; on the previous night he had played the first gravedigger in Hamlet, and had found time to slip over to our house and see how I was beginning my career. As a member of the profession and one having its interests at heart, he wished to congratulate me upon my success in standing still when I had nothing else to do, and in making my voice heard even to the limits of the building; two points decidedly in my favor. He proffered his sympathy and his wardrobe, and hoped we should be friends, which, by the way, we have not failed to be ever since.

This pleasant episode, though trifling, was an excellent appetizer, and I sat at breakfast that morning with uncommon composure, ordering the delicacies and the dailies of the season to the evident admiration of the youthful waiter, whose patronizing servility made me suspect that he had been one of our audience on the eventful night.

The papers were, as usual, curt, critical, and uncompromising; it was announced that "with the exception of the usual nervousness betrayed by novices, Mr. Blank did fairly, and with patience, etc., etc., . . . in the arduous, etc., etc. . . . it was not unlikely that his future would be, etc." The

same was probably left standing, ready for insertion on the occasion of the very next début.

It is hard to speak fairly of a novice; it is hard for the novice to know just what position he occupies in the profession; after the experiences of a few weeks he ceases to be promising, and is judged according to the actual work he does.

I was still in the chrysalis state and required careful handling; all who approached me confessed it in their manner; and though the encouragement of my friends, like sunshine, was calculated to burst my shell and dry my wings for me, I was conscious of a large proportion of suspended judgment that only waited the first feeble flutter of those wings to burst upon me like a northern blast.

Since there was no rehearsal — delicious thought, how it recurred to me again and again! — since I was free, I walked; what else can one do in a strange town where he has few or no acquaintances? At the first corner I ran against the leading man from the opposition house, an old friend and a fellow of infinite talents and versatility, and together we wended our way into the suburbs.

The morning air was glorious; the willows along the bank of the sluggish river were budding and leafing, birds flitted before us with fluttering confidence, children worked their way to school by slow and easy stages, and we strolling players footed it in the best of spirits, given up to the sensuous enjoyment of liberty and nature.

Small wayside hospices were scattered over the country, for there was much travel along the river, and poor Yorick, my comrade, having earned for himself the unenviable reputation of godfather to all liquor dispensaries, was usually greeted familiarly by the portly Teutons, who seemed to be sitting in the sun for a living, they made such a business of it.

In our morning wanderings I discovered that it is not uncommon for actors to receive smiles of recognition from people who are utter strangers to them; men who have grown friendly with their faces over the foot-lights, and who, almost unconsciously, begin to claim acquaintance with them. This is sometimes pleasant, but it is oftener a bore, as a one-sided friendship is apt to be.

Yorick had played numerous and lengthy engagements in S——, and being a comedian of the genial and persuasive order, it was rather difficult to avoid smiling as one passed him, in memory of the many hearty laughs enjoyed at his hands.

"Who was that?" asked I, when we had parted with a garrulous youth whose familiarity was by no means a matter of doubt. Yorick had n't the slightest idea who or what he was; could n't remember having seen him before; was always meeting such fellows and despaired of classifying more than one in a dozen.

I suppose we might have walked till doomsday on that narrow, grassy path by the river-side, and repeated the experiences of the first half-hour with little or no variation; but it was becoming tiresome to watch the human buttresses on the sunny sides of the tap-houses, while Yorick was invariably recognized by word or look; and we returned home after a couple of hours passed in that retreat from the town and its professional associations, with the hope of a quiet moment constantly destroyed by some unfeeling spectator who advertised my friend gratuitously, not to say indelicately.

It seemed that anything like real privacy was almost impossible in the life of an actor; his face or his manner betrayed him wherever he went; he was forced to play his part in the street as well as on the stage, and was never thoroughly *au naturel* save alone in his own room, or in the society of some intimate friend who had bridged over the chasm that yawns between public and private life.

I learned this lesson almost immediately and in the following manner: after my first breakfast in the profession, — I like to draw a sharp line in my brief

experience and make the most of it, — after breakfast I was on my way to nowhere in particular, and consequently was not progressing very rapidly, when I discovered a show-window whose attractions were irresistible. I paused to contemplate. A couple of youngsters drew near, and one of them, recognizing me as the débutant of the previous night, nudged his companion and whispered audibly, "That feller made his first appearance last night, and he done bully!" The whole tableau was reflected in the large plate-glass of the window, and as I stood with my back to the youthful critic I was enabled to conceal my blushes, while the two regarded with some interest the breadth of my shoulders and the cut of my back hair.

I observed that the postman was more polite than formerly, so soon as I had grown somewhat familiar to the public of S——; likewise that I never lacked companionship very long at a time; for if I were alone I had only to pause at a street corner or to lounge among the docks, and sooner or later some one or other would sidle up to me and begin a mild order of conversation that was not entirely disagreeable, though nothing very good can be said of it.

Had I felt at ease in my mind, all would have been well. I received much encouragement; my deficiencies in the shape of wardrobe and properties were cheerfully supplied by the various members of our company; there were some who envied me, however uncharitable it may seem, — I could not envy them. My acquaintance was sought in several quarters, and I was the recipient of much attention. Probably something was the matter with me, for I remember that one evening I appeared in Hessian-tops, the property of the leading-lady, who frequently assumed male attire; silk tights belonging to the soubrette, now a blonde star in the East with her own burlesque company; a hat and ostrich feather by kind permission of the heavy villain, as well as various other articles contributed from sundry sources — and yet I was not happy!

It was hard study that discouraged me; I had ever a cue in my throat, and tasted it at breakfast, lunch, dinner, and even at the late supper after the play, which is almost one of the necessities of professional life.

It seemed to me that *lengths* never could be learned, and the worst feature of the case was that I never knew when I had mastered them. I carried about in my mind fragments of dialogue of no earthly interest to me, tail ends of speeches with my responses fitted in between them; I had little or no knowledge of the scene itself any further than was evidenced by my personal connection with it. Few who have not attempted to commit to memory page after page of dialogue can realize the tediousness of such a task. Our manuscript plays were dealt out to us in slices, and not one of us had any thorough knowledge of the plot, for we knew only such fragments of it as we had participated in; and had the play run to this hour the chances are we should have been none the wiser.

It is easy enough for histrionic aspirants to envy the actor whose lines are learned in a few hours, and whose part has only to be repeated night after night for an indefinite period. The whole day is at his disposal, and there are few admirers of the drama who would not take pleasure in entertaining him. But there comes a time when the business is bad, the houses poor, the treasury low; the bill must be changed frequently in order to retain the few regular play-goers, and perhaps attract others; a new part every day for a week or two, with a long rehearsal in the forenoon, and a slow, painful, and unsatisfactory representation at night, — all this is by no means a pleasant preparation for the study of a fresh part after midnight.

Happy the man whose negative mind seizes at once upon the body of the matter, retains it long enough to answer his purpose, and then lets it fade from his memory!

One's best study is usually done just before sleeping; I therefore found it ad-

visable to commit as much of my part as possible after my return home at midnight, for there was only time for a single rehearsal of the play which was to be produced on the following evening. Very often I was overcome with fatigue. Sometimes it seemed impossible for me to keep my eyes open, and at the suggestion of an old stager who had been pressed with work in his day, I bound a wet towel about my head and in this way drove off sleep, though at the same time I nearly blistered my forehead, and in the end gained very little by the operation.

Of course there was a rest from these labors — precious days when my mind was unburdened, and precious nights when I was comparatively my own master; though even then, somehow I seemed to gravitate to the theatre like a moth to the flame that consumes it; why, I know not, unless it was because there and only there did I hope to find the sort of sympathy so necessary to my life just then.

My best friends held me at arms-length, because they felt the invisible breach in the relationship, and new acquaintances were drawn to me by reason of my association with the theatre, an association which casts a traditional glamour over every one that comes within its magic bounds; there was the difference of sea and land between us, and when I was in the body of the house to witness a play, and should have been grateful for the privacy vouchsafed Messrs. Tom, Dick, and Harry in their characters of first, second, and third citizens, I felt the necessity of assuming an air of distraction I was far from feeling. I felt that I was being privately quizzed by the next row, and I felt it because I was an ex-member of the row in question and had done considerable quizzing in my day.

All actors are subject to this merciless though silent inquisition, and their agony is increased in proportion to their popularity and the position they may occupy in the theatre. Many a sensitive and retiring man has been spared the rack of criticism off the stage by reason of the small type that usually announced him in the bills of the evening.

Probably judicious advertising has more influence upon the uncultured masses than the highest dramatic art, but the personal magnetism of genius is more persuasive than either.

I have seen an actor who lacked style, versatility, and power; whose impersonations were neither finished nor original; whose voice was not charming, and whose manner was inelegant: yet there was something about him that attracted you, and every one in the house instinctively reached out to him with a cordial spirit that insured him an unqualified success.

I have seen a star whose art was evident in the exquisite *pose*, the melodious utterance, the fine play of the features that were in themselves a panoroma of the passions; yet he lacked magnetism, and nothing but the extravagant eulogies of the press, and a fashion of seeing celebrities, drew his audiences together. Even when they had assembled there was a coldness in the house that must have chilled the performers, and doubled the fatigue of their impersonations.

A crowded house is not often an enthusiastic one; people do not gush when they are hot and uncomfortable. A scattered audience on a damp night has been known to enter so heartily into the spirit of a performance that the actors have been roused to the highest pitch of enthusiasm, the curtain falling upon one of the most spirited representations of the season. As a rule, bad weather is not desirable, and the gloom of a thin house is not easily dispelled.

Once our unhappy company played to an audience that seemed possessed of the spirit of disapproval; the evening was disagreeable; a heavy mist began falling about sunset; the atmosphere was muggy and relaxing; everything was sticky, and even the jolliest of us showed little or no signs of mirth. It was a benefit night, one of all others to hope for a remunerative and indulgent audience. Our empty benches

looked bleak and ragged, the gas-meter was defective, — at any rate the light was poorer than common, — and to crown all, the beneficiary had a misunderstanding with his wife at the unseasonable hour of seven P. M., and as she went into hysterics and was unable to come out of them in season, the "delightful comedietta" was withdrawn and a farce substituted.

The audience had not even the spirit to acknowledge this unavoidable imposition, but sat stolidly in little melancholy groups all over the house, looking rather lonesome than otherwise. The farce went off without an audible sign of satisfaction or disapproval; the burlesque was called and we proceeded to recite some hundreds of doggerel lines in a very semi-amusing fashion. A whole scene passed without awakening an audible response from the front; the puns went off like squibs, there was no snap to them; it was evident that something must be done. In the off moments, while we stood in the wings, with shawls thrown over us, — our scanty costumes being scarcely sufficient for the severity of the evening, — we resolved to double our humor, to play with increased *abandon*, and to create some symptoms of merriment in the audience at any hazard. We did absurd things that amused us greatly, we were boisterous and belligerent, yet the audience was evidently bored. It began to be a huge joke; we actually enjoyed it; or was it delirium that caused us to laugh in each other's faces, to skip about the stage and discharge our cues at random, utterly regardless of the proprieties and of the reputation of the house? When we had danced the last *cancan* in an atmosphere of red fire and tinsel, the audience deliberately turned its back on us and shuffled toward the street, as we bowed our acknowledgment to a sympathizing friend who was doing his best to create an agreeable disturbance by trotting his cane on the floor — and this, by the way, was the first applause of the evening.

Probably such nights are not common in the career of an actor; I trust they are not, for the salary which is drawn on the following Monday is scarcely a compensation for the moral and physical exhaustion that necessarily follows such an effort.

Matinées are a thorn in the flesh; they never seem like the genuine article, and moreover, the thought of having to repeat the performance in the evening of the same day is dispiriting. Matinée audiences are composed mostly of ladies. Now the gentler sex no doubt is appreciative, emotional, and not infrequently demonstrative, but it is a fact that women do not know how to applaud; neither can they charge the atmosphere with the subtle essence, call it what you will, which the actor feels the moment he steps upon the stage, and which is as necessary to his professional life as the air he breathes. He recognizes it in the warm glow that seems to radiate from the body of the house; his step is lighter, his nervous energies are tuned to concert-pitch; the people play upon him as upon an instrument, and he responds in fuller harmony; he has confidence in the support of the friendly throng that has resolved itself into a unit; he precipitates himself into his rôle, and is often unconscious of himself and of the audience and of everything save the character which he is realizing for the time. It is at such moments that an actor achieves his greatest triumphs, and they are each a genuine inspiration aided by powerful and sufficient human sympathy.

We never could play to an audience of Jewesses and children, but usually walked through our parts with a determined indifference that was as tedious to us as it must have been unsatisfactory to the auditors; it seemed to us an imposition to demand a double entertainment on Saturdays and holidays, for which the management could expect but half prices at best, and the quality of which was little better than counterfeit. I am inclined to think that no dramatic representation, the success of which depends upon the completeness of the illusion, can be given successfully in the day-time. The spirits of earth,

air, and sea forbid; it is the legitimate offspring of night and mystery.

The actor should sink his individuality forever; unless he is equal to this sacrifice he is only half an actor. He withdraws from the public and becomes a medium through whose genius the creations of the poets are born again; but the moment his inspiration ceases, he is nothing more than the least of us. Yet so distinctive is his calling that it seems a breach of the proprieties to meet him in common life; he looks out of place when he enters the auditorium, and talks out of place when he seeks to be natural among every-day men. What is more jarring than to see a tragedy queen, whose death agonies have held an audience spell-bound, step out before the curtain and smile a temporary farewell to the applauding house? I strove to preserve my integrity by keeping aloof from the public save in my professional calling; I avoided the lounging-places where many of my comrades passed much of their time in familiar intercourse with people who were not of us; I walked among unfrequented streets, and courted solitude. I remember a little river-side saloon that tempted me to loiter one glorious morning when I was wandering, book in hand, my attention divided between the exquisite spring landscape and my tedious study; there was such a comely woman sitting behind such a clean bar, and not a customer in sight, besides myself; I ordered a glass of beer and seated myself on a rustic bench out under the willows. The morning was positively seductive, the river close at hand flowed musically onward, the beer was good; I dreamed over a stage copy of Louis XI. until I was sick unto death of my cues, and fell to thinking upon the vicissitudes in the actor's life.

With infinite labor he builds up his reputation, for his pains he becomes the idol of the hour; yet in the midst of his triumphs he is subject to reverses, and has to fight his way to success in every new community he visits. While he is yet young and aspiring, a new star glimmers in the horizon, whose charming splendor already threatens to cast him into the shade; he outlives his popularity, and unless his tenacity is uncommon he descends from his high estate and plays the ancient in good earnest, with the pitiful prospect of at last making his exit from the stage of life to the mournful music of a little faint applause. Some actors never rise; the lower rounds of the ladder are crowded with aspirants upon whose heads and shoulders is borne the burden of success, the success that they are concerned in yet not permitted to share. But actors are necessary adjuncts to the complete isolation of a star performer; they are the shadows in the picture that heighten the lights, and for the most part they are entirely worthy of their obscurity by reason of a negative talent that is only serviceable in filling up the spaces.

I thought of all this as I sipped beer under the willows, and a reconsideration of the matter leads me to believe that there is more body than froth in my conclusions. About me were multitudes of pretty spots for young actors to study in — bowers, lawns, old boats, and shady bends in the river where one could begin his task with commendable relish; but somehow the birds or the bees or the boats on the river wooed my mind away, and I forgot my lines and did nothing but enjoy myself — which is perhaps what God wished me to do all the while.

At any rate I was homesick for private life and longed for liberty; I was tired of being recognized by people who were nothing whatever to me but mere people, such as the world is full of, and the most of whom one cannot afford to cultivate.

Back to rehearsal on the double-quick, having only a running glimpse of the thousand pleasant things that appealed to me; by no means perfect in my part, and dreading the long hours that were to be spent in the dubious half-light of the stage, everybody reading their lines and having eyes and ears for nothing else. How I struggled with my humor those mornings, and

tried hard to be civil while I was spoiling for the opportunity of legitimate escape from a kind of slavery I had voluntarily assumed!

Everything about the theatre seemed hateful to me; I was choking for sweet air that did n't smell of paint, and starving for companionship that did n't bring up associations of the business! Away off in the shadows of the dress-circle loafed some one who could go out into daylight, and stay there; I envied him with all my heart. Far up under the roof a couple of those absurd windows that get lost in the rear-wall of a theatre let in a stream of blue, dusty light that looked as though you might walk on it, it was so thick and dingy; it was about the only natural thing on the premises, and I took to it, but hated the size and shape of the windows, that seemed to mock heaven with six panes of glass, and got a bad quality of sunshine for their impudence.

In those moods I used to feel that the happiest moment of my life would come when I could step out before the green curtain and bow over the foot-lights to an immense audience that was afraid of me; while I transfixed them with the sternness of my gaze, I would address them thus: —

"Ladies and gentlemen! While thanking you for the applause with which you have been kind enough to favor me during my brief and (to my heart if not my pocket) profitable engagement, permit me to say that I have found the relationship between actor and audience so variable and uncertain, that I for one cannot feel secure in trusting my happiness to your hands.

"But, thank God! this is a free country, and I am at liberty to go my way rejoicing, provided there is anything to rejoice at; this sequel hangs upon the returns of my farewell benefit! Till then, ladies and gentlemen, I have the honor to be your most obedient servant!"

Charles Warren Stoddard.

AT MY ENEMY'S GATE.

As I passed my enemy's gate
In the summer afternoon,
On my pathway, stealthy as Fate,
Crept a shadow vague and chill:
The bright spirit, the rainbow grace
Of sweet, hovering thought, gave place
To a nameless feeling of loss,
A dark sense of something ill.

Whereupon I said, in my scorn,
"There should grow about his door
Nothing but thistle and thorn,
Shrewd nettle, dogwood, and dock;
Or three-leaved ivy that twines
A bleak ledge with poisonous vines,
And black lichens that incrust
The scaly crest of a rock!"

Then I looked, and there, on the ground,
Were two lovely children at play;
The door-yard turf all around
Was spotted with daisies and pinks;

From his apple-trees showered the notes
Of a dozen ecstatic throats,
And up from the grass-lot below
Came the gossip of bobolinks.

And, behold! like a cloud, overhead,
Flocked a multitude of white doves!
They circled round stable and shed,
Alighting on sill and roof:
All astir in the sun, so white,
All a-murmur with love, the sight
Sent a pang to my softening heart,
An arrow of sweet reproof.

And I thought of our foolish strife,
And "How hateful is hate!" I said.
"Under all that we see of his life
Is a world we never may know,
With its sorrows, and solace, and dreams;
And even though bad as he seems,
He is as he is for a cause,
And Nature accepts him so.

"She gives this foeman of mine
Of the best her bounty affords, —
Sends him the rain and the shine,
And children whom doubtless he loves;
She fosters his horses and herds,
And surrounds him with blossoms and birds:
And why am I harder of heart
To his faults than the daisies and doves?

"To me so perverse and unjust,
He has yet in his uncouth shell
Some kernel of good, I will trust,
Though a good I never may see:
And if, for our difference, still
He cherishes grudge and ill-will,
The more 's the pity for him, —
And what is his hatred to me?"

So for him began in my heart
The doves to murmur and stir,
The pinks and daisies to start,
And make golden afternoon.
And now, in the wintry street,
His frown, if we chance to meet,
Brings back, with my gentler thoughts,
The birds and blossoms of June.

J. T. Trowbridge.

KATY'S FORTUNE.

IV.

KATY WINS THE SHELL AND OVERDO GETS THE KERNEL.

When Mr. Brown left Katy after that interview, he did not feel like going back to business. The saloon was convenient, and he stepped in to take a drink. It was cool in there, and there was a billiard-table. He played with the saloon-keeper, and they talked about neighbor Konigratz's going away. The place was one of his haunts, and Brown found the story of his influence over Overdo no secret among the man's cronies. They played and drank, Brown drinking the fiery whisky of such places, and presently he found himself full of whisky-wisdom. He would see the agent and worm out of him the name of the person who got Miss Keith's money. He went straight to the agency and drew the broker aside.

"Mis'r Overdo; man in the blue coat an' brass buttons, ye know; got Miss Keith's money, ye know," uttered with an impulse of his breath that tickled the agent's ear and made him dizzy with drinking at his nose. "Man in the brass coat an' blue buttons," said Brown; "blow on him." And he leered with drunken craft at that astute suggestion.

The agent was worried and nervous. He whispered a clerk to fetch the police. The man declined peremptorily. Brown was notoriously dangerous, and if given in charge to-day, would inevitably shoot the man who did it to-morrow.

Our diplomatist returned to the question again. "Man in the brass — in the blue coat, you know; got Miss Keith's money, you know. Blow on him; turn State's evidence; d' ye see?" and he winked a volume of criminal jurisprudence over that profoundly devised strategy.

The agent was white. He was in the tiger's claws; for he, too, knew Brown's terribly dangerous character when in that condition. "If you know who has her money, Mr. Brown," he said obsequiously, "you know I have not. Why do you sue me for it?"

"You are a pretty d——d slippery scoundrel," said Brown, as if expressing an encomium on his virtue, "but 'sponsible; oh, yes! 'sponsible man, Mis'r Overdo; an' ye got to ante up."

"But I don't owe it, Mr. Brown," said the agent, "and will not pay it," afraid even in his terror to make an admission the law might construe into a revival of the obligation — a thing the law is singularly ready to do.

"Not pay! Go right against the law!" said Brown, construing the refusal to apply to obedience to a judgment at law. "It will be my professional duty to make you pay it; and I will make you; that 's good as a promise, and no man ever knew me to break a promise — but one," he added, suddenly slipping from the tall stool and throwing his hand under his coat with a peculiar gesture, "and there 's the reprobated scoundrel now." This was a tigerish fellow who slouched in the back way, the very client Brown had threatened at Katy's first visit to his office, if he forfeited bail, and the man had forfeited bail.

It was shown later that he went to the agent to rent a house for some loose characters under his protection. He wanted to find the agent, and he found Brown.

For a moment there was a preliminary scurrying like that of a rat finding itself in the presence of a cat. In the pause Brown was as much like the lithe feline as the other like the vermin; but the bayed rat fights.

"Throw up your hands!" shouted Brown with that sharp, military accent. "Ah! Will you?" and there were two quick reports. Brown was brushing

a powder-burn from his cheeks and hair; the other was down and bleeding, shot through and through.

"The man is a criminal who forfeited bail," explained the young lawyer to the policemen. "I was his bondsman, and offered to arrest him, when he resisted. Don't let him escape."

"He will not be apt to escape, Mr. Brown," said the officer bending over the man. "He has got his demit this time."

"I hope not," said Brown, but it was so. The man died in the agent's office in less than half an hour. If anything had been needed to complete the agent's terror, it was this. But the shock had partly sobered Brown, and it drove Katy's affairs out of his mind. The effect of it was that the circumstances of the trial monopolized Mr. Lorn, and a reluctance to speak to Katy of so painful a subject kept him from visiting her. Then his partner, without confessing the occasion of his learning it, told of her engagement to Earl Groth, and Lorn felt bitterly that, for his own good, he must not see her. It was one of those wise resolves that would keep until he did see her. This he soon had occasion to do, but not before some other events occurred relating to the cause itself.

While Mr. Lorn was occupied in the case of Commonwealth *v.* Brown, Judge Groth made a motion in the suit to recover Katy's money. Perhaps because of absence of opposing counsel; I have known such things to be done. He said to the court: "In Keith *v.* Overdo; tender of bond and security; and motion to withdraw attached funds."

You perceive, my legal reader, this was to get out the money seized by our nonchalant friend the deputy sheriff, leaving in its place a promise of the broker and one of his friends to repay it in court if called upon — a usual motion in such cases.

"Notice to withdraw, I presume you mean," said the suave judiciary, with emphasis on the first word; thereby intimating that this was not to be done summarily or in the absence of counsel for the plaintiff, and as a matter of course.

"May it please the court," remonstrated Judge Groth, "is not that unusual? the plaintiff being secured by the bond, it cannot interest her to retain the money here, idle, and must we wait on her pleasure?"

"It is in the discretion of the court, and you must wait on that," said the judge, as formally civil as ever. "Shall the notice be entered?" It was entered, and argued soon after. Judge Groth presented his argument as above, and added that the retention of the fund in idleness could only be from malice, since the plaintiff could not use it.

Mr. Lorn referred to the uncertain condition of all business securities, and the evidence in the attachment. "If the defendant suffered through this extra caution, he could blame nothing but his own act and character."

The court said: "The case is docketed for the first of the next term; the funds will be retained till then. If at that time it is continued at the plaintiff's instigation, this motion may be renewed; but not otherwise."

This was a swift judge in getting through a docket, and he was provoked at the delays in this suit. He had found a way to squelch any more dilatory motions now. Judge Groth was very angry. This shyster recently called to the bar had beaten him in open court again, and the bar congratulated the young fellow on it. After the intimation of his honor, he would not renew the motion, to be beaten another time; but he resolved to talk to the judge, his old friend and former partner, about it — a not unusual way of attorneys in some instances. He did talk with him, and drew the inference that his case was lost. The judge as much as said the fund in court was rightfully Katy Keith's, and if the law could give it to her, she should have it. When the judge talks that way, it requires no great shrewdness to anticipate what the law is going to be. It mortified Groth, and he spoke of it at home.

"And then Catharine Keith will be

rich after all!" said his wife, thinking of her mistake in trying to break her son's engagement.

"So far as this court can make it," said her husband irritably, "but the Federal court will decide very differently."

"Oh, judge!" said she, "it might not, you know, and you need n't advise it. Think of Earl; he likes her yet."

"They all like her," said he, as if he resented it. "I have had nothing but sour looks and words from my other boy Ben, about it. I believe he was at the bottom of that wretched blunder over the attachment;" and the judge looks like the elder Booth, as Richard III., when they tell him Stanley has deserted to the enemy. But a wife's influence is as wearing as water dropping, and the hard judge will find it so; Katy Keith will rise into family favor again. All this while Katy was going through her troubles; and now Mr. Lorn received a curious polyglot letter from Madame Konigratz. She wrote in great distress; she had inquired of her husband, and sent a vague description of the mysterious stranger in blue dress-coat, but her information was obscured by her own troubles. Konigratz had disappeared. She wanted Mr. Lorn to make inquiries, and she was going to send poor little Taddy in search of his father.

This information made an interview with his client necessary. Konigratz would hardly turn up as a witness in time. Should the proceedings go on to trial without him? or asking a postponement, should Lorn risk the hold on the attached funds? If Katy was willing, he would try the case. Konigratz's evidence would not touch the principle involved, but he must consult his client about so decided a step. At her mother's he learned that she was working at a book-bindery, and he went there in search of her. He arrived at the fourth floor where the bindery was, to receive Katy in his arms, flying from the tipsy foreman.

The man was civil and respectful when sober, but if drinking, the reverse. It was not the first time he had offended, but he had never offended so grossly before. Lorn knocked him down, and now led Katy out trembling and crying, almost carrying her down the steep staircases.

"My dear Miss Keith," said he, "why do you stay at such a place?"

"There!" she said, recovering herself and removing his arm. "What can I do? I must earn something for mamma and me; and what can a poor girl do? I have no place else." Poor little thing! after all her gentle breeding, to come to this; to have no way to earn her bread, but by submitting to the coarse insults of a brute. It was a terrible revelation of her hardships to the young man, and he wanted to be very tender with her, but could not. She was ashamed at the humiliation he had witnessed, and remembered only that she had seen him coming out of the drinking saloon. He had broken his promise, and could be nothing to her. If she had spoken of it, he might have explained or expiated his wrong; but she knew that that would not do. It would betray an interest in him she ought not to have. He found her changed and reserved, and could only talk business; but when he left her he asked if he might not call in the evening. She pleaded fatigue and excused herself.

"You will not go to that place again?" he asked.

"Mamma will see Mr. ——, the proprietor. I will not return unless I can do it without risk."

Then, very reluctantly, he left her. But the night was fine and clear, with a brilliant moon, and Lorn was now in love. Yes, the pity and sympathy, and the very repulse of that evening, made him confess it and be proud of it, and lover-like he strolled by the house. Katy was sitting on the front stoop with the Rev. Mr. Jargony, and the preacher was a bachelor. Dear reader, did you ever take a sharp jealous pang to bed with you and try to sleep on it?

But better times were coming for Katy. Earl Groth had returned. His mother had only waited for that to open

plans for the rehabilitation and completion of the marriage contract.

The Groths descended upon Katy like an avalanche. She had a situation, at the time, in a dollar store, a new enterprise in those days, and the Groth girls came fluttering about the shy little shop-girl, to the shopman's delight. They took such an interest in her, too. "Why not have some one, some real good lawyer, to help that dear, clever Mr. Lorn? It was usual, and papa said it would be quite right, and make her case safer." If Katy had had any disposition to reject these advances, she could not have done it, for her mother's sake. The poor widow was starving for old association and friends; easy, careless gossip about things and people she knew. In fine, her influence and that of the others induced Katy to consent to the employment of additional counsel, if Mr. Lorn advised it. That was her condition. She would do nothing in the case without his advice. Earl Groth undertook to see the young lawyers, and was very busy and important about it. Let us see how he sped on his mission.

He found the partners drawn up before the cold grate, which served as a spittoon. Brown was making a fox and goose board; Lorn was reading the Electra of Euripides in the Greek — a language he resorted to in trouble, as other men take to drink. Perhaps he tried a little of both, as not altogether incompatible. Earl was elegant; perfumed like a milliner, if milliners are necessarily in odors. He tendered his card, which Brown gravely received and passed over to his partner.

"I am a friend of Miss Keith," said this gorgeous visitor.

"Did n't know she had any friends," said Lorn dryly; "sit down."

"I have called about her business," said Earl; "consulting with her friends, she is advised to procure assistant counsel. You don't object?"

"Not in the least," said Lorn.

"It is Feebil & Costs," continued Earl. "Will they do?"

"None better," said Lorn; "say to them we will be happy to give the papers and any information touching the case. Let it be asked at once. You will say to — to your friend, that Brown & Lorn have withdrawn from the case."

"Withdrawn from the case!" exclaimed Earl, discomfited at this sudden turn.

"Altogether, sir," said the imperturbable Lorn. "Have you any further business with us?"

"No, sir; but Miss Keith" — began Earl.

"Has our best wishes for her success," added Lorn. "We need say no more about the matter. There is nothing else, I believe?"

There was nothing else. Earl Groth had done quite enough for one morning. It is characteristic of the man, that he never told Katy of the withdrawal of Brown & Lorn from the case. She found that out later; to her own and Earl Groth's cost.

"Who the deuce is that?" asked Brown, after the visitor left.

"That," said his partner, "is Earl Groth, the son of Judge Groth, and engaged to our late client."

"The dickens you say!" retorted Brown, tapping the bars of the grate with the tongs, and twitching his hat forward, by a curious movement of the occipito-frontalis muscle. "Do you know I thought you were ahead there?"

"Perhaps two of us made that mistake," said Lorn grimly, "but I got the worst of it."

"You did n't know I was soft there myself, did you?" said his partner, looking curiously at his companion. "I never expected to be so — well, it don't matter. I used to be absolutely clammy about her. I was that soaked and limp in love, it oozed out of the pores like sweat. There was no more stand up in me than in a hot collar in July. I just wilted down to her, I did. I hated you, old pard, and your deuced lingo, to kill. That was the way it took me. I felt like she was mine by rights, and you ought to know it. Dad took to her, so did the old woman; and sis and all. The old folks said if I got her they would set us up in a too-ral-loo-ral (truly rural?) cot,

and divide the pot like the governor in the Probable Son. I was glad, dem my stingy hide! that you had no dad to pony up. I beg pardon, old fellow: I don't believe I could do it, if you had won, and p'rhaps you would n't care a cuss then if I did n't — but I was a mean dog, that 's a fact. But how could I help it! such a gentle, loving, timid little thing like that!" and Brown looked very like relapsing into that clammy state again.

"God bless you, my Pylades," said Lorn, which the other did not at all understand. "It 's as you say, and timid too — in a way. But Brown, she has more real pluck — Let me tell you. It scares me to think of it now.

"You know last Saturday I took her out driving. We started over the new river bridge. I was driving a wild, hard-mouthed brute, and had no business there, but I wanted to — never mind, I did n't get it. The parapet or guard rail at the side is not all up, and it is against orders to cross. But they knew me, confound 'em, and let me by. There are open spaces where the railing is not up, and the cursed river boiled and seethed and howled on the falls, a hundred and fifty feet below, like a hungry devil. A beam or plank two inches thick and two feet wide had been set on edge along an open panel, as a sort of guard; but something had tipped it over, and one end was keyed out, a yard or more, on the bridge, while the other end projected diagonally a few inches over the hell of waters; just the end of it, like that," illustrating by laying his cane on the table in the described position. "I was bearing well over to the other side, you may believe, when a loose plank or something started the brute, and he shied desperately over to that side. The wheels struck along the outer edge of that beam, just as the flange of a car-wheel fits over a T rail. The beam was eighteen or twenty feet long, the brute at full plunging speed and fighting the bit like a born devil. We were scouring down that railway at lightning speed to assured destruction.

"Death was just certain. But, an inch or so from the end, the tires knocking the chips into the water, the wheels caught, bounced, and with a skip and a jump we were saved. It was done, and done in less than a second. I was cold all over; faint and sick; nauseated. I turned to look at Miss Keith. She had not blenched a whit; her eye was just as bright, and there was that little eddy or dimple you may have noticed at the corner of her mouth before her quiet smile. She said in a calm, usual voice, 'I am glad we escaped; I did not think you could do it.' Brown, she had not shrieked or spoken, nor even offered to touch my bridle hand, which not one mortal in a million could avoid, though it might be ruin; and yet she could have dropped her glove over the buggy sheer down into that boiling death."

"My God! what an escape!" exclaimed Brown. "What did she say?"

"Nothing you would care to hear; took it as easy as if she had a pair of wings under her shawl," said Lorn. "As I helped her out at home, she said, 'Please don't tell mamma; it might frighten her.' Frighten her! I should think it would. I cannot shut my eyes without seeing the bridge, with chips and blocks lying about; the scared face of an Irishman running to us; the sweet summer sky above, and that fierce storm of white, rock-gashed water below, sending its hungry bellow to my ears. Be still and listen, and you can hear it now, above the noises of the town, and at night plainer. Timid? Yes, she is, in a way; but braver too, my boy, than anything that wears breeches, and that I'll swear."

"And she is going to marry that box of perfumery," said Brown, returning to the subject.

"Of course; she is one of them that stays," said Lorn. "She will not break her word, if he does not, and, to do him justice, he stuck by her while the others fell off. As soon as he got home, he raised a row about things, and had her and her mother in comfortable quarters — a cottage of his father's. Aunt Cynthy told me all about it."

"Aunt Cynthy?" queried Brown.

"Oh yes,—our client and washwoman," replied his partner carelessly. "She gossips about Miss Keith, or 'young missus,' whenever she comes. She told me of the engagement. Miss Keith has given up her place at the dollar store, and they are to marry in September, or as soon as the case is over. He, and his mother too, Cynthy says, pressed to have the marriage at once, but she would not hear to it, till she got back her money. I don't think Judge Groth will fight very hard. Of course he, this Earl, represents her in fact, if not in law. That 's what made me short about the matter."

"Oh!" said Brown.

"Yes, I thought it was due to us," continued his partner. "Come, I've saved a pot of money lately, and the faculty prescribes beer and billiards."

There had been more in that eventful interview than Lorn had told. Distrusting Aunt Cynthy somewhat, he had taken Katy driving with a purpose. He found some difficulty in getting at the subject, but presently he said,—

"So my little client is going to be married."

"I suppose so," said Katy, and then he concluded he would not say it at all. After their escape she said to him: "God has given us our lives again; let us try to make them worthy of his mercy."

Feebil & Costs, Katy's new counselors, were, as the name implies, at the top of the profession and the bottom of every case; crowded, jammed with work. They found Keith *v.* Overdo set for the next term, and postponed conference with Brown & Lorn. "We have all vacation to hear their views," said Costs, "if they amount to anything;" and the tone implied an opinion that they did not. Feebil & Costs infer that those young shysters have been found incompetent, and are not disposed to consult them in the matter. Let us see how that way of managing a law case works.

When Judge Groth refused to renew the motion to withdraw attached funds, his client took other counsel, and a less scrupulous attorney. Let us go into court and see what he does.

The last day of the term. Judge Groth in his office; Feebil in chancery court; Costs, who managed the common pleas, occupied half an hour when his name was called, in various motions, and then, when the last name on the roll was reached, went into the office to renew an old quarrel about taxing costs, with the clerk. Judge Precepit is at Crab Orchard refreshing the judicial mind, leaving the business of the court to be wound up by a sprightly fellow, chosen by the bar under the admirable American system of electioneering—admirable because its impartiality excludes even merit as a ground of preferment. There is nothing but petty appeals from magistrates' courts, and formal motions. It is late in the term and the day. Even Ben Groth has walked out, bored. A slender, half-bent attorney, with a lurking eye, hollow jaws, and wispy locks, and with a piping voice, suddenly rises:—

"Beg your honor's pardon; omitted a motion. Perhaps Judge Groth—however, by leave of court I will state it."

The court assents.

"In Keith *v.* Overdo; tender of bond and security, and motion to withdraw attached funds. Ample security and more if required," and he mentions the co-surety's name. It is a gentleman who, with Katy's grandfather, gave the agent his first start in business. Before the war, he was rich in lands and slaves, and the shell, but it is only a shell, remains. Had the regular judge been sitting, or had there been a contest over it, his bond would have been refused. As it is, the plaintiff has no representative in court and the case goes by default. His supposititious honor says, with an air of doing and saying something very fine,—

"Perfectly sufficient; a little malice in the persistent opposition on the part of the plaintiff, to this motion, which I feel it my duty, sitting in *foro juridice*, to rebuke. Have Colonel Hollobody and Mr. Overdo sworn, and execute the

bond;" at which Colonel Hollobody, who is a fine-looking old gentleman with white hair, and knows nothing of what he is doing, comes forward. The agent has told him it is a mere form, and the kindly old aristocrat is fond of forms, and executes the bond with a flourish.

Lorn hears of it, and, in angry impulse at seeing his work spoiled, charges on Feebil & Costs, with cutting sarcasm. They are rather nervous at first, and feel that they have been outwitted; but recollecting a long series of well-paid blunders, and that Lorn was only called to the bar yesterday, they pooh-pooh him. "Really, this excitement is about a trifle; observe what the court said. We don't know that we would have resisted this motion. The money could do us no good, and is just as safe."

"Safe!" said Lorn, "do you call Overdo or Hollobody safe?"

They winced at that: "Well, in our extreme caution, possibly we would have explained to Colonel Hollobody that it would not do, and spared him the exposure of refusal in open court. In the way of business, Mr. Lorn, we have often to deal harshly with the reputation of good men, but we never — never if we can avoid it — subject them to the ignominy of publicity, and probably would have spared our friend the old colonel, rather than act in open court."

"Nec pueros coram populo Medea trucidet," quoted Lorn with a sneer, "but the play seems to be Iphigenia, with your client, Miss Keith, in the character of the sacrifice." Which fine piece of malicious sarcasm fell off Feebil & Costs like water from a duck's back, as they did not in the least understand it.

"Exactly so, exactly so; very neat," said old Feebil; "and classic. I cannot say that I 'class,' myself, if that is the expression, but I like it, sir; I like it; especially before a jury." And Will Lorn walked away, beaten at every point.

While Katy's new advisers were running her case into the mud after this fashion, she got on the track of her most important witness, the lost Konigratz, whose evidence might redeem even their blunders. Her informant was Signora Figli, a brisk little jointed doll of an Italian, with quick black eyes. A little Savoyard had been taken up as a vagrant, and falling sick was thrust into the pest-house. Visiting him, Signora Figli found the German and Taddy, and the boy asked for his old teacher. As they walked, the Italian rattled away about her *protégée*.

"Oh! ze American, hard as ax. Zey see ze littel Lucchese weez hes wagone an' ze monkay, an' cry, See ze vagabone! Ze small boy 'ave cross Mont Cenis weez hes pack. He make the foot evairywhere. He saind all hes monay home to hes fazair an' hes mozair. Bimeby go he home; buy littel vanyar' weez grape. You ask heem where he from, he say, 'Vi sono dei buoni e dei cattivi dappertutto — sonó Lucchese per servirla;' zat ees, Bad peopel evairywhere, Lucchese to your sarevees; and zat ees de trute, and zare ees de paste house, an' ze dog's house eet ees." Katy found it so; foul and reeking with bad smells, with but one attendant, a woman with faded, shallow blue eyes, who addressed her companion: —

"That 'ere boy would n't eat the arry root, and I made it into blank mange" — she pronounced it professionally like a dog's disease — "'cos my innards was a-pinin' an' it did me a power o' good, thank ye. Likewise I am sorry for to say the dog have eat his monkey. It were a pesky critter 's ever I see. Mr. Konigratz? Yes 'm: he 's in a power o' sufferin'. He 's quieter now. 'Bout a hour by sun he made a fetch to jump out the winder an' he got hitched, an' can't get out nor in. I 'lowed I 'd h'ist him out bimeby. The little feller 's a-pokin' at him now, I guess."

This curious statement was true. In his delirium, for the man had the *mania a potu*, he had got his head fastened in the bars of the window, and the poor boy was working with his feeble strength to release his wretched father. They set him free, but it was only in time to

see him die. He committed his boy to Katy, told the little he knew about the conversion of her money, and, with words of bitter penitence over a wasted life, turned his face to the wall and died. There seemed a fatality about it. Katy no sooner approached a satisfactory conclusion of her cause than adverse fortune destroyed her hope. Fortunately she did not know of the importance of this witness. But she took Taddy home and he remained with her, resuming his occupation of newsboy and evening pupil.

Then her cause came on to be heard. Costs was bungling through a forest of difficulty, and had missed the whole point of the case. He aimed to prove fraud in the omission from the schedule, for which he had not a jot of evidence, and rested his case on that. The judge had looked blacker and blacker as he went on. At length he turned shortly on Lorn.

"Are you not in this case?"

"No, sir," said Lorn, surprised; "we have withdrawn."

"Have you briefed it?" continued the judge.

"Well, your honor, I had prepared a brief, thinking" — began Lorn.

"Send it in," said the judge; "gentlemen, the evidence is in; the cause will be heard by brief. Mr. Costs, have in your brief by Friday, and yours, Mr. Lorn. The defense receives the same notice. Clerk, call the next case."

So Mr. Lorn's brief went in, but Feebil & Costs treated it as mere courtesy of the court, and Judge Groth ignored it.

Then Katy won her cause.

The Groths were congratulatory. "You must be very grateful to that dear, faithful fellow," said Earl's mother, "for securing the services of Feebil & Costs, and taking your case out of the hands of those impudent young profligates. Judge Groth is quite sure they would have lost it. But it is all safe now, and the dear boy will be expecting his reward."

Such speeches led to an explanation, and Katy learned, with unspeakable chagrin, that Earl had presumed to take her case out of the hands of Brown & Lorn.

"Why, mamma," she said, "it 's a shame! I never would have tried but for Mr. Lorn. All the others discouraged me, and Earl worst of all. They all slander him, and I don't believe one word they say."

When a young lady begins to talk vehemently after that fashion, the signs are pretty favorable; and at that unlucky moment, Earl, backed by his foolish mother, chose to press his suit. He was met by about as much fire as such a gentle little creature could get up, and the long, lingering engagement went off in a flash. Katy returned to her situation in the dollar store, and recalled Brown & Lorn into her case, where judgment waited on execution, and in society Mrs. Groth spoke her mind freely: —

"Earl was quite infatuated, and wasted I don't know how much money on her lawyers. That scheming girl encouraged him until her case was won, and then went back to her low associates. Of course my son's respect for his family would not allow that, and he broke off with her."

Society, in its young misses, had great commiseration for a fine young fellow who had made a fool of himself about a woman, and said, "What a creature she must be!" No doubt he found consolation.

Mr. Lorn wanted his consolation also, but Katy was afraid. How could she marry a man who differed with her on the vital point of Christian faith, or how set her love before him as a temptation to falsify himself? So when he pressed his suit the poor girl, struggling with herself, said very softly: —

"Do not, Mr. Lorn; it is not right. Let us be as we were; it is so sweet to be that way, and the future so uncertain. God help us both."

Was that refusal, encouragement, or what? Katy meant that he must first work out his own salvation with a heart humbled to his Maker; Mr. Lorn understood there was a difficulty, but men

are made to overcome difficulties. Let us get to the next chapter and see the conclusion of all this law and loving.

V.

BROWN'S MORAL SUASION.

Now the blunder of Feebil & Costs in the attachment bore its evil fruit. To execution in Keith *v.* Overdo, the sheriff returned "no property found." A motion to go on the sureties was answered by a notice in bankruptcy by Colonel Hollobody's assignee. The court, aroused to the fact that it had been used pretty much as a gambler uses his tools to deceive the unwary, made the order on Overdo to return attached funds peremptory, and on failure to respond in cash, put him in jail for contempt. He supped in the jailer's room with a few choice spirits, and was released the next day on the trifling perjury of the insolvent debtor's oath, having defeated the law in a fair, stand-up fight, and now held on to Katy's money with doubled fists. That was the news her disappointed attorneys had to bring to her.

She was still at the dollar store, but the enterprise had lost its novelty, and trade fell off. One assistant was all Katy needed in her half section of the store. The stock had run down to a beggarly account of empty boxes. But at length the promised invoice of the new supply came. The crates lumbered up the sidewalk half a day, and it was quite late in the afternoon before the porter got them in and Katy stood ready with the shop-girls to open and arrange them on the shelves. Then Mr. Rosenberg, the proprietor, interfered: it was late; the young ladies were tired; let them begin fresh in the morning and make a day's work of it. The girls gladly accepted the suggestion, and fluttered off like pigeons from a stoop. Katy had waited to balance her cash account, when Mr. Rosenberg came up and began a declaration of love. Frightened at being alone with him, though the front door was ajar, she hastily closed her books and hurried out. He persisted in following her, though the street was full of men going home from business, until she took a street car to escape him.

It was early, and she remembered business that needed attention. They still occupied Judge Groth's cottage, and, for security, she had brought her pony to the city to be sold, in order to meet the rent. A young fellow, setting up as a coal merchant, who professed to have served in the army with her brother, offered to purchase. By Mr. Lorn's advice she had required security, as he had asked time, and it was readily given. The note was now due, and she stepped from the car at the little office to collect the money. Mr. Harrison had the usual story; a late winter had made a slack season in coal, but if she would allow him sixty days more he would pay, or return the horse. Innocent of business knowledge, it was not in her nature to be hard on a comrade of the dear, deceased brother. The last quarter had been settled, and for two months she would not need it. She consented, not knowing that in doing so she had released the surety. She stood a moment petting her pony which stood at the door in a coal cart, and then went home wondering over a girl who had had brothers, a father, mother, and home, and a pony to ride, unable to realize that it had ever been herself.

At breakfast she opened the paper Taddy had left them, to read to her mother, when a notice caught her eye.

FIRE. — The building known as the dollar store was totally consumed last night, with the stock. It is severe on Mr. Rosenberg, who had just replenished, but he has the satisfaction of knowing that his losses are mitigated by insurance in the Hartford and Home Insurance Companies.

Katy visited the place and found the girls flocked about it. Some said Rosenberg must provide for them; others

questioned Katy closely, remembering that she had been left in the store. She told what she knew, omitting the proprietor's love-story, and the consciousness of withholding something betrayed itself in her manner. The worst inference was put upon it in connection with the burning of the store before the stock was opened and exhibited. It was believed the stock was sham, and that Rosenberg had fired the building to get the insurance.

She was out of employment; all hope from her suit was gone, and that poisonous rumor clung to her. She applied, but no one would accept of her services. Hints and innuendoes, cowardly suspicions, followed, associating her with fraud, and the unsuspecting girl never dreamed of it. She thought it was hard that those who ought to know her to be trustworthy and diligent did not help her with work; but she did not complain. She toiled on, pinching, starving, walking the snowy streets in worn, broken shoes, and putting up that piteous petition, "If you please, sir, have you any work in your store a young woman could do?" No, they had none; sometimes, after a whisper among them, one would rush out and follow her with his eyes and point the finger at her.

Her mother was sick. Broken with loss of friends, with loss of fortune, with loss of hope, what could the poor mother do but sink? And Katy pinched and starved herself to buy her mother delicacies. The little money she could get at making tatting, a kind of lace or edging, was her only earnings, and that was little enough. It was God's charity now that the kindness extended to the boy, Taddy Konigratz, was bread upon the waters. What he earned — and the boy gave it all to her — fed them, and for clothing she patched and sewed and looked neat and pretty in rags. The terrible want was coals; there must be fire in her mother's room, and every lump cost drops of the poor girl's blood. The worst was an apprehension that she might lose the help of Taddy. His uncle had made more than one effort to get possession of the boy and his earnings. Mr. Lorn had assured her that the man had no legal claim whatever, but Mr. Lorn did not fully understand the working of local charities. Mr. Overdo was "the father of the orphan," the patron of the House of Refuge. There had been a great dinner there, where the wounds of the poor little wretches were exhibited, and the jail mark stamped upon them. Katy read it, and thought it a singular way to treat crime or misfortune, to make a show of it — but where was Taddy?

Noon came, and no Taddy; afternoon, and still the boy, always regular, was away. Katy had depended on his earnings to go marketing. All the food in the house she had given to her mother, and still the boy did not come. Let us see where he was.

As the police judge read the fulsome eulogies of the House of Refuge, and disposed of cases of petty larceny, drunkenness, wife-beating, etc., a sharp little lad, very much frightened, was brought before him.

"I 'm his uncle," said a German, though his English was slangy. "He has got with some woman or 'nother, and she puts him up to jobs and gobbles all his money. I can't do nothin' with him."

The judge pictures some female of doubtful reputation breeding the boy up in crime. He eulogizes the House of Refuge and commits the lad. His uncle goes through his pockets, and a policeman tucks him under his arm and carries him off to Mr. Overdo's "local charity." It is Taddy Konigratz.

Katy's anxiety becomes unendurable, and she seizes on a visit from Aunt Cynthy to dispatch the negress to her one remaining friend, Mr. Lorn. The old woman had made a shrewd guess about the destitution in the house, and perhaps betrayed it, for on her return she brings this polite note, and cans of oysters, a bottle of wine, and some other things.

Dear Miss Keith, — I may be detained after my dinner hour. Will you save me a walk to my boarding-house

by preparing these things and permitting me to sup with you? I hope Mrs. Keith will accept the wine. I think she will find it very good.

Yours truly, W. A. Lorn.

Perhaps Katy saw through this, but like the simple, honest creature she was, she accepted it without hesitation, and went quietly to prepare the meal. Something prompted her to decline Aunt Cynthy's help, and she added a little to the meal. The carpenter's wife next door, who had a cow, readily furnished fresh cream and butter, and soon the little girl, as she worked the rolling-pin, was chanting under her breath, —

"'Twixt the gloaming and the mirk when the kye come hame,"

interjected with little spurts of compliment and remonstrance to her work, and accentuation where she bore stoutly on the rolling-pin. She was just brushing the marks of her neat toil from her when Mr. Lorn found her.

There was the very spread on the little square table that makes a cozy room look cozier, and a delicate flush on Katy's face, caused by bending over saucepans at the fire. Oysters simmered in a chafing-dish, distilling a savory fragrance, and forming with the coffee a bouquet of peculiarly appetizing flavor. Other bivalves on the brownest of buttered toast were broiled to the perfection of cookery. A jug of real cream contributed to the luxury. But sweeter than all this, and daintier than flaky loaf or fragrant coffee, was the little mistress in dark calico and cunning apron, with keys and scissors jingling at her girdle. The widow's room adjoined, with open door between them, and the lights of the two apartments mingled and wedded in very suggestive brightness.

They chatted merrily over the meal, Katy rising to go to the stove or to run to mamma, and coming back again with the brightest of eyes and blushes. Of course they talked of Taddy, but I don't think the young lawyer regretted his absence very much.

After the meal Katy ordered him, in a peremptory little way, to go out in the air and smoke his cigar while she cleared up, and the meek young man obeyed. When he returned, Katy said softly, closing the door not quite to,—

"Speak low, please; mamma is not quite well, and tell me all about Taddy."

"No, Katy," said he, "I must first speak about myself and you as I once thought never to speak again."

It was coming now, and she listened silently in gathering tears.

"You know what hope cheered me in that suit, and how the suit was lost. I thought you would blame me" —

"Oh no, no," interrupted Katy, "oh no, no. How could you?"

"I blamed myself," he continued. "I was very earnest about it, and selfish. I said, I will win it for her, and no one shall share. I was wrong. I know it now, as we know many things —too late, Katy."

She did not reply, but her hands went over her face, and she cried silently.

"Yes, I hoped to come bringing my sheaves with me, and tell you as I tell you now: I love you, Katy Keith, with all the prayer and desire there is in my heart."

He thought she would answer, would encourage or rebuke him, but she said nothing, and he went on.

"If I do not believe all things as you do, remember that I believe them as they appear to me — true in every essential sense. But will not he who is all love help me more if we are together, than if I am left to struggle in my unfaith alone?"

He held her hand now, and she did not resist. "How can you?" she whispered; "how can you, when I, I am such a poor little thing?"

"Poor!" he exclaimed.

"I don't mean that," she replied; "I don't mean poor in money, but just such a poor little thing. When mamma's money and mine was all gone, I did n't care. I was almost glad, I was so willing and I felt so strong; and I thought it would be so good and brave to earn our own living, mamma's and mine. I tried and tried, so hard! you

don't know; and then, somehow, I failed and failed, and things went worse and worse. Now I don't even know where the food is to come from to-morrow."

She said it, questioning if in all that earnest endeavor and final failure, the fault had not been with her.

And so the gallant little heart was fairly starved into surrender; but, a traitor in itself, it had long since gone over to the enemy. The engagement lasted just twelve hours. Taddy was of course released, with a story to tell they were too busy to hear, and, after the ceremony, the bridal party set out to visit the Browns, and Katy's old neighborhood.

"It is very smart in you young folks," said the contented widow, "but I don't see what time you had for courting. You were both so busy."

"We did n't need it, mamma," said Katy. "Whenever I went to others in trouble, they put me off with advice; when I went to him, he put his hand to the work and helped me. There may be better men, but none so good to me."

"Pray God you may always say that, dear wife," said he; and the carriage rolled on.

The Browns and Katy's old neighbors were very kind. She said it seemed like getting back to her old happy life by her marriage; and so, measurably, it was.

But they were poor as ever, and had married like foolish young people at the very ebb of their fortunes. They must get back to town and to work. Then they heard Taddy's story of his singular experiences in the House of Refuge, and news of Katy's lost fortune.

John Overdo, Esq., found it cheaper to support his dependent relations in offices of the city charities than out of his own pocket. His sister was matron of the House of Refuge. The place was crowded, and Taddy, at night, found no resting-place prepared for him. The matron roughly pointed to a fireplace and bade him lie on the hearth. Making bed and covering of the drugget rug, Taddy tried it. But it was a bitter night, and by ten o'clock the fire had gone down. Then he saw the glow of light from an adjoining chamber, and stole in there. It was vacant, a sort of drawing-room near the matron's bed-chamber, and he crawled under the sofa, and, wrapping his drugget rug about his shoulders, fell asleep.

He thought or dreamed he heard his father's name; then he was awake. A woman sat on the sofa, a man stood by it.

"Plague take your board of old women!" said the matron's voice. "I'll charge it next month as coals or blankets; but, as I said, I'll not buy liquors to keep my body warm out of my own pocket. The city owes it to me for taking care of the vile set." She stopped a little, and there was the tinkle of a spoon in a glass; and then she went on. "Go snacks in the Keith girl's money, and I'll give up the place. I don't know as I ever tasted a better rum punch," and then there was a sucking noise and a snuffle in the voice; "you better try some."

"Filkerdis got the Keith money," said Overdo's voice. "You know that very well."

"Filky-diddle!" said the woman. "Your wife got it. You bought the Chestnut Street property in her name in 1863, with money borrowed of Filkerdis, and paid him back out of the Keith girl's money — he, he, he! Oh! you are a precious pair! I wish I had another punch. Look in the right-hand corner of that cupboard and hand me the bottle and lemons, and I'll make two. Yes, the Dutchman's dead; but I an't, and if you don't buy me off between you — Ah! that *is* good; only I wish the kettle was a little hotter."

"Pooh!" said he, "Filkerdis would laugh at you. The reprobated devil plays the high game; thought he was doing *me* a favor to help get Konigratz out of the way, confound him! and actually said I ought to be in the penitentiary for plundering the orphaned granddaughter of my benefactor."

"He, he, he!" laughed the woman, very much tickled at the information. "He said that, did he? I always did like Harry Filkerdis; 'ought to be in the penitentiary'! I declare that 's good, most as good as the punch, — ha, ha, ho!"

This was an incredible piece of information — Katy's trusted friend, recommended to her by her dying father, in receipt of her money. "Possibly," said Mr. Lorn, "he did not know it was yours. Let us inquire first."

"Do," said she, "but don't tell me any more. The law is so confusing about right and wrong, it bewilders me."

It was easy, once on the track, to trace the draft at the bank from Overdo to Filkerdis. It raised a presumption, amounting to certainty, that the colonel knew whose money it was. But such was the respect of the young people, they would not act till they saw him and heard his explanation.

"It is very long ago," said Filkerdis, coolly, "but I think it likely I knew whose draft it was. I remember, I had my doubts of Overdo; I think it likely I knew it."

"But," said Lorn, "if you did, you must pay it back. The money was not Overdo's, and he could convey no title to it."

"It is a nice point," said Filkerdis. "Suppose you try it. If the law says I had no right to it, of course I will pay it back, with pleasure."

The coolness of this was stunning.

Lorn did try it, and, knowing the ability that would oppose him, accepted the volunteer aid of his brother, an eminent lawyer. They presented the case in the State courts, dwelling on the common law right to recover stolen property wherever it could be traced. The tracing was not even denied, and they got a verdict.

So Katy won her fortune again!

But wait; this involves Overdo's bankruptcy, and bankruptcy suits must be removed to the Federal courts. It was removed, and became "*In re* Overdo, Catharine Lorn *v.* Filkerdis." Again it was alleged that the money paid to Filkerdis belonged to the plaintiff, and again the defendant in his answer failed to deny that it was her money. The court said:—

"The principle that a failure to deny a material allegation leaves it confessed, is urged as involving the defendant in the confessed conversion of the plaintiff's property and destroys his title thereto. But that rule requires that the facts should come within the ordinary scope of the defendant's business knowledge. It does not presume that he should know whose money it was the bankrupt held as his own and treated as his own. But even with such general knowledge as might provoke inquiry, it will be hard to show why the defendant should refuse a tender of money in the payment of a just debt, made in the ordinary course of business. Money bears no ear-mark, and the draft having mixed with and become a part of the general assets of Mr. Overdo, there is no distinction between that and any other fund in his possession as a general broker. It is liable for his debts, and subject to that superior diligence the law protects. The moral proof of collusion in this case is very strong, and the court regrets it cannot be brought within the operation of the rule. *In foro conscientiæ*, the money should be repaid, but the enforcement of the decrees of that higher court must remain in the bosom of the defendant."

What is the decree worth? Katy's fortune is lost again.

After that the young people gave it up. Had not the highest court said the friends appointed to her confidence by her father and grandfather had a right to conspire and rob the orphan girl, because no "legal trust" had been established?

The expensive proceedings sapped their little funds. They had begun poor and got poorer. Lorn had gone through the humiliation of passing from one small grocery to another for necessaries, as the unpaid credits at each were exhausted. He had felt that this was not entirely honest, but what could

he do? His character was suffering by it: he had made enemies by the suits, and now the rent was due Judge Groth for the cottage. He applied for the money for Katy's pony; the coal merchant had taken the benefit of the bankrupt law.

Judge Groth distrained and seized the bed on which the sick widow lay, and turned the family into the streets. Then was proved the friendship of the elder Brown. He came to the city to take the distressed people home. As he sat at the hotel, Judge Groth came by. Now there had been a scene between Lorn and his landlord in which the latter was denounced bitterly. The judge had already noticed or fancied a coolness among his former friends at the bar. He came out now to test it; to see if his character suffered by it. There was a stout country gentleman sitting in front of the hotel, that Judge Groth could not place, but he would begin with him. He had hardly heard the story. He came up and offered his hand, and the elder Brown arose and denounced him savagely in the strong, native vernacular. A hundred people heard it, and the old lawyer slunk away.

But the Browns had their own sorrows. Josh Brown had had another street difficulty. He had only beaten his adversary, a bully and desperado, but every one said that when the man recovered there would be a fight to the death.

There was a kittenish playfulness about young Brown; a love of children and sympathy with them, that made his strangely desperate character more contradictory. Unhappily, at the most impressible age he had gone into the army. He served with distinction; but he brought home an insensibility to bloodshed; — a man that would not wound your feelings, would shed tears over a story of distress, and would shoot you for a word.

When Katy heard of it, she asked her husband to use his influence over his friend for the mother's sake. Lorn did try, unavailingly.

"What's the use?" said Brown. "Suppose I do promise to let the fellow alone; he won't let me alone, and as for binding him over, you know what that is; and then, my word is out."

"But no law holds you to keep such a promise," said Lorn; "let it alone."

"Oh! that 's law, is it?" said Brown, indifferently. "I was looking at it in a moral point of view;" and with that curious defense of his resolution to shoot a fellow-creature, the conversation ended.

Lorn told his wife of his failure, and that evening the little woman, taking her husband's friend by the arm, led him to that little altar by the verbena-bed. What was said there, God and they alone know. Lorn saw his wife and friend walking to and fro in the twilight, and when they returned he knew by his wife's face that she had prevailed.

"Well, old woman," said young Brown, bending over his mother, "I am going to leave you for a little while."

"Oh, God bless you, my son, my son; oh, God bless you!" and she fell on her knees in prayer, for she, too, knew what that gentle peacemaker had done.

"Come away," said Katy to her husband. "He goes Tuesday to avoid that man until it is blown over. Oh, Will, how I pity him!"

"I know you do," said the proud husband, "and can I live with God's angel and still deny him?"

"Hush! you must n't talk that way." And so we leave man and wife together.

The gratitude of the old people had great results; the least of which is this story. Talking with Lorn and his wife, Mr. Brown found them both anxious to remove from that wretched community, but lacking the means. They wanted to come to a new country. "Choose what stock you like," said the old farmer; "but p'r'aps I better do that for you. You can take the spring wagon, and the farm wagon. I have two or three on 'em, you know.

And the old woman 's got somethin' in the stockin'. I 'm a Jackson dimocrat, and don't deposit in no rotten banks." It was arranged that young Brown should go with them, and a few days' preparation were all that was necessary.

One evening, the last conversation occurred with which I shall weary the reader over Katy's law case. Nothing could better illustrate the simplicity of the younger Brown, about his own profession.

"Why don't you bone old Overdo for the cash?" asked Brown, after they had talked it over.

"Have n't we been doing it?" asked Lorn, good-humoredly. "What else was all this lawing about?"

"No you have n't," said Brown. "Spos'n I say you owe me five dollars. You say you don't. Well, we go to law, to see which is right. That 's what law 's for. If it says you do owe me, then I go to you, and say, 'Well, old fellow, you see I was right, after all; so just hand over the stamps,' and you do it of course; because the law said I was right."

"Suppose you try it," yawned Lorn.

"I think I would do it," said Brown, meditatively; not at all seeing the absurdity of the proposition. "Lots o' fellows would ante up, if you put it right strong about her grandfather's giving him such a lift, you know."

"Overdo is n't one of them," said Lorn.

As they started to town, young Brown showed the pistols he was delivering to his mother, to remind Katy that he kept his promise.

Lorn was busy that day, seeing and settling with small creditors. And that day Overdo had an interview with Judge Groth.

"That Brown was to see me to-day," said the agent.

"Did he threaten you?"

"Oh, no; he was quite friendly; talked about the case, and asked me to pay," said the broker. "Of course, I 'm not a-going to do that."

"I should think not," said the old lawyer, with a bitter laugh. "Have a policeman at hand if he comes again. I would like to get my hands on one of those miserable young scoundrels;" and he grinds his teeth savagely with the hope.

Mr. Lorn was in court in the afternoon, to say farewell to his friends of the bar. "Going away, eh?" said Costs. "Bad policy to change; stick at it, young fellow. Wife going?"

"Oh, yes," said Lorn. "We are going to try a new home and a new country."

"Eh, well, well; I hope you will succeed — hope you 'll succeed. When do you start?"

"Tuesday, sir, if we can be ready," said Lorn, "and I think we can. Good-by, sir."

"Good-by, sir; good-by. Hope I 'll see you again though," muttered Costs as the young fellow went off.

Tuesday came, and they were ready. At least Katy and her husband were. Brown had gone to the city with the farm wagon to get what was necessary in the way of provisions. There were tears and blessings and kisses, and they moved off to the junction of the roads where they were to meet their friend. How happy they were! The great burden of that hard city life rolled from them, and a future fair and sweet with youth's anticipations lay before them.

"What are those two men riding so hard for?" said Katy, who had been looking down the road. As she spoke they came in speaking distance.

"Hallo, Herndon," said Lorn, recognizing an officer. "What are you beating that poor brute for? He can't go any faster."

"Confound him; I don't want him to, now. I 'm one sore from the heel to the crupper, I think, a-chafin' and a-raspin' on him," said the cockney, leveling a blow at the horse's head.

"Well, don't beat the poor beast. Katy, we had as well drive on; Brown will overtake us."

"No you don't," said the man; "no you don't, not by a dern sight, after I gone through all this to nab you; and if

that sneak was wuth a stamp, he 'd git down an' hole my hoss, till I sarved ye."

"What do you mean, you dog!" said Lorn angrily, as the man climbed into the wagon; "get out of this, or I'll brain you with the butt of the whip."

"None o' yer sass," said the man, showing his pistols. "I 'm the law, and that there 's p'leesman. You just turn this vehickel, and toddle back. The gal can go whar she dern pleases; I don't want her;" and he showed a warrant of arrest in Feebil & Costs *v.* Lorn for lawyers' fees in the case of Keith *v.* Overdo.

The reader will remember a certain statutory provision, under which Brown & Lorn seized the money of Overdo in Judge Groth's hands. Under the same clause, Feebil & Costs now seized the person of William Lorn for the fees of Katy's lawyers, employed by Earl Groth. There was no alternative. He must go to jail. He tried to persuade his wife to go back to Mr. Brown's, but "No!" she said; "they may rob and plunder us; they may imprison and kill us; but they shall not separate us. God willing, where you go I will go, and thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God."

It was a terrible situation. The funds Mr. Brown had advanced would not suffice to pay Feebil & Costs' exorbitant bill, and even if they were accepted in satisfaction, it destroyed that hope and plan of a home in a new country. They did not know what to do; the sulky jailer wished to separate them, but the wife cried and clung so to her husband that even his hard heart was moved. Send for Brown — if they could find him; send for Feebil & Costs, and try to arrange it. Feebil & Costs sent back word to pay and go; they had no other conditions.

Doubting, despairing, praying for release from the life that had proved too hard for them, the poor, foolish young people were beginning to try to cheer one another, when the door opened and in walked Josh Brown.

"How the devil did this happen?" he exclaimed, throwing something into Katy's lap.

Lorn had begun to explain, when a shriek from Katy called him to her. Fluttering in her fingers was her lost fortune, her $5500!

"Oh, yes," said Brown with a blush, "I got that. I thought I told you."

"How — in — the — How did you do it?" gasped Lorn.

"Do it?" said Brown. "Why, just as I told you. I went to Overdo and put it right strong about her grandfather, you know, and he ante'd up, like a little man."

"Is that all?" asked Lorn, still incredulous.

"Well, yes; you see I called twice," said Brown. "First time he did n't have it. Of course I expected that. A man don't have $5500 in his breeches pockets every day. But I put it right strong to him that you were going away to-day, and must have it, and said I 'd call again. Well, I did; I put it right strong again, you know, and while we were talking one o' them fellows came in and handed in the chips, and so Overdo passed 'em over and I took 'em down; and then — and then I told him he was a brick, and we went over and took a drink; two drinks, I believe, and that 's about all."

That was all Brown knew, and that story he believes to this day. The reader's better knowledge of the agent may lead to an acuter judgment. When Brown called the first day, the agent was in terror. He went to his lawyer, and there learned the uselessness of any attempt to put Brown under bonds. "If you had a cause for it," said Groth, "it would only provoke him; and you know the governor would remit the fine as soon as he was acquitted for the shooting, — and he certainly would be acquitted." The agent knew it; but he had the policeman ready. There was a row in the adjoining drinking saloon, and while the officer went to quell it, Brown walked in. While there, one of the clerks accidentally returned six thousand dollars to be put in the safe, and the money lay on the desk between

them. After Brown had "put it right strong," as he said, that the agent *must* pay — meaning he was morally bound — he slipped from the tall stool, throwing his hand behind him as he did so. The whole terrible antecedent scene, with its remembered threat, witnessed in that very spot, was before the agent's eyes, and with white lips and shaking nerves he pushed the uncounted roll to Brown and begged him to "let him alone." The young man did not observe or regard his agitation, but counting the money pushed back the difference, saying "there was no interest," and then pressed his hospitality on the agent. There had been no threat, no incivility. It was in an open office, in business hours, and, though a very unbusiness-like transaction, occurred in a business way. It is questionable if a by-stander, without the key to the matter, would have judged otherwise than Brown, or thought the agent was otherwise moved than by consideration for the orphan daughter of his earliest patron; and to crown all, Brown now had possession of the money. The law would be as ineffectual in getting it out of his grasp, as it had been in unclasping the agent's knuckles.

The agent was a shrewd rascal, and saw all this. Before Brown left him, leaning over the bar of the drinking saloon, he thanked that gentleman for calling his attention to it; he had been misled by his lawyer, to whom he intrusted the affair, and he hoped Mr. Brown would represent him so to the ladies and the public. Brown did; all the odium fell on Judge Groth. Already that gentleman was suffering in reputation. The terrible punishment administered to him by Lorn exhibited the fact that this lion was all mane and roar; and now any shyster may run over him with impunity. His son gets all the practice, and is the rising member of that family. Not that Earl does not prosper. He has married a very pretty little girl who believes all his marvelous lies and rehearses them.

With five thousand dollars in his pockets, Lorn had no hesitation in asking Brown senior to become security for any debt to Feebil & Costs; but when the cause came for trial, they could prove no authority from Miss Keith, and the judge chose to regard it as volunteer assistance.

Katy and her husband prosecuted their resolution to come to a new home; and so I came into possession of her story. She is so good to all of us, we cannot regret the misfortunes that brought her among us. We had no church, but in some way her little log-house has become our chapel. If anybody is sick or sorrowing or in trouble, it is her soft hand and voice that cheer them, and she is known to all the country side for her gentle ways and loving charities. No doubt she is happy with her husband, yet she has little willful ways with him when he goes wrong, and will not hesitate to correct him. If she thinks she has given pain in doing this, she will be very penitent, but still adds: "But I will not promise to do better next time, for if I see you going wrong I *must* speak!" Marriage is not a stopping-place for natures like hers, — though my story stops here, — but rather the beginning of a newer growth. Happy indeed her husband if she is spared to him in its fruition.

I think sometimes of her case before the mirror, and then I fancy that law courts are not a level reflecting surface, but a bright sphere that distorts the features brought nearer to it; and I prefer my own poor bits of glass.

And now the fiction of incident falls away like the player's dress, and I know better the character in these strange circumstances in which I have placed it; and I know that memory, not imagination, has been the creator of her virtues. But the reality like the shadow has passed away, and in my little mirror I see only the dusky shadows and the still stars of heaven shining down upon me.

Will Wallace Harney.

NIGHTFALL: A PICTURE.

Low burns the summer afternoon;
A mellow lustre lights the scene;
And from its smiling beauty soon
The purpling shade will chase the sheen.

The old, quaint homestead's windows blaze;
The cedars long, black pictures show;
And broadly slopes one path of rays
Within the barn, and makes it glow.

The loft stares out — the cat intent,
Like carving, on some gnawing rat —
With sun-bathed hay and rafters bent,
Nooked, cobwebbed homes of wasp and bat.

The harness, bridle, saddle dart
Gleams from the lower, rough expanse;
At either side the stooping cart,
Pitchfork, and plow cast looks askance.

White Dobbin through the stable-doors
Shows his round shape; faint color coats
The manger, where the farmer pours,
With rustling rush, the glancing oats.

A sun-haze streaks the dusky shed;
Makes spears of seams and gems of chinks:
In mottled gloss the straw is spread;
And the gray grindstone dully blinks.

The sun salutes the lowest west
With gorgeous tints around it drawn;
A beacon on the mountain's breast,
A crescent, shred, a star — and gone.

The landscape now prepares for night:
A gauzy mist slow settles round;
Eve shows her hues in every sight,
And blends her voice with every sound.

The sheep stream rippling down the dell,
Their smooth, sharp faces pointed straight;
The pacing kine, with tinkling bell,
Come grazing through the pasture-gate.

The ducks are grouped, and talk in fits:
One yawns with stretch of leg and wing;

One rears and fans, then, settling, sits;
One at a moth makes awkward spring.

The geese march grave in Indian file,
The ragged patriarch at the head;
Then, screaming, flutter off awhile,
Fold up, and once more stately tread.

Brave chanticleer shows haughtiest air;
Hurls his shrill vaunt with lofty bend;
Lifts foot, glares round, then follows where
His scratching, picking partlets wend.

Staid Towser scents the glittering ground;
Then, yawning, draws a crescent deep,
Wheels his head-drooping frame around
And sinks with fore-paws stretched for sleep.

The oxen, loosened from the plow,
Rest by the pear-tree's crooked trunk;
Tim, standing with yoke-burdened brow,
Trim, in a mound beside him sunk.

One of the kine upon the bank
Heaves her face-lifting, wheezy roar;
One smooths, with lapping tongue, her flank;
With ponderous droop one finds the floor.

Freed Dobbin through the soft, clear dark
Glimmers across the pillared scene,
With the grouped geese — a pallid mark —
And scattered bushes black between.

The fire-flies freckle every spot
With fickle light that gleams and dies;
The bat, a wavering, soundless blot,
The cat, a pair of prowling eyes.

Still the sweet, fragrant dark o'erflows
The deepening air and darkening ground;
By its rich scent I trace the rose,
The viewless beetle by its sound.

The cricket scrapes its rib-like bars;
The tree-toad purrs in whirring tone;
And now the heavens are set with stars,
And night and quiet reign alone.

Alfred B. Street.

AN EASY LESSON IN MONEY AND BANKING.

A WELL-TRAINED accountant cannot fail to be often much amused at the inability of many persons, whom he knows to possess much greater intellectual power than he has himself, to comprehend what they are pleased to call the mysteries of book-keeping. A little observation at once indicates the reason: it is that they seek a mystery where none exists, and that they could not fail to understand the art of keeping accounts if they would but divest themselves of the idea that there is anything in it beyond the comprehension of an average pupil of a common grammar school.

So it is also in regard to money and banks: vast and arbitrary powers of oppression and wrong are imputed to money and to banks as necessary attributes, by a considerable portion of the community, especially to the banks; while on the other hand the possession of money in large amount and the mere establishment and existence of banks are regarded by another portion of the community as being the only things needed to secure abundance, comfort, and general wealth or welfare. Hence we have the strange anomaly of a great people, not ill-educated, not unintelligent, not unable or unwilling to work, capable and desirous of saving, eager to use none but the best tools and implements in their various callings, yet utterly confused as to the nature and function of two of the most necessary tools, and therefore placed at a great disadvantage and suffering a heavy waste and loss of labor. These two tools are money and banks.

Hence also we have the ignoble picture of a house divided against itself, — State against State, — jealousy and suspicion engendered, and the opportunity created for the venal and treacherous demagogue.

May it not therefore be well to give a little attention to the simplest problems of production and distribution, — to present anew the uses of money and of banks? In assuming this service the writer is moved by the belief that a tradesman or manufacturer who happens to have the faculty of making a tolerably clear statement may more easily remove the causes of confusion from the minds of his fellows than a more scientific writer, because being possessed of but a limited vocabulary he will use only the words that are common among his associates, while the scholar or the professional writer may use terms which to him are simple expressions of thought, but are yet Greek to the multitude.

When habits and customs become fixed, the process of thought by which they were evolved is lost or obscured. There was doubtless a time when the simplest problems in arithmetic, even that two and two make four, required an effort even of adult understanding; there was also a time when the exchange of one thing for another was not a habit and could only be accomplished with grave difficulty. The true idea that every such exchange of things is made because both parties gain by it, or because both parties expect to gain, and will not continue to make exchanges unless both do gain, is not yet accepted as an axiom by one person in a hundred, although this is as simple a proposition as that two and two make four.

There is an immense confusion of ideas growing out of the common misuse of words. It is said that A. B. is making money or that B. C. is worth a great deal of money, and that C. D. is very short of money; and this use of the word money, while it conveys the meaning of the speaker well enough, yet in a strict sense has no foundation in fact, and from such misuse of the word comes a vast deal of confusion of thought and of bad legislation.

The successful A. B. makes no money, but only with the use of money con-

structs railroads, works, warehouses, or dwellings, which he could not construct except by such use of money, to anything like the extent of his actual accomplishment. Money is to him merely a useful tool; he keeps the least possible quantity of it, and may himself never set eyes on it.

B. C., who is said to be worth a great deal of money, may have none at all; all that he is worth is simply measured in money, and except for the existence of money as such a measure his wealth could only be stated in a more complex form; he might be said to be worth so many flocks and herds, as in patriarchal days. But the very misuse of the word money as the measure of possession marks at least one step in the progress from barbarism to civilization, from tents to dwellings, from pastures to towns and cities, from nomadic life to fixed habitations, — from *pecunia*, the symbol of a flock, to *money*, the coin stamped in the temple of Juno *Moneta*, whence its name.

C. D., who is said to be short of money, wants it only to spend, and would not keep it an instant beyond the time needed to spend it in settlement of his debts; he really needs the means wherewith to obtain money, not the money itself.

These seem to be very simple propositions when stated, yet it is because they are not understood that only the recent veto of President Grant has saved the nation from the danger of bankruptcy and ultimate repudiation. It is because these apparently obvious axioms have not become habits of thought which none but a fool can gainsay, that men otherwise of more than average ability have, with an honest purpose, voted for an inflation of our vicious currency in the recent session of Congress. If these same men would but apply common-sense to a few elementary ideas, they will be struck with dismay at the danger to which their ignorance has exposed the country; and they would then gibbet the representatives of "Butlerism" who have misled them for base and sinister motives.

They will find themselves in the position in which a large slave-holder told me he had found himself soon after the war ended. He said to me, "Neither my family nor myself ever sold a slave; ours were kindly treated and many of them are with me yet, but slavery is ended and I thank God for it. I look back now in utter amazement and horror at the things that were tolerated under it simply because habit and custom prevented our realizing the wrong that is now so obvious."

The whole function of money is comprised in the simplest transaction.

The farmer who has raised some bushels of wheat wants a pair of boots, and the shoe-maker who has made the boots wants a barrel of flour. The farmer loads his wagon and carries his wheat to town. Suppose he takes it directly to the shoe-maker and asks him to exchange wheat for boots. The shoe-maker says, I want flour; take your wheat to the miller and get money, then come for the boots; the price is six dollars. The farmer takes the wheat to the miller and sells it for six dollars. Does he want the dollars? Only to spend for the boots. What quality does he want in the dollars? Only uniformity in their value or estimation. He only wishes to be certain that *dollar* means the same thing to the shoe-maker that it does to the miller and to himself. He wishes the dollars to be sure tokens that he shall have the boots. What is a dollar? A certain quantity of gold which has a uniform value or estimation the world over. What gives it this uniform value or estimation? Nothing but the effort or labor incurred in the production of the gold; in other words, its cost.

If the cost of the gold, that is to say, if the effort required to procure it from the mines, were reduced one half, while the cost or labor required to produce the wheat and the boots remained unchanged, of course the relation of gold to the other commodities would change in proportion; then the farmer would get twelve dollars for his wheat and the boot-maker would ask twelve dollars for

the boots. Neither would be any better off after the adjustment had been reached.

Again: If a substitute for gold be forced into use as money, and prices become established upon the basis of a given quantity of legal tender notes or greenbacks, so that the price of six bushels of wheat is seven dollars, in broken promises miscalled dollars, and of the boots the same in this kind of currency, then any addition or inflation of the quantity will simply raise the prices of both, and do no good to either the farmer or the shoe-maker. The mischief comes in the process of adjustment; the price of the manufactured article is very sure to rise before that of the farm product; hence the farmer gets cheated every time there is such an expansion or inflation of the currency.

In the case cited the effort of the farmer has been an effort to procure a pair of boots by raising say six bushels of wheat, and the money or dollars have been tools used by him in procuring boots; tools precisely of the same kind as the seed-planter, the reaper, and the winnowing machine which were used in producing wheat. He has measured his wheat both by bushels and by dollars, and through the use of the two measures, the dollars and his two-bushel bags, he has moved his wheat to market and has procured the boots. But the boot-maker has not satisfied his want; true, he has procured six dollars from the farmer, but his need is not for dollars, it is for a barrel of flour. The miller has the wheat in possession and will take dollars, therefore the same six dollars which he first possessed come back to him from the shoe-maker, and he keeps in addition his toll of grain taken from the farmer's wheat. Having added his labor to the wheat by grinding it, he keeps a part of the product and does not give the boot-maker the full product of the six bushels; but he gives him far more and better flour than the shoe-maker could have obtained from the whole six bushels if he had attempted to grind it himself; therefore what he retains, while it is not at the shoe-maker's loss, is yet his gain, earned by saving the shoe-maker from the difficulty of grinding wheat for himself. If we analyze this transaction it is plain that each one of the three has gained what he wanted, and each one has saved the other from a useless waste of labor; in other words, each has gained at the other's *profit*, — not at the other's *loss*.

The money has been thus far only a tool, not a possession, and its necessary quality has been that it should be held at the same estimation or value by the three persons. In this example we have all commerce, and the only use and function of money. There is and can be no more in each or all the vast transactions of the world. The farmer, the shoe-maker, and the miller are but representatives of persons, towns, states, or nations.

We have traced the dollars from the miller to the farmer, then to the shoe-maker and back to the miller; this is the circulation of money, and the miller is the capitalist who has moved the farmer's crop to market, that is, to the shoe-maker, who constitutes the farmer's market in this case. At the same time the miller's money capital has moved the boots to their market, that is, to the farmer. The miller's capital, which he had saved in the form of dollars before the farmer came to him to sell his crop, has been as necessary to the movement of the wheat and the boots as the farmer's wagon. How could the transaction have taken place without the money? The answer will be, perhaps, By credit. Credit, to be sure, but how measured? Only in dollars; still the dollars must be even, just, and true, else the credit cannot be granted except with a large margin for the risk of the change in the value of false dollars, mock dollars, paper dollars, — in other words, of the greenbacks.

But we are now seeking the function of good money, not bad, and will not therefore treat this branch of the question. Let us return to our true dollars, which we left in the hands of the miller. We have supposed them to be gold or

specie dollars; how did the miller get them? We have observed that he took toll from the farmer's wheat; before this he had put his own labor into the construction of his mill; by the use of the mill he had earned other tolls of wheat; these he had ground into flour, and with it had fed the miner whose product of gold came by exchange into his possession. The miller sold flour, and bought dollars; the miner sold dollars and bought flour: each gained what he wanted. A part of the cost of the very gold itself was the consumption of the miller's tolls of wheat taken little by little from many farmers before. Therefore the gold itself was in part the product of the same farmer's labor whose crops it afterwards served to move to the shoemaker and others. We are members one of another, and each works for all, with hand or brain; the money was as needful to each and all as the miner's pick and pan, the farmer's plow and wagon, or the miller's stone, — and it works as much harm to each and all if the money be bad, a dishonored paper promise not fit for its purpose, as if the boots had been made of paper, the pick of cast-iron, or the mill-stone of hardened putty.

Money being the standard by which the variations in the value of all other things are gauged or measured, the one quality needed in it is that it shall be of uniform value itself. This constant, uniform estimation, the world over, is found only in the precious metals; therefore they have been chosen. Let it be considered that the value or relation of wheat to boots, of corn to clothing, of meat to iron, is constantly changing as the supply of each changes, year by year, and the only way by which the producer of each can test the variations and get value for what he gives is by having a uniform or common standard. If, then, not only the relation of these things to each other changes, but the standard itself also varies, will not luck and chance take the place of judgment? will not commerce change to gambling? Gambling is a treacherous game in which the few make gains at the loss of the many. Commerce is an honest exchange for mutual profit. All transactions in our vicious currency, even those of the most honest men, must partake in some sort of the nature of gambling. So it has ever been, is now, and ever will be, when false substitutes for money — lying promises that are not kept — are forced into use in place of true money, by the perversion of the powers of government.

But we must now return to the miller, whom we left in possession of six dollars. These with many other dollars he must have if he is to be ready to buy all the wheat that comes to market; even when there are no shoe-makers or miners ready at the moment to consume it. Then he must have worked long and saved much to become possessed not only of his mill, but of all the dollars needed wherewith to purchase grain; he must, like the merchants of olden time, have his strong box safely guarded, and in it must keep his gains idle through a large part of each year.

It was only when the care of gold became troublesome and even dangerous that merchants first began to deposit their gold with goldsmiths, who, on account of their trade in precious wares, had places of safe deposit; and presently the goldsmiths became *bankers*. What then happened? They learned that the miller only needed his gold in the autumn, when the crops were harvested, but that the land owner or farmer needed money (that is, gold, for in those days no other money was known than gold and silver) in the spring, when he was planting his crop and paying for his labor; therefore, said the bankers, we will lend the miller's money on interest to the farmer who is to grow the grain to supply the grist. Next it appeared useless to employ the gold itself; it was safer in the strong box, under lock and key, and well guarded, and the symbol or promise of it would serve the same purpose then; the banker issued notes, or paper money convertible into gold on demand. The farmer no longer borrowed the gold itself, but he borrowed the banker's note. For what? To pay

his laborers; that is to say, by means of the banker's note he borrowed labor to plant and raise his crops. He pays interest on the loan of the labor, not on the note or the money. No one is so foolish as to pay interest on money; interest is paid only for its use, and the thing bought is really the thing borrowed, be it labor or tools or a house or what not. The laborer needing flour next pays the banker's note to the miller, and the miller, now needing his money to buy the wheat, which the farmer has raised by his borrowed labor, takes the note to the banker and asks for gold. No, says the banker, leave the gold here; the farmer whose wheat you mean to buy owes me money; give him the note again for his wheat. The farmer then, selling his wheat, pays his debt to the banker with the banker's own notes. The gold itself has remained in the banker's safe the whole time, and has served its purpose as a *standard of value*, while its symbol, the convertible note, has performed the work. Now the miller finds that the banker has lent his notes to the farmer, depending not only on his own gold but on the miller's gold to pay them with; therefore he says to the banker, Share with me the interest which you obtain, not on the gold, but upon the power which my gold gives you to issue notes on which you get interest. The banker consents, and allows the miller interest on his deposit at a somewhat lower rate than he can get for it, making his profit on the difference.

Presently the banker finds out that what is needed is the sure standard of gold value, not the gold itself, and that he can safely issue more notes than he has gold on hand at one time, and that he will not be called upon to pay them all at once, because the people must always have some money in circulation. Therefore he issues more notes than he has gold; for which farmers, tradesmen, and manufacturers pay interest, because by means of them they can borrow labor or goods on which to work. The banker's gold then becomes his reserve.

Presently even the note disappears in part; the miller, having made his deposit of gold, leaves it in the bank but takes no notes for it; it is placed at his credit on the banker's ledger, and against it he draws a check. The farmer takes the miller's check for his wheat, and carrying it to the bank, instead of drawing bills or gold for it, pays with it the loan borrowed of the banker wherewith he paid the laborers who planted the very crop for which the miller gave him the check. In this case the check performed the work that had been done by the banker's note.

This is *banking*. It matters not who does the work, a bank or a banker, — that is a matter of detail. The transaction between the miller, the banker, the farmer, and the laborer constitutes the whole mystery of banking.

Where the millers or merchants are who have first saved the product of their labor and have become capitalists, there banks will first be established. Where farmers or tradesmen possess industry, integrity, and honor, they will borrow of the banks the miller's or capitalist's money. Where intelligence is, banks and credit will abound; where they are wanting, none will exist: in the latter place money will be scarce and each jealous and discontented man will be ready to affirm that his neighbor prospers at his expense, ignoring the fact that prosperity is only the result of economy and character, and that banks and banking imply honesty, intelligence, and ability, for which no substitutes can be found either in national statutes for the establishment and regulation of banks, or in the issue of government promises of dollars without any provision for the redemption of the promise.

The rate of interest, which, as I have said, is never paid upon the money itself, but for the use of the thing bought with it, can only be made or kept low, first, by abundant savings of the things which men wish to buy with the money borrowed, and second, by the fact that the borrower is fit to be trusted. Citizens of States that are governed or represented by those who make no provision for the payment of the national

promise, will not be very likely to secure a low rate of interest on what they themselves wish to borrow, because public dishonor and private integrity are not consistent with each other. The same voter who would vote to substitute one broken promise for another, under pretense of payment, cannot be expected to be governed by any higher rule in his own doings; hence money will be scarce in such States, because its citizens are not fit to be trusted; the scarcity exists for the want of character, industry, and intelligence, and for no other reason.

Even a sterile and barren country like Scotland can be made to become prosperous and productive, and the best and most useful system of banking can be there established and made to foster and promote abundance, if that country is inhabited by a thrifty, honest, and well-educated race like the Scotch.

In our example we have supposed that the bank or banker lends his own money, or that of his depositor, directly to the farmer to enable him to plant his crop. This is the practice to a considerable extent in Scotland, and in some other countries, but with us the loan is usually made to the tradesmen, who supply the farmers upon credit; and the farmers are thus indirectly aided by the capital of the same miller who will buy their crop, although the miller's money may not be lent directly to them. Let us repeat the circuit and try to find out where the wrong and oppression come in.

The miller is our representative capitalist; he has saved dollars by economy and thrift; these dollars represent services that he has rendered to the farmers by saving them the excessive labor of grinding their own wheat. If he has been honest and true, the more dollars he has, the more service he must have rendered. His dollars are the tokens of his well-doing, not of his oppression.

The miller deposits his dollars with the banker, knowing that he will lend them more prudently and safely than he can for himself. This trust imposed upon the banker implies character, capacity, prudence, and integrity.

The banker issues his notes because by such means he can lend more power to his customers, — the tradesmen and the shop-keepers, or perhaps the farmers. Are they obliged to borrow them or to take the notes? Not at all; they borrow for their own gain, not his, and they can have the gold on demand if they wish it.

For what do they borrow? To buy the tools and the goods needed by the farmer in order that he may plant his crop. What entitles them to borrow? Again it is probity and business capacity. We have found no wrong or oppression yet.

At length we reach the farmer, whose power is in his land and in his own labor; restrict him to this and his crop will be small, but let him also be possessed of character, capacity, and industry, and he may borrow tools, goods, wares, and groceries; he may hire those who are not possessed of land, and thus make two blades of grass or two bushels of grain grow where one grew before.

Thus each aids and serves the other, and the end is abundance and general welfare. All take part in production, and good money and sound banking are needful to the completion of the work.

Men who are jealous of those whom they call non-producers forget that they have come into existence because they were needed. Bankers existed before there were any statutes for their regulation or for the incorporation of banking companies, and the condition of their doing the most service is that they shall be as free as possible from meddlesome restrictions. The true factors in production and distribution — which is but another term for production or for the leading forth of the fruits of the earth to the use of man — are character, intelligence, and liberty.

Statute laws may prevent fraud to some extent by providing for the strict enforcement of contracts, but they cannot take the place of character and intelligence; and where they are seriously restrictive they tend to promote scarcity rather than abundance.

The National Bank system is based

upon the same principles as those which I have attempted to illustrate, but it also attempts to regulate by statute many of the methods and details of the management of banks, most of which it would be far wiser to leave untrammeled and at the discretion of the bank officers. In regard to the national bank notes it needs to be said that the requisition for the deposit of United States bonds to secure their ultimate payment is a mere safeguard to the people. It simply compels the banker to possess a very much larger capital than he would otherwise require, a portion of which he lends to the government, whose bonds become security for the bank notes that he may issue; but this requisition does not alter the method by which the notes themselves are used or put into circulation. In one way this requisition limits the extension of banking by requiring a much larger capital; in another way it may possibly give the banks a somewhat larger circulation for their notes even when they are on a specie basis, as it will make the people less eager to present them or to test their solvency by requiring redemption.

It is a question yet undetermined, whether there is in the end any real gain by such legal provision for the ultimate security of the note-holder; whether it does not serve as a substitute for the high character, capacity, and integrity which would otherwise be more imperatively demanded of the managers of banks, as the condition of any circulation of their notes whatever. It can hardly be questioned, however, that it is a wise provision in all sparsely settled communities, where there are but few men able or competent to establish banks, and where the note circulation is therefore likely to be furnished from distant places, and by banks in regard to whose management the remote farmer or mechanic can have but little knowledge.

A grave error is implied in the statement often made that the government guarantees the national bank note, and might therefore as well secure to itself the profit of the circulation by substituting its own notes in place of the bank notes thus guaranteed, in the use of which the banks are alleged to earn a large profit.

As this statement is usually made, it would seem as if the government received no benefit. The fact is, the government practically forces the banks to lend it capital, for which it issues bonds, and these bonds it then holds as security to the note-holder. So far as the government is concerned, the benefit is in the capital borrowed; as a war measure the bank act practically worked a forced loan of the capital of the banks, and the government then derived great benefit from it.

It is a matter surely of some question, whether the capital thus loaned to the government and expended by it in the war, now represented by its bonds or evidences of debt, constitutes any better, if as good security as the actual capital itself would if left in the hands of prudent bank managers. On this capital they would issue notes secured only by their own good management, and by the commodities upon which they lent such notes.

Under a strict rule a bank deposit and a bank note ought each to be the symbol or representative of capital, — either of specie or of a *substance* on its way from the producer to the consumer. Let us take our example once more of the miller, the farmer, and the laborer; but we will vary it a little by supposing the farmer to have produced one hundred bushels of wheat. The farmer takes his wheat to the miller and sells it for one hundred dollars on three months' credit; the miller's note is then the symbol, or, we might say, the shadow of one hundred bushels of wheat on its way to consumption; the farmer takes the note to the bank and it is discounted, the proceeds becoming a *deposit* in bank, which deposit again is the shadow of the wheat; the farmer draws out bank notes for the deposit, and the bank notes then represent the wheat and are secured by it. The miller has in the mean time converted the wheat into flour, and has it for sale; the farmer

pays out the notes in wages, or for articles needed by him, and those to whom he pays them, needing flour for consumption, buy it of the miller, and with the bank notes the miller pays his own note at the bank that issued them. The bank thus redeems them. The production and sale of the wheat led to the creation of the miller's note, the discount, the deposit, the issue of the bank note, its circulation, and finally its disappearance by redemption because of the final purchase for consumption of the flour made from the wheat. Each and all the notes issued and the credits granted have been the shadow or symbol of the wheat. No gold appeared in the whole transaction, yet the standard throughout was gold, and the bank stood ready with its reserve in its coffers to pay any note-holder in coin who might happen to want gold rather than flour. This reserve of gold was the test, throughout, by which each person, banker, miller, farmer, and laborer, was assured that the word dollar bore the same meaning or value to each and all; for whereas the value of the wheat varies from season to season in accordance with the law of supply and demand, the gold on the other hand is so restricted in supply, and in such universal demand, as to vary but slightly in estimation in the course of centuries.

Those who seek to displace it and to substitute paper tokens or other devices, simply invoke the force of law to make something else, or some shadow or promise of something else, a legal tender in place of the money of the world which mankind has freely chosen. The function of statute law in regard to money is to establish the weight and fineness of the coin, and guarantee it with its mint mark; next, to name it. In this country the name chosen for our coin is dollar. A true legal tender act is one which simply defines the method by which a contract to pay dollars may be enforced. Our false legal tender act compelled the acceptance of the shadow, not the substance. In other words, it was a statute for the breaking, not for the enforcement of contracts, justifiable, if at all, only under and during the stress of war.

Having thus attempted to define the necessary quality of true and just money and the beneficent function of banks and banking, it remains to be considered how far we have availed ourselves in this country of benefits which only require a reasonable amount of intelligence. In order to determine this point we must compare ourselves with a country whose banking system is the best and most useful in the world.

Scotland has eleven banks and over eight hundred branches, or a banking office for each four thousand of her 3,400,000 people; the capital of her banks is $45,500,000, and the average amount of deposits, all of which are upon interest, is $325,000,000 or nearly one hundred dollars for every man, woman, and child.

We had on the 1st of May, 1874, 1978 banks and no branches, or a bank for each twenty thousand of our forty million people, but our banks are much more concentrated in a few cities. The capital of our banks is $490,077,101, and the average deposit for the previous six months was $642,164,282, or only sixteen dollars per head. If our average deposit was in proportion to that of Scotland it would amount to $4,000,000,000, all of which would be employed in productive work.

If New England possessed as widely diffused a banking system as that of Scotland, it is not to be doubted that her hardy sons would be far more likely to remain at home and maintain the New England character upon her own hills and in her own valleys, rather than to emigrate to the fat but homesick prairies of the West.

The area of New England that might be used for cultivation and grazing, leaving out the forests and mountain country of Maine and New Hampshire, would not be very different from that of Scotland, 31,000 square miles; and the population of this habitable area is now about the same, or 3,400,000 people. It is doubtless true that the savings of the people of New England on deposit

in banks are greater than those of the Scotch; the difference is in method. The deposits of the working people of New England are in savings-banks, those of the Scotch chiefly in commercial banks of deposit and discount.

The savings of New England are to a large extent represented by investments in fixed property, such as mortgages on real estate, or notes secured by bonds and stocks, which bonds and stocks represent fixed investments; the rest are in bank stocks or in loans of large amount to corporations, guarded from loss by every precaution that can be imposed by statute provision. As a rule the funds are very safely invested, and no exception can be taken to the method adopted as a measure of security. Hence, however, the benefit of the loans of savings-banks is much narrowed, and confined to the few instead of being diffused among the many; while the deposits of the Scotch, being in commercial banks, are used for business purposes and are lent far and near to farmers, tradesmen, manufacturers, and merchants. The security of the depositor in New England rests entirely upon the investment; it is a question, however, yet to be solved, whether the enormous sums now on deposit in savings-banks can be safely continued under the charge of unpaid trustees, who are not personally holden for losses or perversions of trust on the part of the officers. There are already signs that the business has outgrown methods which were adopted quite as much for a charitable purpose as for a business trust, and the time may not be far off when some radical changes in the administration of savings-banks will be demanded.

On the other hand, the security of the Scotch depositor lies first in the capital of the banks, all of which must be lost before the depositor is harmed, and second, in the banking skill of the managers, enforced as it is by the personal liability of all the partners or stockholders.

It cannot be doubted that if a widely diffused commercial bank system were adopted in New England, so that the habit of depositing became fixed in every small town, and the use of commercial banks of deposit as universal as in Scotland, a very large additional saving would be induced that would be of the utmost benefit, and yet would not impair the deposits of the savings-banks in any manner.

Let us consider the probable effect in New England of a system similar to that of Scotland, to wit, that there should be over eight hundred banking offices scattered about the land, or one to each four thousand people, where deposits could be made and discounts obtained. The first effect would be that no one would keep money in the house or shop, but would daily deposit every dollar for the sake even of a small rate of interest on the deposit. That a large aggregate deposit could be thus gathered cannot be doubted.

Few persons are aware of the very large amount of railway bonds and other securities that are scattered in small sums throughout New England. Very many bonds have been placed in the rural districts that are never quoted or rather never sold in the general market; it is to be feared that many of them ought not to have been taken, and that the returns from them will be very uncertain.

A well-established system of banking on the Scotch method would not only have saved many losses on these poor investments, but would have been fruitful in great increase of production, and in preventing the decrease in farming industry. It is folly to talk of farming having ceased to be profitable in New England. The changes that have come call for more capital, and this the banks would have supplied; and more skill and intelligence, and these the habit of banking and the ensuing thrift would have called out.

The chief point gained would be that the farmer of good character, owning a moderate-sized farm, would have no difficulty in obtaining the means to plant his crop. Now, he must with great difficulty obtain money on mort-

gage and pay interest year in and year out, though he may only need the loan for half of each year. If the Scotch system existed, even if he had borrowed on mortgage, he would have a safe place of deposit on interest for the proceeds of his crop during the winter months, when his borrowed money might otherwise be idle, and the same money would then be lent to the store-keeper to buy and move the farmer's crop.

It is true that we have five hundred and six banks in New England, with an aggregate capital of $159,559,132, and an average net deposit of $100,000,000, or about thirty dollars per head, but our banks are very much concentrated in large cities and towns, and under the bank act they are not permitted to establish branches. Hence the use of a bank is very much more limited than it need to be. A less number of banks with many branches would be cheaper and far more useful.

The New England farmer, owning his own land, would have a great advantage over the Scotch tenant farmer. The latter must find sureties if he asks a credit at bank; the former could pledge his farm as security for a bank credit to be used only when needed, thus saving the loss of interest during the winter months. He would be ready to pay his bank loan from the proceeds of his crop, leaving his mortgage on record for use again when needed, and at that very time the same capital would be called for by the country store-keeper, to enable him to buy the farmer's produce and send it to the central market or to the shipping port. Thus the transfer of produce and the settlement of debts would all be accomplished by the use of banking offices near the people throughout the land. Banking would become well understood; business habits and thrift would be engendered; diversity of crops and of manufactures would ensue; and the capital which through our savings-bank system becomes concentrated, and fosters the tendency to large corporate enterprises and to a centralized population, would be diffused, and would benefit a far greater number.

The danger to New England now consists in the desertion of her hills and farms by the native population, and the concentration of an untrained operative class in a few cities. The great need of our day is to promote the smaller workshop under the personal control of the owner, rather than the larger corporate manufactory owned by absentee stock-holders, to whom the operative is only a well-cared-for machine.

It is not my intention to decry the factory system of New England. It has its place and is necessary; and it is also as well regulated as any in the world. It is sometimes said that corporations have no souls, yet it is probably true that the attention to the material welfare of the operative is better under the corporations than it is in most of the large factories under personal management. Yet the relation of stock-holders to operatives is not a very human relation, neither can there be the same harmony even between the individual owner and masses of operatives numbered by hundreds, that there is between the owner or manager of the smaller workshop and the workmen whom he supervises himself.

The tendency of many of the methods now in use is to concentrate workmen and take away their individuality. Let any one enter any large establishment, like a gun shop, a sewing machine factory, or the like, and while he will find that each workman will make his special portion of the machine as perfectly as possible, there is not one in fifty who could make a gun or a sewing machine.

It is not held that the diffusion of banking would change these conditions in many branches of occupation, yet there are very many employments and manufactures that can be as profitably conducted in small establishments as in large ones, and the diffusion of banking, and consequently of loans, would surely tend to promote the construction of such works.

The money of our savings-banks can seldom be obtained by the owners of the small works, because the safety of the depositor, and the law also, demands one

strong name as principal, and at least two good sureties; therefore this fund is concentrated and helps build up the large establishments. But there are hundreds of men of intelligence and capacity, fit and safe borrowers from commercial banks, whose productive force is hampered and lessened for want of the facilities which such banks might give, or who must establish themselves in some large town or city in order to obtain them at all.

The centralization of power and of capital in these late days is a marked evil, and paradoxical as it may appear to some persons, nothing would be more apt to check this tendency than a more widely extended system of banking, and the multiplication of banking offices if not of banks themselves. That such a system would pay those who established it is proved by the simple fact that the dividends of the Scotch banks range from eight to fourteen per cent. per annum, and the market value of the shares, which represent a paid-up capital of forty-five and a half millions, is ninety million dollars, or one hundred per cent. premium. These dividends are earned mainly by the lending of the deposits, which average, as I have stated, three hundred and twenty-five million dollars, at a rate of interest from one to two per cent. higher than the rate allowed the depositors; the general rate of interest being considerably lower than with us.

We have thus considered banks and money as tools; what purpose do they serve with us, limited as our banks are? The answer to this question can only be given approximately, and will require the use of figures that may be very confusing to persons not accustomed to think of large sums.

The most competent railway authority of the country estimates the net annual tonnage of the railways of the United States at one hundred million tons, averaging in value not less than one hundred dollars per ton, or ten thousand million dollars. Of course this enormous mass of merchandise is in the process of exchange at wholesale; this exchange constitutes commerce; those who have charge of it are sometimes called middle-men, and classed as non-producers and therefore unworthy of their hire; the grangers and other reformers propose to get rid of them, and hope to save something by so doing; it is probable that they have entered on a hopeless task. This mass of exchanges is measured in money and settled in banks. Money and banks must exist, or it could not take place. Yet it is nothing but a farmer seeking boots, a miller seeking corn, and a shoe-maker seeking flour, or their counterparts, that set all these wheels in motion. When the millions of tons of merchandise they exchanged at wholesale reach their destination, the shop-keepers must break the packages and sell at retail, and here once more the money comes in as the tool whereby the work is done. Is it not patent that if the money used be gauged by no fixed standard, — if it fluctuates and changes, — every dealer must place an additional charge on every price he asks from the beginning to the end, and the consumer must pay the extra charge? The fluctuations in our bad money, the use of which is still enforced by law, have been very great for many years, and even in the very last, in 1873, the legal tender notes varied from 106$\frac{1}{8}$ gold to 119$\frac{1}{8}$. In other words, the false standard of value forced into use by statute varied thirteen per cent. in this single year; for the sole reason that we are using a dishonored promise instead of true money.

All prices and all transactions must be affected by these changes. They work fraud and cheating — they pick the pockets of the poor and steal their earnings, transferring to the rich what they have not earned. They give to the shrewdness or the cunning of the few, great gains which must be at the loss of the many.

Until the government repeals the legal tender act which now prevents the restoration of the specie standard, it lends itself to every wrong that happens from a debased currency, and becomes the chief promoter of oppression and fraud.

These changes in the value of greenbacks have affected all the transactions, those represented in the year 1873 by the movement over railroads only being ten thousand million dollars in value if values are measured in paper dollars, or nine thousand million dollars in gold. We will not attempt to compute the rest of the exchanges by water, by carriage, and by hand.

Consumers have paid since 1861 the monstrous tax involved in the fluctuations of our vicious currency, in the additional price above the mere premium on gold which the risk of these changes has made imperative; and the enormous fortunes of a few men which on an honest specie basis no single life-time could ever have sufficed to accumulate, the extravagant and wasteful expenditures that mark our time, the gradual sorting into classes of very rich and very poor, the greater and greater difficulty for honest labor to secure a fit and abundant support, are the results and consequences of this subtle, dishonest, infamous tax.

Let us be thankful that the end can be seen, and that we have escaped the worst disasters which ensued from the issue of Continental money. Yet though we shall have avoided repudiation and its dire consequences, it may still be truly written of our legal tender note, as Pelatiah Webster wrote of the legal tender paper money of the Revolution:

"If it saved the state, it has also polluted the equity of our laws; turned them into engines of oppression and wrong; corrupted the justice of our administration; destroyed the fortunes of thousands who had the most confidence in it; enervated the trade, husbandry, and manufactures of our country, and gone far to destroy the morality of our people."

Edward Atkinson.

ROSENLIED.

I said to the rose, "O rose!
What was it the nightingale sang?
For all night beneath my lattice
In the dusk his clear notes rang."

Then the hue of the crimson rose
Was dyed a lovelier red,
And she trembled with passionate longing,
And drooped her gentle head.

"Last night beside the lattice,
Before the white moon set,
Two stood within the shadow —
O heart! dost thou forget?

"A kiss; and two hands close clinging
In a silent, long troth-plight, —
O heart, O heart, thou knowest
What the nightingale sang all night!"

Alice Williams.

JULIAN SCHMIDT: A GERMAN CRITIC.

ALONG with the enormous and steady increase in the number of new books, there has been felt very keenly of late years the need of such convenient abstracts as shall enable readers and students to determine which of the latest works on the subjects that interest them it is best to read, and this want criticism undertakes to supply by condensing the information and by giving a trustworthy opinion. Since, however, a conscientious critic has as keen an eye for the inferences which the author may draw from the facts he has collected as for the accuracy of the facts themselves, there is always a possibility of a very serious difference of opinion between an author and his critic. A faultless critic will probably not be found until the time when he is not needed, when there are only faultless books written. Meanwhile, his position is a most useful one from the opportunity it gives him of pointing out errors of taste and fact, as well as of helping the author by bringing another practiced mind to the discussion of the same problem. To the reader he can suggest tempering the praise to the level it would naturally fall to in the space of a fortnight or so, he can show that the egg which has just been laid is not a roc's egg, or he can call attention to those merits which might have otherwise escaped notice. He can be useful, or by his errors he can be most mischievous.

In reading criticisms as well as the books discussed, so far at least as they concern general literature, what we especially care for is that the writer should give us a great deal of himself; that is, that we should be able to see the working of his mind, the reasoning he follows, and, as far as possible, the grounds of the impressions he receives and defends. His mere word is not sufficient; before we can trust him we must know his method. At times he will be able to explain to us the causes of our like or dislike; by showing us the application of a general principle to which we assent, he may give us the means of comprehending what has embarrassed us; but if we swallow his judgments without conviction, his influence is bad, although the blame is ours.

No critic has held so high a place as Sainte-Beuve. His wonderful insight, the result of his great sympathy, strengthened by wide experience; his extreme accuracy in matters of fact; his rare candor and readiness to be convinced that he was wrong in matters of opinion; and his charming manner, which enabled him to reprove as if he were paying a compliment, made a rare combination of the qualities most needed by a critic. He shows, too, how important is study for the proper discharge of the duties he undertook. He is well known to us in this country. Another critic, a German, Julian Schmidt, is less well known, and this is probably due in great measure to the fact that although a respectable knowledge of German is by no means rare here, there are yet comparatively few who do not content themselves with having read so many of Schiller's plays and so much of Goethe and Lessing, but who are deterred by the difficulty of the language from reading German except as so much task-work; as they read Paradise Regained, for instance. Time will alter this, and although many besides these *dilettanti* read German books in the course of professional study, the general literature is too meagre to tempt the multitude. It is not, however, that we would call attention to Mr. Schmidt on the ground of his being a popular writer, although, as we shall try to show, he has many of the qualities which may attract almost any reader, but it is as a deep thinker and a wise critic that he demands consideration.

His principal writings are the Geschichte des geistigen Lebens in Deutsch-

land von Leibnitz bis auf Lessing's Tod, 1681–1781, in two large volumes; the Geschichte der Deutschen Literatur seit Lessing's Tod, in three volumes; and the Geschichte der Französischen Literatur seit Ludwig XVI., 1774, in two volumes.

The history of a literature is by no means easy to write; and most of those which have been written it is even harder to read. Until within a few years, those of us who were interested in English literature found for our only guides those meagre collections of extracts, with dates and certain biographical facts, which were styled histories of English literature, but were of no use except as convenient books of reference when we were in doubt about the year of some author's birth, or some such matter. As for criticism, there was none, or if there was any, it was of the wildest kind; as, for example, in one used as a text-book a few years ago, in a notice of Mrs. Browning, she was said to have married "Robert Browning, himself no mean poet;" and that was all the notice he received: and as for any comprehensive view of literature, the influences that affected writers, their effect on their times, a complete account of their work, there was nothing of the sort. Nowhere, in such histories, is there any other opinion apparent than that literature is the publication of books. Taine's History of English Literature has done our own work for us in a way that is a great improvement on even the best that preceded him. In the first place, his book is exceedingly interesting, and although there are radical objections to the theory which the history is written to confirm, his broad views can do service at least by arousing the student's independent thought. Then there is in his judgments less echoing of the universal opinion than we English-speaking people would be likely to show, and yet he avoids many of the errors into which, as a Frenchman, he would be most likely to fall. The great fault of the book is that it explains everything except the great writers, and it is just the great writers who have made English literature what it is. Sainte-Beuve put his finger on the weak spot when he said: [1] "In general, there is only one mind, one particular form of intelligence to create this or that masterpiece. As for historical witnesses, there may be others of equal value, but I cannot conceive of any in matters of taste. Imagine one great talent less, imagine the mold or, better, the magic mirror of a single real poet broken in the cradle at his birth, there will never be another which will hold exactly the same place. Of every true poet there is but a single copy.

"I will take another example of this unique quality of talent. Paul and Virginia certainly bears the traces of its epoch; but if Paul and Virginia had never been written, it might have been maintained by all sorts of special and plausible reasoning that it was impossible for so innocent a book to appear amid the corruption of the eighteenth century; Bernardin de Saint Pierre was the only man who could write it. There is nothing, I say again, so unexpected as talent, and it would not be talent if it were not unexpected, if it were not alone among many, alone among all.

"I may not explain myself clearly; but that is just the point which M. Taine's method and process does not explain. There is always something left over, eluding all the meshes of his net, however fine it may be, and that is what is called the individuality of talent, of genius. The wise critic attacks and surrounds it like an engineer; he incloses it, and goes all around it under the pretext of establishing all the indispensable conditions; these conditions, it is true, have their influence on the personal individuality and originality; they excite it, and call it out, enable it to act or react, but they do not create it. That particle which Horace calls divine (*divinæ particulam auræ*), and which is indeed so, at least in the primitive and natural meaning of the word, has so far baffled science, and still remains unexplained."

In Germany there has been no lack of

[1] Nouveaux Lundis. Tome huitième, pp. 86, 87.

literary histories, from the compendium of dates, names, and titles of books, to the philosophical, thorough treatises of Gervinus and others. On the whole, we can, without decrying his rivals, give the palm to Julian Schmidt. His first merit is one which is peculiar to his nation, and that is the power of patient attention even to what might seem like petty details. In Taine we find great omissions; there is hardly a word, for instance, said about Keats; but no such charge can be brought against Schmidt. In many German writers there is the same trait, which, like every other virtue, if it is not controlled is apt to run into excess; mole-hills and mountains assume equal value, and the result is a landscape without perspective. While this fault is conspicuous in almost everything the Germans write, and in another light is the groundwork of their excellence, it is nowhere more noticeable than in their writings about their literature. For this there are several secondary reasons, in addition to the universal tendency of the German when he takes his pen in his hand; among these is the small compass of their literature, which leads to a disproportionate estimation of every line that has been written by the great authors, and to the undue prominence which has been enjoyed by the writings of inferior men, who, if they had written in English, would have been completely forgotten, and their books left to the dusty obscurity of large libraries. Especially is this true of the period between Leibnitz and Lessing's death, when the German mind was in leading-strings. None but the most thorough students, if thoroughness is the right term for those who are tempted to do their work by a wish for pedantic accuracy rather than for the good they are to derive from it, will be able to give much time and attention to that dreary waste. So much, it should be understood, may be said of foreigners, we should be unwilling to direct the course of any one studying his own literature; but no English or French speaking man is likely to be tempted by the dull beginnings of German literature. Their work reads like the enforced school exercises of boys, which even the most enthusiastic biographers generally omit, and which have but little merit in comparison with what they write later, when they really have something to say. There was none of the lightness of an independent school, none of the naïve charm of beginners, but, when we glance at the rest of Europe, rather the clumsiness of raw recruits in comparison with the ease of practiced soldiers. If there is anything iconoclastic in this denunciation, there is also superstition in praising books no one can read.

Those writers who brought Germany into line with the rest of the world stand out higher above the general low level, and, of course, derived the impetus in great measure from foreign sources. It is important, however, to know their relation to their predecessors, and this task Schmidt performs most admirably. He is like an entertaining guide who makes one forget the monotony of the dusty highway. For us all the interest of the first-named history, that covering the time from Leibnitz to Lessing's death, centres about Lessing. About most of the book-makers who preceded him we can feel no more curiosity than about the sign-painters of the time; they are like our often-mentioned epic-writers of the last century, who serve as examples of tiresomeness, but whom we are careful never to read. With Lessing the history of what may fairly be called German literature begins, and it is at this point that most readers will care to open Schmidt's volumes. Whether it is an interesting period, however, or one of dull monotony, that he is discussing, he is equally imperturbable, never impatient, and never indiscreet. The effect of training could not be better exemplified. He has undertaken to write the history of a literature, and he does his work conscientiously; it is not merely a presentation of the agreeable places, it is a fair, impartial record, which also avoids the other fault, that of pedantry. If there were dull expanses in the literature, it is not his fault; he does not waste too much time

over them, but he does not pass over them with a word, in order to make his books more readable.

Since the history of literature is closely connected with that of the politics, the religion, and the general development of the country, all these matters are brought in, so far as they are of importance to the especial subject the author is treating. The chronological order is adopted, and although this has the bad effect of diverting the reader's attention from the consideration of one man to the examining of the influences which helped produce another's book, which appeared at the same time, it keeps us from the danger of making up our minds too hastily about the verdict, which we are apt to give in a very brief form when it is our ancestors whom we are studying. These qualities, themselves the result of great patience on the part of the author, require the exercise of the same virtue on the part of the reader. This distraction is a noticeable hindrance to forming speedy opinions; we prefer to have our way made easier, to find all the important adjectives underlined. If, however, we are willing to take the trouble, it is in our power to form a fairer judgment in this way; the difficulty is due to the constant necessity of revising our opinion, but it is only by such revision, by constant correction and addition, that we can hope to get at the truth. Schmidt avoids accumulating unnecessary details, but he also is careful not to leave out anything of importance. We are all familiar with the fault, so common among the Germans, of giving the reader all the information that the most careful industry can accumulate, and leaving to him the task of arranging it and drawing the lesson to be learned. It is as if a carpenter were to heap up planks and beams and mortar and bricks, and call it building a house. For the collecting of facts nothing can equal the energy of the Germans, but we cannot help feeling how well it would have been if some judicious selection had been made, and a great deal of the material rejected. With the French, on the other hand, there is often the tendency to sacrifice inconvenient facts to the symmetry of the result. Mr. Schmidt cannot be said to be wholly free from the fault of his race; we are conscious at times of unnecessary thoroughness; when a word would do, he utters a whole sentence. He has the faults of his virtues, like all the rest of us. Mr. Schmidt lacks the lightness of touch so conspicuous in Sainte-Beuve; he does not flatter the reader by letting him make the discoveries; in other words, he is not a Frenchman: he is, however, one of the most readable of the Germans. While he has this deficiency which indeed is so common that the reverse may be considered a luxury, we find he has many other excellent qualities besides those we have mentioned. He keeps more nearly at the same level than almost any critic; nothing deprives him of his presence of mind. The same phlegm which keeps him patient when he is plowing his way through some dreary morass, helps him to be cool when he comes to anything he admires. We do not remember a single case where he loses his head with the intoxication of lavish praise, which has to be withdrawn a month or two later when the object of it has taken its proper position of unimportance in the scale of things. It is not mere timidity, hiding behind a mask of cynical severity, which is the cause of this accuracy, but rather the hard-won determination to submit everything to those tests which time and experience have established. This is the only way to be proof against error; and the cautious man will hold his peace until he has fairly considered the matter in this light. As for Sainte-Beuve, it was by no means rare for him to sound a note of praise one day which was wholly disproportionate to the worth of the object. Such a mistake was very human; what was rarer was his willingness to acknowledge his error. His exaggerated recommendation of Feydeau's Fanny is an example of this.

What has been said in the comparison between Schmidt and his great French

contemporary, with regard to delicacy of touch, is not to be taken as indicating that the German has not the power of compressing what he has to say into a moderate compass. Far from it; very often he crowds a great deal of meaning into a few lines, which cover the whole ground in a very satisfactory way. They lack Sainte-Beuve's easy grace, but they have their own solid merit. Such, for example, may be seen in the following accurate and thorough characterization of Ranke, which we translate from the third volume of the Geschichte der Deutschen Literatur seit Lessing's Tod. He says, speaking of his History of the Popes: —

"There was perhaps a hidden charm for him in the fact that the renaissance of the church, unlike its first struggle for recognition, was not due to efforts of great men, but to a universal tendency which carried every one along with it, whether willing or unwilling. For drawing a Gregory VII., an Innocent III., an Alexander III., a broad stroke is needed; they require to be painted in bold colors; there are few delicate, subtle qualities to be found in them. But to paint the transition from a Leo X. to a Pius V., a Sixtus V., to catch the delicate shades in which the imperceptible but ever active ecclesiastical mind is expressed on these insignificant but attractive physiognomies, is a pleasant task for a diplomat who hides gentle irony beneath courteous reverence, where apparent simplicity is the best protection. What a rich gallery, and yet what artistic moderation! The Popes appear in a threefold relation: as rulers with an enormous power stretching over the whole world; as local magnates interested in petty questions of government and local politics; last of all, as belonging to the most refined nation in respect to science and art, as protectors of the great city which has not yet forgotten that it was once the head-quarters of culture. We are made at home in the narrow chambers of the conclave, we are introduced to every interesting face; we go about in the city, we see new Rome arise, its palaces, its streets, its citizens; we learn the origin of every family, of every class; the pictures and statues are brought before our eyes, we see the obelisk set up, St. Peter's built. Then we follow those sent by the nepotism of the Popes to their estates as they go forth to take possession of their grants; then we become acquainted with their neighbors, with the country-people; we take a personal interest in the political complications. Imperceptibly the stage widens. We travel to different courts in company with well-known legates. The religious and political relations of nations are set before us one after another; we take an interest in the learned and cultivated men of the neighborhood; we examine the paintings and antiquities; we even, like true men of the world, pay some attention to what is doing in philosophy, but without too intricate a study of single points; and at the same time through the Propaganda, which embraces the whole world, we receive the fullest information from distant parts. Being made thus personally familiar with the great circle of the activity of the Popes, we can, when weary, return to the capitol without losing a single side of the great picture. . . .

"In general cultivation Ranke has a great advantage over active politicians; he is at home everywhere, in literature and art, in the by-ways of religious development and philosophy. For individuals he has the sharp eye which generally only intelligent women have. We miss, however, the manly seriousness which neither æsthetical satisfaction nor personal sympathy can divert when it is necessary to be impartial. In the criticism of facts he is severe; in his judgment of moral questions, however, he shows a certain timidity in his effort to treat them impersonally. . . . Ranke has a delicate appreciation of what is agreeable and important, but this sensitiveness is somewhat that of a dilettante; he knows neither wrath nor hate, and he has to bring himself artificially to enthusiasm and belief. The moral feeling, the historic power which calls forth great deeds, is with him only an object,

it is not within him. He stands outside of events like a diplomat, his sympathy does not come from the heart. This sort of sympathy limits his power of observation, by confining it to single points and to externals. A cultivated man will not confine himself to the rough outline; he will take great pleasure in following up hidden motives, he will examine with impartial benevolence every appearance of intelligence; but this benevolence is not the living, animating sympathy, the pure enthusiasm, without which we can have no really comprehensive treatment, and which alone makes possible a true appreciation of the subject."

This is not describing a man with a single word, but those men who can be described with one word are not the most interesting in the world; and this extract, to our thinking, contains a very well-balanced estimate of an important writer. It shows the author's deliberateness and care; at other times he is less majestic, and he sweeps away cobwebs without reading the riot-act.

Throughout the whole of his criticism of German authors Schmidt retains his coolness. As is natural, he does not see them or judge them as a foreigner would. He accepts them, as it were, with more readiness than might seem desirable to those who forget that he is not giving us a list of his likes and dislikes, but a history of what has occurred. To all but the most zealous students of German literature, and its most ardent admirers, his books will seem disproportionate to the subject. When one compares German literature with that of the French, or, more especially, of the English, it is easy to see that what in our language we have almost forgotten outweighs all save a very few masterpieces of the Germans. There is a certain pride of conquest which renders us very lenient critics of what we acquire in a foreign tongue. There are certain peculiarities of the German nature, which at one time or another of their lives almost all human beings share; many of them are observable in early youth, and the reader of course rejoices at finding them in resounding verse, especially when he has worked his way to translating them fluently by many hours' hard work with grammar and dictionary. Then the unfailing respect with which German critics treat every man, who claims to have filled a want in their literature, imposes on the rest of mankind. Not that we would brand the Germans as outside barbarians, nor yet deny them the gratitude they deserve for those few masterpieces which stand out alone, or for those poems of theirs which so well and easily express a love of nature and at the same time sympathy with man; but we would merely ask if it is not possible that their literature has been, on the whole, overrated.

It certainly affords the student a wonderful example of sudden and great success; it flashed with unexpected brilliancy from a land where old-fashioned rules and hindrances would have seemed to lay the heaviest weights on intellectual movement, and no one can fairly refuse his admiration. But, it may be asked, does not the position of the Germans towards it in some ways remind the observer of that of a self-made man towards those conventional laws which carefully educated people are taught from the cradle to respect? The graceless manner of German writers is doubtless due partly to their cumbersome language, which, as Mr. Lowell says in his essay on Lessing, in Among my Books, "has a fatal genius for going stern foremost, for yawing, and for not minding the helm without some ten minutes' notice in advance;" their education, too, renders them fonder of thoroughness than of elegance: but besides all these influences there seems to be on their part a sort of willful clinging to uncouthness out of mistaken patriotism, the same feeling, by the way, that is successfully appealed to by those lovers of their country among the Germans who are averse to the abandonment of their sight-destroying text. The awkwardness with which even Goethe used German prose has probably had some effect in making his successors indifferent to the qualities of grace and ease,

which other nations consider of great importance. His example has always been of great weight, and could easily turn the balance against those softer charms which delighted foreigners. This peculiarity of his fellow-countrymen does not strike Mr. Schmidt so strongly as many others. It is not, to be sure, the most important point in the examination of a literature, but it has almost certainly the mischievous effect of making what is dull impose on the reader by its airs of wisdom. Ease suggests falseness, and clumsiness profundity; just as in social life the man who is negligent of his attire is commonly held to have a deeper character than his well-dressed neighbor.

With regard to the weightier matters of the law, Mr. Schmidt is a most observant critic. Through all the vagaries of the German writers as they have been affected by the different waves of thought and feeling during the last hundred years, he maintains the same tone of impartiality. He is always cool, but it is against pretense, and the efforts of would-be great men to let their genius apologize for offenses against good taste, that he is more especially severe. Everything he brings to the test of common-sense, by which we mean the fair average opinion of educated people.

This quality of his intelligence is perhaps even more clearly marked in his history of French literature during the last hundred years. It is curious to observe the different ways in which we outsiders approach French literature. Some, descended in a straight line from those who always spoke of that people as eaters of frogs, have no patience with their ways, and while they may be induced against their will to allow that sometimes they possess not wholly unamusing qualities, the general tone of their minds is one of contempt for them. On the other hand, there are those who are ready and anxious to forget all those prejudices and deeply settled opinions which are pretty sure to grow about a man who is a father of a family and in active business, on the subjects of morality, the respect due one's neighbor's wife, the spotlessness of the professionally vicious, and such matters, on which the verdict of society is brief but impressive. The laws of right-doing seem to affect their judgments as much as do the shifting rules of fashion about the buttons on their coat-sleeves. Propriety seems like a thin web spun in the empty air. Any attempt to apply those tests which we bring to bear in real life is denounced as prudery. Such are two extremes as we all see them among our friends. Doubtless the intolerance of each side has had its effect in deafening the ears of the other, thereby complicating a question which it is by no means easy to settle. Mr. Schmidt writes with no malevolent desire of showing any inferiority of the French, nor yet does he start with the condition that in their favor the world is to be looked at upside down.

He interweaves the history of the time with that of the literature from the year 1774 down to the accession of the late emperor. This includes the premonitions of the Revolution as they are to be seen in Beaumarchais, and in the lives of those young Frenchmen who fought in this country; it begins with the time when their literature was in an artificial state, and follows it through its various forms down very nearly to the present time. This period, which includes such interesting names, to mention some of the most prominent, as Madame de Staël, Chateaubriand, Beranger, H. Beyle, Guizot, St. Simon, Mérimée, Sainte-Beuve, Balzac, George Sand, Alfred de Musset, Dumas, and Lamartine, he discusses with his usual candor, clear-sightedness, and thoroughness. With regard to the externals, he sets the history and the politics before us, and the author's relations to his surroundings; to aid us in comprehending his writings, he describes his method, and furnishes us with plenty of examples of the points he is desirous of making clear. He makes his way through all the winding paths French literature has followed, without undue admiration, as well as without the contempt which is often the nearest approach one makes

to impartiality. It is this quality of observing dispassionately which makes Mr. Schmidt so valuable a guide. If in treating of German books his patience is mainly shown by the enormous mass of dullness through which he has gone, it is otherwise here; there is the same equanimity, but we see it in his treatment of those manifestations of modern literature which are clearly enough described by their proper title, French. Not that we are ever left in doubt as to the opinions he holds of any writer, — far from it, — but he utters them with deliberation and with a fair statement of the other side. For example, speaking of George Sand's earlier novels, those which have given her her notoriety: —

"George Sand had the art of a real poet, that of touching the most powerful chords of the heart and setting them in motion. Her warm feeling for nature lent a rich color to her figures. Her enthusiasm was not artificial; in the more passionate moments it lent life and fire to the characters, which for a time gave them an air of reality. Besides, she was not overpowered by her fancy; she had a cool eye and was able to distinguish between dream and reality. Hence those surprising touches of truth to nature, which make us imagine for a time that she has a power of analysis which does not belong to her; when she fails to see anything immediately, no reflection will give it to her. There is a certain monotony in her thoughts, and this often tempts her to affectations, intended to dazzle and surprise us. Her knowledge of the world is limited; her main types of character often reappear in a different dress.

"There is a radical unsoundness in all she writes; it is flattering to weakness, it idealizes common yearnings, and persuades weak natures that they on that very account are noble. Almost invariably a false notion of greatness is inculcated."

Speaking of the coldness of some of the characters: —

"They never are wholly under the influence of a feeling, they gaze at themselves in a mirror and worship their image. Some fanciful, romantic notion has given them their *rôle*, and their pride sustains them in it. In their coldness they show nothing of the innocence of a maidenly heart, nor in their passion any of the forgetfulness of self which atones for the sin."

For an accurate and interesting account of the French literature of the last hundred years we know no book to compare with this. It is one to be studied carefully, and then taken up and read at odd moments; it is so full of wisdom and intelligence that no student of literature can afford to neglect it.[1]

His three volumes of essays, Bilder aus dem geistigen Leben unserer Zeit, admirably supplement his longer works. The subjects treated are various, some referring to German literary history, others to different foreign authors, Turgénieff, Bulwer, George Eliot, etc. They have already been discussed in the pages of this magazine.

In conclusion, we would renew our praise of this writer, and call the attention of the public to his works. His books, and Taine's History of English Literature, form good memorials of the more serious criticism of the present day. They instruct while they entertain.

T. S. Perry.

1 For a fuller discussion of this book, see the North American Review for July, 1874.

TWO VEILS.

From the nun's wan life a buried passion
Blossomed like a grave-rose in her face;
"Sweet, my child," she said, "in what fair fashion
Do you mean to wear this lovely lace?

"Thus?" — and, with a feverish hand and shaken,
Round her head the precious veil she wound.
"Faith in man," she said, "I have forsaken;
Faith in God most surely I have found.

"Yet, with music in the dewy distance
And the whole land flowering at my feet,
Through this convent-garment's dark resistance
Backward I can hear my fierce heart beat.

"Tropic eyes too full of light and languor,
Northern soul too gray with Northern frost:
Ashes — ashes after fires of anger —
Love and beauty — what a world I lost!"

"Sister," laughed the girl with girlish laughter,
"Sister, do you envy me my veil?"
"You may come to ask for mine hereafter,"
Answered very piteous lips and pale.

"No; for your black cross is heavy bearing;
Tedious counting these stone beads must be.
Oh, but there are jewels worth the wearing
Waiting in the sunny world for me!

"Sister, have a care — you are forgetting.
Do not broider thorns among my flowers,
Only buds and leaves: your tears are wetting
All my bridal lace." They fell in showers.

After years and years, beside the grating,
(Oh, that saddest sight, young hair grown gray!)
With dry boughs and empty winds awaiting
At the cloister door, came one to pray.

"Sister, see my bride-veil! there were never
Thorns so sharp as those within its lace.
Sister, give me yours to wear forever;
Give me yours, and let me hide my face."

Sallie M. B. Piatt.

MADAME.

MADAME was born in Baltimore, and at the age of eighteen she became acquainted with Baron R——, who accompanied the French minister to this country. She was younger than the handsome foreigner by three years, and such was her beauty and wealth that he loved her devotedly at once. Amid much stir and golden bustle they were married with Protestant rites, and the happy girl departed for France with a train of her worshiping school-mates. The day on which they bade their adieux was one of the rarest of the year. The air had a Sicilian softness, the sky was unblemished by a single cloud, the glowing expanse of the sea invited, and a whole city came to bid them godspeed. Her name was upon every lip, and they who beheld her upon the deck of the ship always remembered her radiant face. It was a picture which filled their eyes and their hearts. The young republican was full of serene ecstasy, and her warm glance fell now upon her brave husband, now upon her thronging friends, and now upon her beloved land. People brought their children to be kissed by the "baroness;" the gardeners adorned her surroundings with flowers; the mothers and grandmothers prayed for her in secret.

In the interval between her departure and her return there occurred the *coup-d'état* of Napoleon III. The husband, the Baron R——, was an Imperialist; therefore his star was in the ascendant. People in America rejoiced at the splendid fortunes of the wife, and the glory of those marvelous days was transmitted across the ocean. It was gallant news to hear; that of *fêtes*, journeys, and royal excursions, and of splendid preferments. The name of the beautiful American was always prominent; it was constantly coupled with that of the empress, and it seemed that they were good friends. Travelers who returned from abroad brought accounts of the exile, and it appeared that her career was what might be called a luminous one, so filled was it with the delights of a happy and prosperous court.

The interval I have referred to was one of twenty-five years. At the end of that time the baroness returned to this country, arriving in New York. She was bent, she hobbled with a cane, and she brought two trunks.

A policeman procured a carriage and she begged him to purchase a newspaper for her. She examined its crowded columns, and she thrust a pin into a notice of lodgings to let in a private hotel. She bade the driver hasten thither and draw up opposite the house so that she might examine it.

Then she sank back into the farthest corner of the carriage, and drew her shawls about her. The day was stormy, the street was sombre, and the pavement was covered with mud. Now and then the horses came to a stop in the midst of a mob of drays, and the shouts and oaths of the drivers filled the air. The feeble and unresisting lady was tossed here and there by the rude collisions, and she was stunned by the noise. The terrible clangor of wheels, bells, and voices benumbed her ears, the hurry of everything confused her eyes, and her thoughts, distracted and fragmentary, overwhelmed her brain and made a child of her.

Her destination was three miles off, and on the western side of the city. When she arrived she lowered the window-sash and contemplated the house. It had several excellent qualities. It was retired; that is, it was in a quiet street. It had a low basement, which would obviate the necessity of climbing a long flight of steps — an important advantage. Several of the blinds were closed, which indicated that the house was not thronged. Two neat maids were cleansing the windows; a proof that the landlord was particular: two men were just

finishing the storing of a load of coke instead of coal under the sidewalk; an indication that he was economical and that his prices were not great.

The lady installed herself under this roof. She occupied a parlor on the first floor; she would have gone higher, had she been younger and had she been richer. She at once established herself.

She sent out and purchased two or three prints and two or three vases and a handful of flowers. She also purchased one of those bedsteads which may be folded up in the day-time. She secreted her *somneau* and her trunks behind a screen of figured baize, and thus she eked a chamber out of her drawing-room.

She procured the services of a maid; engaged her meals from a neighboring hotel; arranged that a carriage should come at eleven o'clock on each warm day, and made a list of the best physicians upon a bit of paper which she kept in the fly-leaves of her book of Common Prayer. She contracted this routine. She arose at nine, listened while her maid read the lessons of the day, ate a breakfast of rice and toast and marmalade, was dressed for out-of-doors, and after her return from a ride she rested and dozed before a fire until dinner-time at six, when she ate frugally, and then retired to bed again.

Now and then a splendid equipage would arrive with aged visitors for her, and it was always noticed that they wept as they went away, and that they never came again. It was also noticed that after these calls Madame walked for a while without a cane, and that she walked a great deal. They seemed to arouse her and quicken her spirit.

One day she received a letter from France. It was in a blue envelope.

Presently the wife of the landlord was sent for. She had never entered the room before.

She beheld her lodger seated in a deep chair which almost touched the ground, laughing heartily. Tears ran down her wrinkled cheeks, and the lace upon her cap trembled as if agitated by a breeze. She cried out suddenly with a harsh and penetrating voice, —

"He is coming! He is coming!"

She shook the letter. The maid stood behind her, nervously knotting the fringe of the chair. The woman, who was shrewd and experienced, diverted her attention to something else.

"I don't think your seat can be a comfortable one, Madame. It is too low. I think it would be easier if you were to raise it with a cushion."

"Yes,—yes, that is true. Give me your hands and I will get up."

She was assisted to her feet and her cane was given to her. She fixed it on the floor and endeavored to steady herself, but her arms and limbs trembled. This was something new. A deep gravity overspread her face while she was thus struggling with herself. She looked down and attentively regarded the involuntary agitation of the skirts of her dress. The steel point of the cane which touched the hearth beat a tattoo. Presently she looked up with a significant smile and said to the landlady, —

"You see that I want another cane. One is not enough; I must have two."

Thereafter she walked at a snail's pace and like a quadruped. The landlady heard no more of the letter from France, neither did the maid; it disappeared, and the old lady kept her own counsel.

Shortly after this she declared on one beautiful morning, when the air was warm and the sun was bright, that she was tired, and she refused to ride. The maid, whose eyes were wide open, regarded this infringement upon old habits with solicitude. She remarked that her mistress now fell asleep more easily than before, and that it was harder to arouse her.

There were two amusements which occupied the invalid's time in her wakeful hours, one being a pretty game of solitaire, and the other the sorting and rearranging of numerous pieces of lace of delicate and intricate fabrication. In the early part of the afternoons she would dissolve some lumps of sugar in a glass of water, place it ready to her

hand, and then trifle with her cards, gathering them and distributing them, until she fell asleep. After her sleep she would have her boxes brought, and would tenderly separate, smooth out, and quietly admire her few yards of treasure.

One day she asked her maid, —

"Is not this the thirtieth of September?"

"Yes, Madame."

"Then it is high time I should be prepared. Take these — there is a cap, a collar, and a pair of sleeves — and place them where you can reach them at a moment's notice; to-morrow, when I am not so tired, I will select a dress, and you will put that with the lace. Be ready to dress me in them at any time."

Pretty soon the old lady deemed it wasteful to require that a carriage should be brought to the door only to be sent away again empty, and so she stopped it. She compensated for this pleasure by sending for a physician every day.

Now and then, while moving her thinning hands, a ring would drop off and roll away upon the carpet. "Ah!" she would say, half aloud, "the vanity of gold and vanity of flesh begin to desert the skeleton at the same time."

It did not appear that her present abode was a resting-place only. She never hinted of going away; she never spoke of unfulfilled desires, or projected designs. She seemed tranquil and fixed.

Seated, hour in and hour out, in her deeply hollowed chair, she pursued a melancholy pastime. When her cards and her laces palled upon her, she searched for evidences of her failure, for flaws in her health. She examined with unrelenting persistence the little trifles which went to show that her death was approaching.

When she fancied she perceived a whiter pallor in her cheeks, she spent the day with a hand-glass. If she imagined that the cords in her neck were stiffening a little, she would endeavor to catch the old studied poses that she had used in the days of her coquetry. If she dreamed that her memory was something less active, she would chant and hum the most ancient of her songs, the most difficult of the foreign airs and roundelays, and perhaps in the midst of them would begin to nod and would fall asleep.

She forbore to interest herself about the other inmates of the house until one day when she was at a loss. She was seized with a desire to ride, but it was stormy and therefore impossible. She began to gossip with the landlady, who had come in to inquire after her health.

"There is a lady up-stairs who interests me," said the visitor, "she seems to be very poor, but I cannot bring myself to treat her harshly."

"Tell me," said Madame in a pleasant voice.

"She is a Cuban," continued the landlady, "and her name is Aldama. She has a husband in France, and he is coming to see her pretty soon. She has been here nearly three months, and she has reached the top of the house. She commenced by living in the parlors over this one, but as her stock of money decreased she ascended, and she is now just under the roof. She has a pretty child, five years of age, and she is very beautiful herself."

"And what does she do all these long hours?"

"Oh," responded the other, "she tries her fate upon a little table with a pack of cards. It takes up her time, and it amuses her to decide something either one way or the other."

"Do you think she would like to come and visit me here?"

"Yes," replied the other, "I think she would."

"Then arrange it for us."

When the invited lady entered Madame's apartment, she found her in good spirits. She arose with great effort from her chair, and after poising herself she put out one of her small hands and smiled more warmly than she had upon any one. The lady pleased her.

She was small and pale, and she was dressed in black. Her rich hair adorned her head, not burdened it. Her coun-

tenance betrayed a profound sadness of heart and at the same time a divine sweetness of spirit. The carriage of her head, the attitude of her body, and her very step, which was tardy and gentle, was that of one who had suffered deeply.

She advanced toward her aged hostess with the indescribable manner of one who flies to repose, or who hastens to a shelter.

The timid hand-clasp became a kiss; the kiss became an embrace; it was the confluence of two hearts; that of a mother, and that of a daughter.

There was a fire upon the hearth, and they sat down before it with their chairs close together. They entered at once upon that sudden intimacy which is obtainable only by perfect accordance. Nothing can equal the love generated by first glances.

On one hand the questions were, Why do you suffer so much? Why did you leave your home to come to this barren land? How much longer must you wait for relief? On the other: Why are *you* here? you who have been so great, so admired, so honored. What terrible disaster has befallen *you*, the divine baroness? tell me, so that I may take heart again.

By degrees the answers came from either side, and they were not given as answers, but as complete and voluntary expositions.

One said: "I am here because my husband has got tired of me. He has thrown away my fortune and has not loved me in return. The title of 'baroness,' I found, did not fill the heart. In all the glory of a life at court my spirit failed because I was alone. At home they believed I was happy, but it was a mistake, a great mistake. I followed my husband hither and thither, except when he bade me stay in my hotel, and I supplied him with money; that was enough for him. Now I learn that he is coming here in search of me; his letter says that he comes repentant, but I know that he comes poor. I am not desirous of meeting him again, even though I have possessed his name for a quarter of a century. Woman's constancy is famous, but man's villainy is more famous still. I am going to die here."

Madame indicated the bare room with a motion of her hand.

The Cuban told this much: "My husband is a Frenchman too."

"What, with the name of Aldama?"

"Yes," persisted the other, but with a blush. Madame noticed the blush and quietly reflected upon it. The story proceeded. "He came to Havana on a mission from his government. I met him at Puerto Principe. He was over forty years of age, and he was handsome, and his breast was covered with decorations. That delighted me. I married him; I left my home to do so, but we were married for all that. In one year he went away to France. He said the government wanted him, and I could not help thinking he was a great deal of a slave. But he wrote to me every month. Pretty soon there was a revolution in our country. Then I became poor, as the Spaniards seized our estates. I remained in Havana until I was warned away. Then I came here."

This was the substance of a long story delivered with a broken voice and in a broken tongue. Madame's eyes rested upon her with tenderness but with great persistence. Now and then she shed a few tears, and frequently a soft convulsion would stir her wrinkled face.

One day the poor girl placed her hand in that of her friend, and cried despairingly, —

"I weet for heem and he doos not coom. I grow tired, I tink he cheat mee, den I pray for deeth. My moder has gone away, my fader has gone away, and de cruel Spaniards, dey have shot my good broder — O mye! — O mye! — O mye! I loove my hoosband and my leetle babe, but dere is no one to loove me."

The young wife and the old wife mourned together. It became the daily custom for the Cuban to descend from her dismal garret to the warm parlors, with her child, and there to sit until night returned.

Within Madame's bosom there had been generated an overwhelming suspicion. If it troubled her, she did not show it; if it occupied most of her thoughts, she concealed it beneath the surface.

She augmented her misery by a certain exchange of whispers with her visitor. On one occasion, after a long account of her disappointments, the recital of which had wrought her companion into a paroxysm of tears, and herself into a paroxysm of anger, she suddenly pressed her lips to the ear of her hearer and said,—

"They tell me, too, that he has married a countrywoman of yours: that, since my hair has grown white with the anguish I have endured, he has profaned his oaths. Can the spirit of affliction deal me another blow?"

"Dey make de same whisper to me," returned the other; "dey say dat I, too, have a rival, some greet leedy; but I try hard to sheek my heed."

This answered for verification. Madame held her breath for a moment, but she was a good soldier under a fire of surprises; she encountered shocks imperturbably. The face of her friend had grown terribly pale, an effect of her own words.

Madame now wished for proof positive. She waited for three days, until all was calm again. Then with great tact she induced the Cuban to describe her husband.

The Baron R—— was presented.

For the rest of the day Madame withdrew, and in the secrecy of her screened apartment she communed and debated with her inmost heart. First she considered her friend and her child; then she considered herself. She was grave, rigid, and motionless. She forgot her cards, her sugared water, her dinner; she omitted her prayers.

At dusk she called her servant; she had made up her mind.

On the next day she seemed to have grown younger by ten years; that is, during the first hours of her friend's presence. Her eyes were bright, her smile delightful, and her language quick and full of vivacious sentiment. She related many reminiscences of her life at the French court; of the well-known gay journey to Algiers, for instance, when the empress was most beautiful and the emperor was most an emperor. She detailed the fêtes and the banquets. She told what great personages sat on her right hand and who on her left hand. She laughed as she recalled the disputes concerning precedence. It amused her to remember the dresses that were worn and the dishes that were eaten. She gossiped with an odd intermingling of French and English, her light tongue catching at the titles and names of the *élégants* with curious pleasure.

Then again she would become graphic and vivid when she spoke, for example, of the march of a corps of the Grand Army before Napoleon and Changarnier just previous to the coup d'état. It seemed to her that that was a sublime moment; at first the cheers were timid and the eagles were barely drooped. It was a question whether the soldiers were for the old general or the politician. Napoleon on his horse was at one point; Changarnier was on his horse at another. Every new platoon was braver than its predecessor. The tumult swelled. It roared for the Imperialist. The great ladies who were there fluttered like birds; the uproar of drums and voices filled the air, and a *fanfare* of trumpets arose from all the field. It was on the night following that day that all the ministers were taken from their beds and thrown into prison.

Madame was pleased to see the rapt look which rested upon the listener's face at these recitals. She was bent upon making a sweet intimacy, a cheery confidence, a warm and keen sympathy between them. She wished to draw this young and tender heart close to her old one. She tried hard to smile and to be kind. She made curious little confessions of petty sins and weaknesses, she related her minute sorrows, she described her utmost pleasures, and at rare times she descanted by contrasts upon her deep afflictions.

For example: one day when she seemed to be in good heart and when she looked her best in a black robe, she described an incident of her earlier life in France. She possessed a face of matchless dignity and delicacy of outline. Time had sharpened the profile, hollowed the cheek, lengthened the nostril, empurpled the region of the eye, but there remained the ashes of the incomparable flower; a visage already shaded by the coming repose, yet retaining the cast of the old perfection.

She took her friend's hand into her own with a smile. "My husband," said she, "was appointed the commandant of Fontainebleau, when the distribution of rewards was made to those who had espoused the cause of the emperor. The palace and gardens then needed a great deal of repair and alteration, and as soon as the place was made habitable we took up our quarters there. The palace received its name from a fountain of water which in former times had been celebrated for its sweetness and beauty, but which had been overgrown and lost during the many changes of ownership which the palace had experienced. It had been an ambition of the later occupants to rediscover this spring, which now was half fabulous, but all attempts had failed, and finally very few persons could be found who believed that it had ever existed.

"One bright afternoon nearly all of our little world was strolling in the gardens. There were a few gentlemen but a great many ladies, and we were all dressed for a little *fête champêtre* which was about to be given in honor of a Russian princess. I was a great favorite at that time; they admired the young *Americaine* and they made a pet of me. I was walking down a grassy mound with the Duchesse de B—— on one side and the Marchioness L—— on the other; we had our arms interlocked, and we were trying to skip together, laughing and shrieking all the while. I remember how full of birds the trees were, and how many millions of butterflies there seemed to be in the air. The atmosphere was filled with the perfume of the wide flower-beds, and the shadows of the great trees were so dark and cool that they seemed to be huge caverns opening into the ground. I think there must have been fifty of us, all half mad with our freedom, and all running here and there like school-girls. Suddenly we heard some gardeners who were digging in a spot where there had been a broad drive-way, crying out to the chamberlain who was riding by. They seemed very much excited. We stopped to listen, all the gay groups became silent, and all the bright colors which had been flying over the lawns stood still. From a long distance we thought we heard them shout: —

"'Oh la fontaine! La fontaine! La fontaine, c'est trouvée!'

"We looked at one another. The sounds were repeated. We clapped our hands, and I think I jumped up and down; then somebody began to run towards the spot. Somebody pulled upon my arm. It was the marchioness. Then the duchess began to dash off, then so did I. Then we all ran, princesses, countesses, ladies in waiting, dukes, and all. Oh what a mad race that was! You should have seen me, I ran the fastest. It was so much like a flock of silk geese of all colors. They screamed and laughed like children, and bent their heads down and flourished their skirts in the air as if they were just out of school. There was an old abbé with a gold cane, and two generals of our army; and they ran too. You should have seen the birds fly out of the shrubs in clouds as we rushed by. The grasshoppers jumped up into our faces and alighted on our dresses, and the locusts made a terrible hum. When we came to the end all red and panting, we found that it was true enough. The fountain had been discovered, and that was a great glory. There was a great stone basin, and an iron dipper still fastened with a rusty chain. Then we had splendid ceremonies; we had our little banquet served in the excavation they had made, and each of us dug a spade-full of earth from off the long-hidden treasure. And now," said

Madame, bending her eyes upon her hearer's face, "and now tell me, should I not have been happy on such a day as that?"

"Yes, you should be happee!" replied the other, fervently.

Madame raised her hands to her mouth for an instant, and then swept one of them over her head. She transformed herself into a withered and haggard centenarian. She had robbed her mouth of its mock glories and her temples of the silvered rolls of hair. Her lips retreated, the lines of her cheeks became deep, the protuberances of her head became prominent, and in place of the cap, that graceful screen of deformity which always excites veneration, there was a skull which was red (as if it blushed) and which was thinly covered with a few white hairs, which fell on either side and which were gathered into a ball as small as a nut, behind.

The lady turned her eyes tranquilly upon the distressed and astonished countenance of her friend.

"Oh, whye deed you show mee!" exclaimed the other, burying her face in her hands.

"Look at me again," responded Madame in the sharp and unmelodious voice which was compelled by her condition. The other obeyed, and then sadly shaking her head she burst into tears. Madame called her maid, and in a moment or two she was restored to her usual appearance.

"I did that to show you what had been begun when I was the happy baroness who lived at Fontainebleau," said she, whispering in the ear of the weeping girl. "And I did it also to warn you. You may be attacked with a fierce heart-burn which may wither you as it has withered me, and I chose to show what such a heart-burn can do."

"What do you mean? do you speak to mee?" asked the other, in an agitated voice.

"Yes," was the response.

Madame caressed her with her hands, and with the undefinable manner of one who is about to administer a blow. "Do you love me?" she asked.

"Weeth mye whole heeart!" passionately replied the Cuban, pressing her cheek against that of her companion.

Madame produced a letter from her bosom and unfolded it carefully.

"This," said she before exhibiting it, "comes from the Baron R——, who is my husband. It announces to me that he has recently fought a duel with a political enemy, and that he will require twenty thousand francs to procure immunity from imprisonment. I have sent it to him and he will escape. He wrote this letter after our separation. After he has made me an alien, after he has robbed me of my peace and filled me with sorrow, he becomes an extortioner. After he has starved my spirit he begins to starve my body. Look at this letter; remember, it is from my husband."

Madame exhibited the paper, and at the same time she placed her arm about the Cuban's neck and pressed her lips to her hair. She encircled her in an attitude of sympathy and protection.

No sooner had the Cuban's eyes fairly rested upon the closely written page than she uttered a piercing scream and fell forward into Madame's lap, trembling in every limb. The other bent over her as if she were mourning for her.

There passed a moment of supreme silence; one of those calm periods which follow every blow, and which seem to be occupied by the entering of the new grief into the various chambers of the heart.

Presently the sufferer withdrew from beneath the hands of her friend and rose to her feet. She was pallid. She walked with an erect head towards the door. Gradually her pace increased. Then she hurried; she passed out into the hall and then she ran. Madame heard her fly up the stairs crying the name of her boy with increased wildness, until both the steps and the voice were lost in the distance.

For five hours Madame sat rigidly upright in her chair, gazing towards her

little fire, but with eyes that saw nothing. Her hands were clasped upon her lap, her lips were immovably closed, and there had settled upon her features a placidity which, in the eccentric and varying light of the flames, seemed dreadful.

Her maid, impelled by increasing fear, finally disturbed her.

She aroused herself and said, —

"To-morrow you may dress me in the clothing you have laid aside; I have been told that the ship will arrive to-night. If it does, he will come to see me at once."

There came an interval of twenty hours. The two women conversed in whispers, as people do in cases where it is imagined that even a voice may disturb the poise of matters. The sweet-voiced bell of the clock transfixed them when it struck, and they gazed upon the tell-tale with startled eyes. They paused an hundred times at innocent noises from the street. The rumble of the hucksters' carts made them tremble; the steps of children filled them with terror.

At night-fall the baron arrived. He was announced. The maid lighted several candles, closed the broad shutters of the windows, and placed a seat beside the door; not a chair for a friend, but a chair for a stranger.

The Cuban uttered a long-drawn sigh and approached Madame, who was seated before the fire, calmly surveying the motions of the girl; she seated herself at Madame's feet and fixed her eyes upon the door.

Madame adjusted the nearest candles with her own hand, carefully arranged the pillows which supported her, and drew the folds of her dress so that it embellished her figure to its best degree. During these preparations it seemed as if the fire of youth had again descended upon her; her head arose, her eyes burned, and a new energy was imparted to all her motions.

The light fell upon the persons of the two ladies and also the chair beside the door. All the rest of the apartment was in partial obscurity. Madame bade the girl admit the visitor and then to withdraw.

There then ensued one of those moments whose intensity provokes the blood, oppresses the brain, and sharpens the ear and eye; one in which the walls seem to live, the timber-worms to crunch, and particles of dust to murmur as they float in the air.

A step approached. Madame's body was seized by a convulsion in spite of herself, and she closed her fingers upon the freezing hand of the Cuban.

There entered a slight man of medium height, whose hair was somewhat gray and whose bearing was that of a soldier. He wore a long gray coat, and he carried his hat and his cane in his hand. He had a quick eye, a small moustache, and a face of faultless outline.

He was easy but not careless. His glance rested for an instant upon the white and clear-cut visage of his aged wife, who regarded him steadfastly, and then he bowed deeply.

After an instant of quiet he again raised his eyes, and encountered those of the Cuban.

He retreated a step, parted his lips as if about to make an exclamation, raised his hand and his hat a few inches but here he caught himself. The man subsided again, and the courtier came to the surface. He bowed for the second time and remained in that position. He seemed to expect an outburst.

None came.

The two women in close embrace contemplated him as if he were an apparition. Their faces were outwardly illuminated by the candles, but their keen vitality emanated from within. Their features radiated upon the baron all the heats of sublime scorn; their eyes gave out flames of bitterness; their placid, waxen, and immovable visages emitted the very spirit of reproach, even though the smallest muscles lay undisturbed.

The profound silence was occupied by that subtle graduating of tempers which finally leads to speech; that un-

conscious descent to a level where the heart may declare itself.

But Madame restrained the growing impulse; it seemed as if she were resisting a flood. She permitted only a few words to pass her lips. She addressed the baron:—

"You see that we two have encountered each other."

"Yes," replied the baron, in good English, and with an undisturbed voice, "I see that you are there."

"Then I presume that what appears to be true, is true?" inquired the wife.

"Perfectly," responded the other.

The hands of the two women clasped more tightly, and another significant pause ensued. The guest retained his position; he still kept his face secreted, and still presented the top of his head to the light. He did not move a hair's breadth; he seemed to take refuge behind himself.

Madame produced from beneath a napkin on the table a small decorated porcelain box, ornamented with elaborate edges of gilded metal. She placed it on the side of the table which was nearest the baron, saying at the same time in a soft and equable voice:—

"Here, Lucien, is something I desire to present to you. The box contains some jewels, and perhaps you, who are to remain in the world some time longer, may find them useful. They are the last I have, and I think they are valuable. Come and take them now, for I wish our connection to be severed by this final surrender of the remnant of the pillage. I cannot rise and give them to you. Come and take them."

The man, after an instant, advanced slowly with an easy tread. He laid his hand upon the box. He raised it an inch, but it slipped. His fingers trembled, though his face was immovable. His perturbation appeared, as it were, through a crevice.

He seized the casket a second time, and then he retired backwards to his first position. He smiled, and he now regarded the two women with a steady scrutiny. He rose superior to them; he had achieved his best object without a conflict, and he had encountered the worst that could possibly befall him; the door and his carriage were close at hand; France and Paris lay beyond. He had but to turn his back to rid himself forever of two disagreeables, therefore he looked leniently upon their final attacks.

The Cuban was prostrated; her sobs and sighs filled the air, and the convulsions of her face and hands afforded the only stir in the quiet apartment.

Madame's little flush of strength began to fade even after this short trial, and what suffering had done reappeared above what she had assumed. The scars which she had hidden came to the view again. Her back grew bowed, the hollow in her neck grew deep, her head nodded, and her hands shook from side to side in her lap.

She kept her eyes fixed upon her husband.

"We have come to the end, at last, Lucien," said she in a low and uncertain under-tone, "and for me nothing more remains. I have lived; I have performed my task; I have borne my burden; there are no more blows or joys to be given to me. But I am still alive; I have my senses and my reason. Let me see if I cannot do something more." (She looked down for an instant at the girl at her feet, and tenderly placed a hand upon her head.) "Yes," she continued, "I can prevent people from saying of this poor child, 'She and another are the wives of an adventurer.' How they may regard me does not matter now; I do not care; it is all one if they discover that I have no proof of my marriage. It pleases me to imagine I can vanish, and by so doing add to the reality of her position towards you. If they should say to her child, 'You come from a wrongful marriage,' he will be enabled to say, 'That is false.' I have not been a wife of yours for twenty years. The child you took and bore away and robbed of her fair life, and who now speaks, an old and haggard woman, declares that the obligations and spirit of her marriage were annulled long before you met this other unhappy

one. She alone is your wife. The church records are nothing beside the convictions impressed by so much neglect and cruelty. What the ministers performed for us was the falsehood; today the truth becomes known to every one. I am about to perform a little act which is insignificant beside what I have declared, but which proves me to be sincere. I throw my marriage certificate into the fire."

This little touch of the drama was inspired by what was left of her old love of the surprising and the picturesque. She had married and unmarried with the baron with the same impulses.

She had thrown a folded paper upon the coals in spite of the Cuban's shriek and leap, and it had burned to ashes. Madame turned to her visitor again. There was an indescribable feebleness in the action. It seemed as if her eyes almost failed to penetrate to the corner where the baron stood.

"Remember always that you have but one wife. Forget me; I am nothing; I am going. The beautiful girl, the baroness, the old and garrulous complainer, are all passing away with me. I leave nothing behind, no child, no grief, no identity. I am lost from nowhere. The Lord has led me hither so that I might do one more service, and that being completed I must depart. You are going back to France; you are going among your old friends, and you will enjoy yourself. You will leave behind you a wife who will be a teacher of languages and a child whom you have never seen. Be careful that you do not act now so that your memory shall be a curse to you; be careful of" —

A sound was heard beside the door. Madame raised her hand to her forehead in order to shield off the light. The baron was going away.

He was slipping out. He was departing like a robber, careful of his steps and circumspect in his course. He was creeping away from difficulties and perplexities. The atmosphere of reproaches and obligations did not please him. He wanted to get into the sunshine again.

Madame suddenly struggled to rise. She grasped the arms of the chair with great haste. It was a contest with her infirmities. The Cuban assisted her.

She cried after the baron, who had gained the door, —

"But your wife here! You have not spoken to her! She" —

The baron looked back and shook his head with a smile: —

"Oh no, she wishes me away, and I am going."

Madame took a step forward with her head raised, uttering at the same time a sound which might have been taken equally well for a laugh or an outburst of grief.

"Then ask about your boy. Say something; leave some message! He is very beautiful; I am sure you would like to see him. His eyes are like his mother's, but his mouth — You would admire him; I do. What! will you not mention him? I will tell him faithfully. You will not? No?"

He disappeared in the dark hall.

Presently they heard him rattling at the bolts of the outer door.

Madame rushed forward with gathered strength. She cried in a terrible voice,

"Lucien! Lucien!"

As she reached the door of the apartment, her vigor spent itself. She seized the glistening bolt with both hands and listened with protruding eyes and parted lips. The noise of the closing of the outer door resounded like thunder.

Madame whispered to the Cuban with such intensity that the chamber was filled with the voice, —

"He has gone! he has gone!"

The Cuban caught her as she was about to fall, and laid her in her lounging-chair.

Madame's death occurred twelve hours after the departure of her husband. In an interval of reason she arranged that the small income of a certain unconvertible property that she possessed should be devoted to the support and education of her husband's child. She was unable to do more than this. As she was finally sinking back

into the arms of her beloved companion, she was partially aroused by a rapid jarring of her frail bed. This was caused by the porters, who were piling trunks in the hall.

The Cuban rained tears upon the shrunken face, and clasped the stiffened hands to her bosom. One wreck vanished; another began its crippled journey.

The grave of Madame is at Greenwood. It is designated by a square tablet which has been thrown on one side by the frosts. Upon it is her maiden name. It obliges the beholder to think that she died unmarried. Beside it is an enormous pile of white marble reared to the memory of a politician. People gather every day to inspect the monstrous construction, for it cost an immense sum, and to see it in all its aspects they are compelled to trample the earth over the adjacent grave; therefore when the weather is bad there is a little bog in front of the stone, and when the day is hot there is a surface of powdered dust. The violets placed there never live the day out; they are pulverized with the earth, though they are as often renewed.

Albert Webster, Jr.

COUNTERPARTS.

If one in some far future should discover
The secret of the counterparts of things,
How bodiless, yet visible, they hover
On the dim verge where Form to Essence clings;
If one should find the hill-side and the river,
The viny ledges and the orchards fair,
The girdling wood, and over all aquiver
The voiceful blue and glory of the air
Just as we found them on those May-morns rare, —

Would all be phantoms? Would a breath undo them?
Would the dove sing, or we but dream he sang?
Would grasses hint where April rains dript through them?
Would blossoms fall, or tranced in mid-air hang?
What if *that* were the base of *this* our dreaming?
The True, foreshadowed here on eye and heart,
The lovelier substance of this lovely seeming,
The golden Real, which, by some subtle art,
Builds its sweet semblance here, in counterpart?

Helen Barron Bostwick.

RECENT LITERATURE.[1]

NOTHING could be *handier* to say than that Mr. Aldrich's strength is in writing short stories: that follows with such fascinating obviousness from the fact that he has written them successfully! But this convenient criticism is not the whole truth, for in Prudence Palfrey he has shown the same skill in maneuvering his figures on the ample field of a novel that entertained us in such miniature romances as Marjorie Daw and Mademoiselle Zabriski. Indeed, if the public, — which does not like to have an author do two things well, and is fond of saying that one had better stick to his verse or his prose, or his essays or his sketches, or his short stories or his long stories, when he tries to please in a new way, — if the public would reflect (it is asking a good deal), we think it must own that Mr. Aldrich has fairly earned the right hereafter to please it as he pleases. Perhaps the public has read his new romance with too great expectation of being duped, at the end, and has done him the injustice of looking for a lighter effect than he intended; something of the sort was inevitable from its past experience of him; but we believe he would rather value himself upon the success with which he consistently works out the character of Dillingham, than on surprising the reader finally with the fact that Dillingham and Nevins are the same. Call that rogue by either name, he is the finest and firmest figure in the story; and we think he is better as Nevins than as Dillingham. The glimpses we get of him in the mining camp suggest a personage that we should like to know better in his proper quality of rascal; and those scenes in the far West seem fresher than the passages of life at Rivermouth: it may be that in the atmosphere of clerical delinquency we do not get quite away from the stories of Dr. Holmes, which deal with like sinners. Mr. Aldrich is apt, if anything, to be over-literary, to see life through a well-selected library window; but he has broken a whole sash

[1] *Prudence Palfrey.* A Novel. By T. B. ALDRICH. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co. 1874.

The Wetherel Affair. By J. W. DEFOREST. New York: Sheldon & Co. 1874.

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The Office and Duty of a Christian Pastor. By STEPHEN H TYNG, D. D, Rector of St. George's Church in the city of New York. Published at the request of the Students and Faculty of the School of Theology in the Boston University. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1874.

Pleasant Talk about Fruits, Flowers, and Farming. New edition. By H. W. BEECHER. New York J. B. Ford & Co. 1874.

in getting a look into the western mountains, and has made so strong a sketch of the place and people that we wish in his next story he would step quite out of doors.

Very likely it is because New England village-life has been so often and so minutely painted that we find the people of Rivermouth somewhat conventional. At any rate they give us little surprise, in the way they are many of them presented, casually, slightly, more for the purpose of moving the story forward and of working the machinery, so to speak, than that of interesting us in them severally. This stricture will not apply to the more deliberately studied persons. Of Parson Hawkins, though he is slightly caricatured, like most of the village people, is an excellent portrait in the first and second chapters; and the scene of the two deacons remorsefully coming to tell him of his dismissal is affectingly and humorously done. There are also flashes of witty observation that light up a whole condition of things in the good-naturedly, impudently curious village world, as when Mr. Stebbins says, "I see Capen Chris Bell at Seth Wiggins's this mornin'; he bought that great turkey of Seth's, and six pounds of steak right off the tender-loin. Guess he expects his brother-in-law's family down from Boston." Another condition of things, as amusing, is as wittily suggested in the comments of Sam Knubley on the village aristocrats who are "eternally shinning up the family tree. There 's old Blydenburgh, who 's always perching himself on the upper branches, and hurling down the cocoa-nuts of his ancestors at common folks."

We hardly know whether the pretty Miss Prue herself shares the defect which we have perhaps only imagined in some other Rivermouth people. After a certain time of life the reader feels towards the heroine of a romance as calmly as the upright man feels towards his neighbor's handsome wife; he is willing the hero should have her; and it is the rarest thing for him to be moved to impassioned covetousness about her. Miss Prudence has traits of a veritable girlhood; it is but too sadly natural that her heart should waver in its true allegiance, when she finds Dillingham at first indifferent and then devoted, and, above all, wanted by all the other girls! She gives you the sense of a pretty, sufficiently willful, sufficiently obedient, natural, good-hearted girl, and that is as much as one ought to ask of any heroine. John Dent is not always perfectly accounted for in his movements and delays and long silences; but he escapes conventionality of character; he has a substance and being of his own; and he comes out freshly in the last scenes. His uncle, however, is too much like the unreally actuated uncle of comedy. Here, indeed, in the absence of due motive on the part of the elder Dent, is the weak point of the plot, and not in the imposture of Dillingham. The newspapers and the records of the law are too full of histories of successful imposture for us to say that a wolf in shepherd's clothing might not occupy the pulpit of a New England country town half a year without being found out. Besides, certain premises must be granted the story-teller; and after all, the reader will do well to remember that a novel is not a true narrative. It is testimony in favor of the general life-like character of Mr. Aldrich's fiction that there have been bitter complaints against him on this point. "Dear friends," he might make answer, "no such thing happened, but it was necessary to my scheme for your amusement that we should suppose it did. The ghost really did not walk, in Hamlet; there are no such things in nature as the three weird sisters; the two Dromios were not so like but you could tell them apart; but fiction is full of these suppositions; and if you want to pin me down to facts, I must own that no part of my story happened: it is all make-believe from beginning to end." And for our part we contend that in this matter he has preserved the internal harmony and proportion of his own invention: the only sort of consistency that can be fairly exacted of a romancer.

We say romancer, because in spite of the title-page, and of many aspects of a novel in setting and local circumstance, Prudence Palfrey is hardly a novel. It is told in that semi-idyllic key, into which people writing stories of New England life fall so inevitably that we sometimes think a New England *novel* is not possible; that our sectional civilization is too narrow, too shy, too lacking in high and strong contrasts, to afford material for the dramatic realism of that kind of fiction. Hawthorne renounced and denounced the idea of such a thing; we all know how Mr. Hale in his bright sketches immaterializes his good, honest, every-day facts; Dr. Holmes's fictions are rather psychological studies than

novels: in fact, the New England novel does not exist. Mr. Aldrich is nearer giving it in Prudence Palfrey than anybody else, but he does not give it.

In execution his methods are still largely those of an essayist, if we may distinguish execution from construction. This was true always of Thackeray; it may be said to be true of the whole English school of fiction, in which the author of the scene permits himself to come forward and comment on the action and on things in general, and subordinate the drama to himself. Whether this is the best art or not, we must confess that its results are delightful when the author happens to be a man of singular wittiness, as Mr. Aldrich is. He is always the most charming personality in the book; we would rather hear him speak than anybody else. "The Bannock tribe had an ugly fashion of waylaying the mail, and decorating their persons with canceled postage-stamps. . . . If Dillingham had been a centipede he could not have worn out the slippers (bestowed by the young ladies of his church); if he had been a hydra, he could not have made head against the study caps. . . . Miss Veronica Blydenburgh, who had flirted in a high-spirited way with various religious professions. . . . I have encountered two or three young gentlemen in the capital of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts who seemed to have the idea that *they* were killed at the battle of Bunker Hill. . . . A No kept on ice for a twelvemonth could not have been colder. . . . Exit Larkin, lined with profanity," — the book abounds in strokes of a humorous and witty fancy. Indeed, we think nothing wittier, using the word in a strict sense, has been written in this country, if we except three books of Dr. Holmes's.

— Mr. Aldrich is an essayist of the finest New England type in his regard for literary form; he means that every point of his work shall shine; he is a poet, writing prose with the minute carefulness of verse, and often producing the true lyrical effects in his romance. Mr. DeForest, who has recently given us The Wetherel Affair, is more in earnest about making a novel, and so far he is really the only American novelist. We have before this discussed his merits, and we shall not enlarge upon them now. His field is wide, and it is not preferably New England, though great part of the action of The Wetherel Affair takes place in the New Yorkized section of New England, and one of the characters — the rich old Wetherel whom the young adventurer, the Polish count, murders for his money — is a true Puritan type. This old man is the finest conception of all; he is imagined with the seriousness that gave us Colonel Kershaw in Kate Beaumont, and that goes far to neutralize a certain harsh, rank flavor to be tasted in the DeForest novels. His coldness, his sort of stony stillness of surface with the attenuated tenderness underneath, his bleak religiosity and his fine, solemn, scripturalized phraseology; his uncouth ways, — skipping the bits of chicken off his fork on to the plates of his guests, — his unlovely excellence of character, are extremely well caught, and the portrait is full of artistic repose and mellowness. The missionary's daughter, Nestoria, whom old Wetherel's spendthrift, disinherited nephew falls in love with, is sweetly indicated, but she is not sufficiently *motivée* in her career after her lover is suspected of the murder she sees done by the count. Alice and her mother are vastly better: in fact we find them altogether admirable and true. The mother is that reserve of sense and heart still preserving American society, and the daughter is the dashing, bright, reckless, New Yorky girl whom serious-minded Americans deplore — and marry, when they can. She is a fool by her social education, but a person of the hardest common-sense by nature; and she is charming. She will have the count, though all her friends unite in proving him a swindler; when his bills come to her mother by mistake before the marriage, she raves, she storms in a good, honest, vulgar fashion, but she has character enough to tear the love out of her heart at one wrench — and she wants the count thrashed. The count is well drawn and not overdrawn; so is young Wetherel, who comes to the honest Puritan stuff in himself when he falls in love on his last dollar; — the dandification of himself and Wolverton is one of the casual bits of painting that please us in the book. Some minor persons are so good that we are sorry to have them slightly treated — Lehming, Bowder, and Miss Jones, who is quite inexcusably caricatured. In fact The Wetherel Affair, as compared with Miss Ravenel's Conversion, and Kate Beaumont, is nothing but a superb sketch. It reads easily, however, and the interest mounts to intensity before the end, which one foresees, and it is full enough of strong, manly

talent to make the fortunes of a dozen ordinary story-writers.

— Mose Evans has many of the traits which stand out in such strong relief in Mr. Baker's former books, A Chronicle of Secession, and The New Timothy. There is the same intense localization, — the thing is southern-southwestern; it could not possibly be mistaken for anything else, — and the life, whether humorously or tragically treated, is viewed with the same religious feeling. There is no austerity in Mr. Baker's mood, but great earnestness and elevation. It is surprising what a grip he gets of his rugged characters; and he turns their good points to the light, and reveals their hidden tenderness with a delicate skill that none can surpass. Odd Archer, in this story, is an instance of the humane and liberal spirit of Mr. Baker's art; the gifted and reprobate blackguard is painted in all his amusing odiousness, and yet it is never forgotten that he has a heart and a conscience, and these finally save him. A complete contrast is the other type of Southerner, General Throop. He is seen less from the outside than Mr. DeForest's Colonel Kershaw; but he is almost as reverend and impressive; the limitations of his breeding and venerableness are as subtly indicated as those of Archer's depravity; he seems to us the ideal "high-toned Southern gentleman" of the old school. Mose Evans must have been vastly more difficult to manage, because he is an individual and not a type. But he is well managed, and is presented in a simple strength that is very striking. Like the rest of Mr. Baker's people he is seen as well as felt, and he stands in the story, a stately presence of manhood, naturally good and wise and noble. It is fine how his love for Agnes Throop became part, not of his religious emotion — that is always nauseating — but of his religious conviction: if Christ died for him she can love him, and he goes about to make himself worthy. We would willingly have seen less of him in his intellectually regenerate state. He does not lose grandeur, but it is not good art in Mr. Baker to task his reader so heavily as he does with the realization of Mose Evans in his new estate. A glimpse of him, some characteristic hint of what he became, we think would have been better than the elaborate picture that is given, though this, too, is interesting. So, also, we think the effect of the story would have gained if those long letters of Agnes Throop's at the end could have been condensed and presented in some brief, strong, direct expression of the author's. In fact, it appears to us that the conception of the narration is always a burden to the story. Mr. Baker sacrifices his reader's comfort altogether too much to the verisimilitude of the land agent's style. If that character must tell the story, his style could have been indicated and then quietly dropped after a chapter or two; it is very tiresome to have him backing and filling, and coming in and going out, and weaving a sometimes impenetrable mesh of parentheses throughout the whole book. The worst of it is that all the people of the story catch the trick of his style — even Miss Throop writes like him.

The women are less surprisingly good than the men in Mose Evans. Mrs. Throop and Mrs. Evans are the best of them; but the others, though not so tangible, are thoroughly imaginable. Agnes Throop is at least a new and high type of heroine; and the story is an entirely new love-story. In being a love-story it differs from Mr. Baker's former books, and it greatly advances his place amongst American authors.

— Mrs. Moulton's stories, though brief tales for the most part, are united in a common purpose of exemplifying the vicissitudes of women left, by accident of one kind or another, to shift for themselves. The heroines represent various classes, and various temperaments; and there is a good deal of suggestiveness in the different problems with which they find themselves obliged to deal; in none more so than in that of the tale called Twelve Years of My Life. A young woman, compelled to earn her living as a shop-girl (the daughter of a literary man who had died very poor), makes acquaintance with a man of high character, who has separated from a capricious wife, and who comes to love our heroine, to whom he confesses both his passion and his antecedents, with the prayer that at least she will let him aid her in her poverty, out of the abundance of his own means. Having already become attached to him, before this announcement, she now hastens away, to avoid a proximity which has thus become intolerable to her; falls in with his wife, who, she finds, has recognized and repented her past follies; becomes her friend, and instructress to her children; and eventually reunites husband and wife, consigning herself to the life-long drudgery of a teach-

er, remote from both, notwithstanding their entreaties for her to remain with them. Little Gibraltar, too, portrays the pathos of a young girl's situation, who finds a widower — the father of a school-mate — in love with her, herself returning the sentiment; yet feels the barrier of the former wife's invisible presence between them, and will not break through it, though the refusal results in the widower's speedy decline and death. There is a fantastic and supernatural strain in this, distinct from anything else in the book. We place it above the other tales, for artistic handling. The longest of the set, Fleeing from Fate, has the disadvantage of being too short for a novel and a little too long for its present purpose, but is concisely treated. Household Gods we like for its greater brightness and cheeriness, and because it contains less of painfulness than some of the others. The book is not wanting in pretty and ingenious incident, although sometimes death, sickness, financial disaster, and meetings of particular persons at the right times and places, run rather in the track of conventional expedient. Mrs. Moulton's style is clear, careful, quiet, and her method of story-telling is wholesome in its simplicity and reserve. The book is distinguished by superior fibre; all the stories are earnest; and there is a fine confidence shown in the interest and satisfactoriness of love-episodes as subjects for artistic treatment. Everything is told with a straightforwardness often imparting a singular sense of verisimilitude; and this quality of her art, with her underlying moral clearness and love of principle, makes Mrs. Moulton a welcome addition to the list of our story-tellers.

— Although Spring Floods has been mentioned in our notices of French and German literature, we must recur to it, *apropos* of the English version now published, and express again our feeling of its great power. Nowhere else do we believe the terribleness of a guilty passion has been so nakedly and unsparingly portrayed, and rarely can the beauty of the lawful love it ruins have been so sweetly touched. It is an awful tragedy, far beyond the power of any comment to impart; the reader must go to the book itself for a full sense of the fatal spell that binds the weak-willed but well-purposed hero, and the intolerable shame and despair to which it leaves his wasted life. Maria Nikolaevna is a creation before which such capricious wantons as Irene and Varvara Pavlovna seem pale and thin: she has no caprices, she is the incarnation of wicked force, of infernal freedom, of unpitying lust of power; she does not for an instant falter, or repent, or regret; yet monstrous as she is, you do not feel that she is a monstrosity, but something quite within the range of human nature. She is so great and impressive a figure, that one almost forgets that there is any one else in the book: the pure and true Gemma whom Sanin abandons for her, the operatically heroic, true-hearted Pantaleone, the simple, adoring boy Emilio, who pins his faith to Sanin, and who is perhaps the most pathetic victim of Sanin's helpless treachery. It seems to us the greatest book yet written by Turgénieff, whose name the literary history of our century must inscribe, with that of Hawthorne, high above all others who have dealt with the problem of evil.

— Mr. Cooke's Pretty Mrs. Gaston is an innocent little story of about the consistency of what, not altogether in compliment, is called a magazine-story. The scene is laid in Virginia, and although the fox in that region is hunted in a formal fashion and not shot at from behind a stone wall, as in less favored climes, the familiar passions of love and jealousy, and their accompaniments, pique and bantering, have as much to do with the story as with others of the same calibre. The simpleness of the tale will not allow the slight plot to be told; we can only darkly say that villainy is baffled, and that there are three happy marriages at the end of the book. To reach this conclusion we have thirty-nine chapters, and but two hundred and twenty-three by no means closely printed pages, so that the reader is tolerably sure of having his first impression of the child-like innocence of the novel confirmed by its outward appearance. The little tales at the end are very slight matters.

— It is right to say to such readers of ours as formed hopes of all Mr. Hardy's work from A Pair of Blue Eyes, that Desperate Remedies is hardly worth their reading. The heroine has the charm of girlish naturalness that he contrives to impart to all his women, and there are strong expressions of character in other persons of the story. But they are not mastered by his imagination; they feebly change into something else, at times; and the plot is a wearisome confusion of motives and purposes, in which there is little color or definiteness or probability.

— Under the somewhat general title of Philosophers and Fools, Miss Duhring has

collected nine essays on various subjects, such as Who are Wicked? Antagonistic People, Finding our Level, Romance versus Criticism, Man and Woman, etc., which, it will be observed, cover quite as much ground as is implied in the name of the book. With so wide a field one cannot expect to find a great deal of novelty that shall be interesting. There is a not unfamiliar ring about the following apostrophe: "Inexplicable art thou, O Amor! We cannot trust thee wholly, and yet are forced to acknowledge thee all-potent in moving hearts hither and thither at thy lawless will and roving fancy! So arbitrarily are thy delights and torments dispensed, that those who at one period most eagerly seek thy grace, at another strive most earnestly to elude thy presence. How utterly incapacitated for the ordinary work of life are thy votaries! . . . Mischievous god! Well symbolized by an innocent little child whose blindness makes him the more harmless, he first attracts and then tyrannizes, so deftly, that even the proudest is finally compelled to submit to his yoke."

There are numerous quotations from various authors: Goethe, Schiller, Ruskin, Shelley, De Quincey, Dr. Furness, Victor Hugo, Emerson, Héloïse and Abelard, Rousseau, Carlyle, Bulwer, Sainte-Beuve, G. H. Lewes, Hawthorne, Voltaire, Sir James Mackintosh, Locke, Landor, Mirabeau, Lord Jeffrey, Spielhagen, Dr. Johnson, De Tocqueville, Michelet, Dryden, Horace Walpole, Alfieri, Leigh Hunt, Madame de Staël, Thoreau, Balzac, Fichte, Helps, Pope, Charles Lamb, Grote, Montaigne, Herbert Spencer, and Burns, a list which serves to corroborate the opinion, formed from the general tone of the book, that the author was a wide reader. The art of writing about so vague a subject as human nature consists, in a great measure, in putting well-worn thoughts in a new setting; this approach to merit is hardly to be found in this book, and there is not enough newly-discovered truth to lighten up the somewhat verbose statement of what has been thought out and uttered already time out of mind. It is hardly more than a dilution of not very startling remarks: that genius has its duties; that love is powerful; that fiction, if not taken to excess, is salutary; that wisdom is better than folly, etc., etc. Three hundred and fifty pages are devoted to the expression of these truths, but the quotations are often pat and readable.

— Since we announced in The Atlantic the appearance of Mrs. Ellis's Life and Works of Mrs. Barbauld, another Life and Works of the authoress has appeared in England. It is written by Mrs. LeBreton, a niece of Mrs. Barbauld, and if we may judge by the notices of it in the English newspapers, it is not a performance which will make Mrs. Ellis regret the time so diligently employed on her own book. The Athenæum, in an article supplementing a review of Mrs. LeBreton's biography, speaks of Mrs. Ellis's book, which had not reached England when that review was written, as a careful and conscientious study, and declares that no allusion to Mrs. Barbauld in the literature of her time seems to have escaped the industrious research of her American biographer, adding that it is to be regretted Mrs. LeBreton could not have made as good use of her more abundant material as Mrs. Ellis has made of what she has been able to collect. Certainly it seems a thing to be regretted that the two ladies could not have joined forces, and, instead of two books, given us one complete biography. In its review of Mrs. LeBreton's book the writer in The Athenæum charged that lady with concealing certain facts relative to Mr. Barbauld — his insanity, the misery it brought to his wife, and his melancholy end by suicide. The writer spoke with such assurance as to these facts that it was difficult not to believe he had some private means of information; later, in noticing Mrs. Ellis's book, he blamed her for a similar reticence, and it certainly seemed on his showing as if biographical truth had been sacrificed by both writers to an unwillingness to make public what might hurt some private feelings. But we think it may be shown that whatever explanation Mrs. LeBreton may have to offer for her sins of omission, Mrs. Ellis had a better reason than a merely sentimental one for not dwelling upon the mental peculiarities of Mr. Barbauld. She no doubt felt that in her distinct mentions of his insanity (see pp. 240, 249, 261, and 264) all had been said that was necessary, and though she could have told perhaps as many disagreeable and even painful anecdotes to prove the peculiarities of his disposition as would have fully satisfied her critic, yet we must conclude it was after due consideration that she came to the decision it could add nothing to the real value of her book as a sketch of Mrs. Barbauld, to relate minutely all the phases of her husband's insanity.

The Athenæum speaks with great contempt of Mr. Barbauld, and among other charges calls him a Frenchman. This would, of course, be damaging if it were true, but the fact is that he was born in England, of a family settled many years in England, his grandfather having been brought to that country when a boy. (See Mrs. Ellis's Life, p. 54.) His insanity did not develop until late in life, and even then took the harmless enough turn of a passion for scrubbing his body, in which purification he would spend entire days. It can never be known whether his death by drowning in the New River — a brick-walled canal made out of the little river of that name by Sir Hugh Middleton to supply water to London — was accidental or suicidal. And there being no proof of suicide, Mrs. Ellis, who, when in England, took great pains to investigate every part of her subject, wisely, as we think, abstained from expressing a decided opinion.

When she was in England, Mrs. Ellis had much conversation with Mr. James Martineau, the Carpenters, Mr. Crabb Robinson, and Mrs. LeBreton on the subject of Mr. Barbauld, and the result of her inquiries left her in no doubt as to the greater wisdom of what we may call a conservative treatment of the subject. Mr. Barbauld was an eccentric man all his life, but when we consider his great success as a teacher, his pleasant relationship with the Aikens, — who gave up to Mrs. Barbauld and him one of their children for absolute adoption, — and his long and blameless ministry in the Christian church, we cannot think of him as a man properly to be called insane, and if he did finally become so it was not worth while saying more about it than Mrs. Ellis has said. Perhaps it is not being uncharitable to trace the animus of the writer in The Athenæum to that old jealousy of Mrs. Barbauld, or rather of her success and influence, which, according to the testimony of more than one of the distinguished people who knew her well, and were till lately living to tell us about her, was excited in the Aikens, and which is believed to have colored Miss Lucy Aiken's Life of her aunt. There seems little reason to doubt that she could have written a better Life if she had wished. Unfortunately, Miss Lucy Aiken bears a not very pleasant character; she seems to have had an uncomfortable temper, she was jealous of her aunt, and she did not like Mr. Barbauld. It would seem, then, as if the spurt of angry flame in The Athenæum might be nothing more than the result of a breath blown upon forgotten embers, that would have died a natural death if they could have been left to themselves.

— Beaten Paths run through such well-traveled lands as England, France, and Switzerland, and it is much to the author's credit that she has written so entertaining a book about them. As we make out, she is one of seven unprotected American females who spend their summer vacation in Europe together, and have what they would call, out of print, — and on small provocation, in it, — a real good time. Their experiences are as courageously recorded as they were encountered, and part of the amusingness of the book is the innocent wit with which the fair travelers confront the social prejudices of continental Europe. It is indeed very brightly written, and if brightness is not wisdom always, why neither is dullness, of which we never have to complain in our author. Still, if a friendly pen could have been drawn through some of the wittiest passages of the book, it would have been better for her: things in the cold black and white of literature are different from the same things airily laughed at in company that one knows familiarly. By and by the ladies will learn this, — or their critics will learn to judge them more generously. We believe that Americans in Europe are generally more than ready to sympathize with "the fair, the old," in that venerable museum, and Mrs. Thompson does so very brightly and intelligently, and always originally.

— Many of our readers will recall the interesting article of Mr. Sumner's in an early number of this magazine, which forms the groundwork of his monograph, Prophetic Voices concerning America. In this later form it contains many additional extracts, and, as it stands, it was intended by the late senator to be his contribution to the rapidly approaching celebration of the hundredth birthday of our nation. Many of the quotations to be found in the book are of undeniable interest, but many too, it is to be said, share the obscurity which for a long time has belonged to more formal prophetic utterances, and require to be read with the eye of faith. As a whole, however, they form an interesting collection of detached sentences, showing sometimes actual political acuteness, as was the case with Turgot, John Adams, and others. On the other hand, when in Sir William Jones's Ode on the Nuptials of Lord Viscount Althorp and

Miss Lavinia Brigham, eldest daughter of Charles Lord Lucon, March 6, 1781, we read, —

"There on a lofty throne shall Virtue stand;
To her the youth of Delaware shall kneel;
And when her smiles rain plenty o'er the land,
Bow, tyrants, bow beneath th' avenging steel!
Commerce with fleets shall mock the waves,
And arts that flourish not with slaves,
Dancing with every Grace and Muse.
Shall bid the valleys laugh and heavenly beams diffuse,"

one is less struck by the political foresight of the writer, than by the somewhat singular mention of our own country. There is the same vagueness to be noticed in some other of the prophetic voices; a few, too, yet require time for their fulfillment, as well as that about the youth of Delaware kneeling to the throne of Virtue. It is an interesting volume because it contains so many different verdicts from different points of view, and not one is dull, although they are of varying importance.

— The Board of Health continues its exemplary literary activity, and gives us this year a volume of 550 pages full of useful matter. There is not much original scientific work represented, Professor Nichols's thorough and admirable paper on the condition of some Massachusetts rivers being the only one of this kind, unless we include the report by Dr. Upham on cerebro-spinal meningitis, in which a very painstaking and full collection of facts has been made, without, however, any important conclusions flowing from them. In the other papers knowledge already in existence is collected and put into a diffusible form, for the enlightenment of the public mind — surely one of the most important duties of a Board of Health. The articles on the health of our farmers, and on school hygiene, with those on the hygienic prevention of consumption, and the "political economy of health," will be most widely read. The first one is full of information and sound suggestion. It would appear that the farmers are unusually healthy and long-lived as a class, but that their wives and children are less so — and that to a great extent, as regards the wives, the causes of this are preventible by intelligence. The most important suggestion, it seems to us, in the paper on school hygiene by Dr. Winsor, is that relative to "half-time," the name given in England "to a system of schooling provided by law for children employed in factories and workshops. By means of it the children have secured to them for daily instruction one half the number of hours spent in the government schools by children not at manual work. It has been in operation about thirty years, and full reports of its working, made by competent and faithful official inspectors, are to be found in parliamentary documents. . . . A most unexpected result of it has been to prove that these half-time scholars learn quite as much as the children who are in the same schools twice as many hours a day." An English correspondent says: "The study is a pleasing diversion from the workshop. The teacher, instead of losing a large part of his time in more or less unsatisfactory attempts to get his class into working order, finds boys already brought to order by the discipline of the shop. Each department helps the other and yet is a relaxation to the other. Probably a half-timer will learn as much in a fifteen minutes' lesson as a common scholar would in thirty minutes." This from the greater vivacity of attention, of course. The paradox tends to vanish if we reflect that all new learning, if it is to remain in the mind, must have a chance to *settle* there and be digested. Every man knows that if he is reduced from any cause, say, bad eyesight, to one hour of daily study instead of six, he nevertheless learns much more than one sixth of his former allowance. Six months with one hour are far more than an equivalent of one month with six hours daily, from the fact that what is taken in during the one hour settles distinctly and thoroughly into the mind during the following twenty-three hours; whereas if five other hours of study succeeded it, it would be jostled and shaken in confusion and dimness. What is true of men is almost as true of the minds of children. Too much in a day breeds confusion and is worse than too little. It is true that but little new matter might be given daily, and the extra hours devoted to iteration — and between this and "half-time" a theoretical comparison is rather difficult to make. Half-time, to be successful, no doubt calls for higher qualities in the teacher. It should be tried by parents and teachers in this country on a larger scale than heretofore. Any reader who desires more information on the subject will find it in Dr. Winsor's paper, beginning with page 419.

Dr. Jarvis's paper on the political economy of health is full of interesting statistical and other information, chopped up after the execrable newspaper fashion into little paragraphs with semi-exclamatory headings, as if the reader needed an artificial spur every

few lines to make him go on. He gives a table of the proportions of the sustaining to the dependent classes in different countries. The sustainers are those between the ages of twenty and seventy; all others are classed as dependents. We learn from this table what, in view of a rather wide-spread doubt as to the physical future of the *homo americanus*, is cheerful news to us, that of all the countries given, Vermont has the largest percentage (4.50) of inhabitants over seventy years old, Norway and France coming next. Massachusetts, with 2.80, stands above England, but below Scotland. Prussia has 2.03. The whole United States but 1.80, below which however are still Ireland and Spain. Dr. Jarvis goes through the usual exhibit of the waste involved in all sickness and in premature death, and accounts a dead child as having been a consumer pure and simple — who has never paid his debt. Abstraction made of the moral side, the child is of course nothing but a consumer. But there are forces that no political economist can measure; and while the child lived, were it but three years, he was a producer of prudence, industry, and energy in his father. The hours his mother spent in caring for him when ill and dying are certainly a pure loss economically, but, as Professor Lazarus of Berne says, what statistician can count the mother's gain of moral depth and force during those very hours, as they raised her from the cheating play of life up to the gates of eternity? And so of invalidism and old age: they do not only consume, but call forth what but for them would hardly exist, unenvying devotion, grateful piety. And, as the same author says: "The sentiment of filial piety, kept alive in a nation, is a moral power worth many economic values."

— Amid the long intellectual silence induced at the South by the exhaustion of the war, it is with pleasure that we welcome the publication of the lectures on religion and science recently delivered at Oakland, California, by Prof. Joseph Le Conte, formerly of the University of South Carolina, and one of the most accomplished of American naturalists. These lectures were not written for publication, but were delivered extemporaneously and taken down *verbatim*, by a reporter provided for the purpose by some gentlemen who had first heard them in a small Bible-class, and who wished to have them repeated to a larger audience and afterward published.

In the preface to the work, the author says: "I fear I may not entirely please either the mere scientist on the one hand, or the mere theologian on the other;" and as regards the former, his fear is not without foundation, for the term scientist or *savant* does and can mean nothing else, *per se*, than skeptic — he, that is, who approaches all subjects with doubt, and with the disposition to accept nothing that cannot be indisputably proved. Professor Le Conte, on the contrary, assumes his premises to begin with, and addresses his hearers always as his "Christian friends." He says, "Theism, or a belief in God, or in gods, or in a supernatural agency of some kind controlling the phenomena around us, is the fundamental base and condition of all religion, and is therefore universal, necessary, and intuitive. I will not, then, attempt to bring forward any proof of that which lies back of all proof, and is already more certain than anything can be made by any process of reasoning. . . . The region of second causes, and this only, is the domain of science. . . . But the recognition of second causes cannot preclude the idea of the existence of God. If in tracing the chain of causes upward, we stop at any cause, or force, or principle, that force or principle becomes for us God, since it is an efficient agent controlling the universe. Thus we cannot get rid of Theism if we would. Turn it out, as we may do, in its nobler forms as revealed in Scripture, and it comes in again upon us from another quarter in its ignoble forms, it may be magnetism, electricity, or gravity, or some other supposed efficient agent controlling nature. In some form, noble or ignoble, it will become a guest in the human heart. I therefore repeat, *Theism neither requires nor admits of proof.*" The modern scientific man, however, keeps his mind suspended, like Mahomet's coffin, between heaven and earth, neither believing nor disbelieving, but simply looking upon religion as a problem without sufficient data to invite scientific investigation. Professor Le Conte lays it down as a "law of our nature to pass from effects and secondary causes up to the first cause," or "from the objects of *sense* to the object of *faith*;" but many scientific men ask calmly, "Why must there be a *first*?" But the burden of disproof rests with the skeptics, not the burden of proof with the believers.

As one of the latter, Professor Le Conte does not hesitate to avow himself. Indeed, he says on p. 233, "I believe it is the duty of every scientific man who is also a lover of his fellow-men, to attempt to restore again the faith which he himself, perhaps,

has helped to destroy, and to build again its foundations upon a more solid, enduring, and rational basis;" and the object of his lectures was to show that there is "a general accordance between the teachings of Scripture and the teachings of nature," that "the truths revealed in the one are also revealed in the other," and therefore, that both revelations come to us from the same divine source. A profound spirit of reverence, joined with intellectual breadth and a manly courage, pervades the entire work, and it is not often that so many beautiful and illuminating thoughts on the common subjects of religious contemplation are presented by a layman to lay readers. A less dogmatic tone, however, in some instances, would have been more effective, and the many italicized sentences weaken the style, and show how much later the Southerners are in changing the old fashions of diction than any other part of the English-speaking world. The chapter on Holiness we found to be the most original in the book, and to strike a deeper chord than any exposition we remember on the subject.

— Signal services have been in operation to a greater or less extent for the past fifteen years in the principal European countries. The Meteorological Department of the Board of Trade was early organized in London and placed under the supervision of Admiral Fitzroy. The government of Great Britain has since aided this private enterprise by the establishment of a number of signal-stations similar to those now in operation in our own country. Russia was the first to follow the example of England, and adopted an admirable system of observations by stations directed and controlled by a central physical observatory. In addition to these branches of the public service in England and Russia, observations have been taken by eighty-six meteorological stations under the control of Helvetic societies, and the principal observatories of France have extended their meteorological work and have spread widely their results for the benefit of commerce. We learn from the report of General Myers, embodied in this volume, that much has been done in putting this comparatively new department of the war office on an efficient scientific footing. There are now seventy-eight signal stations in the United States, an increase of thirteen during the last year. The department, recognizing the value of systematic instruction for its assistants, has established a school of instruction and practice at Fort Whipple, Virginia. We are glad to see that General Myers perceives the need of preliminary training in this branch of the public service, and accepts the maxims of the civil service reform. The permanent employment of skilled men is also insisted upon. There are thirty cautionary signal stations in the United States, at which the display of signals is ordered for the benefit of commerce. During the year orders have been issued for the display of the cautionary signals, in anticipation of eighty-eight probable storms. In seventy cases the storms anticipated manifested their effects at one or more of the stations at which the signals were ordered. We do not learn, however, whether the force and direction of the gales so announced answered to the forecasts. It was found that the forecasts of the signal service in Great Britain were true in the case of storms, but failed in foretelling the force and direction of the winds.

For the exact study of the phenomena of the upper regions of the atmosphere, temporary stations have been established at elevated points: one on the summit of Mount Washington, one on Mount Mitchell in North Carolina, and one on Pike's Peak, Colorado. The report contains the monthly records of the stations, specimens of the weather charts, diagrams of the fluctuations of the flow of the Mississippi River, of the Red, of the Ohio, and of the Cumberland, and descriptions of the methods of taking observations, with diagrams of the instruments used, which consist of barometers, anemometers, thermometers, anemoscopes, hygrometers, and rain-gauges. It is to be hoped that simultaneous observations will be taken in future on the electrical condition of the air. The quadrant electrometers of Sir William Thomson could be readily employed for this purpose. We learn that the condition of the instruments at each station is inspected regularly by competent officers detailed for the purpose. The signal service is in communication with the meteorological office at St. Petersburg, London, and Constantinople; and propose to exchange by mail one daily simultaneous report taken over the entire extent of the Russian and Turkish empires, the British kingdom, and the United States. The action of the government in founding this branch of the public service is gratifying. Although influenced largely by practical considerations for the good of commerce and agriculture, it is to be hoped

that it had a desire to advance the subject of meteorology, which has been sadly in want of systematic observations.

— The Annual Record of Science and Industry contains the monthly record of science published in Harper's Monthly Magazine. Mr. Baird succeeds in making a readable book. The editor's notes are full, and draw attention in an agreeable manner to the new discoveries of the year. The importance of certain investigations is perhaps dwelt upon too much. We do not see the touch of eminent men of science in this volume; can the accusation of the free use of scissors lie at their door? For the library of a scientific man the book is not an acquisition; and it would have been amply sufficient for the non-scientific reader to have published the editor's notes alone in a thin volume, instead of in the duodecimo before us. The eyes and time and pocket of the purchaser would thus have been economized, — not a mean consideration in this age of many books. It is a pity that the many excellent Handbuchs and Jahrbuchs of Germany have not been taken as a type for the eye of the specialist. With the exception of the editor's notes, the volume has too much the appearance of book-making.

— Too much history is dead to the imagination, by reason of the chronicler having abstracted it from its local and homely garb, in order to dress it up in classic drapery. Even the familiar facts of Concord fight and the battle of Bunker Hill have come to be unreal and mythical to many of us, for want of some graphic recital which should have fixed the deeds of those days in their places, giving us a panoramic picture that Time's changes could not easily efface. And it is with a view to meet this want, that Mr. Drake has compiled his volume of rambles among the Historic Fields and Mansions of Middlesex. It must be confessed that he has not succeeded in giving a lively presentment of any one of the historical phases which he takes up; but he has made a patient and detailed endeavor to collect what visible fragments remain of the past of Middlesex, in the way of old houses and other landmarks; and in this he has rendered a very valuable service. Unfortunately, he is prolix: the volume should have been reduced by one third. A habit of association in heterogeneous groups leads the writer to tack on to one statement an indefinite number of others, often irrelevant enough; as when, in the chapter called An Hour in the Government Dockyard, he launches into a digression on the Woolwich Arsenal.

Mr. Drake does not claim to do more than "rearrange the scenes" of historic action. These scenes are elusive enough, for not only are almost all the old houses of Revolutionary times lacking, but the very face of the country adjoining Boston is undergoing a change, and hills which gave the American artillery its position are being bodily carried away. It is excusable, therefore, that Mr. Drake should seek to attach to the somewhat scanty material that presents itself every item that can be in any way connected with it, even by the slenderest threads. He is, however, less fortunate in these side-disquisitions than in the simple enumeration of historical or genealogical facts, as when, for example, he attempts a comparison between Hawthorne and Burns, on the ground that "*both* were given to convivial indulgence"! To the traveler and the antiquarian beginner the book cannot fail to be of use, and its value is not a little enhanced by the heliotype illustrations of old mansions, and a reproduction in the same kind of a map of Boston and vicinity at the time of the siege.

— In his little volume Dr. Winchell has gone briefly but carefully over the ground which many of the adherents of Darwinism take with one leap, making up their minds very much as we may imagine docile youth in Pennsylvania deciding on the relative merits of free trade and protection. His aim was a most useful one, namely, to represent the arguments in favor of the doctrine of evolution, and along with them the objections made to it; to these are added a few pages on the theistic bearings of the hypothesis. This includes a short history of the growth of the doctrine, and of the different forms it has taken in the minds of different adherents. Such a book has, of course, its main value from the statistics it contains; its space forbids such discussion of the mooted points as shall carry definite information or satisfactory conviction to the reader, anxious to make up his own mind on the matter; for these he must go to the fountain-head, the copious literature of the subject. Dr. Winchell has done his work with fair-mindedness, and many of the objections he adduces seem unanswerable; those, however, to whom they are presented refuse to be crushed by them, and await the possibility of explanation, if none can be found now. His own point of view

is by no means that of an ardent defender of the cause he discusses. Some of his arguments hardly carry conviction; as, for instance, that in which it is stated that different vehicles, landaus, rockaways, farm-wagons, ox-carts, drays, and wheelbarrows "represent one archetypal idea in the various stages of its development; they sustain homological relations to each other, co-existent with obvious special 'design' in the adaptations of each product. But who would think it necessary to regard the wheelbarrow the progenitor of the ox-cart and the landau?" No one, we are quite sure, not even the most fervent disciple of Darwin, nor probably Mr. Darwin himself. But the argument is extended to the point of throwing the same doubt on variations of the equidæ. It is as if Paley's lost watch had been found once more. It is putting the cart before the horse with a vengeance.

— It cannot be truly said that Professor Sumner has written a History of American Currency. Rather, he has prepared a book of illustrations drawn from American experience showing the evil effects of trying to establish a paper currency. Judged as a history, it is a mass of fragments having no unity or coherence; considered as illustrations of certain principles, the work is a most valuable collection of facts, thoroughly digested and properly arranged. Regarded in the latter point of view, the work is of great merit; and its immediate and practical use is proved by its rapid sale. Whoever turns to it with the expectation of finding a complete history of American currency will surely be disappointed; but whoever looks within to find new arguments against the expediency of inflating the present currency will not scan its pages in vain. It is preëminently a book for the times; a light set up to warn inflationists of the inevitable perils that will follow the adoption of their financial creed.

Professor Sumner's task was not an easy one. The financial experience of our country is short, but prolific with experiments in almost every department of economic science. During the two hundred and fifty years of our colonial and national existence we have tried almost every conceivable currency scheme. Nevertheless, the facts relating to many of these schemes are not easily accessible, they are overlaid with rubbish, and it requires an infinite amount of patience and toil to gather all the facts necessary to weave a history of American currency. No complete collection of materials exists for such an undertaking. Fragmentary as the work of Professor Sumner's is, he evinces a rare knowledge of his subject; and in the preface, he inspires the reader with the hope that a more complete history of American finance is to issue from his pen.

One of the most interesting passages in the book relates to the history of the numerous experiments tried by the original States, while they were yet colonies, to provide themselves with a paper currency. Those who think that such a currency is an improvement upon gold and silver, the outcome of a more recent and higher civilization, will find in this volume ample evidence that paper currency is an old invention, and that in the colonial days, when a higher degree of honesty pervaded the land than pervades it now, and when, therefore, it was more favorably situated for trying paper money experiments, all sorts of money schemes were faithfully tried. For one hundred and fifty years, such experiments were continued with but little cessation.

In 1720, when trade was stagnant in Massachusetts, "there was a great cry for more bills. Let it be observed how this complaint is heard again every four or five years, although the amount of paper was continually increasing. It is the best instance in history of the way in which a country 'grows up' to any amount of currency. Here was a sparse population, in a new country with untouched resources, and it seemed to them necessary to have recourse to artificial issues of currency to make business brisk; to get up enterprises for the sake of 'making work;' and to lay bounties on products in order to enable the people to carry on production. The distress was real, but it came from turning their backs on what nature offered them gratuitously, and violating the laws by which they might have profited by these gifts." In order to increase the paper issues, "expeditions were favored for the purpose of bringing about issues of paper, and public works were advocated for the same reason." Previously to this, a large amount of bills had been issued to carry on the expeditions of 1690 and 1709 against Canada; £100,000 more bills were issued in 1715, "because bills were scarce." How often have the following declarations of a writer in 1719 been substantially repeated during the last six months: "£50,000

ought to be laid out for building a bridge over Charles River, so that workmen might be employed and currency enlarged, as well as the public accommodated, and ruin will come unless more bills of credit are emitted." Two years later, the governor was forbidden by royal instructions from signing bills authorizing the issue of more paper currency. The craving for it had got fast hold of the people. For the next twenty years, the question of inflating the currency gave rise to frequent conflicts between successive governors and the lower house of the legislature, as that body was perpetually bent toward inflation. Its persistency was so great that it partially succeeded in its aims, notwithstanding the opposition of governors, and when at last it succumbed, it chartered a land bank to do what the lower house was powerless of accomplishing. This was in 1739. "Trade was stagnant and 'money scarce.'" The bank consisted of a number of land owners, who formed a company and mortgaged their estates to it for its notes, giving three per cent. per annum interest in merchandise, and five per cent. per annum on the principal in the same currency. A mechanic, with two sureties, might have £100 stock. The notes were payable after twenty years "in manufactures of the province." "For a thorough-going application of the paper theory, nothing has ever been proposed anywhere, much less put in operation, which could equal this. A note for $1 payable twenty years hence in gold without interest, when interest is three per cent., is worth fifty-five cents, or, if interest is six per cent., thirty-one cents. If payable in any one of a dozen commodities, it is payable in that one which twenty years hence may be the cheapest. At what rate, then, ought a man who to-day gives wheat for the note, to make the exchange? These notes were based on nothing, floated on nothing, and represented nothing definable. The system of money which consists in 'basing,' 'floating,' and 'representing' was, therefore, here in perfection." By 1743, Massachusetts had grown sick of her paper currency. The "paper money disease," as Gouge forcibly calls it, was killing her. She proposed to the other New England colonies to appoint commissioners who should conspire for doing away with the bills. This attempt failed. The next year the governor resolved to capture Louisburg from the French. The friends of paper currency fell into the scheme, and all thirsting for adventure. The colonists having taken the place, England in 1749 voted to ransom it from them. The sum coming to Massachusetts was £138,649 sterling, which at eleven for one, the ruling exchange, would nearly cancel the paper. It was proposed to ask Parliament to ship this sum in silver dollars and copper coins, and that these should be used as far as they would go, the rest to be called in by a tax. "After considerable opposition this course was adopted. The silver was sent over and exchanged. Prices were adjusted to this new measure, and the silver remained in circulation when it no longer had a meaner rival. The 'shock' which was apprehended did not occur. The only shock was to Rhode Island and New Hampshire, who found their trade transferred to the 'silver colony,' and their paper suddenly and heavily depreciated. . . . Trade now revived steadily and rapidly, and we hear no more of 'scarcity of money' until the next violation of the laws of circulation." Thus is history ever repeating herself.

Such is a fair specimen of Professor Sumner's style and mode of treating his subject. Terse, and epigrammatic at times, his book has a freshness and vivacity rarely found in works of this kind.

There are two valuable additional chapters: one chapter upon the English Bank Restriction Act, accompanied with the Bullion Report; the other upon Austrian Paper Money. Professor Sumner's exposition of the celebrated Bullion Report brings out the important features of that valuable document, which has worthily engaged the study and excited the admiration of every well-read student of economic science.

— Dr. Hovey discusses various timely subjects in his book, Religion and the State; and although we are unable to assent to all his views, we are ready to acknowledge the merits of his style, precision and moderation, and the fair-mindedness he generally shows in his arguments. The aim of his book is to define the duties of the state to the individual in general, and more particularly the ground which it should take in the matter of exemption from taxation of the property of religious and charitable associations. This last matter is one which agitation is bringing forward for settlement with a certain amount of prominence. For the most part it has not found much support from the presidents and professors of theological institutions, and the reasons

which influence Dr. Hovey to argue in support of taxing churches and church property are not the same as those which have suddenly been revealed to the enemies who are attacking the weakest outposts of Christianity. "The revenues of the state," he says, "should be drawn as equitably as possible from all the persons and property under its protection. . . . It is important for those who justify the exemption of certain kinds of property to bear in mind several facts; namely: —

"1. The property in question, whatever it be, has been put to the use which it now serves by the free act of its owners. . . . In a majority of cases, though not in all, it would have been put in the same form, to do the same work, had it been subject to taxation from the first.

"2. The protection of this property by the state gives it a considerable part of its value for the use to which it is applied. Thus the state is actually doing something every year to preserve or increase its value. It watches over it by day and by night. It defends it from the thief, the robber, and the mob. . . .

"3. The state is supported in part, at least, by taxes levied upon the property of the people; and therefore, if a part of that property is devoted to uses which exempt it from taxation, a heavier burden must be laid upon the rest. Is not this the same in effect as a gift from the state of the amount saved to the church by exemption? It must be, if we look at the matter from a simply fiscal point of view. But would Christians of any name in this land be willing to commit themselves for the future to the policy of receiving from the state a yearly stipend for the prosecution of their work, that stipend being exacted from the people without regard to their religious belief? If not, then it is clear that they should not wish their church property to be relieved permanently from taxation."

This, he acknowledges, will lead to withdrawing the exemption from educational and charitable institutions. And however unpleasant may be to us the right of a religious body speculating in real estate, we should likewise try to picture to ourselves our probable enjoyment of the closing of our already struggling hospitals. Fortunately man is an illogical creature, and some compromise may be hit upon by our law-makers; otherwise we should for ourselves rather see a religious corporation growing rich, than the doors of our noblest public charities closed against the sufferers who, theoretically, are those who would most profit by the change. It is well, when beginning an outcry on such general principles, to look at all the possible consequences; and a syllogism may be neat without the conclusion being advisable as a course of action. This part of his subject Dr. Hovey does not discuss; there is a great deal of truth in what he says about the exemption of church property, but the question demands a broader examination before it is completely settled. The church of Rome is rather a bugaboo to our author's mind.

— Dr. Tyng's The Christian Pastor is a reprint of the lectures delivered by him before the Theological School of the Boston University in the autumn of last year. They seem to have given great pleasure to his hearers, and it is at the separate request of both the students and the faculty of the school that they are now published. Some objection might be raised by cavilers to the literary criticism made by the faculty in their resolutions calling for the printing of the lectures, where attention is called to "the pureness and chasteness of his language and the simplicity of his style, throwing a rich charm over every sentence used," or to "the sharp discrimination of a professed dialectician," and to "the rhetorical excellence of one who is a master of his mother-tongue," for to those accustomed to profane literature his writing resembles much more the mellifluous conventionality too often heard in the pulpit, than it does an intelligible exposition to young men. Still, it has been passed upon and approved by high authority, which knows what it wants. Without wishing to pick flaws, and certainly this book cannot claim to be exempt from such criticism, especially when so much is claimed for its style, it may be said that there are many sentences like the following: "Keep the edge of prayer bright and sharp, appropriate, intelligent, instructive, scriptural, and spiritual." Is there a definite meaning attaching to every one of these words? Is it the Deity the prayer is to instruct? Is there not some vagueness about this? Again: "Never be *impatient*. You will have narrow necks to fill. And the gentle dropping of the teakettle will be far better and more successful than the swashing of the pump."

Without disrespect, may we not ask if it would not be better for young men pre-

paring to leave their studies, and with all their inexperience to go forth into the world, to have part of their preparation consist of practice in hearing and using the ordinary language of the citizens of the world, with whom the greater part of their work lies? In our opinion that might lead to some better result than the vagueness of thought and phrase which so often characterizes books about religion.

—In his Pleasant Talk about Fruits, Flowers, and Farming, Mr. Beecher throws off his clerical coat, and instructs and entertains us very charmingly.

Perhaps the best thing in the book is his discourse about Apples, which is almost as good in its way as Charles Lamb. The life and movement in his style is remarkable. You feel the presence of a large, generous, electric nature, ranging through all moods of the earnest, the tender, the poetic, and the humorous; and no one has better tact in addressing the people, and enlisting their sympathies.

French and German.[1]

M. Flaubert is an author who has won considerable reputation in France by three novels which have already called out a great deal of discussion, both in the country where they were written and elsewhere; they are Madame Bovary, L'Éducation Sentimentale, and Salammbô. In all of them there was talent of a certain kind, enough to get itself very much talked about, but chiefly from the novelty of the author in maintaining the paradox that the treatment of any subject, if only clever, could outweigh the most natural objections to a distasteful topic. So much may be said of Madame Bovary and L'Éducation Sentimentale, at least; Salammbô was an attempt to breathe life into the few fragments we have left of Carthaginian history, and it labored under the misfortune of being, even when successfully done, hardly more than a *tour de force*. The greater the cleverness shown in patching together scrappy references from Livy and Polybius, the further removed we are from a hearty enjoyment of the story; we are pained whenever we have to verify our admiration by antiquarian investigations, and we are also pained whenever we let everything go by as possible, and make no question about the accuracy of the author. At the best we have only a chastened melodrama. The Temptation of Saint Anthony, which we have before us to-day, is something like this last-named novel, not in construction, but in being a great store-house of facts that lie hidden in lexicons and recondite volumes.

To state what it might be expected that such a book would be, might lead us very far; most readers would fancy a novel of a sort that would be darkly explained by the adjective French, but in fact we have nothing of the sort. The form which M. Flaubert has chosen is that of a mystery, with the very smallest amount of dramatic action. At the beginning of the book we find Saint Anthony in his cell recalling various events in his life, regretting the companion of his youth, doubting the wisdom of his choice of a religious life, uncertain whether he might not have done better at soldiering, suffering too from hunger and thirst, and, as they attack him, seeing phantom luxuries appear before him; there is money, too, tempting him to abandon this lonely life and live in comfort among his fellowmen — but they all vanish. Then he grows angry at recalling the way he was treated at the Council of Nice; but more serious temptations await him: the Queen of Sheba appears, inviting him to join her, and narrating the pleasures that await him, after the manner of many painters of the present time, who try to make research usurp the place of pictorial power. It is the semi-antiquarian painters we mean, who are so much the fashion, nowadays, for their pictures of the historical school, which have not any of the enthusiasm of the last century, but a thousand times the accuracy. This quality shows itself throughout the book; for after the Queen of Sheba is rebuffed, we have a long list of tempters: the King of Evil himself, a very shadowy creation, as if the popular skepticism about his existence had told upon him; and there is also Hilarion, who leads Anthony through an enormous series of visions. Under this guardianship we see representatives of various sects of the early Christians, who come forward and make brief speeches; we see the Roman circus; we have hair-splitting discussions about theological matters; Nebuchadnezzar and Buddha rub elbows;

[1] All books mentioned under this head are to be had at Schoenhof and Moeller's, 40 Winter Street, Boston.

La Tentation de Saint Antoine. Par Gustave Flaubert. Paris: 1874.

the various Roman gods and goddesses in large numbers appear and then disappear in a vague way before the advance of Christianity, Minerva describes what used to be done at her feasts, Neptune, Mars, and all the others tell their little stories; then the devil appears once more with characteristic speeches, and finally death and luxury appear, sorely tempting the distracted saint, and the end of it all is a most curious nightmare of vegetables confounding themselves with animals, plants with stones, diamonds shining like eyes, and minerals palpitating. Insects without stomachs continue eating; finally he sees "little globulous moving masses, the size of pins' heads, and covered with small hairs." In his madness he cries out, with the voice of one who has solved the problem of spontaneous generation: "Oh joy! I have seen the origin of life, I have seen movement begin! The blood in my veins boils as if it would burst them. I am seized with a yearning to fly, swim, bark, bellow, howl. I should like to have wings, a shell; to breathe smoke; to carry a trunk; to twist my body; to divide myself everywhere; to be in everything; to emanate with odors; to grow up like plants; to flow like water; to vibrate like sound; to shine like light; to lie hid under all sorts of forms; to penetrate every atom; to go to the bottom of matter, — to be matter!"

At this point of his materialism the long and disturbed night ends, the day breaks, and Saint Anthony makes the sign of the cross and turns to praying again.

To be sure this has a cruder sound in English than in the original French, but we cannot help thinking that what is disappointing in the book lies much deeper than that. If Flaubert meant to be realistic, he could not succeed without having very much more imagination. The liberties he takes are enough to convict him of error in the field of antiquity; for instance, was Hilarion a Neoplatonist? Is it within the limits of possibility that such visions could appear? Has the book any dramatic interest, in other words? We think this can hardly be claimed. What we have is, rather, an interesting exposition of certain archæological curiosities, put together evidently with considerable care, but also without any real human sympathy. For instance, there is the vanishing of the pagan deities, the account of which is wholly void of poetical interest. Then the vague description of Buddha, does that really touch the readers? Here, too, the knowledge is not very profound.

The art with which it is all elaborated is of course extremely remarkable. The descriptions are in many ways very complete; they have an appearance of accuracy, but it is a sort of accuracy that exists for itself, to endure criticism, much more than to call up any feeling in the reader, except one of amazement at the author's industry. In the whole book there is not a breath of poetry; there is nothing more than this very gilded setting of a dramatic subject, which is very nearly lost under the weight of ornament. Is it an allegory? Its complexity would seem to forbid this explanation. Does it teach us anything about any possible Saint Anthony? Hardly. No, it would be hard to avoid calling this a very disappointing book. No accuracy in details, no exactness in archæology can breathe life into these visions, which are narrated with more than Pre-Raphaelite distinctness. There is a certain feeling of satisfied curiosity when the reader comes to any familiar touch of information, but for all the rest he lacks complete enjoyment.

The classical and oriental facts which M. Flaubert has collected and displayed, with the label of the Temptation of Saint Anthony, confuse the reader's mind and make him forget, amid all the turmoil of these visions, what it might be supposed that the book would describe, and the omission of which is so disappointing: and that is the hermit himself. We have but very faint indications of the manner in which the gorgeous panorama affected him. The Sphinx and Chimæra themselves cannot make up to us for this omission. He appears to be seen as one of the *dramatis personæ*, but he is vaguer than all the rest of the characters; even the unnamable ones are more fully described. As a picture of a possible man the book is a lamentable failure, and as a picture of a certain, definite Saint Anthony it is still more of a failure.

A more fervent imagination would have aided the dramatic part of the book, and would have rendered unnecessary the enormous accumulation of details which of necessity have only a secondary value; they have the effect of bringing before our minds, not Saint Anthony, whose knowledge of Buddhism must have been extremely limited, but the author, who has exhausted his erudition to interest and amaze, but not to delight us. Such realism appears as but a

barren method; it is neither truth nor a probable representation of truth. It fails, as many of the modern pictures of antiquity fail, because while interesting and generally accurate in the curiosities represented, it sins against the spirit of antiquity in carrying back the modern analytic feeling to a scene where it does not belong. As it stands, the book is a most remarkable one; it is a wonderful example of great effort and meagre result, it is an interesting literary curiosity. Full of cleverness as it is, it leaves the reader as little improved as mere cleverness always does.

ART.

Mr. Fergusson's recently issued volume, the History of the Modern Styles of Architecture,[1] is meant as the fourth volume (the first published) of a new and extended edition of his History of Architecture, a work which has been elaborated from his Handbook of Architecture, published in 1855, and which first appeared under its present title in 1867. It is a reprint, with some alterations, of the book of the same title which, published in 1862 as a supplement to the hand-book, served as the third volume of the first edition of the history. It promises us the first and second volumes of the new edition, revised and enlarged, though with the omission of the chapters on Indian Architecture, for November of this year. The excised chapters are to be expanded into a third volume, on Indian architecture alone, which will be published next year.

Mr. Fergusson's history, being the only extended general history of architecture in English, is probably known to most of our readers who have an interest in its subject. Its only English competitor, so far as we know, is Mr. Freeman's history, a more philosophical and in some respects more interesting work, but much less complete. This had the defect, fatal in our day to any work on this subject, of being without illustrations; and is now, we fear, nearly forgotten.

The alterations in the volume now published are not great or substantial, which is probably the reason for its being the first to reappear. These consist mainly in a few new illustrations and additional criticisms in the English, French, and American chapters, calling attention to what has been done and undone in architecture since its first publication; and the substitution of a short appendix on the arrangement of Latin cathedrals for the former one on ethnology. It begins with the first appearance in Italy of the classic revival known as the Renaissance, and taking in succession the different countries of Europe, gives a general history of the progress of the art in each to the present day. The arrangement and sequence are still a little too much like those of a hand-book to be quite satisfactory in what is called a history; though the habit acquired in the earlier works, and the difficulty of tracing a continuous development in a phase of art so much the subject of individual caprice, were perhaps an irresistible temptation to this treatment. To a foreigner, in whose eyes English architecture from the days of Wren to those of Barry is utterly insignificant, England seems to occupy an undue share of Mr. Fergusson's pages, being given the greatest prominence next to Italy; but the book was written for Englishmen. France is but slightly treated, in spite of the author's evidently greater respect for her art on the whole; and Germany Renaissance is dismissed with but little examination, and the general remark that "during these three centuries not a single architect was produced of whom even his compatriots are proud, or whose name is remembered in other countries; and not a single building erected, the architecture of which is worthy of much study, nor one that calls forth the admiration of even the most patriotic Germans themselves." The works of Schinkel, however, and those of the reign of King Ludwig in Munich, receive their share of attention. A few pages of not very gratifying comment are perhaps all our past suc-

[1] *History of the Modern Styles of Architecture.* By James Fergusson, D. C. L., F. R. S., Fellow of the Royal Institute of British Architects. London: John Murray, Albemarle Street. New York: Scribner, Welford & Co. 1873.

cesses in building in the United States entitle us to, though the examples are not on the whole very happily chosen. The preface says that the writer knows of no modern work of the same scope; we know of none in French, and in German Lübke and Burckhardt's continuation of Kugler's history, a more extended though less elegant work than Fergusson's, is not, or at least was not a few months ago, all published.

Mr. Fergusson is among the most catholic of writers on art; his judgments are always moderate and judicial, his wide range of study makes him freer from partiality and prejudice than many of his professional brethren; nevertheless he has some sturdy prepossessions and antipathies of his own. A drawback to his criticism is his lack, or at least the omission from his books, of a clear scheme or well-digested code of principles. This is characteristic of his countrymen, in whose architectural teaching there is no established system, and a marked distinction from the French architects, whose criticism is systematic, whatever its other merits may be; and it is a great bar to unity in the book before us.

His examples are taken up *seriatim*, in geographical or chronological order, each case considered pretty much alone, or grouped only with its immediate neighbors, and any rule or principle by which it is judged given only incidentally. Hence a student or general reader, who should come to the book in hope of learning how to judge for himself, would be likely to leave it with a confused notion of what characteristics he ought to approve or disapprove, unless he had the tenacity to remember and educe from a thousand disconnected examples the laws which lie at the bottom of Mr. Fergusson's judgments. We refer here to what may be called technical and æsthetic laws, as for instance in proportion, grouping, management of detail, and the like; for on the general laws of honesty, perspicuity, independence, decorum, which rule in architecture as in all the concerns of life, Mr. Fergusson is explicit enough. In spite of all this his criticisms, the fruit of strong common-sense guided by long experience and abundant learning, seem to readers who know the examples to which they refer, almost always sound. He has, too, a rare impartiality in recognizing the merits and defects of buildings, apart from his own predilections in point of style. In fact, his studious care to do justice to both excellences and faults may often give his judgments an air of indecision, and even, to a hasty reader, of inconsistency.

Perhaps the most characteristic and interesting part of the present volume, at least as a matter of discussion, is the introduction, in which the author considers with lively interest the present tendencies and future prospects of architecture. In his view the whole modern movement in architecture — he writes mainly of England — is wrong, being purely imitative and servile. Hence in the great contest between Gothicists and classicists, he espouses neither side; but since his sympathies incline to classical rather than mediæval art, and since the Gothicists are at present the aggressive party, he has naturally come to blows with them; and everybody who has seen his career without prejudice must admire the fairness and courtesy, as well as the ability, with which he has fought on what seems to us the losing side. It is curious and instructive to watch the turn this contest has taken. A quarter of a century ago the Gothicists, led in literature by Ruskin and the second Pugin, — who quarreled bitterly enough between themselves, — were at the hottest of their fighting for new principles, and the style in which alone they saw them embodied. Their principles, indeed, — of honesty, candor, expressiveness of purpose and construction, — though long forgotten, were irresistible when once put forward. They have compelled acceptance, and are insisted on at this day by all thoughtful and honest architects; but the style which was supposed to be inseparable from them is far from having equally prevailed. At this day Sir Digby Wyatt, lecturing at Cambridge on like subjects with Mr. Ruskin at Oxford, enforces like principles of design, and in practice holds imperturbably to classical and "Italian" forms. Gothicists and classicists now go to battle with the same cry. Mr. Fergusson takes, as we have indicated, strong ground against both modern Gothic and modern classic architecture. He urges justly the distinction between the Renaissance, in which the details of classic art were borrowed and used with freedom, and the recent revivals, in which both details and general forms were assumed as completely as possible; but he fails to take account that the Renaissance was an attempted revival, though at first very imperfect (as far as this its real purpose was concerned), and that the modern revival was only its legitimate consummation. He argues very

strenuously that the whole system of modern architecture is a system of lifeless copying, and that on the one side and the other the only effort is to produce as perfect a counterfeit as possible. In such a condition, he maintains, both parties are under different names pursuing hopelessly the same wrong path. As a means of escaping this degradation of servility he advocates the adoption of what he calls the Italian style, which however, so far as it has any existence, is only an accumulation of classical and Renaissance forms, made more or less tractable to modern purposes by being broken away from their old matrices, as any other forms might be. It is true that till recently England has been divided between classical and mediæval pedantry, but now the bonds of both are loosening, and the common-sense principles of architectural design are recognized by both parties. The struggle is virtually between predilections for one and another of two different series of forms. The French are too fertile of invention to be patient of mere copyism, and have never yielded to it except for a short time near the beginning of this century. The Germans too, less prescriptive than the English, have by virtue of their native ingenuity constrained their inaptitude for art into something better than servility. But with regard to the future of architecture, Mr. Fergusson speaks only as an Englishman to Englishmen. He does not even analyze the present condition and tendency of French architecture, which shows the nearest approach made in our day to the development of a style; but contents himself with a mention and examination of a few buildings. No doubt he is right in condemning copyism in either style, but we think he does not do justice to the present tendency of modern Gothic. It seems to us to have already got beyond mere copyism, and to be tending away from it. Even in the new Law Courts, whose design Mr. Fergusson has opposed with all his might, Mr. Street, though he does apparently aim most closely at preserving the historical propriety of his style, introduces many forms for which Mr. Fergusson would be hard pushed to find prototypes in the thirteenth century, and the tendency of the day seems to us decidedly toward great license — as great as we should be likely to use in a style of our own invention. As Mr. Fergusson admits, we must start from some style or styles. It is utterly impossible for any but savages to start, as some people expect us to do in our time, with no accepted forms, and reinvent everything from the beginning. The device is between a loose eclecticism, which will leave us any year just where we were the last, and a steady development in some one direction.

But if we ask which of the now conflicting styles best answers to the spirit and wants of the world of to-day, to its multiplied activity, its endless variety of invention, its informality, and its impatience of restraint, the decision is quick, we think, between the rigid, stately, and impassive classic, either in its original forms or its modern variations, and the pliant, inventive, ever-varying Gothic. If we wish our architecture to have a monumental character of its own, an ideal expression which may be independent of our own character and our habits, — and this is a common and intelligible, though perhaps not a reasonable aspiration, — there is endless room for choice. If it is to be a reflex of our life and requirements, none of the styles now in use seems to us so fit a starting-point as the modern Gothic.

It would be a singular phenomenon, by the way, if, in an age as cosmopolitan as this, two styles should grow up and continue side by side, among two nations in daily and hourly communication with each other, as different in form as the present work of the French and English architects; such different styles have not grown together in the civilized world since the days of the Greeks and Egyptians.

Mr. Fergusson does not recede from his classification of arts into "technic" and "phonetic," by which he so exasperated Mr. Ruskin when he first brought it forward in his Principles of Beauty in Art. To us, he seems in this to set forth somewhat elaborately nothing more than the recognized distinction between arts of expression and arts of convenience, or in common words, fine arts and useful arts; but, in his zeal for classification, to forget that architecture, which he classes as simply technic in opposition to painting and sculpture which are phonetic, is at once a fine art and a useful art, or if he will, technic and phonetic together. When, therefore, he complains that, being technic, it has been since the Renaissance practiced simply as if it were phonetic, we should translate him by saying that its decoration, instead of being developed from its uses, had been studied as if it were inde-

pendent of them. But he touches here another point which is vital to us, when he says: "Perhaps the greatest inconvenience is the remarkably small amount of thought of any kind that a modern building ever displays . . . in one glance you see it all. With five minutes' study you have mastered the whole design. In a work of true art, such as a mediæval cathedral, the case is different. . . . You have the dream and aspiration of the bishop who designed it, of the master mason, who was skilled in construction, of the carver, the painter, the glazier, of the host of men who, each in his own craft, knew all that had been done before them. . . . There is not one shaft, one molding, one carving, not one chisel mark in such a building, that was not designed specially for the place where it is found. . . . You may wander in such a building for weeks or months together, and never know it all." And later on more concisely: "They [Renaissance designs] are little more than one man's contribution of thought — a real classical or mediæval design includes that of hundreds." We may say, by the way, that though we have no accounts of the processes by which classical buildings were carried out, there is every indication in the nature of the work that both Greek and Roman buildings were as entirely the work of one designer using a fixed form of indefinitely repeated detail, as modern or Renaissance buildings; and herein lies the broadest distinction in spirit between them and mediæval work. The distinction is marked with equal clearness by Mr. Ruskin in the second volume of the Stones of Venice, in his chapter on the Nature of Gothic — and this is a point of the greatest importance to us now. It involves the question whether we shall have an architecture, and remotely other decorative arts, in which everything shall be rigidly fixed to the smallest details by the first designer, — in which case the only choice in any large work will be between utter baldness, and an endless and formal repetition of a limited number of details, — or one in which the subordinate parts shall be designed by men skilled in them, under the guidance only of one leading mind: an art, on the one hand, which may be elegant and stately, but must be limited in idea, formal and monotonous; or on the other, an art full of life and thought, less smoothly perfect in its kind, very likely, but infinitely more highly organized. It is the vital distinction between classical and modern art and mediæval, between the spirits of a despotism and of a commonwealth. Whatever may be our preferences in the matter of form, there can be no doubt that the mediæval method is the healthier and the more progressive. It is, as Mr. Fergusson points out, the way in which our mechanic arts advance so steadily and to such wonderful excellence; and whatever may be the form in use, it will only be fully developed when we have a class of workmen who are skilled, like those in the Middle Ages, to design their parts of the work and execute them from sketches or slight indications only, without working drawings. There is a foundation for something of this sort in France, where the government has given much pains to the artistic education of workmen, though there the character of their work is too much the result of prescription, and too little of natural development. The bearing of this on the social aims of working-men is worth considering. At present the efforts of trades unions and strikers are to make mechanics' work as perfunctory as possible, and to bring all down to the level of the poorest workmen. Such an interest and pride in their work as belonged to the mediæval guilds would be the happiest possible corrective for this tendency. The more purely mechanical and unthinking a man's work is, the more he will shirk it, or subordinate it to some other interest; the more it engages his better powers and responsibility, the more pride he will take in it, and the more interest he will feel in the social order which encourages and protects it. It is impossible to imagine the order of free masons in the fourteenth century set to tearing down cathedrals; but four years ago the workmen of Paris were mad for the destruction of her palaces.

MUSIC.

It is becoming more and more plainly evident that our best musical institutions are beginning fully to appreciate the principle of æsthetic education. The Harvard Musical Association have from the very first made this their fundamental principle of action. The Händel and Haydn Society have shown in their last triennial festival that they are more than ever persuaded of its importance. In glancing back upon this festival, the earnest music-lover must consider it an event wholly without parallel in the history of music in this country. We can look through programme after programme of similar festivals in England without finding ourselves in so evenly pure an æsthetic atmosphere. In all the six days of the festival there were performed at the very most but two or three pieces unworthy of a place on such an occasion. With the exception of Cherubini, all the really great names in modern music were represented. As usual the place of honor was given to Mendelssohn. Counting the extra performance of Elijah, Mendelssohn's name appeared seven times on the programme. Next in order came Bach and Beethoven, who appeared four times each.

The extraordinary popularity of Mendelssohn in England and America is by no means difficult to account for. Mendelssohn unites in himself almost all the elements which are to be admired in other composers. A most clear, transparent style; great melodic power; a perfection of form that is unexcelled by any other composer; rich and effective orchestration; dramatic power, or at the least, great dramatic ingenuity, are all to be found in his music. He is, moreover, almost constantly artistically as well as morally refined. Mendelssohn is eminently the gentleman-composer; he never struggles after an effect, he is never obtrusively self-conscious; he sometimes rises to a great height of formal beauty, sometimes, though much more rarely, to great beauty of sentiment; he never shocks you by inelegance or vulgarity; he is always eminently respectable; but the Staubbach is not further from Niagara than he is from genuine *greatness*.

Of all the things of Mendelssohn that were given at the festival, the most thoroughly beautiful, to our thinking, is the soprano solo and chorus, "Oh for the wings of a dove," in the motette, "Hear my prayer." Here, if anywhere, Mendelssohn has succeeded in uniting religious sentiment to exquisite formal beauty. A certain refined, poetic atmosphere pervades the whole, without in the least obscuring the purely devotional spirit, as is too often the case with Mendelssohn. The solo and chorus, "The enemy shouteth," in the same work, is dramatically effective, at best. The few numbers from the posthumous oratorio, Christus, were certainly interesting, as what unfinished, posthumous work of a man of Mendelssohn's prestige is not? In some of them great beauties lie even on the surface. The chorus, "There shall a star from Jacob come forth," can be compared with anything the composer has written, as far as mere beauty of form goes. It is in the composer's most lyric-melodious vein; it were difficult to imagine anything more enchanting than the graceful rise and fall of the voices in the first twenty-eight bars; had it been a Mahomet's promise of eternal hasheesh and narghilés, it could not have been more fascinating. Only at the words, "And dash in pieces princes and nations," does the composer's hand become paralytic in its attempt at strength. From this point it gets weaker and weaker, until in the choral, "As bright the star of morning gleams," it becomes little better than mere church-choir psalmody. What this choral harmony might have seemed, had not Sebastian Bach done the same thing in so incomparably stronger a way, we cannot tell; but the comparison with Bach which it forces upon the mind makes it appear almost unbearably feeble. In the short *turbæ*, or people's choruses, the composer has evidently made every attempt at dramatic effect. These choruses are to a certain extent brilliant. The restless twelve-eighths measure of "He stirreth up the Jews" has at least a disquieting effect, rather of the nervous involuntary sort, and the "Crucify him" (notwithstanding a bad false quantity, which exists in German as well as in English) is in its opening phrase peculiarly effective. Here Mendelssohn, who never for a moment forgot that he was above all

things a musician, has given us a bit of drastic realism that has rather a tendency to disarm criticism, if only from the fact that it does not fly in the face of any principle of formal art; "We have a sacred law" comes out in a bold, trumpet-like phrase, which rather disappoints one in not sounding as effectively as it looks on paper, with the traditional diminished seventh chord on "Let him suffer."

But after all, these choruses, in spite of their dramatic truthfulness, are somehow wanting in just that indescribable, intangible element which we call strength, power, or grandeur. Mendelssohn has put into all his people's choruses a certain brass-bound, heartless, pagan element that is unpleasant rather than impressive. We feel this in all the Christus turbæ, in the Baal choruses in Elijah, even in the "Oh be gracious" in Saint Paul, which has one knows not what uncanny, barbaric tang of Mumbo Jumbo worship to it. Whether this character be the result of an instinctive tendency or of the most perfectly concealed art, it is always technically justifiable on naturalistic dramatic grounds, but it is nevertheless repulsive rather than impressive, muscular rather than powerful.

The exceedingly defective condition in which Bach, like Händel, left his scores, acted for a long while as an insuperable obstacle to any satisfactory performance. Even as far back as Mozart's time this difficulty was felt to be a serious one. Mozart rescored nearly the whole of Handel's Messiah (not always in the best style). Mendelssohn wrote out a complete organ part for Israel in Egypt, and wholly rescored Acis and Galatea in a manner which smacked much more of Mendelssohn than of Händel. It was long before anything of the kind was done with Bach. At last Robert Franz filled out the scores of the Saint Matthew Passion-music, the Magnificat in D, and some other of Bach's works, as well as Händel's L'Allegro, il Penseroso ed il Moderato. The manner in which Franz has done his work is so superb as to leave all previous attempts far behind. The question as to whether such rescoring of old works is artistically justifiable or not, has been the subject of much discussion and counter-discussion of late, but it is one which we cannot enter on here.

The rescoring of works like the Passion must be looked at from a distinct point of view. As far as the purely contrapuntal part of the work is concerned, there can hardly be two opinions about Franz's score. It is simply above praise, from its musical perfection and its complete adherence to Bach's style. This part of the work of completing the original score has nothing whatever in common with what is technically called rescoring, that is, changing or adding to the mere instrumentation. It has to do with the anatomical structure of the composition itself. As for Franz's orchestration, it is really superb, as such. It is, moreover, perfectly in harmony with the spirit of the work *as we now conceive it*. Franz has indubitably given many portions of the work a modern richness of coloring which is different from any orchestral effect that has come down to us from Bach's time. Whether this is excusable or not may be the subject of much discussion. To us it is not only excusable but admirable. The whole orchestra of Bach's day was something wholly and vitally different from that of our own time. Since then some instruments have wholly fallen into disuse; others have been introduced. The old orchestral coloring has been irreclaimably lost. It is no disrespect to old scores to substitute the modern richer hues for the old ones, whenever it can be done without running counter to the intrinsic spirit of the work. Wherever Bach has aimed at orchestral effects as such, Franz has left them as they stood. He has changed nothing in the score, but has only added what was wanting. The performance of the Passion-music was in many respects a positive triumph. The great shortcoming was necessarily in the airs. We must be content to wait some years before our singers begin to feel themselves really at home in this music. It is by no means music that can be sung to a metronome, and the great rhythmical complexity of the orchestral part makes a satisfying delivery of the airs often very difficult. But the choruses went well beyond all expectation; even (barring some few wavering bars) the extremely difficult opening chorus. An interesting question arises in regard to the *tempi* of the various solos and choruses, as taken by Mr. Zerrahn. We give for comparison the tempi of a few choruses and solos as taken at the performance of the Passion in Berlin by the Singacademie under the leadership of Grell, in 1870, at the St. Thomas church in Leipzig, on Good Friday, 1870, at the recent performance by the Händel and Haydn Society, and the metronome marks in Franz's score.

	Berlin, April 1870. (Grell.)	Leipzig, April 1870. (Julius Rietz.)	Boston, May 1874. (Zerrahn.)	Metronome mark in Franz's Score.
No. 1. Opening chorus .	♪ = 112.	♪ = 128.	♪ = 144.	♪ = 228.
No. 3. Choral	—	♪ = 72.	♪ = 92.	♪ = 132.
No. 9. Alto recit. . . .	♪ = 68.	♪ = 80.	♪ = 80.	♪ = 96.
No. 10. Alto air	♪ = 88.	♪ = 88.	♪ = 96.	♪ = 104.
No. 14. Turba	♩ = 60.	♩ = 80.	♩ = 88.	♩ = 104.
No. 25. Tenor air with chorus . . .	♩ = 65.	♩ = 56.	♩ = 66.	♩ = 80.

Some of Franz's marks we have reduced to the same denomination as the other columns. Thus in the opening chorus Franz's mark ♩. = 76 would furnish no direct comparison to the eye with Grell's ♪ = 112, so we have put it ♪ = 228. The marks in the first three columns were taken by competent musicians at the several performances, with the second hand of a watch. It will be seen at a glance that Franz's tempi are much faster than the others. In the first chorus, indeed, he is more than twice as fast as Grell. Zerrahn is markedly faster than either Grell or Rietz, but by no means so fast as Franz. This enormous discrepancy may be accounted for in two ways. In the first place, Franz probably used a metronome. As metronomes are made, the chances are very much in favor of its being a bad one, that is, one which when set at 60 did not strike once per second. In the second place, Franz has been of late years seriously deaf, so that he probably wrote down his metronome marks with the score in one hand and the metronome in the other, humming over the themes to himself. The great difficulty of judging of a tempo while not actually hearing a piece, may be appreciated by any one who will take the trouble to try it. We would not then set too high a value upon Franz's metronome marks. Even Zerrahn's tempi often sounded to us unreasonably fast, especially in the tenor air, No. 25. Imagine the grand first chorus rushing along at the pace Franz has indicated! The effect would, no doubt, be one of immense power, but would not the chorus express ungovernable tragic fury rather than sorrowing lamentation? Would it not be more a passionate cry for vengeance than a tearful invitation to fellowship in grief and mourning? This wonderful chorus seems to exhaust all possible tragic expression.

It is to be regretted by all who are anxious to interest the musical public at large in the Passion-music and in Bach's choral works generally, that the selections made by the Händel and Haydn Society were almost wholly in the same strain. There is no lack of variety and contrasts in the work, in spite of the vein of deep tragedy that necessarily runs through it. The only numbers that represented the more brilliant, dramatic side of the work were the duet, "Alas! my Jesus now is taken," with the double chorus, "Ye lightnings, ye thunders!" in the first part, and the recitative about the rending of the veil in the temple, in the second part.

We would have gladly heard more of these dramatic numbers, more of the stormy turbæ. The scene before Pontius Pilate and the whole scene of the crucifixion were unaccountably omitted. We think that for a first venture, it would have been more judicious to have given as much as possible of this highly dramatic sort, and also to have given more of the simple chorals which are to be easily enjoyed by any audience, than to have given almost exclusively the merely contemplative part of the work, especially the long and taxing *arias*, for which neither our audience nor our singers are as yet quite ripe. It is unfortunate that Bach, of all composers, should have been first introduced to our public by his least seductive side; at all events, that phase of his genius has always been presented first which was the least calculated to enlist the sympathies of our musical public. In his instrumental music, we first became acquainted with his great organ *fugues* and *toccatas*, and the first things we heard of his

vocal compositions were the airs in the Passion. These airs are a running commentary upon the dramatic action in the work, for we must insist that the basis of the work is essentially dramatic. Divorced from their surroundings, these airs can only appeal to the public through their purely musical beauty, which is indeed of the very highest grade, but, unfortunately, of such a character as not to be generally felt, excepting after thorough acquaintance. We cannot but think that these very airs, taken in connection with what logically precedes and follows them, would be much more quickly appreciated than is otherwise possible. To make this more plain, we will take an example. At the Händel and Haydn Society's performance, the choral No. 53, "Commit thy ways, O pilgrim," was immediately followed by the long soprano recitative and air, "He hath done only good to all," and that by the choral, "O head all bruised and wounded." The whole dramatic action which gives rise to and accounts for these numbers was omitted. This omission was furthermore unfortunate as it brought three slow, solemn movements into immediate contact with each other. In the original text the choral, "Commit thy ways" is followed by the alternately descriptive and dramatic recitative containing Pilate's appeal to the people, which reaches its climax at the phrase, "Whether of the twain will ye that I release unto you?" upon which the chorus thunders out "Barabbas!" in the most blood-curdling diminished seventh chord that we know of in all music. Then follows Pilate's question, "What shall I do then with Jesus which is called Christ?" Upon which the chorus again answers with the prolonged shriek, growing in fearful intensity as it goes on, of "Let him be crucified!" The dramatic interest has here been worked up to an almost unbearable pitch of intensity. Now Bach steps in with the commentary in the calm, grandly tragic choral, "How wonderful is this punishment!" Then comes a short return to dramatic action in Pilate's question, "Why, what evil hath he done?" when the soprano voice answers in sad recitative, half in reply, half in commentary: "He hath done only good to all. The blind have back their sight through him; the lame again are walking . . . . beside my Jesu nought hath done," followed by the air, "From love unbounded, yes, all from love, my Saviour dieth." Then the dramatic thread is taken up again, and the chorus reiterates its clamorous demand, "Let him be crucified!" The choral, "O head all bruised and wounded," comes in somewhat later, immediately after the sneering chorus, "Hail, King of the Jews!" and the evangelist's recitative, "And they spit upon him, and took the reed, and smote him on the head." No doubt the intrinsic musical beauty of these long, sad airs is really a thousand times more important than their dramatic relation to the rest of the work. But what we insist upon is that nine persons out of ten will be first drawn towards them by their intimate connection with their dramatic surroundings, rather than by their musical merit *per se;* and that if the public can by any means be brought to like them, we must not look too closely into the mental operation by which such liking is brought about.

But after all, and in spite of the rather general want of appreciation of the airs, the performance of the Passion was so flattering a success that one can really find but little fault. The thunder and lightning chorus created as much enthusiasm as anything that has ever been sung in the music hall, and, although it was the closing chorus of a part, it had to be repeated. We hope that this great work, having now been formally introduced to our public, will not be allowed to lie upon the shelf in future.

Accounting the production of the Passion as the most important feature of the festival, the next most important was certainly the production of two choral works by American composers, namely, John K. Paine's Saint Peter, and Dudley Buck's Forty-sixth Psalm. In Mr. Buck's composition we have a work that at once commands our respect from its excellence of form and purity of style. It begins with a short, sonorous orchestral introduction, which in the very opening bars betrays the composer's fondness for those rich, sensuous chords of the seventh with the major third that we find so constantly in all his writings. This introduces a beautifully written and exceedingly melodious chorus in F to the first three verses of the psalm. If this chorus is in some places of not quite Titanic strength, it is certainly not wanting in great beauty of form, and in some places it is extremely brilliant. If it have a fault, it is that it is often rather too sweet; the harmonies have at times a somewhat too caressing grace. The fourth and fifth verses of the psalm are set as a soprano solo and double quartette. The number is

melodious and well-written, and both voices and instruments are well and effectively used, but the style is rather light for the subject, and the music too often merely pleasing, at times almost trivial. The third number, a recitation for bass voices, is one of the strongest in the work. It comprises the sixth verse of the psalm, and leads directly to number four, the theme of which is first given out by the bass voice and then taken up by the chorus. This chorus, comprising the seventh verse, is the most brilliant piece of writing in the work. The theme, albeit somewhat common-place, has much dash and brilliancy in it, and is most effectively worked up, with an occasional tendency, to be sure, as we have said of the opening chorus, to the redundantly sensuous; for instance in the long pedal on the dominant beginning at the bottom of page 38, and the ensuing modulation as far as the first bar on page 41, the purely religious element runs great risk of being lulled to sleep, while the ear is pillowed on such downy harmonies.

The next number, a tenor solo on the words of the eighth and ninth verses, is extremely beautiful: the lovely, finely articulated melody showing not only great sensibility to formal beauty (of which there is no lack throughout the work), but even great refinement and some depth of feeling. The middle allegro in A minor is full of strength and dramatic fire, and all its effects are simply and easily brought about. The return to the first andante in A major is well managed. The last two bars of the air, however, do not satisfy us, neither can we quite understand them. There seems to be a bar wanting. Number six, comprising the tenth verse, is a well-written quartette.

The final chorus, after a few full chords, strikes in with the theme of number four, which is briefly worked up in fugue form, soon followed by a more elaborate fugue on a new subject, but the original theme returns again with a long pedal on the dominant, and is worked up to the end with a constant acceleration of tempo. The end is not quite worthy of the rest of the work, being rather wanting in dignity, and not particularly effective.

The work, as a whole, has many great beauties to offset its not unfrequent weaknesses, and is certainly a composition that Americans have every reason to be proud of. It moreover, by its very merits, invites honest and searching criticism. To treat it with gloved hands, would be to at once place it in that dubious class of first attempts, to which it in no way belongs. Mr. Buck has earned the right to be treated fairly and on a level, without being shielded behind considerations of nationality or inexperience. He has well won his position as a composer, and now and henceforth his works, and his works alone, must be his weapons of defense in it.

It would be difficult to find in the whole range of sacred choral music two works more totally dissimilar at every point than Dudley Buck's Forty-sixth Psalm and John K. Paine's Saint Peter. Such being the case, we shall make no comparison whatever between the two works. If Mr. Paine have a distinguishing quality as a composer it is that of strength. When his Mass in D, a work of considerable power and great formal beauty, was published in 1866, his command over musical form was at once evident. But his studies of other composers were then too recent to allow of his habitual musical thoughts running in any very original track. Since then, what might be called the intellectual side of his genius has developed itself with astounding rapidity. One cannot look through his compositions that are spread over the last five or six years, without being struck by the ever increasing, at times really startling, originality of his æsthetic conceptions.

As originality of matter and conception must sooner or later necessitate originality of form, we find that that mastery over musical form which Mr. Paine had so perfectly acquired, did not stand him in so good stead, as his original conceptions began to develop themselves, as it had while his æsthetic conceptions were more or less the reflex of other minds. Indeed, the old finished perfection of form began gradually to disappear from his compositions as the matter grew in strength and vitality. His power of completely realizing his conceptions has decreased. In fact, we may say that his ideal has slipped the leash, and that his life-work is henceforth to be a life-chase after it. And is this not one of the distinctions between the man of genius and the man of mere talent? The man of talent always has his ideal where he can drop his pinch of salt upon it, take it in his hand and tangibly present it to the world; the man of genius follows his high ideal through life, ever drawing nearer to it, without winning it. Saint Peter is a work which

it is almost impossible, for us at least, to criticise. Well acquainted as we had thought ourselves with Mr. Paine's later style, there are many places in the oratorio in which, even after careful study, we cannot as yet find ourselves at home. But even those passages which are puzzling in their unintelligibility, never give the impression that the composer has nothing to say. We feel that they are rather struggles after expression, than after an idea. In some places, — as, for example, in the final chorus, — it seems as if the composer hardly gave himself time to fix, much less to realize his own conception, but was constantly impelled to rush on to something new; so overcharged is the chorus with ideas, so full of but partially assimilated matter. On the other hand he has in some places given the most vivid expression to conceptions of overpowering grandeur, as in the chorus, "The Son of man was delivered into the hands of sinful men."

Throughout the work Mr. Paine shows a horror of the trivial and commonplace that seems to be genuine and spontaneous. This is by no means rare with composers of the present day, the passion for originality being quite a prevailing one. But in many composers (Goldmark, Svendsen, for instance, *et hoc genus omne*) this striving after originality seems to be something wholly self-conscious, tempting them on to hideous excesses, while they can only charm us when, forgetful of their self-imposed dignity of original genius, they now and then talk quite pleasantly and even gracefully in their natural, commonplace vein. Mr. Paine, on the contrary, we feel to be most at home when he is most original. Of straining after peculiarity we see no trace in him.

In Saint Peter the instrumental and vocal parts are the exact complements of each other, the orchestration being an integral feature of the work, not something superimposed upon it. Thus some passages that were perfectly baffling at the rehearsals, with piano-forte, became plain enough when heard with the orchestra. To take one instance among many, the disagreeable effect of the seventh between the soprano and alto in the seventh bar of the chorus, "If ye then be risen with Christ," which everybody who sang in the chorus must remember as intolerably grating, entirely disappeared when the orchestra stepped in. We do not purpose to give a detailed analysis of the work. For this we refer the reader to a previous number.[1] We would only say in conclusion that we know very few works of so great promise as Saint Peter. Faults it undoubtedly has, but in some passages it rises to a pitch of grandeur and power that we look for in vain in many works of world-wide reputation.

Of the other works performed at the festival it is unnecessary to speak, as they have by this time become familiar as household words to most of our public. Of the manner in which the various works were performed we have little but praise to say. The Society's chorus has never been in such good singing condition, and the orchestra, of which Theodore Thomas's orchestra formed the nucleus, was by far the best we have yet heard in Boston. The Society undertook to do an immense amount of work, and some of the newly performed compositions suffered from want of sufficient rehearsing with the orchestra; but taken as a whole, the performances were a positive triumph. One little point we would, however, express our astonishment at; namely, that ever since the Thomas orchestra first bit our public with the Träumerei-pianissimo mania, Mr. Zerrahn should have persistently left out the wind instruments in the second half of the Pastoral Symphony in the Messiah. It is an inexcusable bit of sentimentalism.

[1] Atlantic for August, 1873.

EDUCATION.

The Dean of the Harvard College Faculty, in his report of the present year, after speaking of the need of coöperation on the part of the leading colleges "in enforcing upon teachers, and in enabling them to enforce upon their pupils, the necessity of thorough training in all the elements of a sound education," says: "As soon as these colleges unite in demanding of candidates for admission a thoroughly good training in English no less than in classical subjects, the schools which feed the colleges will in turn be able to exact from lower schools an efficiency which they now greatly lack."

We think that this greatly overestimates the influence that the colleges and the preparatory schools have or should have upon the grammar or common schools of the country. We have not, except in the mistaken theory of a few educators, a system of instruction that proceeds from the primary school through regular and successive stages, and finds its completeness only in the university. The great mass of our children receive their entire education in the primary and lower classes of the grammar schools. An exceedingly small percentage ever enter higher schools. Probably in no one of our cities is the proportion of those in the high schools to those in the grammar and primary schools greater than five per cent. Philadelphia embraces in her system of free schools 148,511 pupils, and of these but "2000 in the high schools and advanced departments of the grammar schools." The Superintendent of the Common Schools of Pennsylvania reports this year that out of 1,200,000 persons of school age in the State, there are but 45,000 "who are engaged in the study of one or more branches of knowledge beyond the elements."

Still further: in the graded grammar schools of our cities and large towns, only a very small proportion of the pupils ever reach the highest classes. This is not generally understood, we think, by the community. When we exhibit with pride our high schools and the upper classes of the grammar schools, we are showing the most costly part of our school system, but a part that is reached only by the exceptional few. They are free to all, but nevertheless only a few are there. The great mass of children are called away from school by necessity or inclination, at an early age.

It should be recognized by all who are interested in the cause of general education in our country, that at least ninety per cent. of the pupils receive only what can be taught them in a very few years, and that their instruction should be based on what is best for them — leaving school as they will as early as fourteen years of age, and a large proportion of them much earlier — and not at all on what would be the best basis of training for those who are to superadd to this many years of higher culture. In many of the States the country schools are in operation quite frequently but twenty-eight weeks of the year, and with a succession of different teachers from term to term. In our larger towns and cities, the number of those who leave school long before promotion to the higher classes is startling, as making manifest the limited education that the girls and still more that the boys receive.

No demand that the academies or classical schools may make will meet with response, because the number of those who expect to enter them is comparatively insignificant. The time must come, and the sooner it does the better, when those in charge of public education in the different States realize that the right aim is to give a short course, as practical as it can be made, to meet the necessities of the most of the children, and to draw off from them at a very early period those who hope for a more liberal training.

The burden of the additional requisitions of the college is laid upon the preparatory schools. We can even imagine that some of the experienced teachers, in charge of great grammar schools in our cities, would smile at the thought that Harvard College, by any scheme of examination that she could devise, would have the slightest influence upon the instruction of those who, with the exception of perhaps one in five hundred, have not the remotest notion of ever entering her halls. The real influence that Harvard College exerts upon lower education is in sending forth her own pupils as cultivated gentlemen, accurate scholars, and well-equipped teachers.

But we have an additional reason for thinking that it is impossible for the preparatory schools to exact of the lower schools "a thoroughly good training in English." We offer it with some hesitation,

because in the absence of any comprehensive system of supervision of schools throughout our country, it is not easy to ascertain much concerning the real state of education, and we are likely to utter impressions that rest upon an insufficient basis of facts. We confess to having examined many volumes of reports upon public education without being able to get much definite knowledge upon what branches are taught, still less what proficiency is attained. The statistics given are such as refer largely to expenditure and attendance. One of the State reports says: "To estimate with any degree of accuracy the value of a school system in a broad sense, there are four classes of facts that seem indispensable: first, the number of children to be educated; second, the number that attend school; third, the average daily attendance; and fourth, the percentage of attendance." The facts that are really important are, How have the children been taught, and what have they learned? We doubt if any expenditure for education would be of so much service to any State, as a uniform examination, by properly appointed State officials, of all the public schools; or any report of so much value as a candid statement of the results of such examination. But after acknowledging that our belief does not rest on statistics upon which we can rely, we are constrained to say that we think the schools which feed the colleges can depend upon the lower schools for no part of what may be demanded of their pupils on entering college, because the lower schools do not do their work well.

There are in Pennsylvania over nineteen thousand teachers of public schools, but the Superintendent of Common Schools says: "We have only about 2500 teachers fully qualified for their work;" and again, "Of the 15,003 teachers receiving certificates to teach during the year, only 374 were found to have a thorough knowledge of reading, writing, arithmetic, geography, and grammar, and that practical preparation for their profession which insures success." Similar complaints, perhaps not so plainly expressed, are found in other State reports. In fact, when we take into account the low average pay of teachers, the itineracy of their occupation, outside of the cities, and the fact that local measures, plans, and expenditures prevent anything like a true system of education, we see that the results obtained are all but accidental, and are not surprised that, at the recent examination for admission to West Point, nearly one third of all the candidates, very many of whom had doubtless been specially selected by the appointing congressmen through confidence in their ability, were rejected for deficiency in elementary English studies.

We are told in the report of the Dean of Harvard College, that the single aim of the Faculty in the changes required by them in the preparatory course of study has been "to make that course correspond more nearly with the *best possible course of study for young men, up to an average age of eighteen, who purpose to pursue non-professional studies for four years more.*" In the words that we have italicized is seen the reason why no part of this "best possible course" can be expected of those whose purpose is entirely different; can be demanded of any schools excepting those that undertake to contribute a part of this long-extended general training

A single illustration will show that no part of the college requisitions can be met in the common schools. The academies might perhaps claim that boys should come to them already well prepared in geography. We give a few questions taken from late examination papers at Harvard — one question taken from each of several papers — to show the range of topics and extent of knowledge required of the candidates, who cannot, of course, know upon what parts of the general subject the examiner will direct his inquiries: —

"To what powers belong the Azores, Corsica, Malta, Heligoland, Algeria, Batavia, Manilla, Sydney, Havana?"

"State approximately the population of the most important states of Europe."

"Give as precisely as you can the position of the following mountains, and state, when possible, to what range each belongs: Washington; St. Elias; Hecla; Elburz; Pike's Peak; Dwalagiri; Chimborazo; Shasta; Orizaba."

"Describe the coast of Asia from Behring's Strait to the Strait of Malacca, mentioning the peninsulas, the seas, the mouths of important rivers, and the islands lying near the mainland."

"To what States or countries would you go for caoutchouc, coffee, olives, opium, pepper, rice, sugar, silk, tapioca, turpentine?"

"Name and give the situation of the English colonies in Africa."

Would it be reasonable to expect schools, the great majority of whose pupils before the age of fourteen, and many still earlier,

leave all school instruction, to undertake to give such an acquaintance with geography as is indicated by these questions?

We think Harvard College has a full right to demand all that her new requisitions exact, that it is no more than "a well-educated young man ought to possess," but we also think that the only way by which it can readily and surely be reached is by separating those who hope to receive a liberal culture from the great mass of their schoolmates, at a much earlier age than is now usual, and by the classical schools attaching to themselves classes preparatory to their own course and under their own direction.

— The last Annual Report of the Superintendent of Public Instruction in the city of Brooklyn, Mr. Thomas W. Field, lies before us. In it he says that the boys in the public schools of Brooklyn now leave them at the average age of fourteen years, whereas the former average was fifteen, and that consequently their grade of scholarship is diminished. The reasons for this he finds in the fearfully overcrowded state of the schools, the classes in about one half of them ranging all the way from eighty to *a hundred and eighty scholars!* and in the yet sadder fact, if possible, that these tremendous classes are taught by girls so youthful as to be utterly incompetent either physically or intellectually for their work. Brooklyn refuses to support a Normal School, yet her Board of Education appoints annually not less than a hundred new teachers, of whom the average age is "less than eighteen years," and "three fourths of whom are little more skilled than the pupils themselves." The poor young things often have not got their growth even, and for a pittance of four hundred dollars per annum they undertake this exhausting daily drudgery, and many of them teach in the evening schools beside. "So monstrous is this overcrowding of their class-rooms," says Mr. Field, "that in some instances, when the pupils have once assumed their positions, only the front rows are accessible to the teacher without treading upon or removing the scholars." The male principals of the schools are obliged to give their entire time to the mere superintendence of these young hordes, and the function of teaching devolves wholly on their female assistants, which again, Mr. Field thinks, is a cause of the boys leaving school a year earlier. He therefore recommends the appointment of a male assistant to each principal, who will also succeed to his place when the latter retires, — and *we* recommend that the next benevolent association formed in Brooklyn be one for the "Prevention of Cruelty to Teachers, and of Mental and Moral Ruin to Children."

But Mr. Field's anxieties are not all for the boys, and there is still another implied reason for their low scholarships. The city of Brooklyn has tried what he calls the "sentimental caprice" of mixed schools of boys and girls. The girls are so much more faithful or ambitious, that they are in effect about half a grade beyond the boys all the time. The hasty inference from this statement naturally is that the boys in mixed schools are half a grade lower than those in unmixed schools; but this is nowhere shown or stated by Mr. Field. If the boys in mixed schools are no lower in scholarship than those in unmixed ones, *other things being equal*, then Mr. Field's point is worth just nothing at all. On the contrary, the boys must be benefited in the end by hearing the better recitations of the girls, however little they seem to profit by them at the time, since the next best thing for a class to a good teacher is a bright scholar.

But not only do the girls, in Mr. Field's opinion, injure the boys intellectually. The boys injure them morally, and "the sad facts in his possession," which prove this, induce him to recommend that the mixed schools be given up as failures in every respect. These "sad facts" are not surprising, when we learn that "boys and young men from sixteen to twenty years of age are encouraged to sit at the same desks with young ladies of the same age," and that the "vicious youth, whose mind is precociously matured with the evils of a metropolitan city, and thoroughly educated in all its mysteries of vice, is *not* a rare personage in our public schools." An innocent girl, not only "permitted but encouraged" to sit by what he calls a "youthful debauchee," is indeed an unpardonable spectacle.

But it rests upon those who, like Mr. Field, discourage mixed schools and colleges, to show, not merely that occasional "sad facts" among the boys and girls who go to school together come to the knowledge of teachers. These aberrations occur under all systems. But Mr. Field must prove that the whole tone of the community is lowered in regard to the relation of the

sexes, before he can make good his case. The advocates of co-education maintain that it raises the moral standard of the community, and that the cases of aberration become fewer and less pronounced. But no school, mixed or unmixed, should harbor a "youthful debauchee" who is known by his teacher to be such, whether his "respectable parent requires his attendance there," as Mr. Field says, or not. He should be sent to the Reform School, along with the young thief.

— Here is a compendium which is one indeed, for between the covers of Mr. Gilman's little book,[1] we whiz from one end of history to the other with the speed of an English lightning express. It is very complete, with maps, chronological tables, an ample index, and a catalogue of histories and related works in English to assist the student. If compendiums must exist, it should seem that their style, in the very nature of things, should be rapid, and that a few bold strokes should tell the story. Generally they are anything but this, and are as tedious as they must be uninstructive. This of Mr. Gilman's is, however, a shining exception, for beside his own fluent narrative, he gives the reader many attractive side glimpses by the apposite quotations which come in here and there in a very easy way — as for instance in the description of the Greek and Latin languages on pp. 33, 34. Altogether, the compilation has the effect of having been thrown off from memory by a cultivated man in his leisure moments, and the result is so graceful that that alone would make it popular.

Mr. Gilman writes, he says, "in order to stimulate the student to make thorough investigations, and at the same time to furnish a guide which shall indicate the general path to be pursued." We hope it may have the desired result in a wide degree, since there is no study which is so shamefully neglected in our country as the study of history, though to a people that is trying the art of self-government, it is obvious that there can be none so important. The sketch of our late civil war, which closes the story, is the most judicious we have seen in any text-book.

Of the philosophy of history — the *rationale* of it — there is no hint throughout this book. Mr. Gilman skims the cream of events, but as to how the cream came to be there he does not trouble himself or the reader. And yet it would have added very little to his account of the ancient republics, to have stated briefly the phases that they nearly all of them alike went through, what kind of relation the citizens of each held to itself and to the others, and what was the social, political, and intellectual condition of women and of the masses throughout their existence. A few well-considered paragraphs might have cleared up popular misconceptions on these points that have too long prevailed; for a Greek republic, or that of Rome itself, was no more like our own than a modern steamship is like an ancient galley. In like manner, in the chapters devoted to England and America, the constitutional history of England previous to the time of the Stuarts is not even alluded to, and the student is left, as in our absurd grammar-school histories of the United States, to infer that the principles of our constitution originated on American soil. Not even the birth of political representation in the thirteenth century by the creation of the English House of Commons, is anywhere mentioned! In short, the history of the people, as it appears in their laws, customs and struggles from generation to generation, is too much ignored. A long procession of kings, warriors, and statesmen pass across the stage in company with an occasional poet or philosopher, and that is almost all. Still, Mr. Gilman may be forgiven for having adhered so closely to the old plum-in-the-pudding principles of writing history, since any other conception of it is of so comparatively recent date. His inaccuracies, however, seem to us not so excusable. For example, he says that Elizabeth's favorite, the Earl of Leicester, was the son of her prime minister, Cecil, Lord Burleigh, and that "among the chief advisers of James I. was the Cecil who had been of so much service to Elizabeth," whereas the latter Cecil was the son of the former. Other examples nearly as flagrant might be cited. With a careful revision, however, and some additions of the nature indicated, this little book might be made a model of its kind. The dates between commas, following proper names, we think would be better in the margin.

[1] *First Steps in General History. A Suggestive Outline.* By Arthur Gilman, M. A., author of First Steps in English Literature, etc. New York: Hurd and Houghton. 1874.

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WHO WAS SHE?

COME, now, there may as well be an end of this! Every time I meet your eyes squarely, I detect the question just slipping out of them. If you had spoken it, or even boldly looked it; if you had shown in your motions the least sign of a fussy or fidgety concern on my account; if this were not the evening of my birthday, and you the only friend who remembered it; if confession were not good for the soul, though harder than sin to some people, of whom I am one, — well, if all reasons were not at this instant converged into a focus, and burning me rather violently, in that region where the seat of emotion is supposed to lie, I should keep my trouble to myself.

Yes, I have fifty times had it on my mind to tell you the whole story. But who can be certain that his best friend will not smile — or, what is worse, cherish a kind of charitable pity ever afterwards — when the external forms of a very serious kind of passion seem trivial, fantastic, foolish? And the worst of all is that the heroic part which I imagined I was playing proves to have been almost the reverse. The only comfort which I can find in my humiliation is that I am capable of feeling it. There is n't a bit of a paradox in this, as you will see; but I only mention it, now, to prepare you for, maybe, a little morbid sensitiveness of my moral nerves.

The documents are all in this portfolio, under my elbow. I had just read them again completely through, when you were announced. You may examine them as you like, afterwards: for the present, fill your glass, take another Cabaña, and keep silent until my "ghastly tale" has reached its most lamentable conclusion.

The beginning of it was at Wampsocket Springs, three years ago last summer. I suppose most unmarried men who have reached, or passed, the age of thirty — and I was then thirty-three — experience a milder return of their adolescent warmth, a kind of fainter second spring, since the first has not fulfilled its promise. Of course, I was n't clearly conscious of this at the time: who is? But I had had my youthful passion and my tragic disappointment, as you know: I had looked far enough into what Thackeray used to call the cryptic mysteries, to save me from the Scylla of dissipation, and yet preserved enough of natural nature to keep me out of the Pharisaic Charybdis. My devotion to my legal studies had already brought me a mild distinction; the paternal legacy was a good nest-egg for the incubation of wealth, — in short, I was a fair, re-

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spectable "party," desirable to the humbler mammas, and not to be despised by the haughty exclusives.

The fashionable hotel at the Springs holds three hundred, and it was packed. I had meant to lounge there for a fortnight and then finish my holidays at Long Branch; but eighty, at least, out of the three hundred, were young and moved lightly in muslin. With my years and experience I felt so safe, that to walk, talk, or dance with them became simply a luxury, such as I had never — at least so freely — possessed before. My name and standing, known to some families, were agreeably exaggerated to the others, and I enjoyed that supreme satisfaction which a man always feels when he discovers, or imagines, that he is popular in society. There is a kind of premonitory apology implied in my saying this, I am aware. You must remember that I am culprit, and culprit's counsel, at the same time.

You have never been at Wampsocket? Well, the hills sweep around in a crescent, on the northern side, and four or five radiating glens, descending from them, unite just above the village. The central one, leading to a water-fall (called "Minne-hehe" by the irreverent young people, because there is so little of it), is the fashionable drive and promenade; but the second ravine on the left, steep, crooked, and cumbered with bowlders which have tumbled from somewhere and lodged in the most extraordinary groupings, became my favorite walk of a morning. There was a footpath in it, well-trodden at first, but gradually fading out as it became more like a ladder than a path, and I soon discovered that no other city feet than mine were likely to scale a certain rough slope which seemed the end of the ravine. With the aid of the tough laurel-stems I climbed to the top, passed through a cleft as narrow as a doorway, and presently found myself in a little upper dell, as wild and sweet and strange as one of the pictures that haunt us on the brink of sleep.

There was a pond — no, rather a bowl — of water in the centre; hardly twenty yards across, yet the sky in it was so pure and far down that the circle of rocks and summer foliage inclosing it seemed like a little planetary ring, floating off alone through space. I can't explain the charm of the spot, nor the selfishness which instantly suggested that I should keep the discovery to myself. Ten years earlier, I should have looked around for some fair spirit to be my "minister," but now —

One forenoon — I think it was the third or fourth time I had visited the place — I was startled to find the dint of a heel in the earth, half-way up the slope. There had been rain during the night and the earth was still moist and soft. It was the mark of a woman's boot, only to be distinguished from that of a walking-stick by its semicircular form. A little higher, I found the outline of a foot, not so small as to awake an ecstasy, but with a suggestion of lightness, elasticity, and grace. If hands were thrust through holes in a board-fence, and nothing of the attached bodies seen, I can easily imagine that some would attract and others repel us: with footprints the impression is weaker, of course, but we cannot escape it. I am not sure whether I wanted to find the unknown wearer of the boot within my precious personal solitude: I was afraid I should see her, while passing through the rocky crevice, and yet was disappointed when I found no one.

But on the flat, warm rock overhanging the tarn — my special throne — lay some withering wild-flowers, and a book! I looked up and down, right and left: there was not the slightest sign of another human life than mine. Then I lay down for a quarter of an hour, and listened: there were only the noises of bird and squirrel, as before. At last, I took up the book, the flat breadth of which suggested only sketches. There were, indeed, some tolerable studies of rocks and trees on the first pages; a few not very striking caricatures, which seemed to have been commenced as portraits, but recalled no faces I knew; then a number of fragmentary notes, written in pencil. I

found no name, from first to last; only, under the sketches, a monogram so complicated and laborious that the initials could hardly be discovered unless one already knew them.

The writing was a woman's, but it had surely taken its character from certain features of her own: it was clear, firm, individual. It had nothing of that air of general debility which usually marks the manuscript of young ladies, yet its firmness was far removed from the stiff, conventional slope which all Englishwomen seem to acquire in youth and retain through life. I don't see how any man in my situation could have helped reading a few lines — if only for the sake of restoring lost property. But I was drawn on, and on, and finished by reading all: thence, since no further harm could be done, I reread, pondering over certain passages until they stayed with me. Here they are, as I set them down, that evening, on the back of a legal blank.

"It makes a great deal of difference whether we wear social forms as bracelets or handcuffs."

"Can we not still be wholly our independent selves, even while doing, in the main, as others do? I know two who are so; but they are married."

"The men who admire these bold, dashing young girls treat them like weaker copies of themselves. And yet they boast of what they call 'experience!'"

"I wonder if any one felt the exquisite beauty of the noon as I did, today? A faint appreciation of sunsets and storms is taught us in youth, and kept alive by novels and flirtations; but the broad, imperial splendor of this summer noon! — and myself standing alone in it, — yes, utterly alone!"

"The men I seek *must* exist: where are they? How make an acquaintance, when one obsequiously bows himself away, as I advance? The fault is surely not all on my side."

There was much more, intimate enough to inspire me with a keen interest in the writer, yet not sufficiently so to make my perusal a painful indiscretion. I yielded to the impulse of the moment, took out my pencil, and wrote a dozen lines on one of the blank pages. They ran something in this wise: —

"IGNOTUS IGNOTÆ! — You have bestowed without intending it, and I have taken without your knowledge. Do not regret the accident which has enriched another. This concealed idyl of the hills was mine, as I supposed, but I acknowledge your equal right to it. Shall we share the possession, or will you banish me?"

There was a frank advance, tempered by a proper caution, I fancied, in the words I wrote. It was evident that she was unmarried, but outside of that certainty there lay a vast range of possibilities, some of them alarming enough. However, if any nearer acquaintance should arise out of the incident, the next step must be taken by her. Was I one of the men she sought? I almost imagined so — certainly hoped so.

I laid the book on the rock, as I had found it, bestowed another keen scrutiny on the lonely landscape, and then descended the ravine. That evening, I went early to the ladies' parlor, chatted more than usual with the various damsels whom I knew, and watched with a new interest those whom I knew not. My mind, involuntarily, had already created a picture of the unknown. She might be twenty-five, I thought: a reflective habit of mind would hardly be developed before that age. Tall and stately, of course; distinctly proud in her bearing, and somewhat reserved in her manners. Why she should have large dark eyes, with long dark lashes, I could not tell; but so I seemed to see her. Quite forgetting that I was (or had meant to be) *Ignotus*, I found myself staring rather significantly at one or the other of the young ladies, in whom I discovered some slight general resemblance to the imaginary character. My fancies, I must confess, played strange pranks with me. They had been kept in a coop so many years, that now when I

suddenly turned them loose, their rickety attempts at flight quite bewildered me.

No! there was no use in expecting a sudden discovery. I went to the glen betimes, next morning: the book was gone, and so were the faded flowers, but some of the latter were scattered over the top of another rock, a few yards from mine. Ha! this means that I am not to withdraw, I said to myself: she makes room for me! But how to surprise her? — for by this time I was fully resolved to make her acquaintance, even though she might turn out to be forty, scraggy and sandy-haired.

I knew no other way so likely as that of visiting the glen at all times of the day. I even went so far as to write a line of greeting, with a regret that our visits had not yet coincided, and laid it under a stone on the top of *her* rock. The note disappeared, but there was no answer in its place. Then I suddenly remembered her fondness for the noon hours, at which time she was "utterly alone." The hotel *table d'hôte* was at one o'clock: her family, doubtless, dined later, in their own rooms. Why, this gave me, at least, her place in society! The question of age, to be sure, remained unsettled; but all else was safe.

The next day I took a late and large breakfast, and sacrificed my dinner. Before noon the guests had all straggled back to the hotel from glen and grove and lane, so bright and hot was the sunshine. Indeed, I could hardly have supported the reverberation of heat from the sides of the ravine, but for a fixed belief that I should be successful. While crossing the narrow meadow upon which it opened, I caught a glimpse of something white among the thickets higher up. A moment later, it had vanished, and I quickened my pace, feeling the beginning of an absurd nervous excitement in my limbs. At the next turn, there it was again! but only for another moment. I paused, exulting, and wiped my drenched forehead. "She cannot escape me!" I murmured between the deep draughts of cooler air I inhaled in the shadow of a rock.

A few hundred steps more brought me to the foot of the steep ascent, where I had counted on overtaking her. I was too late for that, but the dry, baked soil had surely been crumbled and dislodged, here and there, by a rapid foot. I followed, in reckless haste, snatching at the laurel-branches right and left, and paying little heed to my footing. About one third of the way up I slipped, fell, caught a bush which snapped at the root, slid, whirled over, and before I fairly knew what had happened, I was lying doubled up at the bottom of the slope.

I rose, made two steps forward, and then sat down with a groan of pain; my left ankle was badly sprained, in addition to various minor scratches and bruises. There was a revulsion of feeling, of course, — instant, complete, and hideous. I fairly hated the Unknown. "Fool that I was!" I exclaimed, in the theatrical manner, dashing the palm of my hand softly against my brow: "lured to this by the fair traitress! But, no! — not fair: she shows the artfulness of faded, desperate spinsterhood; she is all compact of enamel, 'liquid bloom of youth' and hair-dye!"

There was a fierce comfort in this thought, but it could n't help me out of the scrape. I dared not sit still, lest a sun-stroke should be added, and there was no resource but to hop or crawl down the rugged path, in the hope of finding a forked sapling from which I could extemporize a crutch. With endless pain and trouble I reached a thicket, and was feebly working on a branch with my pen-knife, when the sound of a heavy footstep surprised me.

A brown harvest-hand, in straw hat and shirt-sleeves, presently appeared. He grinned when he saw me, and the thick snub of his nose would have seemed like a sneer at any other time.

"Are you the gentleman that got hurt?" he asked. "Is it pretty tolerable bad?"

"Who said I was hurt?" I cried, in astonishment.

"One of your town-women from the hotel — I reckon she was. I was binding oats, in the field over the ridge; but I have n't lost no time in comin' here."

While I was stupidly staring at this announcement, he whipped out a big clasp knife, and in a few minutes fashioned me a practicable crutch. Then, taking me by the other arm, he set me in motion towards the village.

Grateful as I was for the man's help, he aggravated me by his ignorance. When I asked if he knew the lady, he answered: "It 's more 'n likely *you* know her better." But where did she come from? Down from the hill, he guessed, but it might ha' been up the road. How did she look? was she old or young? what was the color of her eyes? of her hair? There, now, I was too much for him. When a woman kept one o' them speckled veils over her face, turned her head away, and held her parasol between, how were you to know her from Adam? I declare to you, I could n't arrive at one positive particular. Even when he affirmed that she was tall, he added, the next instant: "Now I come to think on it, she stepped mighty quick; so I guess she must ha' been short."

By the time we reached the hotel, I was in a state of fever; opiates and lotions had their will of me for the rest of the day. I was glad to escape the worry of questions, and the conventional sympathy expressed in inflections of the voice which are meant to soothe, and only exasperate. The next morning, as I lay upon my sofa, restful, patient, and properly cheerful, the waiter entered with a bouquet of wild flowers.

"Who sent them?" I asked.

"I found them outside your door, sir. Maybe there 's a card; yes, here 's a bit o' paper."

I opened the twisted slip he handed me, and read: "From your dell — and mine." I took the flowers; among them were two or three rare and beautiful varieties, which I had only found in that one spot. Fool, again! I noiselessly kissed, while pretending to smell them, had them placed on a stand within reach, and fell into a state of quiet and agreeable contemplation.

Tell me, yourself, whether any male human being is ever too old for sentiment, provided that it strikes him at the right time and in the right way! What did that bunch of wild flowers betoken? Knowledge, first; then, sympathy; and finally, encouragement, at least. Of course she had seen my accident, from above; of course she had sent the harvest laborer to aid me home. It was quite natural she should imagine some special, romantic interest in the lonely dell, on my part, and the gift took additional value from her conjecture.

Four days afterwards, there was a hop in the large dining-room of the hotel. Early in the morning, a fresh bouquet had been left at my door. I was tired of my enforced idleness, eager to discover the fair unknown, (she was again fair, to my fancy!) and I determined to go down, believing that a cane and a crimson velvet slipper on the left foot would provoke a glance of sympathy from certain eyes, and thus enable me to detect them.

The fact was, the sympathy was much too general and effusive. Everybody, it seemed, came to me with kindly greetings; seats were vacated at my approach, even fat Mrs. Huxter insisting on my taking her warm place, at the head of the room. But Bob Leroy, — you know him, — as gallant a gentleman as ever lived, put me down at the right point, and kept me there. He only meant to divert me, yet gave me the only place where I could quietly inspect all the younger ladies, as dance or supper brought them near.

One of the dances was an old-fashioned cotillon, and one of the figures, the "coquette," brought every one, in turn, before me. I received a pleasant word or two from those whom I knew, and a long, kind, silent glance from Miss May Danvers. Where had been my eyes? She was tall, stately, twenty-five, had large dark eyes, and long dark lashes! Again the changes of the dance brought her near me; I threw (or strove to throw) unutterable meanings into my

eyes, and cast them upon hers. She seemed startled, looked suddenly away, looked back to me, and — blushed. I knew her for what is called "a nice girl" — that is, tolerably frank, gently feminine, and not dangerously intelligent. Was it possible that I had overlooked so much character and intellect?

As the cotillon closed, she was again in my neighborhood, and her partner led her in my direction. I was rising painfully from my chair, when Bob Leroy pushed me down again, whisked another seat from somewhere, planted it at my side, and there she was!

She knew who was her neighbor, I plainly saw; but instead of turning towards me, she began to fan herself in a nervous way and to fidget with the buttons of her gloves. I grew impatient.

"Miss Danvers!" I said, at last.

"Oh!" was all her answer, as she looked at me for a moment.

"Where are your thoughts?" I asked.

Then she turned, with wide, astonished eyes, coloring softly up to the roots of her hair. My heart gave a sudden leap.

"How can you tell, if I cannot?" she asked.

"May I guess?"

She made a slight inclination of the head, saying nothing. I was then quite sure.

"The second ravine, to the left of the main drive?"

This time she actually started; her color became deeper, and a leaf of the ivory fan snapped between her fingers.

"Let there be no more a secret!" I exclaimed. "Your flowers have brought me your messages; I knew I should find you" —

Full of certainty, I was speaking in a low, impassioned voice. She cut me short by rising from her seat; I felt that she was both angry and alarmed. Fisher, of Philadelphia, jostling right and left in his haste, made his way towards her. She fairly snatched his arm, clung to it with a warmth I had never seen expressed in a ball-room, and began to whisper in his ear. It was not five minutes before he came to me, alone, with a very stern face, bent down, and said: —

"If you have discovered our secret, you will keep silent. You are certainly a gentleman."

I bowed, coldly and savagely. There was a draft from the open window; my ankle became suddenly weary and painful, and I went to bed. Can you believe that I did n't guess, immediately, what it all meant? In a vague way, I fancied that I had been premature in my attempt to drop our mutual incognito, and that Fisher, a rival lover, was jealous of me. This was rather flattering than otherwise; but when I limped down to the ladies' parlor, the next day, no Miss Danvers was to be seen. I did not venture to ask for her; it might seem importunate, and a woman of so much hidden capacity was evidently not to be wooed in the ordinary way.

So another night passed by; and then, with the morning, came a letter which made me feel, at the same instant, like a fool and a hero. It had been dropped in the Wampsocket post-office, was legibly addressed to me and delivered with some other letters which had arrived by the night mail. Here it is; listen!

"Noto Ignota! — Haste is not a gift of the gods, and you have been impatient, with the usual result. I was almost prepared for this, and thus am not wholly disappointed. In a day or two more you will discover your mistake, which, so far as I can learn, has done no particular harm. If you wish to find *me*, there is only one way to seek me; should I tell you what it is, I should run the risk of losing you, — that is, I should preclude the manifestation of a certain quality which I hope to find in the man who may — or, rather, must — be my friend. This sounds enigmatical, yet you have read enough of my nature, as written in those random notes in my sketch-book, to guess, at least, how much I require. Only this let me add: mere guessing is useless.

"Being unknown, I can write freely. If you find me, I shall be justified; if

not, I shall hardly need to blush, even to myself, over a futile experiment.

"It is possible for me to learn enough of your life, henceforth, to direct my relation towards you. This may be the end; if so, I shall know it soon. I shall also know whether you continue to seek me. Trusting in your honor as a man, I must ask you to trust in mine, as a woman."

I *did* discover my mistake, as the Unknown promised. There had been a secret betrothal between Fisher and Miss Danvers; and singularly enough, the momentous question and answer had been given in the very ravine leading to my upper dell! The two meant to keep the matter to themselves, but therein, it seems, I thwarted them; there was a little opposition on the part of their respective families, but all was amicably settled before I left Wampsocket.

The letter made a very deep impression upon me. What was the one way to find her? What could it be but the triumph that follows ambitious toil, — the manifestation of all my best qualities, as a man? Be she old or young, plain or beautiful, I reflected, hers is surely a nature worth knowing, and its candid intelligence conceals no hazards for me. I have sought her rashly, blundered, betrayed that I set her lower, in my thoughts, than her actual self: let me now adopt the opposite course, seek her openly no longer, go back to my tasks, and, following my own aims vigorously and cheerfully, restore that respect which she seemed to be on the point of losing. For, consciously or not, she had communicated to me a doubt, implied in the very expression of her own strength and pride. She had meant to address me as an equal, yet, despite herself, took a stand a little above that which she accorded to me.

I came back to New York earlier than usual, worked steadily at my profession and with increasing success, and began to accept opportunities (which I had previously declined) of making myself personally known to the great, impressible, fickle, tyrannical public. One or two of my speeches in the hall of the Cooper Institute, on various occasions — as you may perhaps remember — gave me a good headway with the party, and were the chief cause of my nomination for the State office which I still hold. (There, on the table, lies a resignation, written to-day, but not yet signed. We 'll talk of it, afterwards.) Several months passed by, and no further letter reached me. I gave up much of my time to society, moved familiarly in more than one province of the kingdom here, and vastly extended my acquaintance, especially among the women; but not one of them betrayed the mysterious something or other — really I can't explain precisely what it was! — which I was looking for. In fact, the more I endeavored quietly to study the sex, the more confused I became.

At last, I was subjected to the usual onslaught from the strong-minded. A small but formidable committee entered my office one morning and demanded a categorical declaration of my principles. What my views on the subject were, I knew very well; they were clear and decided; and yet, I hesitated to declare them! It was n't a temptation of Saint Anthony — that is, turned the other way — and the belligerent attitude of the dames did not alarm me in the least; but *she!* What was *her* position? How could I best please her? It flashed upon my mind, while Mrs. —— was making her formal speech, that I had taken no step for months without a vague, secret reference to *her*. So, I strove to be courteous, friendly, and agreeably non-committal; begged for further documents, and promised to reply by letter, in a few days.

I was hardly surprised to find the well-known hand on the envelope of a letter, shortly afterwards. I held it for a minute in my palm, with an absurd hope that I might sympathetically feel its character, before breaking the seal. Then I read it with a great sense of relief.

"I have never assumed to guide a man, except towards the full exercise of his powers. It is not opinion in ac-

tion, but opinion in a state of idleness or indifference, which repels me. I am deeply glad that you have gained so much since you left the country. If, in shaping your course, you have thought of me, I will frankly say that, *to that extent*, you have drawn nearer. Am I mistaken in conjecturing that you wish to know my relation to the movement concerning which you were recently interrogated? In this, as in other instances which may come, I must beg you to consider me only as a spectator. The more my own views may seem likely to sway your action, the less I shall be inclined to declare them. If you find this cold or unwomanly, remember that it is not easy!"

Yes! I felt that I had certainly drawn much nearer to her. And from this time on, her imaginary face and form became other than they were. She was twenty-eight — three years older; a very little above the middle height, but not tall; serene, rather than stately, in her movements; with a calm, almost grave face, relieved by the sweetness of the full, firm lips; and finally eyes of pure, limpid gray, such as we fancy belonged to the Venus of Milo. I found her, thus, much more attractive than with the dark eyes and lashes, — but she did not make her appearance in the circles which I frequented.

Another year slipped away. As an official personage, my importance increased, but I was careful not to exaggerate it to myself. Many have wondered (perhaps you among the rest) at my success, seeing that I possess no remarkable abilities. If I have any secret, it is simply this — doing faithfully, with all my might, whatever I undertake. Nine tenths of our politicians become inflated and careless, after the first few years, and are easily forgotten when they once lose place. I am a little surprised, now, that I had so much patience with the Unknown. I was too important, at least, to be played with; too mature to be subjected to a longer test; too earnest, as I had proved, to be doubted, or thrown aside without a further explanation.

Growing tired, at last, of silent waiting, I bethought me of advertising. A carefully-written "Personal," in which *Ignotus* informed *Ignota* of the necessity of his communicating with her, appeared simultaneously in the Tribune, Herald, World, and Times. I renewed the advertisement as the time expired without an answer, and I think it was about the end of the third week before one came, through the post, as before.

Ah, yes! I had forgotten. See! my advertisement is pasted on the note, as a heading or motto for the manuscript lines. I don't know why the printed slip should give me a particular feeling of humiliation as I look at it, but such is the fact. What she wrote is all I need read to you: —

"I could not, at first, be certain that this was meant for me. If I were to explain to you why I have not written for so long a time, I might give you one of the few clews which I insist on keeping in my own hands. In your public capacity, you have been (so far as a woman may judge) upright, independent, wholly manly: in your relations with other men I learn nothing of you that is not honorable: towards women you are kind, chivalrous, no doubt, overflowing with the *usual* social refinements, but — Here, again, I run hard upon the absolute necessity of silence. The way to me, if you care to traverse it, is so simple, so very simple! Yet, after what I have written, I cannot even wave my hand in the direction of it, without certain self-contempt. When I feel free to tell you, we shall draw apart and remain unknown forever.

"You desire to write? I do not prohibit it. I have heretofore made no arrangement for hearing from you, in turn, because I could not discover that any advantage would accrue from it. But it seems only fair, I confess, and you dare not think me capricious. So, three days hence, at six o'clock in the evening, a trusty messenger of mine will call at your door. If you have anything to give her for me, the act of giving it must be the sign of a compact on your part, that you will allow her to leave

immediately, unquestioned and unfollowed."

You look puzzled, I see: you don't catch the real drift of her words? Well, — that 's a melancholy encouragement. Neither did I, at the time: it was plain that I had disappointed her in some way, and my intercourse with, or manner towards, women, had something to do with it. In vain I ran over as much of my later social life as I could recall. There had been no special attention, nothing to mislead a susceptible heart; on the other side, certainly no rudeness, no want of "chivalrous" (she used the word!) respect and attention. What, in the name of all the gods, was the matter?

In spite of all my efforts to grow clearer, I was obliged to write my letter in a rather muddled state of mind. I had *so* much to say! sixteen folio pages, I was sure, would only suffice for an introduction to the case; yet, when the creamy vellum lay before me and the moist pen drew my fingers towards it, I sat stock dumb for half an hour. I wrote, finally, in a half-desperate mood, without regard to coherency or logic. Here 's a rough draft of a part of the letter, and a single passage from it will be enough: —

"I can conceive of no simpler way to you than the knowledge of your name and address. I have drawn airy images of you, but they do not become incarnate, and I am not sure that I should recognize you in the brief moment of passing. Your nature is not of those which are instantly legible. As an abstract power, it has wrought in my life and it continually moves my heart with desires which are unsatisfactory because so vague and ignorant. Let me offer you, personally, my gratitude, my earnest friendship: you would laugh if I were *now* to offer more."

Stay! here is another fragment, more reckless in tone: —

"I want to find the woman whom I can love — who can love me. But this is a masquerade where the features are hidden, the voice disguised, even the hands grotesquely gloved. Come! I will venture more than I ever thought was possible to me. You shall know my deepest nature as I myself seem to know it. Then, give me the commonest chance of learning yours, through an intercourse which shall leave both free, should we not feel the closing of the inevitable bond!"

After I had written that, the pages filled rapidly. When the appointed hour arrived, a bulky epistle, in a strong linen envelope, sealed with five wax seals, was waiting on my table. Precisely at six there was an announcement: the door opened, and a little outside, in the shadow, I saw an old woman, in a threadbare dress of rusty black.

"Come in!" I said.

"The letter!" answered a husky voice. She stretched out a bony hand, without moving a step.

"It is for a lady — very important business," said I, taking up the letter; "are you sure that there is no mistake?"

She drew her hand under the shawl, turned without a word, and moved towards the hall door.

"Stop!" I cried: "I beg a thousand pardons! Take it — take it! You are the right messenger!"

She clutched it, and was instantly gone.

Several days passed, and I gradually became so nervous and uneasy that I was on the point of inserting another "Personal" in the daily papers, when the answer arrived. It was brief and mysterious; you shall hear the whole of it.

"I thank you. Your letter is a sacred confidence which I pray you never to regret. Your nature is sound and good. You ask no more than is reasonable, and I have no real right to refuse. In the one respect which I have hinted, *I* may have been unskillful or too narrowly cautious: I must have the certainty of this. Therefore, as a generous favor, give me six months more! At the end of that time I will write to you again. Have patience with these brief lines: another word might be a word too much."

You notice the change in her tone? The letter gave me the strongest impression of a new, warm, almost anxious interest on her part. My fancies, as first at Wampsocket, began to play all sorts of singular pranks: sometimes she was rich and of an old family, sometimes moderately poor and obscure, but always the same calm, reposeful face and clear gray eyes. I ceased looking for her in society, quite sure that I should not find her, and nursed a wild expectation of suddenly meeting her, face to face, in the most unlikely places and under startling circumstances. However, the end of it all was patience, — patience for six months.

There 's not much more to tell; but this last letter is hard for me to read. It came punctually, to a day. I knew it would, and at the last I began to dread the time, as if a heavy note were falling due, and I had no funds to meet it. My head was in a whirl when I broke the seal. The fact in it stared at me blankly, at once, but it was a long time before the words and sentences became intelligible.

"The stipulated time has come, and our hidden romance is at an end. Had I taken this resolution a year ago, it would have saved me many vain hopes, and you, perhaps, a little uncertainty. Forgive me, first, if you can, and then hear the explanation!

"You wished for a personal interview: *you have had, not one, but many.* We have met, in society, talked face to face, discussed the weather, the opera, toilettes, Queechy, Aurora Floyd, Long Branch and Newport, and exchanged a weary amount of fashionable gossip; and you never guessed that I was governed by any deeper interest! I have purposely uttered ridiculous platitudes, and you were as smilingly courteous as if you enjoyed them: I have let fall remarks whose hollowness and selfishness could not have escaped you, and have waited in vain for a word of sharp, honest, manly reproof. Your manner to me was unexceptionable, as it was to all other women: but there lies the source of my disappointment, of — yes, — of my sorrow!

"You appreciate, I cannot doubt, the qualities in woman which men value in one another, — culture, independence of thought, a high and earnest apprehension of life; but you know not how to seek them. It is not true that a mature and unperverted woman is flattered by receiving only the general obsequiousness which most men give to the whole sex. In the man who contradicts and strives with her, she discovers a truer interest, a nobler respect. The empty-headed, spindle-shanked youths who dance admirably, understand something of billiards, much less of horses, and still less of navigation, soon grow inexpressibly wearisome to us; but the men who adopt their social courtesy, never seeking to arouse, uplift, instruct us, are a bitter disappointment.

"What would have been the end, had you really found me? Certainly a sincere, satisfying friendship. No mysterious magnetic force has drawn you to me or held you near me, nor has my experiment inspired me with an interest which cannot be given up without a personal pang. I am grieved, for the sake of all men and all women. Yet, understand me! I mean no slightest reproach. I esteem and honor you for what you are. Farewell!"

There! Nothing could be kinder in tone, nothing more humiliating in substance. I was sore and offended for a few days; but I soon began to see, and ever more and more clearly, that she was wholly right. I was sure, also, that any further attempt to correspond with her would be vain. It all comes of taking society just as we find it, and supposing that conventional courtesy is the only safe ground on which men and women can meet.

The fact is — there 's no use in hiding it from myself (and I see, by your face, that the letter cuts into your own conscience) — she is a free, courageous, independent character, and — I am not.

But who *was* she?

Bayard Taylor.

A VISION OF LOST SOULS.

The woman stood within
The Golden City's pale,
And heard across the gulf
Her lover's mournful wail
Among the lost, sound on
The white-winged evening gale.

Then to her loving ken
Was all the place grown dim,
And empty were the songs
Of gold-robed cherubim;
She hid her face, and wept
And cried for love of him.

Though yet the talk of those
Who trod the shining street
Ceased suddenly, and hushed
Was all their music sweet,
Till, gathering near, they stood
Or knelt down at her feet,

They hindered not her prayer,
But wondered and were dumb —
For there, until that day,
Had never sorrow come;
And though it was in heaven
Tears wet the eyes of some.

The lofty gates swung wide
Withouten sound or jar;
Seen from this earth, her flight
Shone like a falling star,
And soon the realms of death
Were near and heaven was far.

And then, beyond the void
That skirts the changeless spheres,
Amid the plains whereon
The cloud of doom appears,
She washed her lover's hands
And feet with her warm tears.

"Father," the woman prayed,
"Hear what my bosom saith!
Wilt thou not for love's sake
Unloose the bonds of death?
Dear Lord, wilt thou not hear
The pleadings of my breath?

"Unworthy, let me bear
A message from thy grace
Unto my love, and each
That trembles in this place
Before thy wrath and his
Own soul's upbraiding face!"

"Be comforted, dear love,"—
The man spoke, of the twain,—
"Thy faith hath kindled mine,
Deem not thy pleadings vain;
In each heart still some seeds
Of love and hope remain."

He held her close within
His loving, strong embrace,
And smoothed her shining hair,
And kissed her shining face;
And sweet as heaven that land
Was for a moment's space,

Till, looking back where stood
The temples of God's town,
He cried: "In pity, let
Your battlements fall down
And hide a soul that wears
Thus palpably God's frown!

"And yet — mine eyes were blind
With mists of their desire,
And in my human veins
Were mingled blood and fire;
And paths ancestral trained
My footsteps for the mire!

"Who saith God's hand spans not
The compass of the spheres
Wherein his day ends not
As end man's mortal years;
Or that Christ hath not need
Of sin and death and tears?

"Shall not God's hand bear up
Our weak hands in that day
In which love strives with death,
And death with love alway,
Until the faint grow strong,
And till the stronger slay?

"For flesh and blood alone
Did Calvary lift high
Her penitential front
Unto the angry sky?

And wherefore shall not God
Work, though man's body die?

"Or wherefore rise his towers
So, yonder, in our sight,
Unless high thoughts from thence
May sweep down in their flight,
And some souls, lost as I,
Turn homeward to the light?

"Against their lovers' love
Their lives have sinned as mine;
Yet shall not love's remorse
Around each heart entwine,
Until love's peace therein
Dwell deathless and divine?

"Shall, then, their feet and mine
Be less with courage shod,
Because our steps gain not
The heights we might have trod,
And endless loss divides
Our spent past from our God?

"All lines of life and light
Slant upward to the sky;
So must some path arise
Where, slowly, thou and I
May climb, till God shall hear
The language of our cry.

"And not our cry alone
Henceforth shall him beseech;
For many still will learn
The way that our steps teach,
When on new lips and strange
Is fashioned our slow speech.

"And, haply, may God's Christ
Bend down from his high seat,
Or send his angels, who
Shall guide our wavering feet;
And cannot love's self make
Each bitter thing seem sweet?"

He stooped and kissed her hair
That glimmered golden red;
She leaned on him as when
On earth they two were wed;
And heaven was in her face,
And peace — no word she said.

L. B. Moore.

THE MOON.

MANY poets, and some more practical people, have striven to express the intensity of their longing to divine the conditions prevailing upon the other planets which journey with us around the sun. Doubtless many have sought this knowledge with a deep desire to find there the solution of some of the insoluble riddles our world is always making; but the most have only wanted a momentary sensation, such as the common mind gets from mere novelty. If science could give them the eye of omniscience, they would come back to the dear commonplaces of the world only to become more determinedly narrowed by its uses. The intensity of the intellectual gravitation which, happily enough, keeps the minds of most men, as it does their bodies, well down to the grubbing work of life, can only be measured by those who have watched the relations of astronomical science, especially in its new phases, to the popular mind. As long as the curious eye of the speculator could only look into the shallow mysteries of the firmament built by man, there were always more students of astronomy than any other branch of science. But since discovery and invention have opened an infinite universe before us, since those flickering points of light have become each the centre of a world system rather than some accident in a man-made heaven, we have rather lost interest in the stars. There is probably a good reason for a part of this to be found in the enhanced value which our earth has had given it by modern science. Affection for the stars was once a polite way of showing a contempt for the earth; but the same science which has lifted the heavens until their depths dizzy us, has also made our earth a respectable object of consideration: man has found, in the long-shunned but inevitable question whether he came from the worm through the monkey, enough to try his brains, and his stomach too, for years to come. Until he has got rid of this enormous question of his own origin and destiny, until his eager eyes have explored the just seen abyss of time up which he has been climbing for a hundred millions of years, we can hardly expect him to look up to the stars. Nebulæ and star-drift in due time; but blood is thicker than ether, and one's ancestors nearer than the nearest stars.

Following up his ancestral line from step to step, over the slippery and sometimes distant stepping-stones by which we reach the past of our earth, man finally arrives at a time when the record is lost or illegible. Then there arise questions concerning the early state of our earth which cannot be answered from the evidence which it alone affords. Our only chance to obtain information on these matters is to look to the other worlds, and get from them what we can in the way of facts to illustrate that part of our earth's history which is not recorded in the "great stone book." The evolution of our earth can in this way be traced in time, very much as we trace the evolution of an animal, not from itself alone, but by the stages shown in its kindred. For the present we must content ourselves with the appliances of investigation, as yet imperfect, and limit our efforts to the bodies which share with us the government of our sun. Of these, the moon alone is in that close relation to the earth which makes it possible to push our inquiries into details. There, at least, our knowledge goes very far. Few of those who have only seen the moon with the naked eye have an idea of the extent and accuracy of the information which has been gained concerning its physical character. It is not too much to say that we know the general topography of this side of the moon much better than we know that of any of the great land masses of the earth except Eu-

rope. There is not one crater over a mile in diameter, nor a single hill a thousand feet high, which has not been seen again and again by the many observers who are now studying its surface. Mountains might be made or unmade even in the centre of our oldest and most peopled continents, and the scientific world know nothing of it; but it is hardly possible for any considerable change to take place on the hither side of that world a quarter of a million miles away, without being observed before a single month elapses. We may see more clearly just what the observing powers are, if we conceive the astronomer placed in the moon and looking down upon the surface of North America with the same powers that the observer can apply to our satellite. By the naked eye, with the earth full lit by the sun, the twin continents of North and South America could be seen for their whole length at once. In the twelve hours in which they would swing up from the darkness, and back into it again, as the earth made its daily revolution, every part of this ten thousand miles of land would be easily looked over. The mountains and deserts would show on the greenish, verdure-clad continents; the environing sea would throw back varied tints according to its state of agitation or repose. Though the great features of land and sea would be visible, all detail would be wanting. The great lakes would separate themselves confusedly from the land; but the rivers, the valleys, the regions of forest and prairie, would remain undefined to our lunar astronomer until his glass was brought to bear on them, and even then would not be distinctly seen. Waiting until the earth ran past its full stage and the light began to leave one border, with dark shadow and bright light combining to give definition to the objects as they passed, he would use his telescope to advantage. Here, on the edge of the sunlit region, every hill and valley would have the sharpest definition; the precise position of every mountain top, the course of every broken valley, would be defined under this oblique light. Our far-away student would have a special difficulty which we do not encounter in our study of the less erratic moon, arising from the earth's rotation. To get a clearer idea of the power of such an instrument as the fifteen-inch refractor, which we will suppose our lunar student to be using, let us imagine that on a favorable night he with his highest powers was endeavoring to make the most detailed study of the city of Boston. He should be using a magnifying power of about twelve hundred diameters. This would be approximately the same thing as bringing himself within two hundred miles of the place as seen with the naked eye. He would see the general outlines of the coast and the indentation of the bay and harbor with perfect distinctness; the larger islands they contain, and the arms of sea which extend from them into the land, would also be easily seen. The city itself and the surrounding towns would appear only as a small fleck upon the surface of the land. No object less than about two hundred feet in diameter would be visible to the clearest eye. The State House might be seen as a mere point of light, but the other buildings would be recognizable by their shadows alone. The streets, though less than a hundred feet in width, would appear as fine dark lines on an illuminated surface. Long railway cuttings would also, when in shadow, become visible. The lunar observer would be able to see enough to make sure that there was a city there, though he could not see anything of its life. The meteorological phenomena of the earth would be the grandest feature of its surface as seen from the moon; the coming and going of the mantles of white and green on either hemisphere with the changing year, the movement of the great storms, and especially the flashes of lightning, must give a variety to the scene of which the moon, with its unchanging face, can afford us no idea.

With some conception of the power which the best instruments give us over the details of the moon's surface, we may begin our study without danger of being led into those vagaries which

have beset the ways of many speculators devoting themselves to this subject. Seen with the naked eye the moon shows us only a surface of varied brightness, some of the darker parts being distinctly bounded and arranged in a belt-like way across its surface. These obscure markings are just distinct enough to invite conjecture while baffling it. Out of them have been made all sorts of shapes, but the conjectures of centuries did nothing towards attaining the truth. If we begin our journey towards the moon with the lowest power of the telescope, say fifty diameters, which takes us to within about five thousand miles of its surface, those enigmatical markings become distinct, and there appears a throng of objects not seen before. If the moon be full we can see that the dark flecks are all more or less complete circles, some standing out distinctly separated from the rest of the surface, while others are rather confusedly merged together. Over the surface of these dark regions, which the eye at once perceives to be lower than the general surface, as well as over the higher country, lie scattered myriads of pits which range in size from circles hundreds of miles across, down, by an imperceptible gradation, to the smallest that we can perceive with the power we are using; around these pits there is often a rim which shines brighter than the rest of the surface, and from some of the larger pits there run long bands of light which stretch far away over the surface, sometimes for hundreds of miles, and, in many cases, traversing other pits of great depth, without turning from their course. On some parts of the moon's surface there are great tracts which show no sign of these pits, and give the even light which would seem to belong to smooth surfaces; in other regions the pits are so crowded that they jostle and crowd each other as the cells in a honey-comb.

The full moon, though on account of its greater brilliancy the natural object of curiosity on the part of every one who looks through a telescope, teaches less than the earlier stages of illumination. Those who would see a little at a time, and that well, should begin their work when the moon is the frail crescent in the half light of the late sunset. If the student will watch his chance, he will find that some evening he can see with the naked eye, besides the little crescent of light, the dusky figure of the dark part of the moon filling its horns and extending the arc to the full circle. From the earliest times this strange spectre of the unillumed part of the moon attracted the notice of observers, but it remained for Leonardo da Vinci to tell us that it was the glow of light from our earth, which is "full" to the moon while our satellite is new to us, that caused this light on the dark part of the moon. It is, in other words, the earth-shine coming back to us from the moon, that gives this indistinct glow to the part of the moon's face which has not yet caught the sun's light. With a telescope of the first class the observer sees in this earth-shine a faint outline of all the great features which come into distincter view when they get the stronger sunlight upon them. Nothing among the revelations of space approaches this phenomenon in certain features of a spectral and shadowy kind. The yawning craters, those wonderful lines of light which run from certain centres, the great ranges of precipitous mountains, themselves the remnants of crater walls, all seem transformed to mere ghosts of their hard-lined selves. As the eye becomes accustomed to the faint, uncertain light, one object after another creeps into view, until the whole moon is distinctly mapped before it. As the moon grows to us our earth wanes to her, so that little by little these ghostly hills and mountains fade away, and everything is dark again except the sunlit crescent.

Turning now to this brightly illuminated region, we find something very different from what the faint earth-shine showed us. As we pass slowly towards the illuminated region, letting the telescope drift as it were by the earth's rotation, we begin at last to see all at once

some bright points, the summits of lofty mountains which are just catching the light of the long lunar day. Near to these golden crowned mountains — for the curve of the moon is so sharp that this intermediate region is but narrow — comes the ragged border of the sunlight. Here the effects are surprisingly grand: every hill is a mass of light upon its sunward face, and shadow of the deepest kind on the other side. Wherever we may have happened to come upon the moon's surface there are sure to be profound abysmal craters, whose crests are clearly defined in the sunlight, while the cavities are blackest shadow. Between these hollowed mountains the surface is sown with small, irregular hills and valleys, utterly without order of arrangement. Here and there is a narrow black line which marks the place of some deep rent reaching down into the crust and far away over the rugged surface. All along the line where light and shadow meet, we have a succession of these simple topographical elements combined in the most varied fashion. The craters are in a general way like our terrestrial volcanoes, but differ from them in many very important points. The hills are far lower and less massive in proportion to the diameter and depth of the cups which crown them. A large part of the craters are circular depressions some thousands of feet deep, with vertical walls and a diameter of from one to ten miles, the encircling mountain being only a few hundred feet high and relatively as narrow as a well-curbing. Some of the larger craters show traces of what may be lava streams, but most of these openings differ from terrestrial volcanoes also, in the fact that there are no signs whatever of those great rivers of once molten matter which mark the country about the greater part of our earth's craters. At some points on the earth's surface we have cavities not unlike those on our satellite. Along the Rhine the craters of the Eifel, mere circular pits with hardly a trace of wall about them, furnish us with very close analogies of the lunar craters. It is quite evident that the Eifel volcanoes were outlets of gas escaping with explosive suddenness, scattering the materials torn from the crater far and wide over the surface of the adjacent country. These lunar craters seem also to mark the work of some gaseous agent, but the shape of their walls and floors gives us good reason to believe that they were far more heated than the Eifel craters. The curves are soft and rounded, as if they had been fused and flowing at the time of their formation. Ranging over more surface, as the moon steadily grows, we find that these pits, though generally less than five miles across, are at times far larger. Looking closely, we see that the smaller the craters, the more distinct and well preserved they generally are; observing the way in which they cut each other, we can also determine that the lesser craters are the last formed. The larger rings are the most ruinous, but we can still see that they are essentially like the smaller circles, though we can trace them in successive gradations up to three hundred miles or more in diameter. The great basins of the seas, though not so clearly defined as the lesser craters, on account of their worn condition and the fusion of several together, are still evidently of the same origin. Even the long, curved ridges cut into myriads of sharp pinnacles, which look like mountain chains, and have received the fanciful names of Alps and Apennines, are also the remains of old crater walls of vast extent, which have been ruined by the subsequent changes.

Nothing shows more clearly the intensity of human prejudices than the notions concerning the moon which have found a place in the minds of even excellent observers. It seemed so natural to find there a little reprint of our earth, that a thing had only to be seen to get a place among the familiar objects around us here. The low-walled dark-colored plains, which we have classed along with the smaller craters, were seas to the early observers. The narrow lines of black, which the higher powers of the telescope show us to be jagged

rents on the uneven face of the moon, were river paths to them. The bands of light were roads of more than Roman length and straightness; and whenever some curious structure, freak of the Titanic forces which built the moon's surface, puzzled the fertile imagination of the observer, he made of it a ruined castle or other architectural work of the sons of the "man in the moon." One of the most trustworthy students of the moon, in the early part of this century, a man trained in many branches of research, was a firm believer in the Selene. Purple cities and castles abounded in his moon; he even went so far as to suppose that the curious twin craters called Meissier, with their tail of light so curiously like a comet, was an effort of the lunar people to communicate with those on our earth. The poor, far-away people were trying to signal our beautiful earth, and had, regardless of expense, constructed this vast picture of the flaming messengers of heaven. Alas for the romantic things of the world! All this picture of life in our nearest companion in space falls before the stern teachings of the telescope. It is true that we can see nothing as small as the largest living being of our earth; even the greatest human works might escape the observer's eye; but there are things as plain as sight, to prove that the moon is an impossible place for all that is called life on our earth's surface. The sharpness of the shadows, and the silhouette clearness of the lunar landscape, long ago made the students suspect that there was no atmosphere there. This impression was deepened when after more than a century of watching no trace of cloud had ever been seen on the moon; always the same even face; nothing that could be held as evidence of the slightest vapor. This old conjecture has of late been made certain in the fact that when, with the greatest care on the part of the observer, stars were watched as they passed behind the moon, it was found that they moved with perfect steadiness up to the very edge of its disk, and then were instantly blotted out. Had there been an atmosphere the stars would have been retarded in their eclipse and advanced in their reappearance thereby, so that they would have been hidden for a less time by the moon. This observation, tallying as it does with so many other considerations which point to the same conclusion, makes it quite safe for us to affirm that the moon is without that first condition of life, an atmosphere. The evidence of the absence of water is quite as clear as that which leads us to deny the presence of air on the moon. The great changes of temperature which come between the day of three hundred hours and the night of equal length would necessarily drive all the water on the moon into a state of vapor, and reduce it to far below the freezing point during each lunar month; this would necessarily give us effects of the most tangible kind, which could not escape the astronomer's eye. If we accept the moon without air and without water, we abandon thereby all idea of peopling it with living beings; at least with such structures as our terrestrial experience supplies us with. Through the air and ocean comes all that gives to our earth the features we call beautiful; there is clearly nothing worthy of that name on that lonely star; its only enchantment is lent it by distance. Seen closely as we view an earthly landscape, there would be grandeur enough in the weird forms of its stately mountains and yawning chasms. But the blackest desolation our earth supplies would seem soft and rich-colored by the side of those wastes of dark lava which send down to us the mild moonlight.

If we must give up the pleasant delusion of life on our sister star, can we not at least suppose that it once was there? may it not be that the moon has only gone more rapidly towards the end which some *savans* prophesy for our earth, when the air and ocean shall have lost their oxygen to the greedy bases of the earth? Beneath the rude surface which the telescope shows us, can there not be a burial-place for the record of a life as great or greater than our earth itself supplies? Here the answer

of the observer is clear, if not as assured as upon the other questions. If our earth were to lose its water and air from any cause, there would remain, with all the permanence which belongs to the feature lines of the moon, the record which water has written on its face. The great continental folds, the water-worn mountains, the drainage system of the continents, with its river beds, its lake basins, and watersheds, would all remain monuments of the vanished force. But on the moon there is no mark of water action; searching it all over we find no trace of river or lake, no valleys, no deltas such as rivers would have made, nothing to be compared with our continents, but everywhere the same mystic, far-traced circles.

As all the movements which have taken place upon the surface of the moon have been brought about by its internal forces, it becomes a matter of great interest to determine whether these forces are stilled. If we cannot look for organic life there, can we not at least look for some physical activity? This of course must be, to a large extent, a matter for simple observation to determine. Our knowledge of the moon is sufficient to enable us to determine any great changes. The outbreak of a great volcanic eruption could not be overlooked by the observers who are continually studying it, provided it was attended with any of the great gaseous emanations which usually mark such events on our earth. We are not without descriptions of accidents on its surface, which would be explicable on the supposition that there was something like volcanic action on the moon. Most of these accounts are evidently the products of the uncritical spirit which tried to see in the moon all the phenomena the earth affords. A few years ago, however, Dr. I. F. Julius Schmidt, of the Athens Observatory, thought that he had detected a change in the form of one of the smaller craters, that which bears the name of the illustrious Linnæus. The crater is a small one for the moon, though some six miles across, and the observations are subject to great doubt. Out of a long discussion has come the conclusion that the assertion has not been proved. The Rev. T. N. Webb thinks that he has found a change in the singular pair of craters called Meissier, but these changes are not of a very distinct kind, and may be accounted for in another fashion. At first sight there does not appear to be any good reason why there should not still be volcanic action on the moon; but a little consideration will show that there is one very considerable difficulty which we are compelled to face, when we accept the theory of continued activity of the internal heat of our satellite. The heat of our own earth, as well as that which the moon once had, was derived from the original store of the gaseous mass out of which they both were made. The amount of heat in each body must have been proportioned to the mass. Now as cooling goes on with a rapidity proportionate to the mass, and to the area of the surface through which the heat escapes, the moon should have lost all its heat long before the earth had parted with one fourth of its original store. So we must suppose either that the moon has entirely cooled, or that the earth has still over three fourths of its original store of heat. The latter supposition will be regarded as quite inadmissible by every student of the physics of the globe; so we are in a measure compelled to believe that the internal fires of the moon are quite burnt out.

There is a source of change on the moon's surface which has been quite overlooked by astronomers, but which in itself is sufficient to account for the occurrence of considerable disturbances. On the airless, cloudless moon we have the sun's heat looking down through its day, half a month of our own. This is followed by an equal time during which the heat as steadily flows off into space. This gives, of course, a great range of temperature. It has been reckoned by a competent student, that the moon passes through a range of temperature of nearly a thousand degrees of Fahrenheit, from —84° to 840°. This change, or anything approaching it, could not be

repeated at each moon without having a prodigious effect upon its surface by the expansion and contraction alone. A mass of lava such as forms the flow of many of the lunar craters could expand and contract as much as the one hundredth of its length in this change. This would naturally tend to disturb the whole surface. The tension would not be uniform, but very variable; each new fissure would, by its forming, change the direction and intensity of the creeping movement, which must affect the whole surface. We can readily conceive that the walls of craters might be broken down, or pinnacled cliffs overturned, by these repeated changes of tension. It is quite conceivable that in time this slow but incessant movement might overturn all the grand reliefs of the moon's surface and leave nothing but the wrecks of its gigantic architecture. The ancient craters whose weird walls are to be found over a large part of the moon may have been razed by this slow-acting agent of destruction.

The other side of the moon, being always turned away from the earth, has been the natural refuge of the romantic school of selenographers. Since it is forever invisible to human eyes, they have felt that they could people it to suit themselves. Some years ago the distinguished Danish astronomer, Hansen, broached the theory, supported by some elaborate calculations, that the side of the moon turned towards the earth was far higher than the other side, being lifted above it by fourteen miles or more. It was easy to conjecture in this case that air and water might be placed on that side which is forever shut out from the eye of man. The invisible will always be the unnatural to some minds; but we can do something to show that the other side of the moon is like enough to that which faces us. It is to be noticed in the first place that though at one time the isolated observer sees only a trifle less than half the surface of the moon, yet by following the moon through all its periodic changes of position, he will see rather over four sevenths of the whole surface of the sphere. If the unseen part differs so widely from the visible as some suppose it may, then we should expect that the border would at least give us the beginning of the new order of things; but up to the farthest bounds of vision, we find the same wonderful association of craters, fissures, and ragged points of rock which make up the lunar landscape. Moreover, on the extreme verge of the moon we have some great lines of mountain ranges known as the Dairfel and the Rook Mountains; these great ranges, it is quite evident from their form, are segments of vast crater circles such as we have in the Apennines and all the other great mountains of the moon. Now if we complete in imagination, or by tracing upon a globe, these circles, we find that we are enabled to extend with tolerable certainty the topography of this face of the moon for some distance beyond the extreme point of vision. On the opposite, or northern side of the moon, there are a few bands of light, rather indistinct but still visible, which extend around from the other side. Analogy shows us that these bands are always arranged with reference to some crater in a radial fashion; so we may reasonably suppose that these lines which come around from the other side are also a part of some ray system which lies beyond the border. I am inclined to think that this centre is probably some four hundred and fifty miles beyond the border. If these views be correct we have only a few hundred miles, not over eight hundred miles, in diameter, concerning which we have not at least a probable basis for conjecture.

To those who have the hardihood to define the purpose of the physical universe, who look upon life, sentient life, as the aim of all things, the moon, as we now know it, is a sad difficulty. It is a great world complete in most of the machinery which fits our own for life, but an abiding desolation, because of its want of the two or three elements which give us water and air.

Those who have tried to excogitate the peopling of the planets, from the

slender basis of fact that observation affords us, get very little encouragement from the condition of the moon. Here is a twin sister of the earth, with what seemed in the early days of astronomy every condition for the fullest development of life, utterly and hopelessly barren. On our earth, life after its first planting seems the most necessary phenomenon of its surface; from each successive shock it has come out greater and higher than before, but at our next door in space it has never existed, never can exist. It would be a painful thing to believe that the earth alone had drawn the prize of life, while its companions had blanks alone; nor does the condition of the moon really go far towards compelling us to such an opinion; it only inculcates caution. The planets Venus and Mars, our neighbors above and below in space, have atmospheres. The latter has snow and ice, and seas of curious form, so that on these planets the only evident obstacle to life on the moon does not exist. No naturalist can watch winter and summer come and go on the opposite hemispheres of the martial planet, without feeling that life must have come into being where all the machinery of life is in such perfect working. And yet, having studied the moon, he must have a fear that after all there may be a certain something wanting to complete the scheme and bring in that strangely conditioned thing we call life.

Though the moon have no life of its own, it is not without potent influence on the life of our earth. There has never been a day since life began but the moon's influence has been at work to make or mar the fate of living things. But for the perpetual motion the tides bring into the waters of the sea, the ever-varying change of pressure to which it subjects all that comes within their scope, we may safely assume that life would have been something very different from what it is at present. There can be no doubt that its influence has been to hasten the journey up from the origin of life to its summit; we cannot reckon how much has been due to the influence of our moon in the advance of organic existence, but any naturalist who has adequately conceived how dependent we are for our state upon the life of an almost infinite chain of beings in the past, will be ready to acknowledge that he could not have been where or what he is, but for the silent working of that lifeless world above us.

There is an influence not without interest, which the moon exerts upon the earth; it was long ago noticed that there was a great accession of earthquakes, in regions liable to such disturbances, during the time of the month when the moon coöperated the most effectively with the sun in producing an attraction upon the earth. It is not likely, however, that the action results in any actual increase in the total number of earthquake shocks in a given period, but rather in an accumulation of these at particular times, so that as this effect is more curious than important, we may save ourselves the trouble of an inquiry into its cause.

But there is another way in which the moon exerts a most important effect upon our earth, acting through the tides. As these masses of water move around the earth in a direction exactly contrary to the earth's rotation, it is readily conceived that they exert a good deal of friction upon its surface. This, though slight, is still a measurable quantity, and tends to bring the earth in time to a stand-still. It would long ago have made an appreciable lengthening of the day, but, owing to one of the many compensations which go far to keep up the even course of events in the solar system, this friction of the tides is just balanced by the shrinkage of the earth. If the earth without any change of mass should be made smaller than it is, without loss of the velocity of rotation which is impressed on every particle of its matter, then it would rotate more rapidly. Now it is clear that the earth by its continued loss of heat must be continually shrinking; the folds of the earth's crust in its continents and mountain chains are irresistible proofs of the truth of this

conclusion. There is no other conclusion that can reasonably be accepted, save that the shrinking of the earth and the friction of the tides so balance our planet that the day remains unchanged. The earliest living beings on the earth's surface were probably at least two hundred miles farther from the earth's centre than their descendants are at the present time, but the distance between dawn and nightfall is probably not materially changed. In the distant future, when the loss of heat shall have gone so far that the earth no longer shrinks by a man's height in each thousand years, then the days will begin to lengthen, and grow longer and longer while the tides chafe the shores.

The picture which modern science paints of the moon is cold and hard, and at first sight saddening. It is no more the land of dreams, a refuge for those who find our blooming earth too hard. Its death is the old eternal death of chaos; it has not even the charm of life extinct. Fertilizing sunshine, the source of all movement here, does not break its lifelessness. It seems a very mockery of our earth, a grinning skeleton at our feast to tell us that "to this complexion we must come at last."

The tower of the observatory at Cambridge lies in one of the most charming scenes in the world. From its summit we look down over a wide lawn to the clustering homes of many villages, and to the stately edifices of a great city. There are rivers flowing to the sea eternal, hills, woods, noble buildings filled with the treasures of thought and action, monuments of battles, temples to creative power, a panorama of life, the exuberant life of this glorious old world. Many a time have I lingered in view of this lovely scene, almost loath to fly with the speed of light to that vast half-created world. With the telescope we seem to go with the quickness of sight away from the present, to stand in the face of primeval chaos. Life, so all-pervading, so enduring but a moment ago, seems but a vapor that might be breathed away. Standing in the presence of a worse than ruined world, we feel our confidence in the universe to be weakly founded. Beneficence, creative power, omniscience, — all the great words we coin for use on earth seem to have no place here, and we come sobered and saddened to earth again. But with time the lesson loses its severity, and is seen in better and truer shape. It teaches not mistrust in the world, but a consciousness of our own short vision, however aided. There may be something higher than organic life, something to which all this world of existence is subordinated as the atom is to the universe. Because two atoms differ, must the whole be a muddle? With time, the persistent student of the moon will find its silence and peace wonderfully attractive. He will betake himself there for a quiet more pervading than the bustle of the living earth can ever give. He will find it a physical Nirvana where matter has lost its eagerness and endless longings to rest in peace. When he comes back to the earth again, puts the nightcap on his telescope, and betakes himself to his own, we are sure that he will be the more content with our world and all its ways.

N. S. Shaler.

GOODY GRUNSELL'S HOUSE.

A WEARY old face, beneath a black mutch;
  Like a flame in a cavern her eye,
Betwixt craggy forehead and cheek-bone high:
Her long, lean fingers hurried to clutch
A something concealed in her rusty cloak,
As a step on the turf the stillness broke;
  While a sound — was it curse or sigh? —
  Smote the ear of the passer-by.

A dreary old house, on a headland slope,
  Against the gray of the sea.
Where garden and orchard used to be,
Witch-grass and nettle and rag-weed grope, —
Paupers that eat the earth's riches out, —
Nightshade and henbane are lurking about,
  Like demons that enter in
  When a soul has run waste to sin.

The house looked wretched and woe-begone;
  Its desolate windows wept
With a dew that forever dripped and crept
From the moss-grown eaves; and ever anon
Some idle wind, with a passing slap,
Made rickety shutter or shingle flap
  As who with a jeer should say,
  "Why does the old crone stay?"

Goody Grunsell's house — it was all her own;
  There was no one living to chide,
Though she tore every rib from its skeleton side
To kindle a fire when she sat alone
With the ghosts that had leave to go out and in,
Through crevice and rent, to the endless din
  Of waves that wild ditties droned, —
  Of winds that muttered and moaned.

And this was the only booty she hid
  Under her threadbare cloak, —
A strip of worn and weather-stained oak;
Then into her lonesome hearth she slid:
And, inch by inch, as the cold years sped,
She was burning the old house over her head;
  Why not — when each separate room
  Held more than a lifetime's gloom?

Goody Grunsell's house — not a memory glad
  Illumined bare ceiling or wall;

But cruel shadows would sometimes fall
On the floor; and faces eerie and sad
At dusk would peer in at the broken pane,
While ghostly steps pattered through the rain,
  Sending the blood with a start
  To her empty, shriveled heart.

For she had not been a forbearing wife,
  Nor a loyal husband's mate;
The twain had been one but in fear and hate,
And the horror of that inverted life
Had not spent itself on their souls alone:
From the bitter root evil buds had blown;
  There were births that blighted grew,
  And died, — and no gladness knew.

The house unto nobody home had been,
  But a lair of pain and shame:
Could any its withered mistress blame,
Who sought from its embers a spark to win,
A warmth for the body, to soul refused?
Such questioning ran through her thoughts confused,
  As she slipped with her spoil from sight.
  Could the dead assert their right?

The splintered board, like a dagger's blade,
  Goody Grunsell cowering hid,
As if the house had a voice that chid,
When wound after wound in its side she made;
As if the wraiths of her children cried
From their graves, to denounce her a homicide;
  While the sea, up the weedy path,
  Groaned, spuming in wordless wrath.

The house, with its pitiful, haunted look, —
  Old Goody, more piteous still,
Angry and sad, as the night fell chill, —
They are pictures out of a long-lost book.
But the windows of many a human face
Show tenants that burn their own dwelling-place;
  And spectre and fiend will roam
  Through the heart which is not love's home.

Lucy Larcom.

PESCAGLIA, THE HOME OF A MAD ARTIST.

STANDING on the Carraja Bridge at Florence and looking sixty miles away to the westward, the spectator sees three prominent peaks rising like a triple crown over ranges of mountains which break up the nearer and farther distance into walls of luminous purple and deepest blue. A flood of opalescent splendor shimmers around them at sunset, wrapping the scene in golden mist, just as the burning atmosphere of the summer's day cools into limpid starlight. In winter the snow-robed crown sparkles in the frosty air as if it were cut out of solid diamond, giving to the Carrara mountains, on whose head it rests, the queenship of the Apennines. But this wintry magnificence, like a glimpse of another world too bright for mortal eyes, can only be enjoyed afar off. When, however, the warm months envelop it in soft sheen and mysterious space melting into shadowy heights, the gazer lingers wistfully over the shifting forms and hues and yearns to be among them. For myself, I have never seen these mountains in winter or summer without an involuntary desire to go there. They appeal to the inner sense as a resting-place midway between earth and heaven, where body and soul might receive strength for either. The summer of 1869 was so beautiful in Florence that it was a penance even to think of going elsewhere, as indeed it is at all times to those who have long resided within its walls. Nevertheless I could never cross the bridge without being haunted by my temptation, now of eighteen years' growth. A daughter was tardily recovering from a long fever, the legacy of a whooping-cough, when the physician prescribed mountain air as more healing than drugs. So Pescaglia was recommended as affording the best. But where was Pescaglia? Precisely within the charmed circle of this triple crown of Carrara hills, nestling amid chestnut and oak trees, embedded in fragrant vegetation, and clinging with divers sister-hamlets, as ancient as the Cæsars, to steep crags divided from each other by cool glens, joyous with running streams, and shaded by old monarchs of the forest which had braved the centuries since the days of the tyrant Castruccio, and maybe the pious Countess Matilda. Here, if anywhere, nature was serene and charming; a health-giver to spirit and sense, promising a loving return in her own motherly way to human confidence! True, there was not a semblance of an inn; an unfatted calf was killed only once a week, to be divided among the few eaters of meat of the region; bread dark and acid had to be brought many miles; fruits were scanty and half wild; in fact the diet must be restricted to such supplies as could be gleaned from the scantily stocked farms of the peasantry, who were as innocent of any knowledge of the ways and wants, and even the persons, of city people, as so many Calmucks. The fare was not attractive, for the only food in reliable abundance was the staple clammy chestnut cake, of a deep chocolate color, which only the habits of a goat could render digestible, while to the untutored stomach it was a nightmare of a thousand fiend power. Still, there was something so bewitching in this mingling of feast of the soul and famine of the body — nature, at once so æsthetic, spiritual, and sanitary, doctoring dilapidated frames without fees and hindering all excesses of mind and body, whether we consented or not — that it hit the appetite for novelty if it missed the more carnal one. Moreover, even greater boons were promised. Complete social enfranchisement, harmony, and equality with the natural world; absolute genuineness of life even for a fleeting moment; not having to say to society's Satan, "Get thee behind me," for he never came to Pescaglia: these were indeed royal gifts.

Being loath to tempt the tempter into this Eden, I decline to name the town where we exchanged the rail for the district road, which came to an abrupt end at the foot of the picturesque crag, out of which Pescaglia grows as naturally as its chestnuts and vineyards. No carriage-wheels ever profane the quiet of its narrow streets. The strong visitor must climb to it on his own limbs, and the invalid be borne in a chair on sturdy mountaineers' shoulders. Suffice it to know that the road to Pescaglia is lovely even in the most fertile province of Italy. Winding beside a coquettish river, it passes through tunnels, under toppling cliffs, along gorges flattening out into meadows and orchards, shadowed by olive and vine growing hills covered with renaissant villas and feudal towers, and bordered by ivy and rose-draped walls fringed with hoary mosses, amid which flit in imperial livery of green and gold mercurial lizards. It opens on mediæval churches far gone in decrepitude, like the temporal power that reared their walls, but whose silver-toned bells are as sense-enrapturing as ever, as their mellow strains echo throughout the neighboring peaks. It stretches across dry torrents, choked with the avalanches of spring, and devastated fields. It is caressed by wild plants bending beneath the weight of their fragrant charms, as they listen to the chatter of merry brooks or flirt with amorous insects. Now and then you encounter a country cart clattering along at a break-neck pace, top-heavy with embrowned maidens going to and from reeling the cocoons of silk-worms in those strange buildings with steaming *loggia* which surprise the novice in their mysteries. The valleys shut the road in closer and closer, narrowing and deepening until the last turn brought it to an abrupt termination at an old stone bridge over the precipitous streams which furrow the mountain on either side of Pescaglia, and whenever it rains much make it roar with the rush of their impatient floods. There stood our "city of refuge," looking from its perpendicular eyrie almost straight down upon us, and peeping out of a bower of green, overtopped by the ruins of a venerable castle backed against precipices half hidden in luxuriant green, but too rough to be ascended otherwise than by the tortuous paths which led to the highest pasturages, just under the naked peaks that cut sharply but gracefully against the young twilight. Everywhere the outlines of the Apennines have a feminine beauty of contour and delicacy of curve. Here, although in mass of almost Alpine grandeur, this specific quality was particularly noticeable, especially as the tender shadows of night crept slowly up the mountain sides, and mingling with the rays of the sun tinged with royal purple the topmost peaks.

The invalids with their luggage had been put down on the roadside, and left by the driver to contemplate the scenery until help should come from above to make the ascent. Shut in below as we were by the steep and close hills, it was almost dark before help came. Meantime the gossips of the sole habitation hereabouts brought out some rude chairs and proffered such hospitality as their meagre household might yield, with genuine good-will and an absence of disposition to make money out of our position that showed no theories of backshish had yet entered their souls. They were decidedly behind the age, but in the right direction for travelers.

Under the circumstances of our appearance, in this sudden fashion stranded on their highway, an indefinite amount of voluble curiosity would have been pardonable. Their manners, however, were not merely unexceptionable, but the acme of refined courtesy. I felt at once as if I had always lived there, and each face was a familiar friend's. The few foot-travelers, peddlers of wooden shoes and cheap female finery, or peasants driving before them files of donkeys laden with wood, manifested no more surprise at our improvised encampment than would a city idler on meeting a do-nothing neighbor following his praiseworthy example. Saluting us kindly they passed on without one furtive glance. This was not owing to

stolidity of temperament, for on questioning any, their replies were vivacious and sensible enough. One time-furrowed old lady was eloquent on the woes of life in the abstract, dwelling on the hardship of being rooted for more than seventy years to a spot which had no change except of the monotonous seasons. From birth to burial she had to see the same few faces, eat the same meagre food, do the same frame-racking work, and look on the same hard-hearted mountains. Fine scenery, forsooth, but what good came of that to her! Evidently she was a misanthrope in principle just as there are pitiless philanthropists. The world needed a certain amount of grumbling to keep it moving, as a donkey requires the cudgel, and Pescaglia had fallen to her lot for its castigation. As she turned to go with a lugubrious shake of her withered head and a pitying glance of her sharp eye, she asked "if we came voluntarily." On being assured that it was actually so, "You 'll find good air and water; nothing else; this is all Pescaglia gives to any one; much good may they do to you; good day," she ejaculated, as she hobbled off.

Others stopped for a chat of a more cheerful turn, doing the honors of their mountainous scenery with a sincere appreciation of the "fine air and water" which all agreed were its distinctive merits. But even these could not quite take it in that we had come "voluntarily." Never did people show a more touching humility as to their own importance and local advantages; but whatever they had was at our disposal. Their talk was so simple-minded and unworldly that I was almost sorry when the carriers did arrive. We made a merry *cortége* up the paved footway under the trees, more picturesque but steeper and more winding each step, as we drew near the house in which we were to be lodged, and whose owner, leaving a singular history, had died the year previous. Our self-made friends seemingly attached a peculiar importance to us because we were to occupy this grand "villa," which in their eyes was the seat of untold magnificence, the like of which it was doubtful if we had ever seen. It was superbly furnished, in short, a miniature Versailles, if we might construe their adjectives in their common significance, spoken in an undertone of mingled awe and mystery. Having expected nothing superior to the stone floors and rough quarters of an ordinary farm-house, this intelligence was agreeable, besides piquing to the curiosity. Our path left the real Pescaglia somewhat on the right hand and ascended a twin hill, skirting the mossy walls of an extinguished convent, and a tiny church of the Lombard period, — that is, all of it that had not been restored by modern vandals into architectural and spiritual inanity, — until losing itself on a narrow, ankle-wrenching pavement between rows of stone houses, so called by courtesy, though in reality cheerless hovels of prosaic discomfort and poverty within and picturesque outlook in mass without. These led to a *cul-de-sac* that terminated in an embattlemented doorway and court-yard. On ringing a brisk bell the entrance flew open, presenting an agreeable spectacle, if not the counterpart of Versailles. A turreted wall inclosed a tiny garden on a terrace overhanging the valley, with miniature parapets and towers, having the grand air of a feudal castle even if it were not as big as a real one. In the centre was a marble fountain throwing up exquisite jets of mountain-water, as clear as crystal, sprinkling confused masses of lemon and orange trees, vines, roses, tea-plants, and others rare and common, helter-skelter in a labyrinth of democratic weeds. Fronting us one way, with drawn sword and full panoply of armor, was the Archangel Michael, the guardian of the gate, in lively fresco, but with his celestial splendor somewhat dimmed by long exposure to earthly showers and incipient cryptogamia. The villa itself formed two sides of the garden. On the left, as we went towards the principal door, was an elaborate fresco covering two stories with an extraordinary composition. In the centre stood the Madonna

in Glory, with a face of ineffable sweetness, gazing on rats jumping through hoops held by other rats, and doing all kinds of circus antics, besides stealthily cutting off the tail of a huge cat unsuspiciously moralizing on the top of a queer palisade. Others were holding up gold coins in their mouths to the Virgin, or blowing soap-bubbles in her honor. But the queerest fact was the humanity expressed in the features of all the rats, as distinctive as so many human beings, but otherwise cleverly drawn and colored rats of all degrees and ages; singularly coherent expression in an extravagant incoherence of entire composition.

By the time we had got thus far, our general escort had vanished like so many shadows, evidently having either a wholesome respect for the grandeur of the premises or a mystical fear of its painted inmates. If the exterior decoration were queer, the interior was even more so. Each room, anteroom, stairway, and ceiling was thickly painted in strong oil-colors with similar compositions, done not unskillfully by a free brush and vigorous stroke. I must describe some. The great hall was laid out in Chinese scenery of the cheap tea-tray fashion, jumbled with chaotic phenomena of the heavens, ships scudding against the winds, and a demon-visaged comet dashing headlong into the sun just rising over the hills in the shape of a human face surrounded by spiked rays, with eyes weeping mammoth tears, in harrowed anticipation of the collision. A nautical rat, standing upright on the topmost leaf of a tall tree, was inspecting the scene through a telescope, while another at the foot was inquiring what it all meant.

Our chief bedroom had a very weird and apocalyptical aspect, three sides being filled with hosts of doves sweeping centrewards in regular, interminable converging lines, feathery hosts on hosts, some full grown, others just bursting from their egg-shells, led by naked *amorini* with immense dickeys about their throats, epaulettes on their shoulders, and regulation kepis on their heads. For a moment the room seemed to whirl round and round with their whirring flight, while the great blue eyes of the military cupids glared at us so wildly in the dim light that I exclaimed, "I can't bear this; if I sleep here I shall go crazy." Was the air of the chamber filled with infectious madness? But the ringing laugh of my wife quickly drove away the demon of gloom and summoned the imp of the ridiculous in its place. The paintings soon became such an unfailing source of amusement and speculation that it was agreeable to be among them. Incoherent as they were to the last degree, they begot at last in me a dreamy repose of mind and body eminently refreshing and companionable, as if they were the embodiment of unseen, inscrutable joys, rather than maddening woes.

But to return to first sensations. A shout of laughter, of wonderment, from the children drew us to their discovery: a decidedly original picture of Divine Providence and Family Love, as it was inscribed. A lady rat, just confined, was lying in a stately bed, with lace cap and ruffles, awaiting her gruel, which a tidy rat nurse was bringing her in the orthodox vessel always provided for this momentous domestic event. The pot-bellied father was lying on his back on the floor amid a heap of toys, tossing several of his babies on his four feet into the air, while the rest of the brood were enjoying their playthings or quarreling as fraternally as if they had been human babies. Stores of apples and other toothsome dainties formed the walls and ceiling of the nursery of this happy family. My own little rats, the youngest only fifteen months, never grew tired of examining and commenting on this wonderful composition.

On the opposite wall there was a far different scene. At the left sat an impressive allegorical, gigantic figure of a woman of majestic mien and handsome features, dressed in blue, surrounded by mystical emblems and inscriptions in unknown tongues, of gracious look and abstracted air, leaving one in doubt whether she was meant to be the in-

carnation of the arcana of the black art, or one of the mysteries of the Apocalypse. At all events it was a masterpiece of intense supernatural suggestiveness which would not have discredited William Blake. There was a wise solemnity and spiritual composure about it that soothingly contrasted with the crack-brain character of the rest of the wall decorations. Immediately next to it, behind the bed, was a handsome Madonna in Glory, watching flying fiery serpents and nondescript monsters wildly shooting through space, wept over by a lugubrious sun like the one in the hall, rising over a foreground of slab-like rocks, broken into sharp precipices, down which, sitting on drums, rats, travestied as soldiers of the line of the time of Napoleon I., were sliding, falling, pirouetting, or presenting arms to the Virgin. The chambers above, which formed our nursery, were known as the "rooms of the sacred mysteries," so the *custode* of the villa told us, although anything more mysterious than those below it would be difficult to conjure up. Some of their scenes were naïvely curious. One, a party of old rats with human expressions, gambling; the oldest and wickedest glancing over his cards with sardonic satisfaction at the chagrin and fury of those whom he has cheated, overlooking an outsider who is slyly stealing the stakes. Another was a more elaborate affair occupying an entire side of the room, in the centre of which was the Holy Family and attendant saints in masses of clouds, listening to polkas performed by bands of rats dressed as military musicians. Near by two rats were blowing the face of the sun with great bellows to keep up its heat, and in a corner the moon, pale and sickly-looking, was being fed by one of these quadrupeds with porridge out of a huge spoon.

I fear it would be tedious to describe any more of our "Versailles gallery," but the dining-room must not be omitted. Next to rats the favored topics were Franciscan friars. All of this part of the villa was dedicated to them. The painted background formed the whole interior architecture of a convent, exposing cells, refectory, prison, chapel, and *cortile*. In some of the cells the friars were uncorking champagne bottles labeled with the insignia of the Holy Ghost. In another scene one was carrying his head under his arm in a procession, a miracle unnoticed by his brethren, among whom were two women in disguise, whom also they discreetly failed to see. The prison held a friar undergoing penance, tormented by bedeviled cats and frightened by a bodiless arm ringing a bell over his head, while another kept rapping on his window. In the refectory the table was laid with two big bottles of wine and a small bit of bread for each friar. The standard of conventual holiness was decidedly material. Our deceased host himself had been a great collector of bottles. These, of all sorts and shapes, were arranged by hundreds on shelves in the dining-room, filled with extraordinary liquids, and decorated with masonic and Christian emblems and signs of the Trinity in silver and gold paper. The chapel itself had been partly converted into a studio, and in part devoted to an altar covered with tawdry French ornaments and dismal souvenirs of the grave. Altogether it was a strange villa.

The history of its owner was still stranger. He had been city-born, of a noble family, rich, as provincial fortunes count; had traveled, sojourned often in Paris, whence came the "luxury" of furniture, linen, silver, glass, and books we found here; and finally, after many bachelor experiments in love, had decided on marrying a peasant girl with whom he was really enamored. To this turn of his eccentricities his relations put their veto. In America there would have been but one ending to similar interferences, but in Italy, where family discipline is supreme, the family triumphed. The defeated lover was seized with an artistic mania for decorating this villa, in which he passed most of his time, bewildering and amusing his rustic neighbors, wasting his patrimony in painting and repainting,

harmless in his ways, often jocose and hospitable, ducking unsuspecting girls by suddenly letting loose his fountain on them, experimenting in horticulture and entertaining monks, who enjoyed his fare if they did not his frescoes. Thus he lived on in a half-serious, half-droll manner, but gradually growing sadder and madder until his kind guardians, who had provoked his madness, sent him, vainly protesting, to a mad-house to die, which he speedily did of the longing he had to be back painting his quaint imaginings once more on the walls of his quiet home at Pescaglia.

And now, patient reader, if you do not weary of this storyless tale, let us chat a little with our living neighbors. The first comer, and not the least gossip, is the gentleman who brings our milk. I say gentleman advisedly, because his language and manners are thoroughly gentlemanly, his bearing easy, independent, and courteous, indicative of self-respect and respect of others. Had our croaking old dame below added fine manners to her scanty list of good things at Pescaglia, she would have come within the truth; for they were as abundant and spontaneous as the fine air and water themselves. Indeed, I am inclined to believe that the quality of these elements had much to do with the prevailing manifestations of genial humanity. In his outer self our milkman was as rough — perhaps we should call it untidy in America, where dirt has no sense of the picturesque under any combinations — as his brother peasants, but his frank deportment was more becoming than fine raiment. It struck me, as I looked at him, that to be clothed in one's "right mind" was better on the whole than being in the "height of fashion." He never poured out his measure of milk without making it an overflowing bumper, unwatered (was not that the trait of a gentleman?), or giving the servants an extra quantity to drink to his health, as we sat cozily together on the stone steps, listening to his tales of Pescaglia life. He was a widower with a baby-daughter, and would marry again if he could find a woman who would be kind to his pet. For himself he preferred the single existence. His means, a few cows, chickens, some chestnut and olive trees, insuring him a few hundred francs income, were sufficient. But his sister was a grand lady. She owned sixty cows, and made no end of butter, which traders from Leghorn came for weekly. Once a year all the relatives and the curé dined with her. Such a feast was rarely seen anywhere. Roast meat, salad, cheese — he gave us a sample tougher than gutta-percha — enough for every one, and unlimited *vino sincero*, — the acrid wine of the district, beside which mineral vinegar is honey itself. But his relish of this diet would have been cheaply bought by a city epicure with half his fortune. A broker of marriages — it appears this kind of business is rife in the rural districts — had just described to him a stoutish, good-tempered girl on the other side of the mountain, who had several thousand francs and eagerly desired a husband; in short, a genuine buxom heiress, of strong hips and spine, whom he would secure for something less than the regular commission, as the candidate was no novice in matrimony.

I ought to explain that the "strong hip and spine" qualifications are essential for the steep, rocky hills, up and down which the women from infancy are trained to carry heavy burdens on their heads, while the men rest theirs on their shoulders supported by a strap around their foreheads, pulling by it much as the oxen do by theirs. Even in polite Pescaglia the biggest and weightiest loads were invariably borne by the women. Indeed, there is a common saying of the men in some parts of Italy in regard to an extra heavy burden, that "it is a woman's load." Why there should be such a distinction in the mode of carrying, the female skull being thinner and more delicate than the male, I never could clearly make out. The best reason ever vouchsafed me from the most interested party was "they are used to it," "they always do so." The sanitary effects of the

custom were unexceptionable, for such straight-backed nymphs, of firm, elastic step and lofty carriage, could nowhere else be found. "Female troubles" could not find lodgment in frames trained, like Milo's, to carry the calf until it grew to be the ox. The broker was right, therefore, in presenting foremost the best points of his human wares. But our friend was not eager at snuffing the bait. The reduction of commission had a look of a double commission; the girl might be paying something herself. Who knows, and for what reason? She might not be kind to his little one. In fine, he gave the cold shoulder to the broker, but told us confidentially that he meant to drop over on the sly to get an anonymous look at her charms.

Here comes the mercurial messenger, under plea of bringing our letters from the post, a service which he has voted to himself. He is the newsmonger and wiseacre of the whole neighborhood; a philosopher, too, caring neither for the great nor the little world; ambitionless, doing nothing to support himself, and no one doing anything for him; a seedy, spare-ribbed, faded-out youth of mysterious means, the maximum less than a franc a day, always obliging, and as chirpy as one of the sparrows the Lord feeds, and no less restless of movement and tongue. Well up is he in the politics of the world; fluent in Italian literature, conservative in tone but liberal in theory, partisan of nothing, weighing the Pope and Garibaldi in a just balance, and pronouncing wisely wherein each was wanting; sagacious in his estimate of the French and Germans in the war just ended, possessing broad ideas and but small geographical knowledge; preferring Pescaglia, summer and winter, to all the world beside, an idler without an atom of laziness, epicurean with nothing to keep him in condition; knowing the precise value in francs of every girl in the region about, her glowing estimate of her own charms and the counter estimate of her rivals and lovers; in total, the daily, biped New York Herald of Pescaglia, taken in by every householder whether he would or no. His topic this evening was somewhat in the vein of the milkman's, only he omitted his own confessions. The mother of Signorina X. had just snubbed Signore Z. by telling him, after a personal inspection, that he was not handsome enough to be her son-in-law, although the daughter was only too glad to accept any one unseen. Pescaglia was as innocent of evil as Arcadia itself, but it had one trying fault: everybody knew everybody's business in advance. Pescaglia was as watchful over female deportment as the greatest city. No mother in society would permit an unmarried daughter of any age less than threescore to go out unattended by herself. If she did, who would marry the sweet dove? Rustic lovers had a better time. Fashion cared less for their courtships, and hence they were happier and honester. After this edifying manner he rambled on until his instinct told him it was opportune to leave, when he would gracefully invent an engagement, and disappear.

A more serious visitor was an aged priest, learned and liberal, exiled by vindictive superiors to this wilderness, who avenged himself by combating papal infallibility and the temporal power in pamphlets which, with praiseworthy frankness, he addressed directly to Pius IX. himself. The other priests told his parishioners that masses said by him would have no efficacy in saving their souls. Although living in solitude, devoured by a cruel dyspepsia that refused him regular sleep and drove him to solitary rambles at strange hours, he had won the esteem and confidence of the people. Whenever his archbishop sent him a dubious circular to read to his congregation he had the habit of forgetting it, which preserved their brains from being infected by the casuistries of the Vatican, while their uninformed consciences were equally kept from any superstitious strain. But there could be no sounder evidence of the enlightened spirit of the population than their toleration and even support of him in his antagonism to the pet dogmas and ideas of the Pope. Only a few

years before he would have been effectually silenced by the Inquisition. But in Pescaglia the people at large are in advance of their teachers in their readiness to learn and independence of judgment. The general type of the Italian peasant indicates a race of remarkable quickness of intellect and fine physical and mental stamina, obscured, it is true, by poverty and the ignorance forced on them by vitiated institutions and habits of mind highly esteemed by the papacy as a pledge of unquestioning obedience in its sons. In this outpost our priest was doing good service to liberal progress by disseminating ideas which are steadily undermining the system of intellectual bondage in which the peasantry of Italy has been too long held.

We soon knew all our neighbors. Wherever we strolled courteous salutations greeted us from every door-way, with beaming smiles and pleasant words for the little ones. Here, we received news of a fresh comer into the world, with those domestic details which make the human heart beat as with one pulse; there, the tidings of a last departure, so unnoticed in the living crowd of a city, but where we were shut out of the feverish, great world, particularly solemn and suggestive of one's own call to bid the long good night to earth. Next door there always sat in the glowing twilight a wan invalid dying of a cancer, and so poor that a little portion of our meagre fare seemed to him a feast of Belshazzar. It was touching to receive his daily godspeed in our walk, and see his grateful, ghastly smile, so corpse-like that death itself could not change it unless to make it even sweeter in spirit. One evening a dozen chickens, just bought and turned loose in the garden to fatten if it were possible, frightened at the prospect, flew over the wall into the outer darkness, lost, as we gloomily fancied, forever to our craving palates. By morning unknown hands had recaptured and brought them all back. The population overflowed with friendliness to us as to one another, agreeably spiced with piquancy of individual character. Our mornings were spent on the grass under the shade of old forest kings, gigantic chestnuts and youthful oaks, breathing the fragrant air, gazing on the clear summits opposite, or following with the eyes the picturesque mountain gaps and valleys as they meandered towards the Serchio in the far distance. Wild flowers profusely spotted the hill-sides. Insect life was the most beautiful I had seen out of Brazil. Indeed, in the shady dells and nooks which gathered up the rivulets into natural fountains and water-falls, the vegetation was almost of tropical exuberance and beauty. Large, ruby-colored oleanders enlivened the deep greens of the terraced meadows, alternated by the golden sheen of ripe grain or the silvery gleam of the olive-tree.

Every day brought us on this spot its social reception of one kind or other. Sometimes animals, birds, insects, flowers, and children played the chief parts, always to the sharp notes and quick beat of the restless cicada, which sung in the trees overhead. Stalwart peasants would stop and chat about their hero Garibaldi; boast that they were better shots than the famous corps of Bersaglieri, and declare how eager they were to strike a blow for republicanism when the hour should come. *Papalini* retaliated by telling us that the *Garibaldini* were cowardly marauders of no religion. But political differences seemed to have no sinister effect on their mutual friendship.

Three papers were taken in the village, representing the extremes of radicalism, conservatism, and jesuitism, and freely circulated from hand to hand, so that none were ignorant as to their neighbors' sentiments. During the hot weather they went to bed at nine P. M., summoned by a noisy hand-bell rung from house to house, the only sound that broke the intense silence of our nights after the clatter of the goats and sheep, following the bells of their leaders coming down the mountains, had ceased. All the workers rose at daybreak to harvest the grain during the cooler hours. In winter they gossiped later around roaring kitchen fires, court-

ing, perchance; indeed, our handsome talker had courted in this manner for ten years, and was so content with his occupation that he might make it a score of years before he committed himself to the more placid joys of wedlock. All agreed that Pescaglia was crimeless. Jealousy and heart-burn never provoked the knife as elsewhere. Stealing was unknown, unless committed by an outside vagabond. Taxes were heartily anathematized for absorbing quite half of their rents or incomes, in one shape or other. Everybody was poor in their scattered population of twenty-five hundred souls, and yet every one was rich; for contentment was the common virtue, and no one ever begged. This exemption from the teasing vice of Italy had greatly surprised us and showed no ordinary degree of self-respect. I fear, however, my wife inadvertently let envy into the heart of our nearest neighbor, a middle-aged dame occupying a stone house rented at twelve francs the year, but which she thought was an exorbitant price, by telling her that a city midwife got twenty-five francs for each case, while her fee was only one franc, and all her numerous relatives must be attended gratis. Ejaculating "Gesú Maria! is it possible?" with a dubious shake of her head, she evidently thought she was imposed upon; but whether by us or her clients we could not make out. Still I do not think that the enterprise of Pescaglia will at present take the turn of raising prices on home industries, particularly as some of our providers were wont to ask us what they ought to charge for their produce. Those who had traveled in the course of their lives as far as Lucca, had come back sufficiently developed in the principles of trade to ask a bouncing sum, with the expectation of being set right by our superior information as to the markets elsewhere. But all were easily satisfied, and none showed the least covetousness. Really they were as simple-minded, honest, and polite as if there were no money in the world. Happy in the minor key of existence, satisfied with their meagre portion of worldly riches, they literally seemed not merely void of envy and uncharitableness, but were absolutely generous with their scanty means, insisting at times on bestowing gifts of fruit or vegetables even on us.

With all this moral wealth I fear they lacked the one thing needful to a complete appreciation of their resources of happiness. There was no spontaneous sympathy with nature. In this, however, the Pescaglians only partook of the common insensibility of Italians to the beauty of the landscape. Nevertheless "fine air and water," although to some extent counteracted materially by the villainous chestnut diet and frightfully acid wine, did give a refreshment to their existence which was gratefully acknowledged. The only suggestion of local pride was in their meek boastfulness of the sanitary advantages of their mountain home. No typical Christian of the Apostolic age could be more humble in thought. Indeed, to the last they never ceased their plaintive apostrophe, "Do you stay here voluntarily?" and seemed greatly relieved in mind as to the condition of our faculties when as often assured that it was to enjoy their "fine air and water" we had come; to them the sole intelligible motive. But nature in this secluded laboratory of hers was doing wiser for their weal than they knew. Constantly fanned by breezes untainted by human foulness and crime, fresh from ethereal regions which are the fountain-head of man's strength and purity, she brought to humanity a moral as well as a physical ozone which imparted to it the finer elements of character and temperament. In some measure the atmosphere of towns is like that of unventilated rooms — an insidious compound of the grossness and disease of the mass of population, depressing and unwholesome to an individual in proportion as his standard of life is higher than the average of his neighbors. False passions and opinions are as contagious as fevers, and infest the air in the same subtle manner. Despite ourselves we incline towards the dominant tone of life amid which we live. If we emerge from stifling cities

into the uncorrupted atmosphere of the ocean or mountain, there penetrates into our systems a subtle, soothing exhilaration which elevates the senses into a more spiritual apprehension of the hidden forces of nature, while strengthening our material bodies. For a brief moment before the wave of worldliness again breaks over our quickened faculties, we fancy ourselves nearer to heaven itself. For do not dark spirits affect the gloom of close quarters congenial to their condition? while the bright ones, if tempted to revisit the earth, must choose the sweetest and purest, whether in the individual heart or the air that feeds its life-blood!

But I have another theory to account for the gentleness of this race, more particularly of the old ladies. Whenever we met any of the aged, toil-stained women, so neat in their home-spun, often-patched garments, with their placid bearing and courtesy of language, as gracious in form as those of our ideal high-born dames when the spirit of chivalry still lingered in aristocratic manners, I always fancied I was spoken to by a noble lady in lowly disguise, fulfilling a vow of humility to chasten her soul into greater virtue. Why might not these faultlessly polite old ladies in their tattered robes, with their native elegance of manner and unconscious equality and independence, a perfect social type — why might not these gentle, courteous beings be the re-incarnations of haughty, selfish, courtly women, doing voluntary penance for former errors, and acquiring under opposite conditions those Christian qualifications which are needed to give them rank and riches in the court of the Celestial King? If it were so, they were learning their new lessons so well that they might return to the golden city without fearing any further rehabiliment in flesh to remodel lives wasted in pride and luxury. I loved them all. I felt honored by their hearty, kindly questions and wishes. Unwittingly they raised my estimate of the fundamental soundness of human nature when undisturbed by the casuistries of fashion and ambition, and undecked by the weeds of civilization. In them and their progeny lay Italy's undeveloped promise of power; a promise richer than that of her quarries, her oaks, her olives and vines, and far more precious even than the "fine air and water" which nourished their sane bodies; fair seed of the future of the world's favorite seat of art, song, and beauty.

The true Pescaglia was on the opposite ravine. Ours was merely a rural suburb. Like all the villages of Italy, Pescaglia was a miniature city, with rows of stone houses and balconies facing each other on extremely narrow streets, paved in the ancient Etruscan manner; possessing a public palace, the home of the syndic and an army of *impiegati*, on salaries of less than a franc a day; also a tiny church begun when Christianity was in its infancy, and over all a beetling acropolis in ruins. Shop there was none; merely a mongrel café, close and dark as a convict's cell, where tobacco, stamps, salt, coarse bread, and, it was reported, *acqua gazosa* (bottled soda-water) might sometimes be found. A tailor who plied his needle in the open air under a vine was the only evidence of a trade. In less unbelieving times there existed several convents, but so small, they seemed more like play convents than real ones. One about the size of a ship's cabin still sheltered a few disconsolate nuns, left in their dismal, dingy cells because they had cried so hysterically when the government officials told them they were free to go wherever they liked. Little had they seen of the outside world from their iron-barred loop-holes, except a few trees and patches of sun-scorched rocks high in the horizon. What wonder then that they clung as closely to their dens as the tree-slug does to its hole when he hears the woodpecker's ominous tap? One ventured to call on us, escorted by several relations. The interview began and ended on the part of the suppressed nun in a speechless, prolonged stare of amazement, so persistent that my wife was put to her wits' end tc devise a

stratagem to break the situation. Pale, sickly face, empty soul, cramped mind; a feeble, shaded growth of good-for-nothing goodness; a being as helpless and timid as a silver-fish in a dry globe; this was the result of complete isolation from mankind to save her soul.

Pescaglia had, too, its theatre; a low, dark, stone shed with a few benches and a rude stage, where Orestes was given by the village amateurs in a heroic vein. Alfieri was succeeded by Voltaire's Zaire; high game both, in this unimaginative century. It was a misfortune that each spectator, at four cents a head, knew every weak spot in the actor's costumes and rant, so that the tragedy at times threatened to lapse into broad farce. Finally the poetical overcame the prose elements, and there was a hearty appreciation of the motives of the plays. But for me the best acting was that of the troops of young virgins, as comely, fair, and strong of limb as the Biblical Ruth, who every sunset came trooping down the steep pathway to fill their copper vessels at a cool fountain in a near glen, and then, poising the heavy vases on their heads, walked up the hill with the mien and gait of as many Junos; never failing to give me a smiling greeting, as I sat in the recess of an archway to a shrine, watching them, and overlooking a magnificent prospect forty miles away, beyond luxuriant Pescia. What flexible, elastic, rounded frames, with plenty of good brain to top them! Good stuff there for healthy mothers and apt minds; these Pescaglians were of the flashing eye and ready tongue; no fools they, or fools' prey either! Behold whence come the "old ladies" frank, kind, and handsome to the end, despite irksome labors and severer poverty, prolonged beyond threescore years and ten without variation for body or mind. May Abraham's bosom hold them all in the end! How independent, too, they are of us! For do they not grow and spin their own linen; raise the sheep whose wool they weave into winter's clothing; cut out their own wooden shoes and decorate them with gay colors and brass nails? while all the meat, grain, oil, wine, lumber, marbles, and even metals they require are at hand in these motherly hills! Why should they covet our ingenious methods of making ourselves unnatural, discontented, and unhealthful?

Although Pescaglia has its army of freethinkers and republicans, who flavor religion and politics not at all to the liking of the *codini* and Jesuits, yet they all cordially unite in keeping up the old *fêtes* of the Roman church as handed down from its times of absolute power. Every town in Italy has its patron in heaven, charged with its spiritual and material welfare, the duties of which unite in him the functions somewhat of a pagan divinity and a diplomatic agent to a foreign court of the first class. To be doubly sure, Pescaglia had chosen the two strongest saints in the calendar, Peter and Paul, for her guardians. In their honor an annual festival had been instituted, of a very mixed character. Its celebration began in the church by adoring these saints with rites which any genuine pagan god might covet, ending in a triumphant procession of the clergy in fullest ecclesiastical uniform, following files of youthful virgins clad in spotless white, wreaths of flowers on their heads, bearing candles, and chanting hymns as they passed along the streets carpeted with fragrant leaves, amid the vineyards, to the roadside shrine of the Madonna del Carmine, which formed a sort of spiritual outpost to the place, kept in a condition of repair that contrasted sensibly with the picturesque decay of the worldly citadel above. As the procession wound its way at nightfall through lanes bordered with sweet evergreens, roses, and oleanders, its long lines of lights sparkling in the soft distance, and the deep bass voices of the priests intermingling with the shriller notes of the children in a low, mysterious cadence of music like the fall of many waters, the scene was bewitchingly novel. But this material poetry came only too soon to an untimely end in a fracas of rockets, bombs,

and squibs let off from the little piazza, against a background of a general illumination of the houses; a flashing uproar, which resounded far and wide up the ravines and over the mountain-summits, plowing the deep shadows with fiery tracks.

Rolling echoes, repeating themselves as they traveled towards the stars, gave an additional wildness to the occasion. But as their far-away, pensive mimicry of the nearer crashes of sound came to an end, quiet starlight again reigned supreme in Pescaglia. And such stillness!

But the quiet of Pescaglia was a balm to the spirit; its solitude delicious and companionable, for the atmosphere was charged with delicate harmonies, while to gaze into the speechless night was listening to celestial melodies. Even the amber sunlight lulled the body into a gentle repose, at peace with itself and all else. In abandoning ourselves to these influences we grew superior to ourselves. One felt how it was that Olympian gods were finer than men. They breathed an atmosphere free from human sighs, groans, rivalry, and hate. Pure air and water insensibly make pure minds, with a little help from honest hearts. How long before the solitude would have turned to weariness of self and nature we did not stay to test. It was breathable bliss while we did stay. There was no overstrain of our welcome on either side. Whooping-cough, lung fever, and moral and social miasma of all degrees of harassment were totally exorcised. One day there came news of some fine ladies from the Baths of Lucca who were seen riding on donkeys at a village fair eight miles off. The report fell on our ears as if it concerned beings on another planet. To the last moment an exhilarating satisfaction of attained rest and health was felt. Instead of fading away on reëntering active life, the impressions gained at Pescaglia have settled firmly into the memory, as one of those rare experiences which ever after haunt the imagination more like a dream than a reality, but whose beneficent effects are indelible in the system.

James Jackson Jarves.

"OVER THE HILLS AND FAR AWAY."

ETCHING.

An armèd cavalier at close of day
  Halting his steed beneath a tavern sign,
  To drain a measure of the landlord's wine,
With quip, and toast, and trooper's roundelay;

The little bar-maid, with her cheeks aflame,
  List'ning his wayside wit, the while her feet
  Stir idle circles in the dust, and beat
A low response, half pleasure and half shame;

High overhead the trembling aspens whirled
  By evening winds, and far o'er dale and down
  The highway winding to some happy town,
Across the purple borders of the world!

W. W. Young.

THE LADY OF LITTLE FISHING.

It was an island in Lake Superior.

I beached my canoe there about four o'clock in the afternoon, for the wind was against me, and a high sea running. The late summer of 1850, and I was coasting along the south shore of the great lake, hunting, fishing, and camping on the beach, under the delusion that in that way I was living "close to the great heart of nature," — whatever that may mean. Lord Bacon got up the phrase; I suppose he knew. Pulling the boat high and dry on the sand with the comfortable reflection that here were no tides to disturb her with their goings-out and comings-in, I strolled through the woods on a tour of exploration, expecting to find the blue-bells, Indian pipes, juniper rings, perhaps a few agates along shore, possibly a bird or two for company. I found a town.

It was deserted; but none the less a town, with three streets, residences, a meeting-house, gardens, a little park, and an attempt at a fountain. Ruins are rare in the New World; I took off my hat. "Hail, homes of the past!" I said. (I cultivated the habit of thinking aloud when I was living close to the great heart of nature.) "A human voice resounds through your arches" (there were no arches, — logs won't arch; but never mind) "once more, a human hand touches your venerable walls, a human foot presses your deserted hearth-stones." I then selected the best half of the meeting-house for my camp, knocked down one of the homes for fuel, and kindled a glorious bonfire in the park. "Now that you are illuminated with joy, O Ruin," I remarked, "I will go down to the beach and bring up my supplies. It is long since I have had a roof over my head; I promise you to stay until your last residence is well burned; then I will make a final cup of coffee with the meeting-house itself, and depart in peace, leaving your poor old bones buried in decent ashes."

The ruin made no objection, and I took up my abode there; the roof of the meeting-house was still water-tight (which is an advantage when the great heart of nature grows wet). I kindled a fire on the sacerdotal hearth, cooked my supper, ate it in leisurely comfort, and then stretched myself on a blanket to enjoy an evening pipe of peace, listening meanwhile to the sounding of the wind through the great pine-trees. There was no door to my sanctuary, but I had the cozy far end; the island was uninhabited, there was not a boat in sight at sunset, nothing could disturb me unless it might be a ghost. Presently a ghost came in.

It did not wear the traditional gray tarlatan armor of Hamlet's father, the only ghost with whom I am well acquainted; this spectre was clad in substantial deer-skin garments, and carried a gun and loaded game-bag. It came forward to my hearth, hung up its gun, opened its game-bag, took out some birds, and inspected them gravely.

"Fat?" I inquired.

"They 'll do," replied the spectre, and forthwith set to work preparing them for the coals. I smoked on in silence. The spectre seemed to be a skilled cook, and after deftly broiling its supper, it offered me a share; I accepted. It swallowed a huge mouthful and crunched with its teeth; the spell was broken, and I knew it for a man of flesh and blood.

He gave his name as Reuben, and proved himself an excellent camping companion; in fact, he shot all the game, caught all the fish, made all the fires, and cooked all the food for us both. I proposed to him to stay and help me burn up the ruin, with the condition that when the last timber of the meeting-house was consumed, we should shake hands and depart, one to the east, one to the west, without a backward glance. "In that way we shall not in-

fringe upon each other's personality," I said.

"Agreed," replied Reuben.

He was a man of between fifty and sixty years, while I was on the sunny side of thirty; he was reserved, I was always generously affable; he was an excellent cook, while I — well, I was n't; he was taciturn, and so, in payment for the work he did, I entertained him with conversation, or rather monologue, in my most brilliant style. It took only two weeks to burn up the town, burned we never so slowly; at last it came the turn of the meeting-house, which now stood by itself in the vacant clearing. It was a cool September day; we cooked breakfast with the roof, dinner with the sides, supper with the odds and ends, and then applied a torch to the frame-work. Our last camp-fire was a glorious one. We lay stretched on our blankets, smoking and watching the glow. "I wonder, now, who built the old shanty," I said in a musing tone.

"Well," replied Reuben, slowly, "if you really want to know, I will tell you. I did."

"You!"

"Yes."

"You did n't do it alone?"

"No; there were about forty of us."

"Here?"

"Yes; here at Little Fishing."

"Little Fishing?"

"Yes; Little Fishing Island. That is the name of the place."

"How long ago was this?"

"Thirty years."

"Hunting and trapping, I suppose?"

"Yes; for the Northwest and Hudson Bay companies."

"Was n't a meeting-house an unusual accompaniment?"

"Most unusual."

"Accounted for in this case by" —

"A woman."

"Ah!" I said in a tone of relish; "then of course there is a story?"

"There is."

"Out with it, comrade. I scarcely expected to find the woman and her story up here; but since the irrepressible creature would come, out with her by all means. She shall grace our last pipe together, the last timber of our meeting-house, our last night on Little Fishing. The dawn will see us far from each other, to meet no more this side heaven. Speak then, O comrade mine! I am in one of my rare listening moods!"

I stretched myself at ease and waited. Reuben was a long time beginning, but I was too indolent to urge him. At length he spoke.

"They were a rough set here at Little Fishing, all the worse for being all white men; most of the other camps were full of half-breeds and Indians. The island had been a station away back in the early days of the Hudson Bay Company; it was a station for the Northwest Company while that lasted; then it went back to the Hudson, and stayed there until the company moved its forces farther to the north. It was not at any time a regular post; only a camp for the hunters. The post was farther down the lake. Oh, but those were wild days! You think you know the wilderness, boy; but you know nothing, absolutely nothing. It makes me laugh to see the airs of you city gentlemen with your fine guns, improved fishing-tackle, elaborate paraphernalia, as though you were going to wed the whole forest, floating up and down the lake for a month or two in the summer! You should have seen the hunters of Little Fishing going out gayly when the mercury was down twenty degrees below zero, for a week in the woods. You should have seen the trappers wading through the hard snow, breast high, in the gray dawn, visiting the traps and hauling home the prey. There were all kinds of men here, Scotch, French, English, and American; all classes, the high and the low, the educated and the ignorant; all sorts, the lazy and the hard-working. One thing only they all had in common — badness. Some had fled to the wilderness to escape the law, others to escape order; some had chosen the wild life because of its wildness, others had drifted into it from sheer lethargy. This far northern border did not attract the plodding emigrant, the

respectable settler. Little Fishing held none of that trash; only a reckless set of fellows who carried their lives in their hands, and tossed them up, if need be, without a second thought."

"And other people's lives without a third," I suggested.

"Yes; if they deserved it. But nobody whined; there was n't any nonsense here. The men went hunting and trapping, got the furs ready for the bateaux, ate when they were hungry, drank when they were thirsty, slept when they were sleepy, played cards when they felt like it, and got angry and knocked each other down whenever they chose. As I said before, there was n't any nonsense at Little Fishing, — until *she* came."

"Ah! the she!"

"Yes, the Lady, — our Lady, as we called her. Thirty-one years ago; how long it seems!"

"And well it may," I said. "Why, comrade, I was n't born then!"

This stupendous fact seemed to strike me more than my companion; he went on with his story as though I had not spoken.

"One October evening, four of the boys had got into a row over the cards; the rest of us had come out of our wigwams to see the fun, and were sitting around on the stumps, chaffing them, and laughing; the camp-fire was burning in front, lighting up the woods with a red glow for a short distance, and making the rest doubly black all around. There we all were, as I said before, quite easy and comfortable, when suddenly there appeared among us, as though she had dropped from heaven, a woman!

"She was tall and slender, the firelight shone full on her pale face and dove-colored dress, her golden hair was folded back under a little white cap, and a white kerchief lay over her shoulders; she looked spotless. I stared; I could scarcely believe my eyes; none of us could. There was not a white woman west of the Sault Ste. Marie. The four fellows at the table sat as if transfixed; one had his partner by the throat, the other two were disputing over a point in the game. The lily lady glided up to their table, gathered the cards in her white hands, slowly, steadily, without pause or trepidation before their astonished eyes, and then, coming back, she threw the cards into the centre of the glowing fire. 'Ye shall not play away your souls,' she said in a clear, sweet voice. 'Is not the game sin? And its reward death?' And then, immediately, she gave us a sermon, the like of which was never heard before; no argument, no doctrine, just simple, pure entreaty. 'For the love of God,' she ended, stretching out her hands towards our silent, gazing group, 'for the love of God, my brothers, try to do better.'

"We did try; but it was not for the love of God. Neither did any of us feel like brothers.

"She did not give any name; we called her simply our Lady, and she accepted the title. A bundle carefully packed in birch-bark was found on the beach. 'Is this yours?' asked Black Andy.

"'It is,' replied the Lady; and removing his hat, the black-haired giant carried the package reverently inside her lodge. For we had given her our best wigwam, and fenced it off with pine saplings so that it looked like a miniature fortress. The Lady did not suggest this stockade; it was our own idea, and with one accord we worked at it like beavers, and hung up a gate with a ponderous bolt inside.

"'Mais, ze can nevare farsen eet wiz her leetle fingares,' said Frenchy, a sallow little wretch with a turn for handicraft; so he contrived a small spring which shot the bolt into place with a touch. The Lady lived in her fortress; three times a day the men carried food to her door, and, after tapping gently, withdrew again, stumbling over each other in their haste. The Flying Dutchman, a stolid Holland-born sailor, was our best cook, and the pans and kettles were generally left to him; but now all wanted to try their skill, and the results were extraordinary.

"'She 's never touched that pudding, now,' said Nightingale Jack, discontentedly, as his concoction of berries and paste came back from the fortress door.

"'She will starve soon, I think,' remarked the Doctor, calmly; 'to my certain knowledge she has not had an eatable meal for four days.' And he lighted a fresh pipe. This was an aside, and the men pretended not to hear it; but the pans were relinquished to the Dutchman from that time forth.

"The Lady wore always her dove-colored robe, and little white cap, through whose muslin we could see the glimmer of her golden hair. She came and went among us like a spirit; she knew no fear; she turned our life inside out, nor shrank from its vileness. It seemed as though she was not of earth, so utterly impersonal was her interest in us, so heavenly her pity. She took up our sins, one by one, as an angel might; she pleaded with us for our own lost souls, she spared us not, she held not back one grain of denunciation, one iota of future punishment. Sometimes, for days, we would not see her; then, at twilight, she would glide out among us, and, standing in the light of the camp-fire, she would preach to us as though inspired. We listened to her; I do not mean that we were one whit better at heart, but still we listened to her, always. It was a wonderful sight, that lily face under the pine-trees, that spotless woman standing alone in the glare of the fire, while around her lay forty evil-minded, lawless men, not one of whom but would have killed his neighbor for so much as a disrespectful thought of her.

"So strange was her coming, so almost supernatural her appearance in this far forest, that we never wondered over its cause, but simply accepted it as a sort of miracle; your thoroughly irreligious men are always superstitious. Not one of us would have asked a question, and we should never have known her story had she not herself told it to us; not immediately, not as though it was of any importance, but quietly, briefly, and candidly as a child. She came, she said, from Scotland, with a band of God's people. She had always been in one house, a religious institution of some kind, sewing for the poor when her strength allowed it, but generally ill, and suffering much from pain in her head; often kept under the influence of soothing medicines for days together. She had no father or mother, she was only one of this band; and when they decided to send out missionaries to America, she begged to go, although but a burden; the sea voyage restored her health; she grew, she said, in strength and in grace, and her heart was as the heart of a lion. Word came to her from on high that she should come up into the northern lake-country and preach the gospel there; the band were going to the verdant prairies. She left them in the night, taking nothing but her clothing; a friendly vessel carried her north; she had preached the gospel everywhere. At the Sault the priests had driven her out, but nothing fearing, she went on into the wilderness, and so, coming part of the way in canoes, part of the way along shore, she had reached our far island. Marvelous kindness had she met with, she said; the Indians, the half-breeds, the hunters, and the trappers, had all received her, and helped her on her way from camp to camp. They had listened to her words also. At Portage they had begged her to stay through the winter, and offered to build her a little church for Sunday services. Our men looked at each other. Portage was the worst camp on the lake, notorious for its fights; it was a mining settlement.

"'But I told them I must journey on towards the west,' continued our Lady. 'I am called to visit every camp on this shore before the winter sets in; I must soon leave you also.'

"The men looked at each other again; the Doctor was spokesman. 'But, my Lady,' he said, 'the next post is Fort William, two hundred and thirty-five miles away on the north shore.'

"'It is almost November; the snow will soon be six and ten feet deep. The

Lady could never travel through it — could she, now?' said Black Andy, who had begun eagerly, but in his embarrassment at the sound of his own voice, now turned to Frenchy and kicked him covertly into answering.

"'Nevare!' replied the Frenchman; he had intended to place his hand upon his heart to give emphasis to his word, but the Lady turned her calm eyes that way, and his grimy paw fell, its gallantry wilted.

"'I thought there was one more camp, — at Burnt-Wood River,' said our Lady in a musing tone. The men looked at each other a third time; there was a camp there, and they all knew it. But the Doctor was equal to the emergency.

"'That camp, my Lady,' he said gravely, 'that camp no longer exists!' Then he whispered hurriedly to the rest of us, 'It will be an easy job to clean it out, boys. We 'll send over a party to-night; it 's only thirty-five miles.'

"We recognized superior genius; the Doctor was our oldest and deepest sinner. But what struck us most was his anxiety to make good his lie. Had it then come to this, — that the Doctor told the truth?

"The next day we all went to work to build our Lady a church; in a week it was completed. There goes its last cross-beam now into the fire; it was a solid piece of work, was n't it? It has stood this climate thirty years. I remember the first Sunday service: we all washed, and dressed ourselves in the best we had; we scarcely knew each other, we were so fine. The Lady was pleased with the church, but yet she had not said she would stay all winter; we were still anxious. How she preached to us that day! We had made a screen of young spruces set in boxes, and her figure stood out against the dark green background like a thing of light. Her silvery voice rang through the log temple, her face seemed to us like a star. She had no color in her cheeks at any time; her dress, too, was colorless. Although gentle, there was an iron inflexibility about her slight, erect form. We felt, as we saw her standing there, that if need be she would walk up to the lion's jaws, the cannon's mouth, with a smile. She took a little book from her pocket and read to us a hymn: 'Oh come, all ye faithful,' the old 'Adeste Fideles.' Some of us knew it; she sang, and gradually, shamefacedly, voices joined in. It was a sight to see Nightingale Jack solemnly singing away about 'choirs of angels;' but it was a treat to hear him, too, — what a voice he had! Then our Lady prayed, kneeling down on the little platform in front of the evergreens, clasping her hands, and lifting her eyes to heaven. We did not know what to do at first, but the Doctor gave us a severe look and bent his head, and we all followed his lead.

"When service was over and the door opened, we found that it had been snowing; we could not see out through the windows because white cloth was nailed over them in place of glass.

"'Now, my Lady, you will have to stay with us,' said the Doctor. We all gathered around with eager faces.

"'Do you really believe that it will be for the good of your souls?' asked the sweet voice.

"The Doctor believed — for us all.

"'Do you really hope?'

"The Doctor hoped.

"'Will you try to do your best?'

"The Doctor was sure he would.

"'I will,' answered the Flying Dutchman earnestly. 'I moost not fry de meat any more; I moost broil!'

"For we had begged him for months to broil, and he had obstinately refused; broil represented the good, and fry the evil, to his mind; he came out for the good according to his light; but none the less did we fall upon him behind the Lady's back, and cuff him into silence.

"She stayed with us all winter. You don't know what the winters are up here; steady, bitter cold for seven months, thermometer always below, the snow dry as dust, the air like a knife. We built a compact chimney for our Lady, and we cut cords of wood into small, light sticks, easy for her to lift, and stacked them in her shed; we lined

her lodge with skins, and we made oil from bear's fat and rigged up a kind of lamp for her. We tried to make candles, I remember, but they would not run straight; they came out humpbacked and sidling, and burned themselves to wick in no time. Then we took to improving the town. We had lived in all kinds of huts and lean-to shanties; now nothing would do but regular log-houses. If it had been summer, I don't know what we might not have run to in the way of piazzas and fancy steps; but with the snow five feet deep, all we could accomplish was a plain, square log-house, and even that took our whole force. The only way to keep the peace was to have all the houses exactly alike; we laid out the three streets, and built the houses, all facing the meeting-house, just as you found them."

"And where was the Lady's lodge?" I asked, for I recalled no stockaded fortress, large or small.

My companion hesitated a moment. Then he said abruptly, "It was torn down."

"Torn down!" I repeated. "Why, what" —

Reuben waved his hand with a gesture that silenced me, and went on with his story. It came to me then for the first time, that he was pursuing the current of his own thoughts rather than entertaining me. I turned to look at him with a new interest. I had talked to him for two weeks, in rather a patronizing way; could it be that affairs were now, at this last moment, reversed?

"It took us almost all winter to build those houses," pursued Reuben. "At one time we neglected the hunting and trapping to such a degree, that the Doctor called a meeting and expressed his opinion. Ours was a voluntary camp, in a measure, but still we had formally agreed to get a certain amount of skins ready for the bateaux by early spring; this agreement was about the only real bond of union between us. Those whose houses were not completed scowled at the Doctor.

"'Do you suppose I'm going to live like an Injun when the other fellows has regular houses?' inquired Black Andy with a menacing air.

"'By no means,' replied the Doctor, blandly. 'My plan is this: build at night.'

"'At night?'

"'Yes; by the light of pine fires.'

"We did. After that, we faithfully went out hunting and trapping as long as daylight lasted, and then, after supper, we built up huge fires of pine logs, and went to work on the next house. It was a strange picture: the forest deep in snow, black with night, the red glow of the great fires, and our moving figures working on as complacently as though daylight, balmy air, and the best of tools, were ours.

"The Lady liked our industry. She said our new houses showed that the 'new cleanliness of our inner man required a cleaner tabernacle for the outer.' I don't know about our inner man, but our outer was certainly much cleaner.

"One day the Flying Dutchman made one of his unfortunate remarks. 'De boys t'inks you'll like dem better in nize houses,' he announced when, happening to pass the fortress, he found the Lady standing at her gate gazing at the work of the preceding night. Several of the men were near enough to hear him, but too far off to kick him into silence as usual; but they glared at him instead. The Lady looked at the speaker with her dreamy, far-off eyes.

"'De boys t'inks you like dem,' began the Dutchman again, thinking she did not comprehend; but at that instant he caught the combined glare of the six eyes, and stopped abruptly, not at all knowing what was wrong, but sure there was something.

"'Like them,' repeated the Lady dreamily; 'yea, I do like them. Nay, more, I love them. Their souls are as dear to me as the souls of brothers.'

"'Say, Frenchy, have you got a sister?' said Nightingale Jack confidentially, that evening.

"'Mais oui,' said Frenchy.

"'You think all creation of her, I suppose?'

"'We fight like four cats and one dog; *she* is the cats,' said the Frenchman concisely.

"'You don't say so!' replied Jack. 'Now, I never had a sister, — but I thought perhaps' — He paused, and the sentence remained unfinished.

"The Nightingale and I were housemates. We sat late over our fire not long after that; I gave a gigantic yawn. 'This lifting logs half the night is enough to kill one,' I said, getting out my jug. 'Sing something, Jack. It 's a long time since I 've heard anything but hymns.'

"Jack always went off as easily as a music-box: you had only to wind him up; the jug was the key. I soon had him in full blast. He was giving out

'The minute gun at sea — the minute gun at sea,'

with all the pathos of his tenor voice, when the door burst open and the whole population rushed in upon us.

"'What do you mean by shouting this way, in the middle of the night?'

"'Shut up your howling, Jack.'

"'How do you suppose any one can sleep?'

"'It 's a disgrace to the camp!'

"'Now then, gentlemen,' I replied, for my blood was up (whisky, perhaps), 'is this my house, or is n't it? If I want music, I 'll have it. Time was when you were not so particular.'

"It was the first word of rebellion. The men looked at each other, then at me.

"'I 'll go and ask her if she objects,' I continued boldly.

"'No, no. You shall not.'

"'Let him go,' said the Doctor, who stood smoking his pipe on the outskirts of the crowd. 'It is just as well to have that point settled now. The Minute Gun at Sea is a good moral song in its way, — a sort of marine missionary affair.'

"So I started, the others followed; we all knew that the Lady watched late; we often saw the glimmer of her lamp far on towards morning. It was burning now. The gate was fastened, I knocked; no answer. I knocked again, and yet a third time; still, silence. The men stood off at a little distance and waited. 'She shall answer,' I said angrily, and going around to the side where the stockade came nearer to the wall of the lodge, I knocked loudly on the close-set saplings. For answer I thought I heard a low moan; I listened, it came again. My anger vanished, and with a mighty bound I swung myself up to the top of the stockade, sprung down inside, ran around, and tried the door. It was fastened; I burst it open and entered. There, by the light of the hanging lamp, I saw the Lady on the floor, apparently dead. I raised her in my arms; her heart was beating faintly, but she was unconscious. I had seen many fainting fits; this was something different; the limbs were rigid. I laid her on the low couch, loosened her dress, bathed her head and face in cold water, and wrenched up one of the warm hearthstones to apply to her feet. I did not hesitate; I saw that it was a dangerous case, something like a trance or an 'ecstasis.' Somebody must attend to her, and there were only men to choose from. Then why not I?

"I heard the others talking outside; they could not understand the delay; but I never heeded, and kept on my work. To tell the truth, I had studied medicine, and felt a genuine enthusiasm over a rare case. Once my patient opened her eyes and looked at me, then she lapsed away again into unconsciousness in spite of all my efforts. At last the men outside came in, angry and suspicious; they had broken down the gate. There we all stood, the whole forty of us, around the deathlike form of our Lady.

"What a night it was! To give her air, the men camped outside in the snow with a line of pickets in whispering distance from each other from the bed to their anxious group. Two were detailed to help me — the Doctor (whose title was a sarcastic D. D.) and Jimmy, a gentle little man, excellent at bandaging broken limbs. Every vial in the camp was brought in — astonishing lotions, drops, and balms; each man pro-

duced something; they did their best, poor fellows, and wore out the night with their anxiety. At dawn our Lady revived suddenly, thanked us all, and assured us that she felt quite well again; the trance was over. 'It was my old enemy,' she said, 'the old illness of Scotland, which I hoped had left me forever. But I am thankful that it is no worse; I have come out of it with a clear brain. Sing a hymn of thankfulness for me, dear friends, before you go.'

"Now, we sang on Sunday in the church; but then she led us, and we had a kind of an idea that after all she did not hear us. But now, who was to lead us? We stood awkwardly around the bed, and shuffled our hats in our uneasy fingers. The Doctor fixed his eyes upon the Nightingale; Jack saw it and cowered. 'Begin,' said the Doctor in a soft voice; but gripping him in the back at the same time with an ominous clutch.

"'I don't know the words,' faltered the unhappy Nightingale.

"'Now thank we all our God,
With hearts and hands and voices,'

began the Doctor, and repeated Luther's hymn with perfect accuracy from beginning to end. 'What will happen next? The Doctor knows hymns!' we thought in profound astonishment. But the Nightingale had begun, and gradually our singers joined in; I doubt whether the grand old choral was ever sung by such a company before or since. There was never any further question, by the way, about that minute gun at sea; it stayed at sea as far as we were concerned.

"Spring came, the faltering spring of Lake Superior. I won't go into my own story, but such as it was, the spring brought it back to me with new force. I wanted to go, — and yet I did n't. 'Where,' do you ask? To see her, of course — a woman, the most beautiful — well, never mind all that. To be brief, I loved her; she scorned me; I thought I had learned to hate her — but — I was n't sure about it now. I kept myself aloof from the others and gave up my heart to the old sweet, bitter memories; I did not even go to church on Sundays. But all the rest went; our Lady's influence was as great as ever. I could hear them singing; they sang better now that they could have the door open; the pent-up feeling used to stifle them. The time for the bateaux drew near, and I noticed that several of the men were hard at work packing the furs in bales, a job usually left to the *voyageurs* who came with the boats. 'What 's that for?' I asked.

"'You don't suppose we 're going to have those bateaux rascals camping on Little Fishing, do you?' said Black Andy scornfully. 'Where are your wits, Reub?'

"And they packed every skin, rafted them all over to the mainland, and waited there patiently for days, until the train of slow boats came along and took off the bales; then they came back in triumph. 'Now we 're secure for another six months,' they said, and began to lay out a park, and gardens for every house. The Lady was fond of flowers; the whole town burst into blossom. The Lady liked green grass; all the clearing was soon turfed over like a lawn. The men tried the ice-cold lake every day, waiting anxiously for the time when they could bathe. There was no end to their cleanliness; Black Andy had grown almost white again, and Frenchy's hair shone like oiled silk.

"The Lady stayed on, and all went well. But, gradually, there came a discovery. The Lady was changing — had changed! Gradually, slowly, but none the less distinctly to the eyes that knew her every eyelash. A little more hair was visible over the white brow, there was a faint color in the cheeks, a quicker step; the clear eyes were sometimes downcast now, the steady voice softer, the words at times faltering. In the early summer the white cap vanished, and she stood among us crowned only with her golden hair; one day she was seen through her open door sewing on a white robe! The men noted all these things silently; they were even a little troubled as at something they did

not understand, something beyond their reach. Was she planning to leave them?

"'It 's my belief she 's getting ready to ascend right up into heaven,' said Salem.

"Salem was a little 'wanting,' as it is called, and the men knew it; still, his words made an impression. They watched the Lady with an awe which was almost superstitious; they were troubled and knew not why. But the Lady bloomed on. I did not pay much attention to all this; but I could not help hearing it. My heart was moody, full of its own sorrows; I secluded myself more and more. Gradually I took to going off into the mainland forests for days on solitary hunting expeditions. The camp went on its way rejoicing; the men succeeded, after a world of trouble, in making a fountain which actually played, and they glorified themselves exceedingly. The life grew quite pastoral. There was talk of importing a cow from the East, and a messenger was sent to the Sault for certain choice supplies against the coming winter. But, in the late summer, the whisper went round again that the Lady had changed, this time for the worse. She looked ill, she drooped from day to day; the new life that had come to her vanished, but her former life was not restored. She grew silent and sad, she strayed away by herself through the woods, she scarcely noticed the men who followed her with anxious eyes. Time passed, and brought with it an undercurrent of trouble, suspicion, and anger. Everything went on as before; not one habit, not one custom was altered; both sides seemed to shrink from the first change, however slight. The daily life of the camp was outwardly the same, but brooding trouble filled every heart. There was no open discussion, men talked apart in twos and threes; a gloom rested over everything, but no one said, 'What is the matter?'

"There was a man among us — I have not said much of the individual characters of our party, but this man was one of the least esteemed, or rather liked; there was not much esteem of any kind at Little Fishing. Little was known about him; although the youngest man in the camp, he was a mooning, brooding creature, with brown hair and eyes and a melancholy face. He was n't hearty and whole-souled, and yet he was n't an out and out rascal; he was n't a leader, and yet he was n't follower either. He would n't be; he was like a third horse, always. There was no goodness about him; don't go to fancying that that was the reason the men did not like him, he was as bad as they were, every inch! He never shirked his work, and they could n't get a handle on him anywhere; but he was just — unpopular. The why and the wherefore are of no consequence now. Well, do you know what was the suspicion that hovered over the camp? It was this: our Lady loved that man!

"It took three months for all to see it, and yet never a word was spoken. All saw, all heard; but they might have been blind and deaf for any sign they gave. And the Lady drooped more and more.

"September came, the fifteenth; the Lady lay on her couch, pale and thin; the door was open and a bell stood beside her, but there was no line of pickets whispering tidings of her state to an anxious group outside. The turf in the three streets had grown yellow for want of water, the flowers in the little gardens had drooped and died, the fountain was choked with weeds, and the interiors of the houses were all untidy. It was Sunday, and near the hour for service; but the men lounged about, dingy and unwashed.

"'An't you going to church?' said Salem, stopping at the door of one of the houses; he was dressed in his best, with a flower in his button-hole.

"'See him now! See the fool,' said Black Andy. 'He 's going to church, he is! And where 's the minister, Salem? Answer me that!'

"'Why, — in the church, I suppose,' replied Salem vacantly.

"'No, she an't; not she! She 's at home, a-weeping, and a-wailing, and

a-ger-nashing of her teeth,' replied Andy with bitter scorn.

"'What for?' said Salem.

"'What for? Why, that 's the joke! Hear him, boys; he wants to know what for!'

"The loungers laughed, — a loud, reckless laugh.

"'Well, I 'm going any way,' said Salem, looking wonderingly from one to the other; he passed on and entered the church.

"'I say, boys, let 's have a high old time,' cried Andy savagely. 'Let 's go back to the old way and have a jolly Sunday. Let 's have out the jugs and the cards and be free again!'

"The men hesitated; ten months and more of law and order held them back.

"'What are you afraid of?' said Andy. 'Not of a canting hypocrite, I hope. She 's fooled us long enough, I say. Come on!' He brought out a table and stools, and produced the long unused cards and a jug of whisky. 'Strike up, Jack,' he cried; 'give us old Fiery-Eyes.'

"The Nightingale hesitated. Fiery-Eyes was a rollicking drinking song; but Andy put the glass to his lips and his scruples vanished in the tempting aroma. He began at the top of his voice, partners were chosen, and, trembling with excitement and impatience, like prisoners unexpectedly set free, the men gathered around, and made their bets.

"'What born fools we 've been,' said Black Andy, laying down a card.

"'Yes,' replied the Flying Dutchman, 'porn fools!' And he followed suit.

"But a thin white hand came down on the bits of colored pasteboard. It was our Lady. With her hair disordered, and the spots of fever in her cheeks, she stood among us again; but not as of old. Angry eyes confronted her, and Andy wrenched the cards from her grasp. 'No, my Lady,' he said sternly; 'never again!'

"The Lady gazed from one face to the next, and so all around the circle; all were dark and sullen. Then she bowed her head upon her hands and wept aloud.

"There was a sudden shrinking away on all sides, the players rose, the cards were dropped. But the Lady glided away, weeping as she went; she entered the church door and the men could see her taking her accustomed place on the platform. One by one they followed; Black Andy lingered till the last, but he came. The service began, and went on falteringly, without spirit, with palpable fears of a total breaking down which never quite came; the Nightingale sang almost alone, and made sad work with the words; Salem joined in confidently, but did not improve the sense of the hymn. The Lady was silent. But when the time for the sermon came, she rose and her voice burst forth.

"'Men, brothers, what have I done? A change has come over the town, a change has come over your hearts. You shun me! What have I done?'

"There was a grim silence; then the Doctor rose in his place and answered:

"'Only this, madam. You have shown yourself to be a woman.'

"'And what did you think me?'

"'A saint.'

"'God forbid!' said the lady, earnestly. 'I never thought myself one.'

"'I know that well. But you were a saint to us; hence your influence. It is gone.'

"'Is it all gone?' asked the Lady, sadly.

"'Yes. Do not deceive yourself; we have never been one whit better save through our love for you. We held you as something high above ourselves; we were content to worship you.'

"'Oh no, not me!' said the Lady, shuddering.

"'Yes, you, you alone! But — our idol came down among us and showed herself to be but common flesh and blood! What wonder that we stand aghast? What wonder that our hearts are bitter? What wonder (worse than all!) that when the awe has quite vanished, there is strife for the beautiful image fallen from its niche?'

"The Doctor ceased, and turned away. The Lady stretched out her hands towards the others; her face was deadly pale, and there was a bewildered expression in her eyes.

"'Oh, ye for whom I have prayed, for whom I have struggled to obtain a blessing, — ye whom I have loved so, — do *ye* desert me thus?' she cried.

"'*You* have deserted us,' answered a voice.

"'I have not.'

"'You have,' cried Black Andy, pushing to the front. 'You love that Mitchell! Deny it if you dare!'

"There was an irrepressible murmur, then a sudden hush. The angry suspicion, the numbing certainty had found voice at last; the secret was out. All eyes, which had at first closed with the shock, were now fixed upon the solitary woman before them; they burned like coals.

"'Do I?' murmured the Lady, with a strange questioning look that turned from face to face. 'Do I? — Great God! I do.' She sank upon her knees and buried her face in her trembling hands. 'The truth has come to me at last — I do!'

"Her voice was a mere whisper, but every ear heard it, and every eye saw the crimson rise to the forehead and redden the white throat.

"For a moment there was silence, broken only by the hard breathing of the men. Then the Doctor spoke.

"'Go out and bring him in,' he cried. 'Bring in this Mitchell! It seems he has other things to do, — the blockhead!'

"Two of the men hurried out.

"'He shall not have her,' shouted Black Andy. 'My knife shall see to that!' And he pressed close to the platform. A great tumult arose, men talked angrily and clenched their fists, voices rose and fell together: 'He shall not have her — Mitchell! Mitchell!'

"'The truth is, each one of you wants her himself,' said the Doctor.

"There was a sudden silence, but every man eyed his neighbor jealously; Black Andy stood in front, knife in hand, and kept guard. The Lady had not moved; she was kneeling, with her face buried in her hands.

"'I wish to speak to her,' said the Doctor, advancing.

"'You shall not,' cried Andy, fiercely interposing.

"'You fool! I love her this moment ten thousand times more than you do. But do you suppose I would so much as touch a woman who loved another man?'

"The knife dropped; the Doctor passed on and took his place on the platform by the Lady's side. The tumult began again, for Mitchell was seen coming in the door between his two keepers.

"'Mitchell! Mitchell!' rang angrily through the church.

"'Look, woman!' said the Doctor, bending over the kneeling figure at his side. She raised her head and saw the wolfish faces below.

"'They have had ten months of your religion,' he said.

"It was his revenge. Bitter, indeed; but he loved her.

"In the mean time the man Mitchell was hauled and pushed and tossed forward to the platform by rough hands that longed to throttle him on the way. At last, angry himself, but full of wonder, he confronted them, this crowd of comrades suddenly turned madmen! 'What does this mean?' he asked.

"'Mean! mean!' shouted the men; 'a likely story! He asks what this means!' And they laughed boisterously.

"The Doctor advanced. 'You see this woman,' he said.

"'I see our Lady.'

"'Our Lady no longer; only a woman like any other, — weak and fickle. Take her, — but begone.'

"'Take her!' repeated Mitchell, bewildered. 'Take our Lady! And where?'

"'Fool! Liar! Blockhead!' shouted the crowd below.

"'The truth is simply this, Mitchell,' continued the Doctor, quietly. 'We herewith give you up our Lady, — ours

no longer; for she has just confessed, openly confessed, that she loves you.'

"'Mitchell started back. 'Loves me!'

"'Yes.'

"Black Andy felt the blade of his knife. 'He'll never have her alive,' he muttered.

"'But,' said Mitchell, bluntly confronting the Doctor, 'I don't want her.'

"'You don't want her?'

"'I don't love her.'

"'You don't love her?'

"'Not in the least,' he replied, growing angry, perhaps at himself. 'What is she to me? Nothing. A very good missionary, no doubt; but *I* don't fancy woman-preachers. You may remember that *I* never gave in to her influence; *I* was never under her thumb. *I* was the only man in Little Fishing who cared nothing for her!'

"'And that is the secret of *her* liking,' murmured the Doctor. 'O woman! woman! the same the world over!'

"In the mean time the crowd had stood stupefied.

"'He does not love her!' they said to each other; 'he does not want her!'

"Andy's black eyes gleamed with joy; he swung himself up on to the platform. Mitchell stood there with face dark and disturbed, but he did not flinch. Whatever his faults, he was no hypocrite. 'I must leave this to-night,' he said to himself, and turned to go. But quick as a flash our Lady sprang from her knees and threw herself at his feet. 'You are going,' she cried. 'I heard what you said, — you do not love me! But take me with you, — oh, take me with you! Let me be your servant — your slave — anything — anything, so that I am not parted from you, my lord and master, my only, only love!'

"She clasped his ankles with her thin, white hands, and laid her face on his dusty shoes.

"The whole audience stood dumb before this manifestation of a great love. Enraged, bitter, jealous as was each heart, there was not a man but would at that moment have sacrificed his own love that she might be blessed. Even Mitchell, in one of those rare spirit-flashes when the soul is shown bare in the lightning, asked himself, 'Can I not love her?' But the soul answered, 'No.' He stooped, unclasped the clinging hands, and turned resolutely away

"'You are a fool,' said the Doctor. 'No other woman will ever love you as she does.'

"'I know it,' replied Mitchell.

"He stepped down from the platform and crossed the church, the silent crowd making a way for him as he passed along; he went out into the sunshine, through the village, down towards the beach, — they saw him no more.

"The Lady had fainted. The men bore her back to the lodge and tended her with gentle care one week — two weeks — three weeks. Then she died.

"They were all around her; she smiled upon them all, and called them all by name, bidding them farewell. 'Forgive me,' she whispered to the Doctor. The Nightingale sang a hymn, sang as he had never sung before. Black Andy knelt at her feet. For some minutes she lay scarcely breathing; then suddenly she opened her fading eyes. 'Friends,' she murmured, 'I am well punished. I thought myself holy, — I held myself above my kind, — but God has shown me I am the weakest of them all.'

"The next moment she was gone.

"The men buried her with tender hands. Then, in a kind of blind fury against Fate, they tore down her empty lodge and destroyed its every fragment; in their grim determination they even smoothed over the ground and planted shrubs and bushes, so that the very location might be lost. But they did not stay to see the change. In a month the camp broke up of itself, the town was abandoned, and the island deserted for good and all; I doubt whether any of the men ever came back or even stopped when passing by. Probably I am the only one. Thirty years ago, — thirty years ago!"

"That Mitchell was a great fool," I said, after a long pause. "The Doctor was worth twenty of him; for that

matter, so was Black Andy. I only hope the fellow was well punished for his stupidity."

"He was."

"Oh, you kept track of him, did you?"

"Yes. He went back into the world, and the woman he loved repulsed him a second time, and with even more scorn than before."

"Served him right."

"Perhaps so; but after all, what could he do? Love is not made to order. He loved one, not the other; that was his crime. Yet, — so strange a creature is man, — he came back after thirty years, just to see our Lady's grave."

"What! Are you" —

"I am Mitchell, — Reuben Mitchell."

Constance Fenimore Woolson.

TROPIC MIDNIGHT.

THE rain floats off; the crescent moon
Holds in its cup a round of dusk,
Like palm-buds in the month of June
Just breaking through their vernal husk.
Night-blooming agaves fill the sheaf,
To catch the light distilled in showers,
Till overflowing cup and leaf
Its cluster breaks in midnight flowers.

A sensuous stillness north and south
And east and west, and just as sweet
As seeds of pomegranate in the mouth,
Or kisses when young lovers meet,
Breaks in a low, sweet under-tone,
Like brooks that grieve in beds of fern,
As if by curve and pebble-stone
The moon had spilled her silver urn.

Its airy current fills and ripes
The flower and fruit to wanton use;
It blows the rush's slender pipes,
And rounds the purple fig with juice;
Like merchants breaking kids of nard
Or jars of olives, desert born,
Pine-apples lift their prickled shard,
And show the seeds of fragrant corn.

Like Hebrew maids, the citrons hold
Their pitchers to the vapor spring,
And fill the hollow rinds of gold
With musky midnight's flavoring.
So once, I think, earth knew her Lord,
In lands like these of palm and vine,
When midnight gave the sweet accord
That turned the water into wine.

Will Wallace Harney.

CONEY ISLAND.

New York, although not yet the largest city in the world, has the largest suburb in the world; Long Island, the name by which that suburb is appropriately called, being about one hundred and twenty miles in length by twenty in breadth. There is hardly a town or village on Long Island, from Brooklyn to Babylon, from Patchogue to Montauk Point, from the oozy margin of the Sunswick to the beach at Rockaway, but is in some way or another conducive to the comfort and pleasures of dwellers in New York city. Viewed as a suburb, Long Island offers greater inducements to all sorts of comers, perhaps, than any other city outlet in the world. Brooklyn has its famous Heights, the palatial mansions of which are owned, for the most part, by solid men of business, whom Mammon daily summons to the money markets of New York. Long Island has its game preserves, too, and the sporting clubs by whose efforts many of its brooks and ponds are kept stocked with speckled trout consist mainly of residents of New York city, or at least of persons whose business and interests are there. But all is not aristocratic in the vast suburb. Throughout the length and breadth of Long Island, in all its cities, towns, and hamlets, there flourish innumerable retreats that are dear to the democratic German heart. Umbrageous groves, sacred to Gambrinus, the Bacchus of lager-beer, are ready here all through the summer time for excursion parties, and hitherward resort many festive Germans of New York, to pass the Sundays or afternoons of week-days in ponderous gayety under the shade of the spreading trees, accompanied by their wives and families. Then, the truly democratic sport furnished by the fast trotting-horse has long been a feature of Long Island, which possesses some of the oldest race-courses in the North. These, during the racing season, are thronged with visitors from the city, to each of whom Long Island, from end to end and across its breadth, is simply an extensive suburb, excellently calculated by its natural accommodations of land and water for a holiday retreat from the work and turmoil of the city.

And among the least aristocratic features of the great suburb, none, perhaps, is more characteristic than Coney Island, the popular watering-place of New York city, to the people of which, the tradesmen, mechanics, and workers generally, it stands in the same relation that Long Branch does to the wealthier and more exclusive classes. The fact that it is within one hour's journey from New York by steamboat, and but little more than that by the horse-cars from Brooklyn, renders Coney Island unfashionable, since its advantages are attainable by all. Twelve years ago the facilities for reaching it were fewer than at present, as were the accommodations on the beach, and it is only within seven or eight years past that it has assumed the appearance of a great bathing-place now presented by it. Stretching out into the sea at the southwestern end of Long Island, this desolate strip of barren sand-hills and shingly beach offers no attraction beyond that of the surging of the great Atlantic upon its shore. It is separated from Long Island only by a narrow, marshy creek, thus being so indistinctly an island that, whether approaching it by land or by water, a stranger visiting it would hardly take it to be one. The origin of its name appears to be a matter of surmise rather than of tradition or record. Some guess that it is called Coney Island on account of the rabbits by which its sparse patches of brushwood are inhabited; but this can hardly be accepted as the origin of the name, seeing that the only rabbits to be found upon the island, which are of the domesticated kind, were introduced long after it was known to mariners and explorers by the name. A better reason

is afforded by the topographical features of the island itself, which, a low delta about a mile and a half long by half a mile wide, and without shelter of any kind, has been blown by the winds into a series of truncated cones of fine sand. Thus the word "coney," allowable as an adjective, fitly characterizes the appearance of the place.

Very intermittent and scanty is the vegetation of Coney Island. Coarse, reedy grass, the blades of which are nearly as hard and sharp as those of steel weapons, grows grudgingly upon the hillocks of pearly white sand. In the little valleys between these spring tufts of stunted bay bushes, the leaves of which have, in a slight degree, the flavor peculiar to the bay-tree of the West Indies. But these bay bushes of Coney Island do not "flourish like a green bay-tree," being rather sere and yellow as to leaf. Yet visitors to the island gather sprigs from them, which they take to the city as trophies of their wild adventures in the sea of sand. Stunted cedars are to be seen here and there on the brows of the wind-beaten dunes. There are a few sheltered nooks among the hillocks where the ubiquitous ailantus-tree waves its feathery branches, in bold assertion of its ability to grow anywhere, irrespective of climate and soil. Here, in a spot screened by the sand-hills from all winds, is a long, low cabin, something like a canal-boat, the bit of sandy ground on which it stands surrounded by a fence of hurdles. With the small sheds and out-houses standing near by, it presents the appearance of a farm, which is enhanced by the numbers of pullets that run to and fro upon the premises, or stray away from it into the clumps of bay bushes in search of grasshoppers and other small game. In front of the cabin there is a row of ailantus-trees, which have already gained a height of some fifteen or twenty feet. It is a peculiarity of all the trees and bushes on Coney Island that they bloom out riotously during the summer months with bathing outfits hung upon them to dry. Every dweller here is in the bathing interest, and although the lowly cottage by the sea is the private residence of the gentleman who occupies it, yet his business manifestly lies among the bathing-houses on the beach, as one can tell by the vestments that flutter from his clothes-lines and trees. One tree so rankly blossoms with wonderfully short and shrunken dresses, as to suggest a spectacular transformation like that of the theatre, leading one to expect that human forms will bloom out like fruit on the branches, as soon as the blossoms peel off. At one point among the hillocks there lies a huddle of discarded bathing-houses, which, from the *abandon* with which they lean against one another, as well as from their evident inability to stand upright, suggest the idea that, on being dismissed from the service, they had come up suddenly from the beach and gone upon a spree.

At the lower end of the island there is a wharf to which the steamboats come, and when one of them disgorges its contents, very motley is the crowd that winds its way from it along the rush-laid path that leads to the beach. The women and children usually outnumber the men, and, as is generally the case in New York assemblages that do not rally round the standard of fashion, the German element is largely represented in the throng. Family groups are always a feature here, the thrifty mothers carrying provision baskets, the jars that protrude from which, having probably been emptied during the voyage, are taken by the happy fathers to the bar of some beach hostelry, there to be replenished with lager-beer or something stronger, according to order. Holiday attire, not gay, but of the picnic kind, is the rule here — that is, among the respectable women, who are in the majority, though certain flaunting exceptions generally occur. The younger women usually have their beaux with them, which is judicious, seeing that beach flirtation is not only compatible with learning to swim, but absolutely indispensable to the perfect acquisition of that useful accomplishment. Children of all sizes are here, from the baby

whose bath is to be a bucket of sea-water, to the bigger ones who can flounder about in the surf or swim upon the crested waves. Several flashy men are usually to be seen in the crowd; men with velvet coats, and having Alaska diamond pins stuck in the breasts of their filigree shirts; men curled and oiled within an inch of their wild lives. These are gamblers from New York, though they usually describe themselves as "sports," and they do a stroke of business at the island in more ways than one. Small speculators with various wares for sale are usually among the passengers that come by the boat; and here is one of them who has posted himself at a turn of the path, offering to the passers a variety of styles in very short bathing drawers carried in a card box.

Wooden buildings of various colors and sizes crop up at intervals, a little way above high-water mark, all along the brown, curving beach. Near the landing is the old Pavilion, a large, windy frame building that has weathered the storms of the coast for many a year. Every pore in its planks, every joint, every crack, is thoroughly saturated with sand. Sand, instead of pepper, appears to have been used in the compilation of its clam chowders and oyster stews; and it is here, of all places, that the sandwich appears to be most truthfully denoted by its time-honored name. Gilbert Davis, the original proprietor of the Pavilion, — dead now for some years, — used to be known as the "Governor of Coney Island." He may be remembered as a stoutish, elderly gentleman with spectacles, who sat out most of his life with a newspaper before him, his chair tilted back at an angle that brought his heels to a convenient elevation against some post or wall. Although the "governor" has gone to his rest, the establishment is still carried on, and a very brisk business is done in it, during the height of the season, in catering to the wants of hungry bathers, not to mention the constant traffic in drinks, mixed and otherwise, at its breezy bar. It is to the Pavilion that the passengers first crowd when a boat arrives at the wharf.

Starting from the lower end of the island, and walking along the beach, one of the first things observable by the visitor is a series of small groups of men, gathered at intervals upon the shelving sand. On approaching one of these circles, the explorer will see in the centre of it a man provided with a bit of plank propped upon a crutch or leg stuck into the sand. This fellow is one of the beach gamblers by whom the place is infested during the bathing season, and for whose suppression movements have been made year after year, but hitherto without success. He is manipulating three cards, which he shifts about with great rapidity, "pattering" volubly all the time about his game, which he offers to back for any amount the spectators may see fit to "plank down." He keeps jingling heavy gold pieces to allure the unwary, and his display of greenbacks of all denominations is absolutely profuse. Presently the circle is joined by one of the flashy gentlemen in velvet and diamonds who came down by the boat, and this person, producing a sheaf of greenbacks, at once enters into a dispute with the dealer, whose proffered stake he covers, and of course wins. It appears strange that the hollowness of this old trick of collusion does not put people on their guard, but the parting of the fool from his money seems to be a law of nature, illustrations of which are daily to be seen upon Coney Island beach. Young men who come down here to bathe frequently lose all the money they have about them to these thimble-rigging rascals, led away by the sight of the gold or greenbacks pocketed by some tawdry fellow who has the word "confederate" branded everywhere on his brazen face.

During the three summer months vast numbers of people are daily to be seen bathing all along the stretches of this beach. Out from the bathing-houses come tumbling, indiscriminately, men, women, and children, all of them disguised beyond any possibility of recog-

nition in their "wild attire." The scene enables one to realize the notion of a lunatic asylum let loose, its inmates chasing each other with mad gesticulations about the shore and into the lapping surf. The women flap about in the water and scream like the fowls to which that element is natural; and some of them are strong swimmers, too, striking out boldly to a good distance from the beach. Numbers of the men lie wallowing for hours in the sand, in which they roll like wild beasts, rubbing it madly into their hair, and plastering themselves all over with it. Some of the bathers wear fancy dresses which they have brought with them. Here comes one in a striped black and white shirt with scanty drawers to match, and he is immediately hailed as a "zebray" by one of the grovelers in the sand. The word spreads from mouth to mouth along the shore, until the striped gentleman is fain to seek an asylum beneath the friendly waves. The scene upon the beach and in the water alike is a very rough one, having nothing about it of the reserve that regulates manners at the more aristocratic summer resorts.

Not unfrequently some of the small Arabs of New York and Brooklyn streets are to be seen here, paddling in the pools left by the tide in the sandy hollows of the beach. It is certain that none of these urchins could have come down either by horse-car or boat, as that kind of traveling would be quite beyond their means. They are pedestrians through necessity, and have padded it all the way down upon their little bare feet. Absolutely independent of the sea-beaten gentlemen who furnish bathing-dresses are these energetic pig-widgeons, whose only costume generally consists of a fragmentary shirt and piecemeal trousers, the two garments, in some cases, being mysteriously combined into one. In this guise they splash into the pools or surf at some secluded point of the island, afterwards running about under the scorching sun until they are dry. Here, driven up stern-foremost on the beach, is the hull of a wrecked vessel, lettered on her stern as the "Polly Price, of Great Egg Harbor." Into this the sea-water flows, affording a safe and commodious bath for a troop of these waifs from the city, who are plunging and flapping about in it like young ducks in a shower of rain.

Towards the upper end of the island buildings occur more frequently, wooden structures, all of them, and several of considerable size. Most of these have been put up within two or three years past, and the beach at Wyckoff's now presents somewhat the appearance of a village whose houses had been flurried by an alarm of fire or flood, and had run out of themselves in different directions to ascertain the cause of the commotion. The Wyckoffs were the original settlers of Coney Island, and it is not many years since they had a monopoly of accommodations for visitors here. There are several generations of them here at present, all keeping beach hotels on a larger or smaller scale, with the collateral occupation of "running a chowder mill," as the phrase goes here. A very conspicuous figure hereabouts, for many years, was the original Wyckoff, who died a centenarian but a short time since, and was the great-great-grandfather — or even more, I believe — of some of the younger ones of the name who cling faithfully to the sandy old tract. He was a very weird-looking old patriarch, was that Wyckoff, furrowed and yellow as the "ribbed sea sand," and, although bent nearly double by age and rheumatism, going to and fro about his home-buildings or after his cattle in the marsh with all the energy of a young man, until within a short time of his death. Sometimes he was to be seen mounted upon a sandy knoll, leaning upon a tall staff, with his long iron-gray hair waving in the wind, and shaking a lean, tawny finger to seaward, as though rebuking Neptune for some trespass committed upon the Wyckoff domain. One of the hotels here has a large lookout platform on its roof, which is sometimes used as a ball-room, and about which, during the velocipede mania, the bold riders of the

bicycle used to career with their unbridled steeds.

Each of these unsubstantial, airy hostelries has near it an open shed, consisting merely of a roof supported by poles, and it is in this that the rites and mysteries of roasting the inevitable clam are carried on. The artists who prepare the clam-roasts are generally stalwart negroes, to whose indolent, leisurely habits the task appears to be well fitted. It is curious to observe with what mathematical precision yon corpulent darky, seated upon an inverted champagne basket, arranges the clams in solid squares, a form which he sometimes varies — so that the monotony of the thing may not unsettle his mind — with circles, ovals, or fanciful creations of elaborate design. Over these, when they have been properly packed, are placed heaps of dry brushwood, a quantity of which is always kept ready for use. When they have been set on fire, and the flames go crackling and wavering in the breeze, then the sable Soyer grins the grin of contentment, and, leaning back against his post, abandons himself to watching for the results of his toil, occasionally replenishing and arranging the fire with shovel and tongs. The savor from the roasting bivalves is an appetizing one, and Sambo frequently acknowledges the influence of it by helping himself privately from the mathematical mess that has been arranged by his practiced hands. There is a story of a negro hereabouts who was so fond of clams cooked in this style that by the time the roast should have been ready it had disappeared, and the process of arrangement and burning had to be gone through over again. In the kitchens of the hotels clams are cooked in various other ways, but the roasting of them is always carried on in the open sheds, and it is very picturesque, with the fire, and the smoke, and the squatting darkies in their variegated attire and slouched hats.

Until after darkness has well set in, there is some show of life along the beach, but only towards the head of the island, in the hotels clustered at which many persons take up their residence for a part of the summer. The evening is the favorite time for bathing at this point, but, lower down, the beach is very quiet and deserted, as the last boat has taken its departure for the city long since, carrying away the last installment of the boisterous throng of bathers and wallowers in the sand, by whom the beach had been made lively throughout the afternoon. Desolation broods awfully dark and still over Coney Island at night, when all the lodgers in the beach houses have retired to rest after the fatigues of the day. It is then that the city man realizes the utter emptiness of life without gas and other modern conveniences. Fortunate is he if the combined influences of sea air and salt water, and the exercise necessarily taken by him during the day, enable him to sleep early and soundly, since otherwise his experience of Coney Island must be ever after associated with damp linen, penetrating sand, and, perchance, the chromatic exercises on a stridulous piano of some young miss who has remained late in the drawing-room of the beach hotel, with the fell purpose of continuing her musical education regardless of circumstances and place.

It is at this cluster of hotels that the horse-cars from Brooklyn pull up and reverse; and hither, also, repair the numerous persons who come down from the city in their own conveyances, or in hired carriages. There are several excellent roads by which access is to be had to the head of the island, and, on fine afternoons during the season, these are thronged with vehicles, many of which are of the sporting kind, drawn by fast trotting-horses, the dust flying as they flash along, and the loud "Hi! hi!" of the drivers ringing out in the air as they strive to pass each other with their nervous teams. Many of the most famous trotters of New York and its environs, trotters that have won renown in the Olympic dust of Harlem Lane, and gathered laurels on the regular tracks on which matches are

decided, are to be seen every summer day, spinning along the Coney Island plank road, or on some of the other lanes and roads that run between the island and Brooklyn. Along some of these roads there are numbers of wayside inns, most of which have sprung up within a few years past, to meet the demand for accommodation and refreshment that has resulted from the decided success of Coney Island as a popular summer resort. Several of these places look both snug and picturesque, embowered as they are amid luxuriant foliage, with flower-gardens about them, and signs setting forth their styles and titles dangling from posts planted by the side of the road. They are mostly patronized by men of the sporting class, livery-stable keepers and the like, whose talk is less of literature and theology than of horses, billiards, the prize-ring, city government, and offices of the sinecure sort. Sunday is the great gala day for these as well as for the revelers who crowd to the island by boat or car, and on this account it may well be imagined that by no class of people is Sunday regarded with greater favor than by the steamboat men, horse-car men, innkeepers, and men who hire out dresses at the bathing-houses on the beach.

The journey between Coney Island and Brooklyn by horse-car offers disadvantages, one experience of which would be sufficient to deter many persons from trying it again. Except at very early morning these cars are crowded to excess, and, especially on the way back to the city, roughs of the worst New York type — and what can be worse than that? — not unfrequently force their way into these vehicles. The wonder is how little the passengers generally, many of them women of respectable appearance, seem to be incommoded by, or even disgusted at, the presence of these pernicious brutes. Here, now, soon after leaving the terminus at Coney Island, the conductor of the car stops it to take up three young men who have hailed him in terms that did not sound like blandishment. None of them are sober, and one, a powerfully built young fellow of twenty or thereabouts, is so drunk that, as he is supported to the car by his two companions, his feet trail upon the ground. He is in his shirt-sleeves and has been fighting, for his features are battered "out of drawing," and his clothes are saturated with blood. In the breast of his shirt is stuck the "diamond" pin, without which no New York rough ever considers himself presentable to decent society, and his fingers, which are all bruised and excoriated, are loaded with cheap, tawdry rings. There is no opposition whatever made to the entrance of this fascinating trio into the car. The fighting rough is hustled into it by his companions and laid out upon a seat, every object touched by him in the car being immediately smeared with his blood. No person among the passengers — and they are by no means a rough-looking set — appears to consider the circumstance an unusual one, or one to which exception should be taken. It seems from the testimony of the companions of the battered young man, whom one of them with pride avers to be "a first-class bully of the Fourth Ward," that, while he was yet sober or partially so, he got into a roadside quarrel with one of a gang of negroes from the city, who were seeking for employment about the hotels on the island, and was badly thrashed by his opponent. Mortification at this drove him to drink, and hence his pleasing addition to the company in the car.

It will be seen from this brief account of a peculiar place, that Coney Island is more conspicuous for a rough side than for a smooth one. Its natural advantages as a sea-bathing place for New York city are numerous, but they are counterbalanced by many circumstances at present inseparable from it. Few things could be more shocking to the sensibilities of a fashionable New York family than to inquire whether they intended going to Coney Island for the season. Occasionally, indeed, a "heavy swell" of the fashionable avenue will take a turn down there

with his team, "by way of a lark," but he does this in the confidence that he is not likely to be brought face to face with any of his set, and his account of things when he returns to the city includes nothing of Coney Island with its vulgar associations and motley crowd.

Charles Dawson Shanly.

ANALOGIES.

I LOUNGE against my garden-gate;
On one side heaven the sun hangs low;
Down one side crawls the exhausted storm
That flashed and crashed an hour ago.
I lounge and see, with musing eye,
Two roses and a butterfly.

One is a sumptuous languid rose,
That bows its heavy, lovely head,
While each fresh petal's velvet curve
Burns with the same deep drowsy red;
Circe her subtle self (who knows?)
Plotting new sorceries in a rose!

One is a pale pure bloom, with leaves
Like satin in their lustres mild,
Half-closed, and faintlier flushed than looks
The chaste palm of a little child;
Or pink as some late sunsets are,
That yearn to feel the evening star!

The butterfly's quick-quivering wings
Wear each the blendings of such hues
As lurk in some old tapestry's
Dim turmoil of golds, crimsons, blues;
Wings where dull smoldering color lies,
Lit richly with two peacock eyes!

He cannot leave the great red rose;
He flutters near it, loath to part
From all the fragrant charm which girds
That blood-drop warm from summer's heart!
And . . . on the pale rose, glimmering near,
One rain-drop sparkles, like a tear!

Edgar Fawcett.

THE NOVEL AND ITS FUTURE.

ORIGINATING in the Greek romances of the fourth century, which were themselves the offspring of decline, the novel — this losel of literature and outcast of the wise — finds itself, after a long and adventurous career, at the head of all literary forms for present popularity and power. Called forth as a servant, to amuse some idle intellects, it has at length become the master, the instructor, the educator of vast modern audiences composed of thinking and progressive men. We must confess that, whatever our theoretic reverence for the drama, and whatever the triumphs it still achieves amongst us, the novel is still the more subtle, penetrative, and universal agent for the transmission of thought from poet to people.

Ours is essentially a period of prose. Versification, it is true, is a widespread accomplishment in these days, and there are instances enough of genius making it more than an accomplishment. But, on the whole, its frequency seems not so much to mark a strengthening of its empire, as to emphasize the truth that things most in vogue are most in danger of deterioration. As the quantity of verse increases, the merit has a tendency to subside to a common level. Instead of fountains of song bursting freely from the hill-sides, the nineteenth century maintains a large reservoir of liquid verse from which we may draw unlimitedly. The means of rhythmic expression are perhaps more varied and more perfect than at any previous epoch; but they assist lyrical demonstration, for the most part, — dramatic, seldom. It is the dramatic forms, however, which give the most manifold delight. Dramas are the cathedrals of poetry; the lyric verse is their adornment, rising in pinnacles. But we do not build cathedrals nor write great dramas. The novel, therefore, attracts to itself our chief energies. The novel is a portable drama, requiring no stage, no actors, no lights or scenery, and no fixed time of enactment. Moreover, as we shall presently see, it embraces a wide range of subjects not fitted for the salient treatment of the playwright. It is, further, especially adapted to the various and complex inner life of the modern world. The very finest things of which the novel is now capable are rather calculated, in their delicate profundity, for private perusal than public recitation. There is a refined emanation from them which can be appreciated in silence and solitude only, or with but a chosen listener or two at hand to share the influence. But, if the vogue of verse be regarded as an intimation of impending decline, it will be asked why the multiplication of novels is not, in the same manner, to count for a sign of approaching decadence. That there is much danger of disaster to the novel is precisely what I should like to have most clearly understood; but there are reasons favoring its immediate and efficient advance which either cannot be supplied, or are not equally operative in the case of lyric poetry. In the first place it is an organism of a higher type than the lyric, being essentially and substantially dramatic; and in the second place the popular demand supplies it with an immense stimulus, while the lyric is sustained by smaller audiences and less frequent opportunities of devotion from its servants. The drama could alone compete successfully with the novel; but to do so it must undergo reforms more weighty than those which are needful to the perfection of the novel. Let us, however, before attempting to cast the horoscope of the latter form, consider the technical differences of drama and novel more closely, with a view to determining their respective advantages as artistic means.

A convenient starting-point for the discussion is to be found in Goethe's

utterance on the subject. In the fifth book of Wilhelm Meister, he observes: "The difference between these sorts of fiction lies not merely in their outward form; not merely in the circumstance that the personages of the one are made to speak, while those of the other commonly have their history narrated for them. . . . But in the novel it is chiefly *sentiments* and *events* that are exhibited; in the drama it is *characters* and *deeds*. The novel must go slowly forward; and the sentiments of the hero must, by some means or other, restrain the tendency of the whole to conclude. The drama, on the other hand, must hasten, and the character of the hero must press forward to the end: it does not restrain, but is restrained. The novel-hero must be passive; at least he must not be active in a high degree: in the dramatic one we look for activity and deeds." But this definition is certainly inadequate. In reality, it applies to the novel as practiced by Goethe and Rousseau, rather than to the stature of the novel altered and strengthened by recent developments in its history. It is patent that characters and deeds are as requisite in the modern dramatically organized novel, as sentiments and events; and that they bear just the same relation to these as in the drama. We are far enough, also, from demanding that the novel shall "go slowly forward" — a mode of locomotion sustained in Wilhelm Meister with almost fatal indefatigableness. Compression and swiftness, on the contrary, are becoming marked characteristics of this species of composition. But it is important to observe Goethe's fundamental distinction, — that of the novel-hero's passivity; for he is still at liberty to retain this attitude whenever it may advantage him. And herein lies a special superiority of the novel over drama, in that it is thus fitted to exhibit the hero as the recipient of impressions only, — concentrating in him the phantasmagoric elaboration of all surrounding life through his individual senses and perceptions; while, at any moment, his position may be reversed, so that *his* views of things shall no longer predominate, a purely dramatic development being accorded to all alike. In this way a double order of effects lies open to the novelist. And it is from this source that the autobiographical novel derives a chief element of power; the suppression of internal history in every one but the first person leaving the characters of the rest to develop themselves in a wholly dramatic manner. The means to this end, in the drama, are the aside and the soliloquy. But people behind the footlights cannot find an escape for every significant emotion of a moment in asides; nor is facial expression always adequate to the occasion. Although of this latter resource it is only the intellectual effect which the novelist can convey, by those numerous brief, indescribable touches of intimation peculiar to his art; and although he surrenders the inexhaustible charm of actual impersonation, still his mode is the more natural. As for the soliloquy, that is a delicate instrument which must be used with the utmost care, — like the chemist's centigrade-weight, which he dares not lift with the fingers for fear of diminishing its accurate poise by the slight wear and moisture of manual contact.

> "And therefore, since I cannot prove a lover,
> To entertain these fair, well-spoken days,
> I am determinèd to prove a villain" —

I confess this jars upon me. This soliloquy of Richard's seems inferior to those of Hamlet and Wolsey, not only in poetical qualities but in its dramatic value. The same sense of inconvenience and unlikelihood attaches to the revery with which Iago closes the first act of Othello. Apparently, when the soliloquy must set forth in direct terms the speaker's motives to impending conduct, instead of dealing with wide-reaching speculations or emotions, it of necessity loses somewhat of its force. It would seem to be the sensitive organ in the constitution of a drama, in which the weaknesses of that order of composition manifest themselves most promptly. But even soliloquy becomes more

probable and more acceptable when employed in the novel. For the narrator is an admitted entity from the start, and he enjoys the presumption of having either witnessed, or had faithfully described to him the circumstances of his story which he now gives in reproductive reminiscence. He does not require that we should believe in the instant presence of the persons and their personal responsibility for what they are saying, as the dramatist requires it. However the principles of dramatic development may be involved in his work, the whole affair is professedly drawn from something already past, and is so represented; while in the drama we must relinquish, for the time being, even a subdominant consciousness that the scenes before us have been supplied by an already concluded episode of real life. But not only is the advantage greatly on the novelist's side, when the soliloquy is in question: he is also in great measure relieved from the necessity of using it at all, because licensed to come forward in his own person, when occasion strongly demands direct explanation or enlightenment — an interruption which, for the reasons already mentioned in support of soliloquy, cannot disturb us. The novelist's prerogative of description, too, though unconscionably abused in general, is in many situations, if properly respected by him, a palpable advantage. And in the matter of construction a gain is made over the dramatist's necessary restrictions in this particular, through the novelist's greater liberty of interrupting and rearranging the succession of incidents and events. With these technical advantages on its side, and being addressed to the reader at short range, so that its finest effects need not be lost or slurred over, if delicate and unobtrusive, the novel seems to offer a form in which subjects too little abounding in far-flashing externalities, to find successful embodiment in an acting play, may still be subjected to thoroughly dramatic processes.

Yet the prevalent opinions among too many novel-makers, as well as novel-consumers, in respect of what constitutes the dramatic, make it evident that this species of imaginative literature must clear itself of serious misconceptions, before it can proceed unimpeded in the direction of further improvement. An agitated notion seems generally to have gained ground — always reinforced, doubtless, by a benevolent forethought for those readers who choose their fiction from the book-stall mainly according to the broken and easy aspect of the pages — that the novel should be made above all things "conversational;" and to this mistake, serenity, and the contained and forcible utterance characterizing genuine mastery of the dramatic, are constantly sacrificed. But people have other ways of displaying their characters than by talking, and may be treated objectively by other means than those of conversation. Nor is the determined use of the present tense, by which writers occasionally (but too often) attempt to heighten the "graphic" effect of their scenes, at all essential, or even in any way an enhancement. We must take cognizance of a new modification of the dramatic, exemplified in some of the later achievements in the novel form. The stage necessarily appeals more broadly to the senses, and, in these days of excessive and corruptive mechanical contrivance, the sensuous agency has so far diminished the importance or infected the fineness of the subject-matter, as to charge the term, theatrical, with a certain implication of reproach. Those novels, therefore, which are most completely wrought out in the conversational manner, or in such fashion as to make a transposition to the stage an easy process, are not always the most dramatic, using the word at its best and highest. Dickens, Reade, Wilkie Collins, and Bulwer, have so written. And these possess in common a love of stimulating, melodramatic incident, unfolded in rapid and intricate succession. Collins, in particular, is noted for his ingenious joiner-work, his elaborate and studied mechanism of incidents. The long "narratives" through which he conveys the same history, or different parts

of it, by different persons, have, it is true, some faint flavor of the dramatic, being based on that unfailing surprise which arises from the partial and conflicting views taken by different people in regard to one and the same transaction. But all the true glory of dramatic abstemiousness is lost in his execution. His detail is excessive, and his accumulation of small items often redundant. The skill of selection which he exercises never rises above the plane of simple cleverness. He has arrived at a useful formula for methodic enumeration, of which he uniformly avails himself; displaying a surprising distrust of the reader's imaginative ability, or power of apprehending minor points, by a constant wordy explanation of the most trifling matters. A showy familiarity with the superficial aspects of human nature enables him to dazzle the reader, enough to conceal the fact that, for himself, he cares much more for his plot than for his persons. The latter are cut out to fit their places in the piece; but their individuality in this way takes an artificial tone, and their narratives seem little more characteristic than affidavits in a police-trial — a kind of literature which we may suppose to have furnished Mr. Collins with a great part of his *motif*. In short, we possess in this noted sensationalist an inventor, not a discoverer. He is a literary artisan, rather than an artist. Dickens and Reade, on the other hand, though theatrical in manner, possess real genius, which might have carried them higher, had they carefully pruned it and thrown its strength always to the upward. Dickens differs from Reade, in being far less studied: he is also more crude. Reade is apparently a careful student of the stage, while Dickens relied on the natural bent of his genius toward the theatrical. Collins, on the whole, is superior to Reade in the slow worrying and final decapitation of a mystery — a thing which the latter does not always and especially affect. But, on the other hand, Reade has a swift and sunny sympathy which Collins lacks; and his comparative openness in the matter of plot, leaves him free to develop incidents and characters together, by a series of stimulant surprises. His grand fund of spirits, and his quick sensibility to smiles or tears, are akin to attributes of the finest genius, and carry us on readily through all sorts of incongruities. But, once pausing or returning, to analyze the structure of his stuff, we find the conversation (at its liveliest) modeled on the rapid dialogues of brilliant comedy. Mabel Vane, in Peg Woffington, exclaims to Triplet, "And you a poet!" "From an epitaph to an epic, madam," he answers. Her very next words, "A painter, too!" he meets with: "From a house front to an historical composition, ma'am." At other times, as in Love me Little, Love me Long, and later novels, we find Reade lost in the mire of multitudinous commonplace, apparently trying to reproduce life beyond all possibility of mistake, by letting loose upon us a flood of indiscriminate gabble. Thus he seems to waver between the farcically inclined talk of the stage, and a deadly literalism. In general, his pictures are not so much drawn from life itself, as they are spirited transcripts from stage-manners in the guise of real ones, and always strengthened by a considerable observation of real life, besides. But the novel has, by its history, assumed, and in this essay I have claimed, that it comes closer to real life than any antecedent form. By dropping into the stage-manner, however, the writer of a novel not only fails to draw nearer to life than before, but — what is still worse — separates himself from it by a double remove. As life has first been shown him under the gas-light of the theatre, so he kindles in his book a still fainter illumination, the reflection of a reflection. But, with all his brilliancy and energy, Reade disregards this, and plumes himself too openly upon his cleverness, obtruding the consciousness of his dexterity in the most ill-timed and annoying paragraphs of bold allusion to it. It cannot be denied that people relish this knowingness, as they do the equally omnipresent (though unspoken) knowingness of Dickens. Dickens's characters enter

the arena with a jingling of the clown's cap and bells, as it were; and the audience sees at once that they are about to perform. There is a suggestion of the End Man's manner, in the way he has of opening a dialogue intended to be laughable. And (to return to our other simile) when the intervals of joking are over, we seem to hear the ring-master cracking his whip, as a signal for the serious and breathless business of riding bareback and jumping through paper hoops to begin again. This is a figure only partially true, yet with a truth worth heeding. The public likes this, I have said: but it likes better things, as well. Yet there is an impartiality of omnivorousness, that it is not altogether desirable to sustain. We like to settle the respective merits of authors by the scale of avoirdupois. But, rather than magnitude, it is quality and radical tendency which we ought here to consider; for on these rests the future of fiction.

The more completely a novel remains a novel, the higher must it be rated, as being the more perfect representative of its class. Bulwer was both playwright and novelist, and he is conspicuous for the production of hybrids uniting the features of these two literary forms. His books are crowded with the stalest stage devices. One has but to look through the conversations in My Novel, Bulwer's most careful attempt at a reproduction of real life, to see how unshrinkingly he could dilute the pungent currents of nature with the flattest of liquids from the conventional theatrical tap. Much of the dialogue is given in the same form as if written for the stage. But in attempting, at the same time, to remain true to the aspect of common life, the author has been overcome by a disastrous inclination simply to *imitate* appearances; and the double desire to do this, and to be effective in the style of the stage, has resulted in something at once deplorably dull and intolerably conventional. Mere transcription of facts, aspects, and phases, actually observed by the writer, is — we find it necessary, notwithstanding its self-evidence, once more to announce — neither artistry, nor anything approaching it. On the other hand, conventionalisms, though they are sometimes very necessary, should never be relied on for mere effect's sake, nor admitted at all unless they are genuine, thoughtful, brilliant, or forcible. Those which Bulwer introduces in My Novel and elsewhere are, it is true, pointed after a certain fashion: but they are whittled, rather than diamond-cut — sharp pegs, instead of sparkling gems crystallized by the invisible chemistry of genius. And yet these things would, no doubt, pass off well enough upon the stage. But the little green hedge of the foot-lights separates two territories of fiction in which the qualifications to success are, it would seem, by no means identical. Bulwer ignored this fact. Whether we skim the prattling shallows of Pelham, or turn the creaking leaves of Eugene Aram, — that heavy piece of melodramatic machinery, — or examine the dialogue of the Lady of Lyons, we shall hardly fail to meet everywhere the same prolix paucity, although less prolix, of course, in the plays, than in the novels. A knack of proportioning ingredients enabled Bulwer to give his works a pleasant taste to the public; but the critic, unfortunately, knows too well that they were prepared according to recipe. Lord Lytton may be said to have maintained a flourishing "cheap store" or popular emporium of ready-made romance. His novels, like those of Anthony Trollope, though more pretentious and less neatly finished, bear the marks of the mold, still. The excessive activity of his invalid intellect never led him to a real originality. He searched for it on every side, imitating, in turn, Fielding, Sterne, Walter Scott, and Goethe; but had he possessed it, he would have learned this by simply looking within. Originality, it may be observed here, has even more of sameness in it than of variety; for *this* lies in the subject-matter, and *that* is fundamental. Variety and versatility do not, of course, conflict with originality, any more than sameness is always the ensign of it. But it is the abiding peculiarities of a man's

point of view (when these are developed, not derived) which make his writing original; and these continue to give it that character, so long as he abstains from conscious exertion to repeat and renew such peculiarities. From a stable and enduring quality of view, springs style, including not only phraseology, but the character of an author's observation, likewise. Thackeray, George Eliot, Hawthorne, Balzac, Turgénieff, possess distinct points of view, from which to contemplate the revolving world. Pausing at some standpoint of ideal perception, they let the variety of life pass under their eyes, and translate its meanings into the new language of their new genius. Hence comes it that large poetic genius is at once radical and conservative: it can look into the roots of things, but it also highly appreciates the value of calm, unchanging heights, upon which to build securely and live happily. Even when engaged in works of deracination and reform, you can see that, in spite of its intelligence, it loves and clings to what is old.

But Bulwer, and the other novelists of the theatrical group, almost wholly lack the distinction of style. Charles Reade is careless, and hardly more than a mannerist, even at his best. Wilkie Collins is lucid, without being concise; simple, not so much from severity, as because it is easy to be so, in the subjects and within the mental scope he allows himself; and devoid of any deep characteristics. Dickens, it may be urged, occupies an undeniably unique point of view. But his talent was even more accessory to his fame, than his genius. Talent is quick at catching a knack that will please the popular taste; but originality measures the sense of this taste, and guides more than it is guided by it. Shall we say that Dickens did not appreciate what was most genuine in himself; did not know in what proportion to combine with the more precious substance of his genius the common alloy of talent, to make it pass current, without debasing it? At all events, the deficiency in style exists. Who does not recall that droll and at the same time almost pitiable method of lengthening out sentences, to suit the increased suspense of a situation? To so many crowded and hurried emotions, we are allowed a corresponding number of clauses connected by colons, semicolons, and dashes, — like supplemental chairs at a hotel-table, to accommodate a rush of visitors. At other times, we accompany the author through long paragraphs of vague and confused description, at his own verbose leisure; and hardly do we find at any point the enhancement of a really beautiful, resonant, masterly verbal style, organically developed from the originality of his observation. Once let us recognize that this original observation is in great part superficial, taking the tinct rather of a brilliant whimsicality than of a profound and vigorous insight, and we shall see why his style is poor and arid.

Balzac laid down the law, that the modern novelist must possess *des opinions arrêtees:* that, in our phrase, he must have "views." [1] But nothing is more dangerous to the fiction-writer than views which are based upon prejudice. It is immaterial whether he supports himself with social tradition or common-sense, religious authority or unfettered theory: none of these will justify prejudice. These "views" should be the results of perfectly impartial observation of character, resembling somewhat the immovable, inclosing heavens of the old astronomy, which contained all the spheres and atmospheres. Yet they cannot be altogether, like this, changeless. It is simply profound and sympathetic penetration into character which is demanded. From positive views otherwise founded than upon patient and placid insight, spring the swarms of pamphleteering tales which are the bane of the fictionist's art in our time; and, in the domain of more genuine creation, they lead to the narrowness and limitations of Jane Austen, Miss Edgeworth, and Anthony

1 I translate so, because "opinions," to us, would hardly convey what I take to have been Balzac's meaning.

Trollope. It is true, we should suffer irreparable loss if obliged to surrender Miss Austen and Miss Edgeworth. The world cannot afford to dispense with their pure and gentle feeling. What should we do, without the well-molded gelatinous "forms" of amiability, the excellent Potted Proprieties with which they have supplied us? — wholesome confections which it is to be hoped may regale many a generation yet to come. And yet, despite their charms, and that slow, sleepy spell which Trollope knows so well how to exercise, we cannot but think that writers treating human nature in this way are like placer-miners, who, it is granted, may extract every grain of gold from their field of operations, but only by working in superficial deposits. And, when all is done, the gold-bearing stratum has been sacrificed, washed away in the process: only the barren bed-rock remains to after-comers. These, truly, are the "novelists of manners," for they never get below the crust of society. A change in manners makes occasion for a new writer of the same stamp; and Anthony Trollope, in his generation, takes up the task of Jane Austen and Maria Edgeworth, in theirs. What is this remark of Dr. Johnson's, about Fielding giving us characters of manners, and Richardson characters of nature? It would be obviously unjust to Fielding, to place him with writers like Austen, Edgeworth, and Trollope, excellent as they are in their way.

Reade and Dickens, predominantly men of impulse, give no evidence in their works of having apprehended the importance of "arrested opinions." Dickens, indeed, went so far as to follow out certain unsettled, impetuous feelings, which he mistook for convictions; and so became a propagator of prejudice (though doubtless effecting a great deal of transient good). Reade, appreciating impartiality, and trying to avoid results of this kind, is content with treating mankind as an opportune and curious plaything for the amusement of himself and his reader. But in Victor Hugo we find an altogether singular writer, capable of genuine *opinions arrêtées*, and yet abounding in vagaries, and indulging an unlimited taste for the sensational-picturesque, which compel us to call him theatrical and a mannerist. Here is an author of undeniable genius, a great romantic dramatist, a delicate lyrist, exceptionally noble in his aims, and comprehending the value of an objective treatment of character; who at times delights us with simple and exquisite observation; yet who, for the most part, strays wholly from the ways of nature in his effects, and is wholly extravagant in style. As far as improbability is concerned, it may be said that objections to it, are too often and easily urged in a way to imply that such a thing were quite inadmissible. But if probability were in all cases an indispensable condition of poetic achievement, we should have to condemn much that is obviously above reproach. Nevertheless, it seems certain that the sentiment of probability should never be violated. If the artist should succeed with his illusion, there would be much to justify his use of the improbable. Still, it can scarcely be defended, if it does not also commend itself to the second thought; as it does in the case of Lady Macbeth, who has no children, but who nevertheless exclaims:

> "I have given suck; and know
> How tender 't is to love the babe that milks me."

The truth seems to be, that improbability is a potent means to effect; but when the effect obtained through it is momentary, rather than inherent in the situation's deepest truth, it becomes meretricious, and in degree as it is unessential. With such meretriciousness Victor Hugo seems fairly chargeable, in cases. The fire-cracker-like dialogues with which he emulates Dumas, and which so needlessly confuse us, at times, as to the succession of speakers; the multiplication of short paragraphs, that are in some danger of becoming no paragraphs at all — being often reduced to a single word; and his curious division of a novel into books and parts, with fresh titles and sub-titles as abundant as newspaper-headings, and chapters of

every length, from a single paragraph upwards — all this is the issue of an undue desire to impress. Perhaps it should in some measure be excused, because of its service to the author, in carrying the average reader through much that would otherwise appear to him outrageously wearisome. For it is Hugo's plan to connect everything with infinity, on the shortest notice. To fly from the simplest fact into the far ether of abstract thought is his favorite exercise; and to render the reader capable of sharing in these aerial flights, he is obliged to wrap him in a magic cloak of invisibility, woven of sundry expansive and slightly windy phrases. He indites a chapter on a girl's hand, and reaches the weighty conclusion that "Déruchette smiling was simply Déruchette." In another place, describing the nature of a battle, he proudly convinces us, after a series of the most self-evident statements, that "he who leaves the field, is beaten." In fine, he wrestles with nothing, in these cases, as if it were a labor only to be ventured on by intellectual giants like himself; and he comes out of the fight with an immense appearance of victory. Under its guise of pompous emptiness, however, this method conceals capabilities of vigorous surprise and pathetic brevity. Very majestic, to my thinking, is that conclusion of Les Travailleurs de la Mèr: "Nothing was now visible but the sea." But the defects of this method are more frequent than its beauties. Hugo's desire to air his enthusiasm and to expand in mystic revery furnishes another example of philosophy injuring art; in the same way that the inclination of George Eliot and Balzac toward philosophical parentheses and interspersed epigram fastens a clog on the dramatic movement of their stories. The novelist, it is true, may fulfill to some extent the functions of a chorus; but he should be very cautious in the fulfillment. Victor Hugo is guilty of "spouting." He tries to magnify, and often to distort, the proportions of all that comes in his way; but things sometimes refuse to be magnified, and leave him in rather a luckless plight. The elasticity and eccentricity of his form he seeks to defend by a mere hyperbole.

"This book," he says, in Cosette, "is a drama, the first person of which is the Infinite."

"Man is the second."

But it is difficult to reconcile ourselves on these easy terms with his reckless practice of "painting up" each and every separate picture in the series which compose a story, so that it may brave the glare of the combined exhibition. This whole question with which we are engaged, as to the grounds for discrimination between theatrical and dramatic novelist, culminates in Hugo's character as a writer of fiction. To get a fresh view of so important a figure, let us subject him to a contrast. Quitting the atmosphere of his lurid spectacles, let us enter the sad-colored every-day world in which rare Thackeray moves. Hugo and Thackeray both indulge in ample comment; but Thackeray's moralizing only partially impedes dramatic action, while Hugo's declamation is so interwoven with the story as to be almost beyond eluding, and is connected with a coarse and dazzling use of colors that reminds one of the scene-painter's trick. In Thackeray there is no hint of effect for effect's sake; but Victor Hugo's novels may be said almost to reek with it. An equally eloquent contrast is furnished by the romances of Hawthorne. "As the feeling with which we startle at a shooting star, compared with that of watching the sunrise at the preëstablished moment," runs Coleridge's fine phrase, "such and so low is surprise as compared with expectation." Now, it is the determined preference of this lower pleasure that distinguishes novelists of the theatrical class. Observe, as opposed to this, that in The Scarlet Letter the identity of the unknown sharer in Hester's sin is clearly intimated in the opening scene, and the mind of the reader thus thrown forward, in an attitude of expectation, which the objective treatment pursued throughout the book is designed to assist. Such a

master does not find any Jack-in-the-box surprise needful, to engage his audience. But Hawthorne stands in an atmosphere peculiar to himself. To distinguish him from Thackeray, by calling him an idealist, would entail misapprehension; for no novelist possessing genuine insight can fail to be in some sort an idealist. His personal impressions, and keen, unswerving perceptions must enter into the substance of his creation; idea will insensibly enter into every item of the representation. But thus much may be said, that Hawthorne's idealism is exceptionally free from all turbidness. It might be conceived of as a clear and stainless, rounded and buoyant sphere, and capable of bearing us serenely through the most solemn and awful spaces. So far is this idealism from being opposed to that of the acknowledged realistic writers, as people are often inclined to believe it, that we find Hawthorne's realism to be careful, detailed, perfectly true, and perfectly finished. But so suffused is it with fine spirituality, that it does not yet gain popular recognition. Some quality is perhaps wanting in his realism, which would make it more acceptable to the public; but Hawthorne, being engaged with the operation of spiritual laws, did not enter so industriously into descriptive realism as many others have done; although, with a true delight in appearances, he used those particular realistic means which were apt to his purpose with a complete mastery.

Let us consider the import of realism. It is, without doubt, an essential to the best dramatic novel-writing; though in the hands of different authors its manifestations must, of course, vary greatly. One reason for its value is, that it supplies the visual distinctness which is one great charm of the stage. But the necessity for it is more radical. As the painter will study anatomy, in order to a better structural idea of the human form, so the novelist will investigate the functions of all those complicated impulses, emotions, and impressions which we experience from hour to hour, from day to day, and by which our actions and characters are continually controlled, modified, or explained. With his investigation of psychological phenomena, or insight into the mysteries of spiritual being, he must unite the study of all that accompany these in the individual; as corporeality, with that curious net-work of appearances, habits, opinions, in which each human person is enveloped. Of all eminently realistic novelists, Turgénieff is, I imagine, the most vigorous, acute, and delicate. A little livelier play of fancy, he might, indeed, allow himself, without injury. That he is capable of it, certain rare touches seem to indicate. Speaking of a dandy, in Dimitri Roudine, he says: "He tried to give himself airs, as if he were not a human being, but his own statue, erected by national subscription." For freshness, airiness, and genial sarcasm, this equals the best flights of Dickens's fancy. Balzac, as well as Turgénieff, however, seems sometimes to fall below the level of completely artistic representation, simply from neglect of these more elastic motions of the mind. Balzac, in particular, is often too matter-of-fact, or too statistical in his statement of characters, situations, and appearances. It is important clearly to grasp the difference between realism and that which is merely literalism.

I. Realism sets itself at work to consider characters and events which are apparently the most ordinary and uninteresting, in order to extract from these their full value and true meaning. It would apprehend in all particulars the connection between the familiar and the extraordinary, and the seen and unseen of human nature. Beneath the deceptive cloak of outwardly uneventful days, it detects and endeavors to trace the outlines of the spirits that are hidden there; to measure the changes in their growth, to watch the symptoms of moral decay or regeneration, to fathom their histories of passionate or intellectual problems. In short, realism reveals. Where we thought nothing worthy of notice, it shows everything to be rife

with significance. It will easily be seen, therefore, that realism calls upon imagination to exercise its highest function, which is the conception of things in their true relations. But a lucid and accurate statement of these relations, in so many words, does not meet the requirements of art. In certain portions of his work, Balzac seems to overlook this: he depends too much upon exact descriptions both of mental processes and physical appearances. He is too much the classifier. In his anxiety to be absolutely correct, he grafts upon his style whole technical vocabularies which confuse and discourage the reader. He often describes houses with a topographical minuteness that ends by effacing from our minds any picture the imagination had formed for itself, and leaving us without the ability to project a new one; and this, when his object is simply to give us a perfect physical impression. It is plan-drawing, rather than the painting of a picture; and this defect extends to his descriptions of persons. All description should be simple, pictorial, and devoid of technicalities. Otherwise, one kind of literalism is entailed upon us.

II. In this matter, Turgénieff completely surpasses Balzac. But there is a subtler truth which no pictorial description and no abstract exposition will suffice to convey; for the intimation of which, in fine, fancy alone is fitted. In apprehending this, Hawthorne is supreme. Dickens abounds in instances of fancy, grotesque, humorous, and pathetic; but he is not so uniformly true as Hawthorne. George Eliot, too, sometimes employs it gracefully. But George Eliot, Dickens, and Scott, all have, again, a somewhat excessive regard for the appearances of realness in and for itself, seen in their labored and frequently tiresome imitations of imperfect articulation. This, though undoubtedly a valuable auxiliary in some cases, is only occasionally essential to artistic representation. When carried too far, it makes the writer a copyist, an imitator, — merely a reporter of life. This sort of literalism is exemplified in still another way by the novels of Anthony Trollope, who accumulates irrelevancies with a persistence proving him to be for verisimilitude before all things. He will construct a long story out of atomic particles, making it as densely compact as a honey-comb — with the honey left out. He continually gives us, with the utmost gravity, the exact time to a minute, at which some one of his characters takes a train of cars, although this precision has no result in events. And an entire paragraph is consumed by the simple statement that two gentlemen went from the City to a London suburb, in a cab. First, he says that they went hence, and came hither; next, he repeats the declaration, adding that it was long since they had last done so; after which, he goes back and describes their meeting in the street — giving the precise insignificant words which they exchanged; and finally he crowns all with the triumphant announcement that they came home together (as he at first said) —this time explaining that they came by means of a cab. There is a certain fascination in all this: the natural man meets mediocrity half-way: but at bottom it is vicious. Trollope panders to an intellectual laziness which is, unfortunately, characteristic of novel-readers; and his books are pervaded by an unhealthy languor. His observation of character is timid and superficial, though abundantly clever; and his impartiality lapses into indifference, a dullness of sensibility. He has but one method of indicating a man's affection for a woman: that is, by making him put his arm around her waist. In Trollope, then, we see how thoroughly demoralizing literalism of this kind may become. It is impossible to prescribe any rules adequate to the various cases in which literalism may occur. But, in general terms, we may say that it is precipitated so soon as the æsthetic balance between idea and fact is, from whatever cause, at all unsettled. We have also seen that realism is assisted by fancy, and quick, pictorial language.

So much being supplied concerning

the nature and requirements of realism, we are in a position to recognize the general community of aims in such masters as Hawthorne, George Eliot, Balzac, Thackeray, and Turgénieff. All these are leaders in the best dramatic novel-writing, and their example opposes itself, by its very nature, to the practices of Hugo, Dickens, Reade, and Bulwer. Among themselves, they of course differ in respect of quality and degree of realism, and as to their feeling for pure beauty. We have seen the positive character of Hawthorne's ideal tendency; that of the rest is more negative. Again, they vary in the degrees of pure dramatic effect achieved; and these particular differences are matters of vital consequence. Hawthorne, though thoroughly objective in his rendering, sustains throughout a resonant undertone of poetic revery; George Eliot and Balzac mingle analytical discourse and philosophic suggestion with the action — the latter, however, being by far the less diffuse, and having an easy grace in analysis which our great Englishwoman lacks. Thackeray, in his turn, takes the part of a grumbling and evil-predicting chorus; and Turgénieff claims little more than the right to introduce his persons, and tersely to explain the periods "supposed to have elapsed." There is fair room for choice among these several modifications of method. If Balzac and George Eliot make their books too much like treatises on human nature, anecdotically illustrated, it must still be said that their system is admirably adapted to bring men to a true appreciation of character; and there is small chance of mistaking the special truths which they wish to enforce in their "modern instances." So that what is lost to art, in their case, is possibly a gain to the direct instruction of the human race, in the problems of character and circumstance it constantly has to encounter. But that there *is* a loss to art, we cannot allow ourselves to forget. The highest dramatic skill would work upon us less directly: it would educate, instead of instructing us. By a gentle, if also searching satire, by a sunny insistence upon the joy of living (the joy of sadness, no less than that of gladness), and by the wise excitation in us of noble emulation and noble pity, it would insensibly develop, and strengthen, and heal us. I think we are ready for something less medicinal than these magic potions — these bitter brews from sad experience, and deep, undeluded thought — with which the novelists, in these latter and greater days of their dynasty, have come to treat us.

In regard to form, it seems that Turgénieff's example is likely to have the most general and far-reaching influence. His self-exclusion, however, is almost too rigid. This northern athlete demands a muscularity of apprehension in the reader nearly equal to that of his own style of presentation. It is sometimes too violent an exercise to read his books: they set every nerve quivering, hinting the agonies of a vivisection. Besides, he would seem to do himself injustice, in recounting such woful histories as those he chooses, without allowing a single note of hope or of convincing joy to redeem their horror. He is too keenly responsive to outward beauty, to wish the destruction of our faith in some corresponding and essential beauty pervading and including all things. Yet, poet as he is, he finds the world all too unpoetical. To him, it is apparently not malleable in the fires of profound faith, but offers only fixed, enormous oppositions of loveliness and hideousness over which he will permit no veil of illusion to rest. There is truth in his picture; but it seems to deny beauty, and incites to despair. Does it not, then, verge upon error? In marked contrast to the great Russian, we find the Norwegian novelist and dramatist, Björnsen, who, while as strictly dramatic in the form and movement of his stories as Turgénieff, is an enthusiastic apostle of beauty, besides. It would be difficult to conceive of a more delicately inflected piece of dramatic recital, than his novelette called The Fisher Maiden. He has there given the history of an ingenuous,

healthy, highly imaginative girl, whose glowing impulses involve her in a curious inconsistency and faithlessness with a pair of lovers, and bring temporary disgrace upon her mother. But at last her imagination makes an escape into art, and she becomes an actress. In the prejudiced community she lives in, she cannot do this without a struggle; and the climax of the tale is in her ultimate triumph, and her engagement at a theatre in the capital. We enter the theatre, to witness her performance; but the book closes with the rising of the curtain. How exquisite is this reticence, this reverence for his subject, that compels the poet to leave his revelation of that fresh maiden heart unspotted by any of the garish splendors or excitements with which novelists are wont so copiously to supply us! In general, they are only too willing to raise the curtain on all imaginable scenes, and to expose matters which should never be made the subject of spectacular interest (although admissible enough when handled with morally sensitive art). Fiction has too frequently indulged in what deserves no better name than downright debauchery. The advances it has made toward temperance, purity, health, and beauty are indeed surprising; but Björnsen, with his sweet and simple histories, has suggested the possibility of still greater refinement.

We already see the dawn of a new epoch. Christ's thought, however slow to manifest itself firmly in the details of our social, political, and religious organization, has assuredly taken root in the novel. Pity and charity, love, or admiration for the poor, the common, the unfortunate, and the unrecognized nobility of the world, are what it is continually endeavoring to arouse and propagate. Dickens's exaltation of the cruder or more ignorant classes was perhaps excessive; but there was much truth in his probably much-needed and opportune exaggeration. Thackeray stimulates inferences, by exposing false pretensions, and dethroning the unduly reverenced. The tragic element of frequency which George Eliot points out has, in fact, been already unconsciously accepted, and the moral value of the familiar seized by the artist. Our heroes and heroines are taken from the rank and file of the race, and represent people whom we daily encounter; indeed, we shall easily find our very selves depicted, if we look frankly for such depicture. There is no escaping the thoughtful and elevating influence of this. Nor need there be any implication of littleness or dullness in these aims. The great circle of the horizon may draw its ring around whatever spot shall be chosen as the groundwork of a fiction, and the exact zenith hang above the heads of its personages. Far from lessening the force of personality in fictitious characters, this choice of the frequent is most favorable to a true discrimination of qualities in character. When we have once become aware of the great number of points in which human beings are nearly identical; of the real coincidence of great people and little people, in minute traits no less than in fundamental characteristics; when, in fine, we perceive the incredible resemblances of men; then we shall best be able justly to estimate their equally astounding differences. The level of humanity is like that of the ocean; but each constituent particle rejoices in its own atomic being, and all have a chance to crest the highest waves, if wind and moon should conspire favorably. The instantaneous photograph is necessary to depict this ocean and its movements. But we must have more than any photograph can give us; with the accuracy of that, should be combined the æsthetic completeness of a picture and a poem in one, — and always of a picture and a poem.

G. P. Lathrop.

BIRDS OF ILL OMEN.

Among the signs which are believed by the superstitious to prognosticate future events, those connected with the habits and character of birds have always been regarded as important. So much attention was paid by the ancients to these indications that the word bird was even in Homer's time synonymous with omen. Most birds were considered ominous of good or evil according to the place and manner of their appearance, so that they might be said to flutter with uncertain wings on the confines of disaster and success. Others, however, from their own nature were believed to portend calamity, and although they might occasionally afford a presage of good luck, yet their general reputation was decidedly bad. There is nothing so hard to get rid of as a bad name, and as this is true alike of bipeds with or without feathers, it is not surprising that some of the former have always been regarded as birds of ill omen.

It is noticeable that this stigma has been affixed only to those birds whose appearance or voice is disagreeable, and whose habits are somewhat peculiar, any eccentricity in this respect being perverted by superficial observers into an alarming portent. Thus the owl has had to bear a good deal of unmerited abuse because of his nocturnal habits and unmelodious notes. Even his wise looks and judicial gravity have been made the subject of derisive criticism. The only persons who really appreciated the owl were the citizens of ancient Athens, and the good opinion of that refined and intellectual people, like praise from Sir Hubert Stanley, outweighs any amount of depreciation. In that city owls were sacred to Minerva, the goddess of wisdom, and were looked upon as omens of victory and success. By the Romans they were regarded with feelings of detestation and dread, as foreboding grave misfortunes. The language applied to these birds by the Latin poets reflects the prevailing prejudice and superstition. Even Virgil gives a bad name to the owl. Ovid calls it a dire omen of mortality; Lucan stigmatizes it as "sinister bubo," and Claudian inveighs against it as "infestus" (dangerous or hostile) "bubo." The word Bubo, used by naturalists to denote horned-owls, originally had reference to the peculiar sound of the note of this nocturnal bird, which in Spanish is called Buho, in French, Hibou; and in English, Boo-hoo, as Buffon has also entitled it.

Some of the worst things ever said about the owl came from the elder Pliny. The Roman naturalist, who trusted more to others' observation than his own, and in whose writings fact and fiction are often inextricably blended, calls the owl an inauspicious and funereal bird. He is particularly severe upon the horned-owl, to which he gives a very lugubrious character, calling it the monster of the night that never utters a cheerful note, but emits a doleful shriek or moan. This owl and the screech-owl were especially abhorred and dreaded by the Romans as messengers of death. As the former inhabited only deserted and inaccessible places, its appearance in cities was considered a very alarming omen. During the early days of the Consulship a horned-owl happened to stray into the Capitol at Rome, causing general consternation. To avert the disasters which this round-faced prodigy was believed to portend, a lustration or general purification was ordered. Butler has referred to this incident in some amusing lines in Hudibras.

Pliny, after stating that it is looked upon as a direful omen to see an owl in a city or even anywhere, in the daytime, confidently remarks: "I know, however, for a fact, that it is not portentous of evil when it settles on the top of a private house." The deaths of several of the Roman emperors were

supposed to have been foreboded by the appearance of owls in the halls or on the roofs of their palaces. Brande, in his Popular Antiquities, has given many curious illustrations from old writers of the misfortunes of which these birds were the prophetic precursors. One of the most sacrilegious acts ever committed by an owl took place during the reign of Pope John XXIV., when the bird of night had the effrontery to fly into the hall where the Holy Father was holding a council, disturbing its deliberations by his ill-omened presence.

It is not strange that the owl in modern times should be the victim of inherited aversion. As the perverse fowl has not so far profited by criticism as to change its nature or habits, the same causes which occasioned its classical ill-repute help to perpetuate it. A bird that shuns the honest light of day and disturbs drowsy rustics by hooting and screeching at night, that haunts ruined and deserted places, prowls round church-yards, and hides in hollow trees, must expect to be maligned. It is natural, therefore, to find traces of this superstitious dread in the works of modern poets and prose writers. Chaucer speaks of the owl as bringing the bode of death. Spenser, too, gives it the same ghastly character: —

"The rueful Stritch still waiting on the beere,
The whistler shrill, that whoso heares doth die;"

and again: —

"The ill-faced owle, death's dreadful messenger."

Marston, in enumerating the gloomy creatures that prowl about at dead of night, associates screeching owls with "meagre ghosts, Piero, and black thoughts," and in Reed's Old Plays it is said that the croaking of screech-owls upon the chimney-tops is certain to be followed by hearing of a corpse. There was a prevalent popular superstition in England, in the olden time, that if a screech-owl flapped its wings or screeched near the windows of a sick person's chamber one of the family would soon die; and in a paper in the Spectator in which the belief in omens is keenly satirized, it is observed that a screech-owl at midnight has alarmed a family more than a band of robbers.

Shakespeare largely availed himself of the sinister reputation of the bird of doom. "The ominous and fearful owl of death," as he has graphically characterized it, is associated with goblins and elvish sprites, and King Henry VI. mentions the shriek of the owl at the birth of Gloster among the portents of his infamous career. And when Lady Macbeth is waiting in suspense for tidings of the murder of Duncan by her husband,

"It was the owl that shrieked, the fatal bellman,
Which gives the stern'st good night."

The phrase in Hamlet, "They say the owl was a baker's daughter," probably had reference to the story still common among the peasantry in Gloucestershire, of a baker's daughter being transformed into this bird by our Saviour, as a punishment for reducing to a very small size the large piece of dough which her mother had agreed to bake for him. The dough, however, swelled in the oven to enormous proportions, to the great astonishment of the baker's daughter, who cried out "Heugh, heugh, heugh." This owl-like noise suggested her transformation into that bird. The story is told to deter children from illiberal treatment of the poor. It is evidently alluded to in Beaumont and Fletcher's play of The Nice Valour, where the Passionate Lord says, after speaking of a nest of owls, "Happy is he whose window opens to a brown baker's chimney! he shall be sure there to hear the bird sometimes after twilight." [1] According to a legend prevalent in the north of England, Pharaoh's daughter was transformed into an owl, and when

[1] The prevalence of a belief in such a transformation by Christ is very curious, though the traditions vary somewhat in different countries In Norway the story is told of a woman with a red hood, named Gertrud. As she flew up the kitchen chimney her body was blackened with soot, and thus she appears as the red-crested black woodpecker, which the Norwegians call Gertrud's bird. According to the North Germans a baker's man was the offender. He was turned into a cuckoo, whose dun-colored plumage, seemingly sprinkled with flour, recalls its origin. — Thorpe's Northern Mythology, vols. ii. and iii. Compare Hazlitt's English Proverbs and Proverbial Phrases, p. 381.

this bird screams at night, children are told the strange story of its origin in the following distich: —

"Oh! — ŏ–ŏ–ŏ — o–ō!
I was once a king's daughter and sat on my father's knee,
But now I 'm a poor hoolet, and hide in a hollow tree!"

Nuttall, the ornithologist, says he often heard this couplet when a child, in the old country.

In Sweden the owl is considered a bird of sorcery. Great caution is necessary in speaking of such birds to avoid being insnared. It is dangerous to kill one of them, as its associates might avenge its death. Although the owl is worshiped at Hindoo festivals, it is generally regarded as a bird of ill omen. If one happens to perch on the house of a native, it is a sign that one of his household will die, or some other misfortune befall him within a year. This can be averted only by giving the house or its value in money to the Brahmins, or making extraordinary peace-offerings to the gods. The oblations to Vishnu and other deities are followed by an entertainment of clarified butter and rice milk to the Brahmins, who after receiving the sacrificial fees will give a benediction to their deluded followers. Among some of the North American tribes it is customary for an Indian to whistle when he hears the cry of a peculiar kind of owl. If the bird does not answer him he expects to die speedily. On account of the superstition, this owl, which inhabits both Europe and North America, is called the Bird of Death.[1]

There is a strange fascination in the appearance of the owl at midnight in the stillness of the woods, as he wings his spectral flight and utters his moan of lamentation, and it is not surprising that his nocturnal habits and unearthly shriek should make him an object of dread to the ignorant and credulous. But the intelligent observer detects a harmony between this ghostly visitor and the scenes amid which he sounds his sombre notes. The moping owl in his ivy-mantled tower is in unison with the solemn pathos of Gray's Elegy, and the cry of the boding owl had a plaintive charm to the sensitive ear of Cowper. The naturalist also appreciates the qualities which have been recognized by the poet, and the owl no where appears to better advantage than in the pictured pages of Audubon, who calls him the Sancho Panza of the woods. Indeed, we could not well spare the owl either in literature or life, in the domain of soaring fancy or of groveling fact. He is the fitting embodiment of that supernatural influence which lends such a shadowy charm to bygone days, innocent alike of scientific knowledge and scientific skepticism.

Crows and ravens have generally been regarded by superstitious people as birds of ill omen. Their croaking garrulity was believed by the ancients to portend calamity, and the belief still lingers among the moderns. Pliny observes that the crow is most inauspicious at the time of incubation, just after the summer solstice. Ravens, he tells us, are the only birds that seem to understand the meaning of their auspices, for when the guests of Medus were assassinated, the ravens all took their departure from Attica and the Peloponnesus. He adds that they are of the very worst omen when they swallow their voice, as if they were being choked. It was supposed that these birds uttered their shrill, discordant cry as a note of warning to persons about to die, and Alexander the Great is said to have been thus admonished that his end was near. "He that employed a raven to be the feeder of Elias," says an old writer, "may employ the same bird as a messenger of death to others." Appian and other authors have made special mention of the crows which were believed to have foreboded the death of Cicero. As the great Roman orator lay sleeping in his Formian villa after his temporary escape from his pursuers, large numbers of these birds are said to have fluttered and screamed about the windows, as if to warn him of his approaching fate. One of them, after entering his chamber,

[1] Otherwise known as Tengmalm's Owl.

pulled away the bedclothes from solicitude for his safety, till his faithful slaves, frightened by the omens, roused him from his slumbers and carried him away in the litter in which he was soon after assassinated.

This story affords a good illustration of the ancient belief in the prophetic powers of the raven which caused it to be sacred to Apollo. Virgil, who had the good sense to regard the actions of these birds as the result of natural, rather than supernatural causes, refers in the Georgics to the joyful notes of the raven after a storm as indicative of fair weather, and mentions the dismal croak of the impudent crow stalking solitarily on the dry sand, as a sign of approaching rain. If a raven appeared on the left of a person the omen was particularly bad —

"Sæpe sinistra cava prædixit ab ilice cornix."

The evil repute attached to these birds in ancient times has lingered for centuries among the moderns. Abundant evidence of it is found in English literature. Spenser speaks of

"The hoarse night raven, trompe of doleful dreere."

Marston associates the screeching crow, "fluttering 'bout casements of departing souls," with gaping graves and the most dismal voices of the night. In the Barons' Wars, Drayton mentions the baleful notes of the ominous raven as begetting strange, imaginary fears, and telling through his hoarse beak of following horror. The prevalence of this superstition is thus referred to in Butler's Hudibras: —

"Is it not om'nous in all countries
When crows and ravens croak upon trees?"

It is natural that there should be many illustrations of this belief in the pages of Shakespeare, who turns to good account the weird fancies of all ages in his inimitable creations. Hoarse, hateful, fatal, wolfish, bellowing, are the epithets which he applies to the raven, and the crow does not fare much better, being stigmatized as ribald and knavish. The reputation of the raven as a prophet of disaster is illustrated in two memorable instances. Thus, when Lady Macbeth is plotting the murder of the king, she seeks to have his doom foreboded by the voice of the ill-omened bird: —

"The raven himself is hoarse
That croaks the fatal entrance of Duncan
Under my battlements."

And when Othello is reminded by Iago, to rouse his jealousy, of Desdemona's missing handkerchief, he exclaims in the agony of his grief, —

"Oh, it comes o'er my memory,
As doth the raven o'er the infected house,
Boding to all."

It is difficult for us to realize the impressiveness which these illustrations must have had in the olden time, when the raven, instead of being the plaything of fancy, was an object of dread as a veritable doom-bird. This popular conception of the *corvus* family, which existed in full force long after Shakespeare's day, is still prevalent in the Old World. Bishop Hall, in enumerating the omens that terrified the superstitious man in the early part of the seventeenth century, says that "if he heare but a raven croke from the next roofe he makes his will." At a later day Ramesey remarked in his Elminthologia: "If a crow fly but over the house and croak thrice, how do they fear they, or some one else in the family, shall die!" Home, in his Dæmonologie in 1650, mentions the flying and croaking of ravens over a house as the dreaded portent of death. In the following century we find the gloomy superstition still strong in the minds of the vulgar. It is quaintly said in the Secret Memoirs of Duncan Campbell, that "Some will defer going abroad, though called by business of the greatest consequence, if, happening to look out of the window, they see a single crow." The poet Gay, in his amusing fable of The Farmer's Wife and the Raven, makes the former mention among the omens which caused her grief, —

"That raven on yon left-hand oak
(Curse on his ill-betiding croak!)"

It may surprise some people to learn that dread of the croaking raven still exists in many parts of Great Britain. Collectors of folk lore narrate many

curious instances of it in recent days. In his entertaining work on Romances and Drolls of the West of England, London, 1865, second series, Mr. Hunt relates an anecdote told to him by "a really intelligent man," which illustrates this feeling. The family of this person were annoyed by the croaking of a raven over their house, some of them believing it to be a death-token, while others ridiculed the idea. By the advice of a good lady who lived next door, they noted the day and hour of the occurrence, and five months afterward they received a black-edged letter from Australia announcing the death of one of the members of the family in that country. On comparing the dates of the death and the raven's croak, they were found to have occurred on the same day. A writer in Notes and Queries, May 21, 1853, relates an incident showing the power of this superstition over bodily as well as mental health. At a meeting of the guardians of the poor of a parish in Cornwall, which took place a short time previous, an application was made by the relieving officer on behalf of a single woman residing in the church village at Altarnum. "The cause of seeking relief was stated to be 'grief,' and on asking for an explanation, the officer said that the applicant's inability to work was owing to depressed spirits produced by the flight of a croaking raven over her dwelling on the morning of her visit to the village. The pauper was by this circumstance, in connection with its well-known ominous character, actually frightened into a state of wretched nervous depression, which induced physical want."

Nowhere is superstition more rife than in the north of Europe, and there the raven is invested with more ghastly qualities than in sunnier climes. In Sweden the ravens that scream by night in forest-swamps and wild moors are said to be the ghosts of murdered men concealed there by their undetected murderers, and denied Christian burial. By the peasantry of Denmark the night-raven is considered an exorcised spirit. There is a hole in its left wing, caused by the stake driven into the earth where a spirit has been exorcised. It is dangerous to look up when it is flying overhead, for whoever sees through the hole in its wing will be transformed into a night-raven, and the bird will be released from its weary flight. Its course is ever towards the East, in order to reach the Holy Sepulchre, where it will obtain rest. In the Danish isles the appearance of a raven in a village is a sign that the parish priest will soon die.

Though the raven and the owl are mentioned together in Scripture as typical of desolation, yet the former, as the first messenger sent from the Ark, and the feeder of Elijah in the wilderness, is a more pleasing object than the owl of the desert, the companion of dragons, and the representative of mourning and lamentation. The figure of the raven which darkened the banners of the Danes and Saxons may be seen also among the Norman ensigns in the Bayeux tapestry, and with the Scandinavians it was the usual symbol of slaughter.

Magpies, or magot-pies, as they were originally called, have generally been considered birds of ill omen. In Sweden they are believed to be under the special protection of the powers of darkness. When the witches go on Walpurgis night to their scenes of elfish revelry in the Blakulle, they take the form of magpies. The baldness round the necks of these birds at the close of summer, their moulting season, is supposed by the superstitious country-people to be caused by the yoke of the Evil One, which they have worn in the Blakulle while helping him to gather in his hay.

The dread of the magpie as ominous of death, which can be traced back to the olden time, still lingers in many parts of England and Scotland. Allusions to it may be found in Shakespeare, who associates the dismal discords of the "chattering pies" with those baleful sights and sounds that attended the birth of Richard III. At the beginning of this century it was truthfully said that many an old woman would more willingly see the devil, who

bodes no more ill-luck than he brings, than a magpie perching in a neighboring tree; and at this late day, the boasted light of our civilization has not wholly dispelled this gloomy superstition. Henderson, in his entertaining work on the Folk Lore of the Northern Counties of England, etc., describes his astonishment, while driving an old lady in her pony carriage in his boyhood, to see her snatch the reins out of his hands and suddenly bring the pony to a stand. The object which had excited her alarm was a magpie crossing the road, upon which she was gazing with intense interest. After a short pause she exclaimed, with a sigh, "Oh, the nasty bird! Turn back, turn back!" And back they went, the old lady repeating to him on the way home the following lines illustrating the superstition:—

"One is sorrow, two mirth,
Three a wedding, four a birth,
Five heaven, six hell,
Seven the deil's ain sel'."

The first couplet, with some variations, is prevalent in Great Britain. The evil omen conveyed by this bird is generally limited to its appearance singly, and the superstitious dread of it is not confined to the poor and ignorant. A county magistrate and landowner in Yorkshire in 1825, while riding to York to deposit his rents in a bank, turned back on seeing a magpie fly across his path, and the failure of the bank on the following day was supposed to have been foreboded by the appearance of the bird.

Communications in Notes and Queries as late as 1866 show that men and women of excellent education and position, chiefly of the old school, are in the habit of making certain signs whenever they see a magpie, to avert the evil consequences which they believe will otherwise ensue, and these statements are confirmed by recent works on English folk lore. The modes of dispelling the charm are various. Some persons content themselves with bowing and raising the hat, while others, more devout, make the sign of the cross on their breasts, in the air, or on the ground. The custom of crossing the thumbs for this purpose is said to be confined to Yorkshire. One elderly gentleman there not only crosses his thumbs, but to make assurance doubly sure, spits over them. In this he follows a time-honored usage, for spitting as a charm against evil was practiced by the most cultivated nations of antiquity. It is adverted to by classic poets, philosophers, and satirists, and was condemned by some of the Christian fathers. Spitting, being a sign of contempt or aversion, was a defiance of the omen.

The reason given by a servant in the north of England to her master, a clergyman, for the evil reputation of the magpie, certainly justified her ill opinion, though it may not be equally convincing to Biblical scholars. She said "it was the only bird which did not go into the ark with Noah; it liked better to sit outside, jabbering over the drowned world." The thieving propensities of the magpie are well known. Time has not cured him, or his cousin, the jackdaw, of the habit of stealing gold and silver, which excited the wonder of Pliny and furnished such felicitous illustrations to Ovid and Cicero, to say nothing of modern authors. The superstitious belief that the treasures purloined by the magpie are, when found, perilous as witches' money, may afford some consolation to the owner of such property.

Crowing hens are birds of ill omen. According to a Northamptonshire proverb,

"A whistling woman and crowing hen
Are fit for neither God nor men."

Similar proverbs are current in Normandy and Cornwall. All along the border between England and Scotland a crowing hen is regarded as a portent of death. A few years ago an old woman in the parish of East Kilbride heard one of her hens crow near the house. She mentioned the circumstance to a neighbor, saying that no good would come of it. Not long afterwards her husband died. A month passed by, and once more she heard the

fatal sound, which was followed in a few days by tidings of the death of her only son. A week later the hen crowed again, and the eldest daughter died. The old woman could stand this no longer. In her desperation she seized the unlucky fowl, wrung its neck, and threw it into the fire. Wiser people have burned men and women with less show of reason. The following question was proposed many years ago by a writer in The British Apollo: —

> "When my hens do crow,
> Tell me if it be ominous or no?"

This was answered by another contributor whose reason is better than his rhyme: —

> "With crowing of your hens we will not twit ye,
> Since here they every day crow in the city;
> Thence thought no omen."

Besides the above-mentioned birds, which have generally been regarded as ominous of evil, there are others that on particular occasions or in certain places are of ill fame. Thus, in England it is thought to be an unlucky sign to have no money in one's pocket on hearing the cuckoo for the first time in a season. This bird is also considered of evil omen under similar circumstances by the Danes, and in Sweden it shares with the owl and the magpie the reputation of being a bird of sorcery. The swallow, which in classic times was of repute in auguries, is in some countries considered a messenger of life, in others the herald of death. In Ireland the vulgar call it the devil's bird, and believe there is a certain hair on every person's head which, if pecked off by a swallow, dooms the victim to eternal perdition. But in Scotland the pretty little yellow-hammer is dreaded as the devil's bird.

Doves in the possession of persons about to be married are supposed to bring bad luck, and they have sometimes been got rid of for this reason. If pigeons come into a house misfortunes are sure to follow. Their settling on a table forebodes sickness, and on a bed, death. When rooks desert a rookery the downfall of the family owning the estate is thereby portended, and if these birds haunt a town or village, mortality awaits its inhabitants. Such are the superstitions still current in the British Islands. The peculiar cry of bean-geese, on their flight southward from Scotland and Scandinavia, bears a singular resemblance to the yelping of beagles, and this is the origin of the superstitious belief in the spectral pack known as the Gabriel hounds. As these wild fowl select dark nights for their migration, it is not surprising that their strange unearthly cries should be considered ominous of approaching death. Wordsworth, in one of his sonnets, has connected this belief with the German legend of the Wild Huntsman who is doomed to chase the flying deer forever on aerial grounds. In some parts of Germany and Scotland the souls of unbaptized children are supposed to accompany the spectral pack as they sweep across the wintry sky. The wide-spread belief that unchristened babies have no rest after death, but are forced to wander in the air till the judgment-day, is thus blended with another equally curious.

There is a prevalent superstition that when birds fly round a house and rest on the window-sill, or tap against the pane, death is sure to follow. A pure white pigeon was thus believed to forebode calamity by a pious lady in Yorkshire, who, when her minister soon after fell dead in the pulpit, recalled the ominous occurrence. If there is sickness in a house the portent is peculiarly alarming. The crowing of a cock at night has caused superstitious servants to leave a family. Even the robin, which all over Christendom is regarded with affection and reverence, is in Scotland and some parts of England thought to be a prophet of death to the sick person who hears its song. Mr. S. Baring Gould thus refers to the belief among the boys at St. John's College, Hurstpierpoint, that when a death takes place a robin will enter the chapel, light upon the altar, and begin to sing: "Singularly enough, I saw this happen myself on one occasion. I happened to be in the chapel one evening at six

o'clock, when a robin entered at the open circular east window in the temporary apse, and lighting on the altar began to chirp. A few minutes later the passing bell began to toll for a boy who had just died." In one of the Familiar Letters of old James Howell there is a quaint description of a tombstone which he saw in a stone-cutter's shop in Fleet Street, in memory of four members of a family named Oxenham. The inscription stated that a bird with a white breast appeared to each of the deceased at the hour of death. The fact was attested by several witnesses whose names were engraved upon the stone, and Howell himself expresses his belief in it. A similar circumstance is mentioned in the memoirs of Lady Fanshawe. Two robin-redbreasts, as we learn from his biographer, appeared in midsummer in the sick chamber of Bishop Doyle, where they fluttered about, sometimes perching on his bed, until death released him. Among the occurrences which are said to have warned Thomas, Lord Lyttelton, of his approaching end, the appearance of a bird is one of the best authenticated.

It is easy for us to smile at the superstitions that have filled so many hearts with awe, and fancy loves to linger over the associations on which terror used to brood. But the old fear still haunts some natures, and cannot be driven out by science or charmed away by philosophy. To us the boding owl, the croaking raven, the solitary magpie, and the crowing hen, though no longer objects of dread, are more interesting because of the weird memories which they recall. In a prosaic age we cannot afford to let these traditions pass away. They lift us above the earthy level into the dreamland of sentiment and romance. Without them we lose the meaning of many facts and fancies of the olden time, and diminish our stock of pleasurable associations.

These beliefs, moreover, are symbolized and authenticated by our daily experience. Birds of ill omen abound in human society. There are men and women to whom we feel an instinctive aversion, based upon an intuitive perception of their evil influence; croakers, worse than the maligned raven, who delight to peck at the weaknesses of men, but do not appreciate their better qualities; purblind owls, that can only blink in the sunshine of honesty, but hoot as they fly about at midnight, disturbing the peace of society; gossiping magpies, who carry scandal on their baleful wings, and forebode domestic discomfort and unhappiness. Nor will truth allow us to omit the crowing hens, the viragoes of social life, Xantippes upon whom even Socratic wisdom is thrown away. Though their dusky hues set off the bright plumage of their cheerful sisters, yet they cast a shadow which no sunshine can dispel. Then there is the numerous family of bores, that flap their leaden wings through every open door. The game laws of society forbid their destruction. The satirist cannot penetrate their toughened cuticle, and the morbid anatomist dulls his scalpel on their indurated sensibilities.

But there are more detestable creatures still. We need not read Tennyson to learn that the carrion vulture waits for the warbler at the gates of fame; that genius and worth are the congenial quarry of the rapacious hunters of men. They gnaw at the vitals of the new Prometheus, and strive to rend the reputations which are their perpetual reproach. Nor can such ghoulish creatures justify themselves by the example of the feathered biped. The bird of prey only follows the promptings of his nature, which he is powerless to change. He is not to blame because he has an instinct for garbage, and loves darkness better than light. But a reasonable creature has no such excuse. Being free to choose between good and evil, he is justly held responsible for the results of his choice. If he is so far perverted as to find enjoyment in the misfortunes of his fellows, if by his dark and crooked ways he becomes an object of dread to honest men and women, he must expect to be stigmatized as a bird of ill omen.

Alexander Young.

A REBEL'S RECOLLECTIONS.

IV.

OF THE TIME WHEN MONEY WAS "EASY."

It seems a remarkable fact that during the late Congressional travail with the currency question, no one of the people in or out of Congress, who were concerned lest there should not be enough money in the country to "move the crops," ever took upon himself the pleasing task of rehearsing the late Confederacy's financial story, for the purpose of showing by example how simple and easy a thing it is to create wealth out of nothing by magic revolutions of the printing-press, and to make rich, by act of Congress, everybody not too lazy to gather free dollars into a pile. The story has all the flavor of the Princess Scheherezade's romances, with the additional merit of being historically true. For once a whole people was rich. Money was "easy" enough to satisfy everybody, and everybody had it in unstinted measure. This money was not, it is true, of a quality to please the believers in a gold or other arbitrary standard of value, but that is a matter of little consequence, now that senators and representatives of high repute have shown that the best currency possible is that which exists only by the will of the government, and the volume of which is regulated by the cravings of the people alone. That so apt an illustration of the financial views of the majority in Congress should have been wholly neglected during last winter's discussions, seems therefore unaccountable.

The financial system adopted by the Confederate government was singularly simple and free from technicalities. It consisted chiefly in the issue of treasury notes enough to meet all the expenses of the government, and in the present advanced state of the art of printing there was but one difficulty incident to this process; namely, the impossibility of having the notes signed in the Treasury Department, as fast as they were needed. There happened, however, to be several thousand young ladies in Richmond willing to accept light and remunerative employment at their homes, and as it was really a matter of small moment whose name the notes bore, they were given out in sheets to these young ladies, who signed and returned them, for a consideration. I shall not undertake to guess how many Confederate treasury notes were issued. Indeed, I am credibly informed by a gentleman who was high in office in the Treasury Department, that even the secretary himself did not certainly know. The acts of Congress authorizing issues of currency were the hastily formulated thought of a not very wise body of men, and my informant tells me they were frequently susceptible of widely different construction by different officials. However that may be, it was clearly out of the power of the government ever to redeem the notes, and whatever may have been the state of affairs within the treasury, nobody outside its precincts ever cared to muddle his head in an attempt to get at exact figures.

We knew only that money was astonishingly abundant. Provisions fell short sometimes, and the supply of clothing was not always as large as we should have liked, but nobody found it difficult to get money enough. It was to be had almost for the asking. And to some extent the abundance of the currency really seemed to atone for its extreme badness. Going the rounds of the pickets on the coast of South Carolina, one day, in 1863, I heard a conversation between a Confederate and a Union soldier, stationed on opposite sides of a little inlet, in the course of which this point was brought out.

Union Soldier. Are n't times rather hard over there, Johnny ?

Confederate Soldier. Not at all. We 've all the necessaries of life.

U. S. Yes; but how about luxuries? You never see any coffee nowadays, do you?

C. S. Plenty of it.

U. S. Is n't it pretty high?

C. S. Forty dollars a pound, that 's all.

U. S. Whew! Don't you call that high?

C. S. (after reflecting). Well, perhaps it is a trifle uppish, but then you never saw money as plentiful as it is with us. We hardly know what to do with it, and don't mind paying high prices for things we want.

And that was the universal feeling. Money was so easily got, and its value was so utterly uncertain, that we were never able to determine what was a fair price for anything. We fell into the habit of paying whatever was asked, knowing that to-morrow we should have to pay more. Speculation became the easiest and surest thing imaginable. The speculator saw no risks of loss. Every article of merchandise rose in value every day, and to buy anything this week and sell it next was to make an enormous profit quite as a matter of course. So uncertain were prices, or rather so constantly did they tend upward, that when a cargo of cadet gray cloths was brought into Charleston once, an officer in my battery, attending the sale, was able to secure enough of the cloth to make two suits of clothes, without any expense whatever, merely by speculating upon an immediate advance. He became the purchaser, at auction, of a case of the goods, and had no difficulty, as soon as the sale was over, in finding a merchant who was glad to take his bargain off his hands, giving him the cloth he wanted as a premium. The officer could not possibly have paid for the case of goods, but there was nothing surer than that he could sell again at an advance the moment the auctioneer's hammer fell on the last lot of cloths.

Naturally enough, speculation soon fell into very bad repute, and the epithet "speculator" came to be considered the most opprobrious in the whole vocabulary of invectives. The feeling was universal that the speculators were fattening upon the necessities of the country and the sufferings of the people. Nearly all mercantile business was regarded at least with suspicion, and much of it fell into the hands of people with no reputations to lose, a fact which certainly did not tend to relieve the community in the matter of high prices.

The prices which obtained were almost fabulous, and singularly enough there seemed to be no sort of ratio existing between the values of different articles. I bought coffee at forty dollars and tea at thirty dollars a pound on the same day.

My dinner at a hotel cost me twenty dollars, while five dollars gained me a seat in the dress circle of the theatre. I paid one dollar the next morning for a copy of the Examiner, but I might have got the Whig, Dispatch, Enquirer, or Sentinel, for half that sum. For some wretched tallow candles I paid ten dollars a pound. The utter absence of proportion between these several prices is apparent, and I know of no way of explaining it except upon the theory that the unstable character of the money had superinduced a reckless disregard of all value on the part of both buyers and sellers. A facetious friend used to say prices were so high that nobody could see them, and that they "got mixed for want of supervision." He held, however, that the difference between the old and the new order of things was a trifling one. "Before the war," he said, "I went to market with the money in my pocket, and brought back my purchases in a basket; now I take the money in the basket, and bring the things home in my pocket."

As I was returning to my home after the surrender at Appomattox Court House, a party of us stopped at the residence of a planter for supper, and as the country was full of marauders and horse thieves, deserters from both armies, bent upon indiscriminate plunder, our host set a little black boy to watch

our horses while we ate, with instructions to give the alarm if anybody should approach. After supper we dealt liberally with little Sam. Silver and gold we had none, of course, but Confederate money was ours in great abundance, and we bestowed the crisp notes upon the guardian of our horses, to the extent of several hundreds of dollars. A richer person than that little negro I have never seen. Money, even at par, never carried more of happiness with it than did these promises of a dead government to pay. We frankly told Sam that he could buy nothing with the notes, but the information brought no sadness to his simple heart.

"I don' want to buy nothin', master," he replied. "I's gwine to keep dis al*ways*."

I fancy his regard for the worthless paper, merely because it was called money, was closely akin to the feeling which had made it circulate among better-informed people than he. Everybody knew, long before the surrender, that these notes never could be redeemed. Very few of us hoped, during the last two years of the war, that the "ratification of a treaty of peace between the Confederate States and the United States," on which the payment was conditioned, would ever come. We knew the paper was worthless, and yet it continued to circulate. It professed to be money, and on the strength of that profession people continued to take it in payment for goods. The amount of it for which the owner of any article would part with his possession was always uncertain. Prices were regulated largely by accident, and were therefore wholly incongruous.

But the disproportion between the prices of different articles was not greater than that between the cost of goods imported through the blockade and their selling price. The usual custom of blockade-running firms was to build or buy a steamer in Europe, bring it to Nassau in ballast, and load it there with assorted merchandise. Selling this cargo in Charleston or Wilmington for Confederate money, they would buy cotton with which to reload the ship for her outward voyage. The owner of many of these ships once told me that if a vessel which had brought in one cargo were lost with a load of cotton on her outward voyage, the owner would lose nothing, the profits on the merchandise being fully equal to the entire value of ship and cotton. If he could get one cargo of merchandise in, and one of cotton out, the loss of the ship with a second cargo of merchandise would still leave him a clear profit of more than a hundred per cent. upon his investment. And this was due solely to the abnormal state of prices in the country, and not at all to the management of the blockade-runners. They sold their cargoes at auction, and bought cotton in the open market.

Their merchandise brought fabulous prices, while cotton, for want of a market, remained disproportionately low. That the merchants engaged in this trade were in no way the authors of the state of prices may be seen from two facts. First, if I am correctly informed, they uniformly gave the government an opportunity to take such articles as it had need of, and especially all the quinine imported, at the price fixed in Richmond, without regard to the fact that speculators would pay greatly more for the goods. In one case within my own knowledge a heavy invoice of quinine was sold to the government for eleven hundred dollars an ounce, when a speculator stood ready to take it at double that price. Secondly, the cargo sales were peremptory, and speculators sometimes combined and bought a cargo considerably below the market price, by appearing at the sale in such numbers as to exclude all other bidders. In one case, I remember, the general commanding at Charleston annulled a cargo sale on this account, and sent some of the speculators to jail for the purpose of giving other people an opportunity to purchase needed goods at prices very much higher than those forced upon the sellers by the combination at the first sale.

In the winter of 1863–64 Congress

became aware of the fact that prices were higher than they should be under a sound currency. If Congress suspected this at any earlier date, there is nothing in the proceedings of that body to indicate it. Now, however, the newspapers were calling attention to an uncommonly ugly phase of the matter, and reminding Congress that what the government bought with a currency depreciated to less than one per cent. of its face, the government must some day pay for in gold at par. The lawgivers took the alarm and sat themselves down to devise a remedy for the evil condition of affairs. With that infantile simplicity which characterized nearly all the doings and quite all the financial legislation of the Richmond Congress, it was decided that the very best way to enhance the value of the currency was to depreciate it still further by a declaratory statute, and then to issue a good deal more of it. The act set a day, after which the currency already in circulation should be worth only two thirds of its face, at which rate it was made convertible into notes of the new issue, which some, at least, of the members of Congress were innocent enough to believe would be worth very nearly their par value. This measure was intended, of course, to compel the funding of the currency, and it had that effect to some extent, without doubt. Much of the old currency remained in circulation, however, even after the new notes were issued. For a time people calculated the discount, in passing and receiving the old paper, but as the new notes showed an undiminished tendency to still further depreciation, there were people, not a few, who spared themselves the trouble of making the distinction.

I am sometimes asked at what time prices attained their highest point in the Confederacy, and I find that memory fails to answer the question satisfactorily. They were about as high as they could be in the fall of 1863, and I should be disposed to fix upon that as the time when the climax was reached, but for my consciousness that the law of constant appreciation was a fixed one throughout the war. The financial condition got steadily worse to the end. I believe the highest price, relatively, I ever saw paid, was for a pair of boots. A cavalry officer, entering a little country store, found there one pair of boots which fitted him. He inquired the price. "Two hundred dollars," said the merchant. A five hundred dollar bill was offered, but the merchant, having no smaller bills, could not change it. "Never mind," said the cavalier, "I 'll take the boots anyhow. Keep the change; I never let a little matter of three hundred dollars stand in the way of a trade."

That was on the day before Lee's surrender, but it would not have been an impossible occurrence at any time during the preceding year. The money was of so little value that we parted with it gladly whenever it would purchase anything at all desirable. I cheerfully paid five dollars for a little salt, at Petersburg, in August, 1864, and being thirsty drank my last two dollars in a half-pint of cider.

The government's course in levying a tax in kind, as the only possible way of making the taxation amount to anything, led speedily to the adoption of a similar plan, as far as possible, by the people. A physician would order from his planter friend ten or twenty visits' worth of corn, and the transaction was a perfectly intelligible one to both. The visits would be counted at ante-war rates, and the corn estimated by the same standard. In the early spring of 1865 I wanted a horse, and a friend having one to spare, I sent for the animal, offering to pay whatever the owner should ask for it. He could not fix a price, having literally no standard of value to which he could appeal, but he sent me the horse, writing, in reply to my note, —

"Take the horse, and when the war shall be over, if we are both alive and you are able, give me as good a one in return. Don't send any note or due-bill. It might complicate matters if either should die."

A few months later, I paid my debt by returning the very horse I had bought. I give this incident merely to show how utterly without financial compass or rudder we were.

How did people manage to live during such a time? I am often asked; and as I look back at the history of those years, I can hardly persuade myself that the problem was solved at all. A large part of the people, however, was in the army, and drew rations from the government. During the early years of the war, officers were not given rations, but were allowed to buy provisions from the commissaries at government prices. Subsequently, however, when provisions became so scarce that it was necessary to limit the amount consumed by officers as well as that eaten by the men, the purchase system was abolished, and the whole army was fed upon daily rations. The country people raised upon their plantations all the necessaries of life, and were generally allowed to keep enough of them to live on, the remainder being taken by the subsistence officers for army use. The problem of a salt supply, on which depended the production of meat, was solved in part by the establishment of small salt factories along the coast, and in part by Governor Letcher's vigorous management of the works in southwestern Virginia, and his wise distribution of the product along the various lines of railroad.

In the cities, living was not by any means so easy as in the country. Business was paralyzed, and abundant as money was, it seems almost incredible that city people got enough of it to live on. Very many of them were employed, however, in various capacities, in the arsenals, departments, bureaus, etc., and these were allowed to buy rations at fixed rates, after the post-office clerks in Richmond had brought matters to a crisis by resigning their clerkships to go into the army, because they could not support life on their salaries of nine thousand dollars a year. For the rest, if people had anything to sell, they got enormous prices for it, and could live a while on the proceeds. Above all, a kindly, helpful spirit was developed by the common suffering, and this, without doubt, kept many thousands of people from starvation. Those who had anything shared it freely with those who had nothing. There was no selfish looking forward, and no hoarding for the time to come. During those terrible last years, the future had nothing of pleasantness in its face, and people learned not to think of it at all. To get through to-day was the only care. Nobody formed any plans or laid by any money for to-morrow or next week or next year, and indeed to most of us there really seemed to be no future. I remember the start it gave me when a clergyman, visiting camp, asked a number of us whether our long stay in defensive works did not afford us an excellent opportunity to study with a view to our professional life after the war. We were not used to think of ourselves as possible survivors of a struggle which was every day perceptibly thinning our ranks. The coming of ultimate failure we saw clearly enough, but the future beyond was a blank. The subject was naturally not a pleasant one, and by common consent it was always avoided in conversation, until at last we learned to avoid it in thought as well. We waited gloomily for the end, but did not care particularly to speculate upon the question when and how the end was to come. There was a vague longing for rest, which found vent now and then in wild newspaper stories of signs and omens portending the close of the war, but beyond this the matter was hardly ever discussed. We had early forbidden ourselves to think of any end to the struggle except a successful one, and that being now an impossibility, we avoided the subject altogether. The newspaper stories to which reference is made above were of the wildest and absurdest sort. One Richmond paper issued an extra, in which it was gravely stated that there was a spring near Fredericksburg which had ceased to flow thirty days before the surrender of the British at Yorktown, thirty days be-

fore the termination of the war of 1812, and thirty days before the Mexican war ended; and that "this singularly prophetic fountain has now again ceased to pour forth its waters." At another time a hen near Lynchburg laid an egg, the newspapers said, on which were traced, in occult letters, the words, "peace in ninety days."

Will the reader believe that with gold at a hundred and twenty-five for one, or twelve thousand four hundred per cent. premium; when every day made the hopelessness of the struggle more apparent; when our last man was in the field; when the resources of the country were visibly at an end, there were financial theorists who honestly believed that by a mere trick of legislation the currency could be brought back to par? I heard some of these people explain their plan during a two days' stay in Richmond. Gold, they said, is an inconvenient currency always, and nobody wants it, except as a basis. The government has some gold, — several millions in fact, — and if Congress will only be bold enough to declare the treasury notes redeemable at par in coin, we shall have no further difficulty with our finances. So long as notes are redeemable in gold at the option of the holder, nobody wants them redeemed. Let the government say to the people, We will redeem the currency whenever you wish, and nobody except a few timid and unpatriotic people will care to change their convenient for an inconvenient money. The gold which the government holds will suffice to satisfy these timid ones, and there will be an end of high prices and depreciated currency. The government can then issue as much more currency as circumstances may make necessary, and strong in our confidence in ourselves we shall be the richest people on earth; we shall have *created* the untold wealth which our currency represents. I am not jesting. This is, as nearly as I can repeat it, the utterance of a member of the Confederate Congress made in my presence in a private parlor. If the reader thinks the man was insane, I beg him to look over the reports of the debates on financial matters which were held in Washington last winter.

The effects of the extreme depreciation of the currency were sometimes almost ludicrous. One of my friends, a Richmond lady, narrowly escaped very serious trouble in an effort to practice a wise economy. Anything for which the dealers did not ask an outrageously high price seemed wonderfully cheap always, and she, at least, lacked the self-control necessary to abstain from buying largely whenever she found anything the price of which was lower than she had supposed it would be. Going into market one morning with "stimulated ideas of prices," as she phrased it, the consequence of having paid a thousand dollars for a barrel of flour, she was surprised to find nearly everything selling for considerably less than she had expected. Thinking that for some unexplained cause there was a temporary depression in prices, she purchased pretty largely in a good many directions, buying, indeed, several things for which she had almost no use at all, and buying considerably more than she needed of other articles. As she was quitting the market on foot, — for it had become disreputable in Richmond to ride in a carriage, and the ladies would not do it on any account, — she was tapped on the shoulder by an officer who told her she was under arrest, for buying in market to sell again. As the lady was well known to prominent people she was speedily released, but she thereafter curbed her propensity to buy freely of cheap things. Buying to sell again had been forbidden under severe penalties, — an absolutely necessary measure for the protection of the people against the rapacity of the hucksters, who, going early into the markets, would buy literally everything there, and by agreement among themselves double or quadruple the already exorbitant rates. It became necessary also to suppress the gambling-houses in the interest of the half-starved people. At such a time, of course, gambling was a very common vice, and the gamblers made Richmond their head-quarters. It was the custom

of the proprietors of these establishments to set costly suppers in their parlors every night, for the purpose of attracting visitors likely to become victims. For these suppers they must have the best of everything without stint, and their lavish rivalry in the poorly stocked markets had the effect of advancing prices to a dangerous point. To suppress the gambling-houses was the sole remedy, and it was only by uncommonly severe measures that the suppression could be accomplished. It was therefore enacted that any one found guilty of keeping a gambling-house should be publicly whipped upon the bare back, and as the infliction of the penalty in one or two instances effectually and permanently broke up the business of gambling, even in the disorganized and demoralized state in which society then was, it may be said with confidence that whipping is the one certain remedy for this evil. Whether it be not, in ordinary cases, worse than the evil which it cures, it is not our business just now to inquire.

The one thing which we were left almost wholly without, during the war, was literature. Nobody thought of importing books through the blockade, to any adequate extent, and the facilities for publishing them, even if we had had authors to write them, were very poor indeed. A Mobile firm reprinted a few of the more popular books of the time, Les Misérables, Great Expectations, etc., and I have a pamphlet edition of Owen Meredith's Tannhäuser, bound in coarse wall-paper, for which I paid seven dollars, in Charleston. Singularly enough, I bought at the same time a set of Dickens's novels, of English make, well printed and bound in black cloth, for four dollars a volume, a discrepancy which I am wholly unable to explain. In looking through a file of the Richmond Examiner extending over most of the year 1864, I find but one book of any sort advertised, and the price of that, a duodecimo volume of only 72 pages, was five dollars, the publishers promising to send it by mail, post-paid, on receipt of the price.

Towards the last, as I have already said, resort was had frequently to first principles, and bartering, or "payment in kind," as it was called, became common, especially in those cases in which it was necessary to announce prices in advance. To fix a price for the future in Confederate money when it was daily becoming more and more exaggeratedly worthless, would have been sheer folly; and so educational institutions, country boarding-houses, etc., advertised for patronage at certain prices, payment to be made in provisions at the rates prevailing in September, 1860. In the advertisement of Hampden Sidney College, in the Examiner for October 4, 1864, I find it stated that students may get board in private families at about eight dollars a month, payable in this way. The strong contrast between the prices of 1860 and those of 1864 is shown by a statement, in the same advertisement, that the students who may get board at eight dollars a month in provisions, can buy wood at twenty-five dollars a cord and get their washing done for seven dollars and fifty cents a dozen pieces.

This matter of prices was frequently made a subject for jesting in private, but for the most part it was carefully avoided in the newspapers. It was too ominous of evil to be a fit topic of editorial discussion on ordinary occasions. As with the accounts of battles in which our arms were not successful, necessary references to the condition of the finances were crowded into a corner, as far out of sight as possible. The Examiner, being a sort of newspaper Ishmael, did now and then bring the subject up, however, and on one occasion it denounced with some fierceness the charges prevailing in the schools; and I quote a passage from Prof. Sidney H. Owens's reply, which is interesting as a summary of the condition of things in the South at that time: —

"The charges made for tuition are about five or six times as high as in 1860. Now, sir, your shoemaker, carpenter, butcher, market man, etc., demand from twenty, to thirty, to forty times as much as in 1860. Will you

show me a civilian who is charging only six times the prices charged in 1860, except the teacher only? As to the amassing of fortunes by teachers, spoken of in your article, make your calculations, sir, and you will find that to be almost an absurdity, since they pay from twenty to forty prices for everything used, and are denounced exorbitant and unreasonable in demanding five or six prices for their own labor and skill."

There were compensations, however. When gold was at twelve thousand per cent. premium with us, we had the consolation of knowing that it was in the neighborhood of one hundred above par in New York, and a Richmond paper of September 22, 1864, now before me, fairly chuckles over the high prices prevailing at the North, in a two-line paragraph which says, "Tar is selling in New York at two dollars a pound. It used to cost eighty cents a barrel." That paragraph doubtless made many a five-dollar beefsteak palatable.

George Cary Eggleston.

UP THE GRAND CANAL OF CHINA.

PASSAGES FROM A TRAVELER'S LETTER.

May 9, 1873.

SINCE I last wrote, I have been up the Yangtsze-kiang as far as Hankow and back, and have seen a little of the canal life which forms such an important part of Chinese inland traffic, the canals doing here what railroads would in other countries. I hired a large boat with a cabin on it, of a Chinaman, having decided to go by this means through a series of canals to Soochow and thence by the Grand Canal to Chingkiang, one of the three open ports on the Yangtsze. Just as I was ready to start, some kind friend told me that it was necessary to have a pass from the Tantai (governor) of Shanghai, as my proposed route took me far beyond "treaty limits." It was Saturday afternoon, and the Tantai's office was closed until ten o'clock Monday morning, so that I had the prospect of spending two more days in Shanghai, of which I had begun to get heartily tired, and moreover of missing the east, and consequently fine, wind that was blowing. But hearing that the Mandarins up country would not probably ask for my pass unless I got into trouble, and a friend offering me an old one of his own, I decided to start and sail under the name of J—— B——, British subject. The worst thing after all that could happen to me would be to be brought back under arrest.

After dinner on the evening of Saturday, April 5th, I went on board and we were soon under way, running up the Soochow creek before a strong breeze, with one reef in our sail. On board I found everything very comfortable, my bed on one of the two bunks in the cabin, and four days' provisions in the pantry. Our crew consisted of four men and a captain, and I had my own cook and boy with me. For the boat and crew and their expenses, I paid four dollars per day, which does not seem dear for a boat over forty feet long, with a cabin twelve feet by nine, and six feet high.

Next morning, on coming on deck I found we had made a capital run during the night, the fair wind still blowing, though not so strong. We continued all day gliding through a perfectly flat country, nearly the whole of it under cultivation, — mostly in wheat at this season, the rice crop being planted in the same fields after the wheat crop has been cut, — and looking very green; a few low hills only were to be seen in the distance. Here and there, for miles at

a time, the canal was faced with hewn stone, now all out of repair. At intervals were to be seen elaborately carved gateways in gray stone, or posts in the form of animals standing quite alone in the middle of a wheat field, being all that is now left of what were formerly fine Joss houses (temples) or Yamuns (official residences). We passed through a number of villages, built generally on both sides of the canal, which was spanned by picturesque one-arched bridges of stone, half overgrown with creepers. The houses were nearly all of gray brick, and with their gray tiled roofs, surrounding dirt, and ruins, hardly looked inviting. Many of the bridges had been destroyed, and half of the towns and villages were in ruins; this was the case through all the country as far as Chingkiang. The devastation had been caused by the Taiping rebels.

To-day for the first time I saw the cormorant fishermen. They had little, narrow boats with outriggers on each side, where perched the cormorants, generally six or eight to a boat, while the fisherman sat in the stern and paddled his craft. There were more than a dozen of these boats, but none of the birds, to my regret, were fishing. Another odd feature of canal life is the duck boy, whom you occasionally meet in a small punt, armed with a long bamboo, on the end of which a piece of rag is tied, and with which he seems able to direct the movements of the large flocks of ducks under his charge. One flock literally filled the canal, and I counted over two hundred and fifty in it.

A little after noon we passed a large walled town built about a mile from the canal on which we were traveling. The walls of all the towns in this part of China are exactly alike, being built of gray stone, with a loop-holed parapet, reminding one of a stage fort. The Chinese seem to have had very little idea of the principles of fortification in shaping the walls round their cities, there being very few places where cannon can be planted, and then with but little effect. The inhabitants seem to depend upon the thickness and height of their walls, and the ditch about them, rather than upon science, for protection.

At half past five we arrived at Toochow the Famous, which, before the Taipings destroyed the greater portion of it, was the Paris of China, renowned all over the empire for its luxury and gayety, and the beauty of its women. But now it is merely a ruin of its former self. After stopping a little while and getting some fish, we pushed on through the town of boats that blocked up every canal for miles about the city gates. These are water gates with portcullises over the canals, through which the smaller boats can enter the town, and they are closed at seven, for the night.

I determined to skirt round the edge of the walls to the Grand Canal, which we reached after about two hours' struggling through the narrow streets of boats amidst a perfect bedlam of shouts and shrieks from infuriated boat-women, — infuriated at what I never could make out, but apparently at the world in general, and any unfortunate who happened to look at them, in particular. From time to time we met or passed Mandarin-boats, with gongs sounding and the captain in the bow shouting to every one to get out of his way, which nobody took any notice of, while the occupants' titles were displayed on large red sign-boards on each side, and on many flags; and restaurant boats with prettily carved wood-work about them, and parties of men and women inside, eating, smoking, chatting, and singing. As dusk came on, lights appeared at the windows of the many-storied tea-houses that seemed to overhang the canal, whilst a high-arched bridge far above our heads showed out clearly against the moonlit sky.

We finally got clear of the town and were fairly in the Grand Canal, though I should not have known it if I had not been told, as it looked exactly like those we had been passing through all day. About nine, I heard a great gong-beating and shouting, and on going on deck found these sounds came from a "Squeeze-house," as it is called out here — an institution peculiar to East-

ern countries, especially China. It is a sort of mixture of police station, toll-house, and *octroi*. No boat is allowed to pass without paying something, which goes into the pocket of the Mandarin in charge of the district; and these Squeeze-houses are on all the rivers, canals, and roads throughout the empire. Our friends on shore had a boom stretched across the river, but my boatman quietly pushed it under the boat and paid no attention to the guard's cries and blows on the gong, further than to tell him there was a foreigner on board. This did not satisfy him, but as he did not follow us in the little gun-boat stationed there, we were not disturbed. We had seen a great many gun-boats during the day, — two or three in every village we passed through, besides others cruising up and down the canals. I don't imagine they are of much use except for the moral effect they may have on the wicked. You will be surprised to hear, and it certainly sounds odd, that there are pirates on the Grand Canal; nevertheless it is true. These gun-boats are long, light, flat-bottomed boats with one mast and sail, drawing about twelve or fourteen inches of water, and armed with two cannon, one at the bow and one at the stern. Their crews consist of ten braves as the Chinese call them, but their bravery depends a great deal upon the number and quality of their foes. They dress in blue trimmed with red, and wear blue turbans; and their boats are in all the canals and rivers of China.

The next day was spent gliding along the Grand Canal, which I found a very narrow affair; and on diving overboard for a swim proved it anything but deep, for I ran my arms and face into the mud at the bottom. In fact, it is not more than three or four feet deep all the way from Soochow to Tenyan. Near this latter place we came to a jam of boats in the afternoon, and others closing in behind us we could neither get on nor go back.

It was very amusing, as I was in no particular hurry, and I spent the next day watching the attempts of the excited boat people to get their craft through the mass of boats that completely blocked up the canal. It was a wild confusion of pushing, pulling, and tugging men, and wildly shrieking and gesticulating women. Many of the smaller boats were pulled along the slippery banks clear of the water, and these were the only ones that managed to get on. If by chance one of them bumped against another boat, and even a bit of straw from the thatched roof was dislodged or broken, such a storm of abuse poured from the mouths of the women of the two colliding boats, as never was heard before. The night before we had unavoidably bumped against another boat and broken a bit of wood off its cabin. The first thing I knew of it was a tremendous altercation between the respective boatmen, and seeing our chain and anchor forcibly taken possession of by the crew of the other boat, who deposited them on board of their craft, and refused to give them up until paid for the damage we had done. If I had yielded to the strong temptation to get on board their boat and give them a good thrashing, they would have complained to the Mandarin of the town we were passing through; and as he was the last person I wished to see in my assumed character of British subject, I compromised with the rascals for twenty-five cents, got back our anchor, and went on.

After passing twenty-four hours in the jam of boats, and not seeing any prospect of getting forward (the boat stayed ten days there before she could get out, as the owner told me when I returned to Shanghai), I determined to walk to Chingkiang, thirty miles off; and a very disagreeable walk it was, over a most uninteresting, flat country, nearly all cultivated, but with very few and mean villages. The path was paved with slabs of stone worn in hollows by the wheelbarrows, and very uneven, and this made the walk hard for the feet. On the road we passed a procession of wheelbarrows in which were convicts chained two and two, going into Tenyan to have their heads cut off; and we saw several Joss houses where the priests

helped the cause of religion along by selling tea to the passers-by.

We arrived in Chingkiang just as they were shutting the gates for the night, and two days later, I took the steamer Hupeh, a splendid river boat, named after one of the provinces of China, for Hankow, the most interior port of China open to trade with foreigners.

In Shanghai people had said, "What do you want to go up the Yangtsze for? If you have ever seen the Mississippi you know what the scenery on the Yangtsze is." This is more or less true of the part below Chingkiang, but from there up it is much more picturesque than the Mississippi, and the greater part very fine indeed, especially near the entrance to the Payang lake and about the "little orphan," the name given to a sugar-loaf-shaped rock some three hundred feet high, rising perpendicularly out of the river, the top and one side covered with trees, and a monastery perched among them. We passed Nankin at night, stopping the engines to let some Chinese passengers come on board, who had come off in a boat, as we did at several other towns on the way up — Chingkiang, Kiukiang, and Hankow, being the only places open to trade with foreigners.

Hankow has the prettiest "bund," or embankment, I have yet seen, — broad, lined with fine large houses and trees, with a good stone facing down to the river, which during the winter is about fifty feet below the top of the bund, and in summer rises to four or five feet above it, making the lower story of most of the houses untenable, every one going about in boats for three or four weeks. The cause of this annual rising of the Yangtsze during the summer is the heavy rains that occur among the mountains far to the west, from which this great river and its tributaries flow, and perhaps also to the melting of the snows. The river reaches its maximum height at Hankow generally in the beginning of August.

Hankow is a great centre of the tea trade, immense quantities being shipped here for Shanghai, and now the steamers take it direct to England *via* Suez Canal, without breaking cargo. While staying here, I met two gentlemen who were going to visit the tea district of Loongkong, about one hundred miles from Kiukiang. They had a large house boat and asked me to join them. One of the steamers gave us a tow to within thirty miles of Kiukiang, where we cast off and started up a small river which flowed in from the south. From the mouth of this river to Loongkong was said by the Chinese to be sixty miles, but before going twenty, we got into shallow water and had to leave our large, comfortable house boat, the Rose, for two long, narrow, light-draft China boats. They were scrupulously clean, and under the mat roof that covered the centre of them, we spread our beds, converted a gun-case into a table, and with nothing on but our pijamahs, the weather beginning to be quite warm, we were very comfortable.

Our course lay in a southwesterly direction, and as we got farther and farther into the country the mountains approached nearer, growing more precipitous and picturesque, the plain at their foot being all under cultivation. There was only now and then a village to be seen, and we passed but two towns on our way up. The people along the river were very curious, and flocked about the boat whenever we stopped by the side of the bank to buy vegetables, eggs, etc., squatting on their heels and making remarks about us. One day while I was walking on the bank this curiosity was carried so far as to cause a band to follow at my heels, calling out "Foreign devil!" and other complimentary phrases, and finally they took to throwing stones; but when I turned on them they ran as if a real devil were after them. After we had gone some thirty miles up the main river we suddenly branched off to the southward, following up a very narrow and shallow stream full of rapids, the men getting overboard to push and pull us up them. The same afternoon we arrived within a mile of Loongkong, where we left the boats and walked into the town on foot. We had no sooner reached the first

street than a crowd of men and boys formed at our heels, shouting, hallooing, and rushing by us to get a glimpse of our faces. The town seemed to have gone mad, and although it was all good-natured and only curiosity, it was very annoying to be hunted in this way, and we were glad enough to reach the house of a large tea-merchant from Canton, for whom A—— had a letter. But even here we were not safe from our pursuers, who followed us into the house. Finally we got ourselves shut into some small rooms in the interior, while the hooting, screaming, noisy crowd besieged us until ten at night, pummeling at the doors and windows and making themselves generally disagreeable. The master of the house, who was as much annoyed as we were, if not more, had no power whatever to clear his premises, the Chinese not seeming to regard a man's house as his castle, by any means.

We sent to the boat for our luggage, and spent the night with our hospitable Chinaman, who made us some of the most delicious tea I ever tasted, first showing us the green leaves as they had been picked that day. Next morning we were up at daylight, and so avoided a repetition of last night's disturbance in the streets, our noisy friends not having turned out. Our host took us to some tea plantations about five miles off, where we saw the hill-sides covered with the tea bushes, and the young fresh leaves just beginning to be ready for picking. He had a few pounds picked for us as a memento of our trip, and by seven we were back at our boats and soon gliding down the rapid little stream, with the high hills, half rocky and half covered with bushes, on either side of us. Next morning we arrived where we had left the Rose, got on board of her, and after a fine sail down the Yangtsze arrived at Kiukiang in time to join a party of young men who were going into the Lushan Hills, about nine miles from Kiukiang, for a couple of days. Here we amused ourselves by walking to some old ruins, dating back to about four hundred and fifty years B. C., climbing the hills, and bathing in a great pool of cold mountain water. The Lushan Hills are about four thousand feet high.

I stayed a day at Kiukiang and then took the steamer for Shanghai, this time passing Nankin by daylight, but I could not see much of it as it is a mile from the main river. On the beach close to the town, in cages hung from poles, were the heads of two thieves who had robbed the Chinese passengers while waiting for the arrival of one of the steamers. There were two other cages on the ground, but the dogs had broken them open and carried off the heads. After passing three days in Shanghai I started for Tiensin, the port of Pekin, in the Chilo, with a Yankee skipper and mate. It is wonderful how many Americans there are out here, nearly all from New England.

We stopped at Cheefoo, the watering-place of Shanghai, where the residents of the latter place come to spend a month or two each summer. It has a good harbor, sheltered by steep, barren hills, a capital beach for bathing in the beautiful, clear waters of this part of the Bay of Pechili, two or three small hotels, a cottage or two, a small native town with lots of junks anchored off it, and that is all; but in the hot weather, after Shanghai, it must seem a small paradise.

We stayed twenty-four hours in Cheefoo, and the next day were off the famous Yaka forts at the mouth of the Peiho River. The same evening, after running into the bank five times in this crookedest of all crooked rivers, we reached Tiensin. We hired boats, and the next evening started for Yungchow, one hundred and seventy miles by river, which we made in three days. From Yungchow it is only fifteen miles to Pekin, but as it was hot (eighty-five in the shade) we took carts, and had a tremendous bouncing and banging about before we reached the city; this we did the same evening, begrimed so that one could scarcely recognize his best friend, the whole air being filled with clouds of dust, which was worse when we got inside the walls of Pekin.

A FOREGONE CONCLUSION.

VII.

FERRIS stood cleaning his palette, after Don Ippolito was gone, scraping the colors together with his knife and neatly buttering them on the palette's edge, while he wondered what the priest meant by pumping him in that way. Nothing, he supposed, and yet it was odd. Of course she had a bad temper. . . .

He put on his hat and coat and strolled vaguely forth, and in an hour or two came by a roundabout course to the gondola station nearest his own house. There he stopped, and after an absent contemplation of the boats, from which the gondoliers were clamoring for his custom, he stepped into one and ordered the man to row him to a gate on a small canal opposite. The gate opened, at his ringing, into the garden of the Vervains.

Florida was sitting alone on a bench near the fountain. It was no longer a ruined fountain; the broken-nosed naiad held a pipe above her head, and from this rose a willowy spray high enough to catch some colors of the sunset then striking into the garden, and fell again in a mist around her, making her almost modest.

"What does this mean?" asked Ferris, carelessly taking the young girl's hand. "I thought this lady's occupation was gone."

"Don Ippolito repaired the fountain for the landlord, and he agreed to pay for filling the tank that feeds it," said Florida. "He seems to think it a hard bargain, for he only lets it play about half an hour a day. But he says it 's very ingeniously mended. He did n't believe it could be done. It *is* pretty."

"It is, indeed," said the painter, with a singular desire, going through him like a pang, likewise to do something for Miss Vervain. "Did you go to Don Ippolito's house the other day, to see his traps?"

"Yes; we were very much interested. I was sorry that I knew so little about inventions. Do you think there are many practical ideas amongst his things? I hope there are — he seemed so proud and pleased to show them. Should n't you think he had some real inventive talent?"

"Yes, I think he has; but I know as little about the matter as you do." He sat down beside her, and picking up a twig from the gravel, pulled the bark off in silence. Then, "Miss Vervain," he said, knitting his brows, as he always did when he had something on his conscience and meant to ease it at any cost, "I 'm the dog that fetches a bone and carries a bone: I talked Don Ippolito over with you, the other day, and now I 've been talking you over with him. But I 've the grace to say that I 'm ashamed of myself."

"Why need you be ashamed?" asked Florida. "You said no harm of him. Did you of us?"

"Not exactly; but I don't think it was quite my business to discuss you at all. I think you can't let people alone too much. For my part, if I try to characterize my friends, I fail to do them perfect justice, of course; and yet the imperfect result remains representative of them in my mind; it limits them and fixes them; and I can't get them back again into the undefined and the ideal where they really belong. One ought never to speak of the faults of one's friends: it mutilates them; they can never be the same afterwards."

"So you have been talking of my faults," said Florida, breathing quickly. "Perhaps you could tell me of them to my face."

"I should have to say that unfairness was one of them. But that is common to the whole sex. I never said I was talking of your faults. I declared

against doing so, and you immediately infer that my motive is remorse. I don't know that you have any faults. They may be virtues in disguise. There is a charm even in unfairness. Well, I did say that I thought you had a quick temper," —

Florida colored violently.

— "but now I see that I was mistaken," said Ferris with a laugh.

"May I ask what else you said?" demanded the young girl haughtily.

"Oh, that would be a betrayal of confidence," said Ferris, unaffected by her hauteur.

"Then why have you mentioned the matter to me at all?"

"I wanted to clear my conscience, I suppose, and sin again. I wanted to talk with you about Don Ippolito."

Florida looked with perplexity at Ferris's face, while her own slowly cooled and paled.

"What did you want to say of him?" she asked calmly.

"I hardly know how to put it: that he puzzles me, to begin with. You know I feel somewhat responsible for him."

"Yes."

"Of course, I never should have thought of him, if it had n't been for your mother's talk that morning coming back from San Lazzaro."

"I know," said Florida, with a faint blush.

"And yet, don't you see, it was as much a fancy of mine, a weakness for the man himself, as the desire to serve your mother, that prompted me to bring him to you."

"Yes, I see," answered the young girl.

"I acted in the teeth of a bitter Venetian prejudice against priests. All my friends here — they 're mostly young men with the modern Italian ideas, or old liberals — hate and despise the priests. They believe that priests are full of guile and deceit, that they are spies for the Austrians, and altogether evil."

"Don Ippolito is welcome to report our most secret thoughts to the police," said Florida, whose look of rising alarm relaxed into a smile.

"Oh," cried the painter, "how you leap to conclusions! I never intimated that Don Ippolito was a spy. On the contrary, it was his difference from other priests that made me think of him for a moment. He seems to be as much cut off from the church as from the world. And yet he is a priest, with a priest's education. What if I should have been altogether mistaken? He is either one of the openest souls in the world, as you have insisted, or he is one of the closest."

"I should not be afraid of him in any case," said Florida; "but I can't believe any wrong of him."

Ferris frowned in annoyance. "I don't want you to; I don't, myself. I've bungled the matter as I might have known I would. I was trying to put into words an undefined uneasiness of mine, a quite formless desire to have you possessed of the whole case as it had come up in my mind. I've made a mess of it," said Ferris rising, with a rueful air. "Besides, I ought to have spoken to Mrs. Vervain."

"Oh no," cried Florida, eagerly, springing to her feet beside him. "Don't! Little things wear upon my mother, so. I 'm glad you did n't speak to her. I don't misunderstand you, I think; I expressed myself badly," she added with an anxious face. "I thank you very much. What do you want me to do?"

By Ferris's impulse they both began to move down the garden path toward the water-gate. The sunset had faded out of the fountain, but it still lit the whole heaven, in whose vast blue depths hung light whiffs of pinkish cloud, as ethereal as the draperies that floated after Miss Vervain as she walked with a splendid grace beside him, no awkwardness, now, or self-constraint in her. As she turned to Ferris, and asked in her deep tones, to which some latent feeling imparted a slight tremor, "What do you want me to do?" the sense of her willingness to be bidden by him gave him a delicious thrill. He looked at the

superb creature, so proud, so helpless; so much a woman, so much a child; and he caught his breath before he answered. Her gauzes blew about his feet in the light breeze that lifted the foliage; she was a little near-sighted, and in her eagerness she drew closer to him, fixing her eyes full upon his with a bold innocence. "Good heavens! Miss Vervain," he cried, with a sudden blush, "it is n't a serious matter. I 'm a fool to have spoken to you. Don't do anything. Let things go on as before. It is n't for me to instruct you."

"I should have been very glad of your advice," she said with a disappointed, almost wounded manner, keeping her eyes upon him. "It seems to me we are always going wrong" —

She stopped short, with a flush and then a pallor.

Ferris returned her look with one of comical dismay. This apparent readiness of Miss Vervain's to be taken command of, daunted him, on second thoughts. "I wish you 'd dismiss all my stupid talk from your mind," he said. "I feel as if I 'd been guiltily trying to set you against a man whom I like very much and have no reason not to trust, and who thinks me so much his friend that he could n't dream of my making any sort of trouble for him. It would break his heart, I 'm afraid, if you treated him in a different way from that in which you 've treated him till now. It 's really touching to listen to his gratitude to you and your mother. It 's only conceivable on the ground that he has never had friends before in the world. He seems like another man, or the same man come to life. And it is n't his fault that he 's a priest. I suppose," he added, with a sort of final throe, "that a Venetian family would n't use him with the frank hospitality you 've shown, not because they distrusted him at all, perhaps, but because they would be afraid of other Venetian tongues."

This ultimate drop of venom, helplessly distilled, did not seem to rankle in Miss Vervain's mind. She walked now with her face turned from his, and she answered coldly, "We shall not be troubled. We don't care for Venetian tongues."

They were at the gate. "Good-by," said Ferris, abruptly, "I 'm going."

"Won't you wait and see my mother?" asked Florida, with her awkward self-constraint again upon her.

"No, thanks," said Ferris, gloomily. "I have n't time. I just dropped in for a moment, to blast an innocent man's reputation, and destroy a young lady's peace of mind."

"Then you need n't go, yet," answered Florida, coldly, "for you have n't succeeded."

"Well, I 've done my worst," returned Ferris, drawing the bolt.

He went away, hanging his head in amazement and disgust at himself for his clumsiness and bad taste. It seemed to him a contemptible part, first to embarrass them with Don Ippolito's acquaintance, if it was an embarrassment, and then try to sneak out of his responsibility by these tardy cautions; and if it was not going to be an embarrassment, it was folly to have approached the matter at all.

What had he wanted to do, and with what motive? He hardly knew. As he battled the ground over and over again, nothing comforted him save the thought that, bad as it was to have spoken to Miss Vervain, it must have been infinitely worse to speak to her mother.

VIII.

It was late before Ferris forgot his chagrin in sleep, and when he woke the next morning, the sun was making the solid green blinds at his window odorous of their native pine woods with its heat, and thrusting a golden spear at the heart of Don Ippolito's effigy where he had left it on the easel.

Marina brought a letter with his coffee. The letter was from Mrs. Vervain, and it entreated him to come to lunch at twelve, and then join them on an excursion, of which they had all often talked, up the Canal of the

Brenta. "Don Ippolito has got his permission — think of his not being able to go to the mainland without the Patriarch's leave! — and can go with us to-day. So I try to make this hasty arrangement. You *must* come — it all depends upon you."

"Yes, so it seems," groaned the painter, and went.

In the garden he found Don Ippolito and Florida, at the fountain where he had himself parted with her the evening before; and he observed with a guilty relief that Don Ippolito was talking to her in the happy unconsciousness habitual with him.

Florida cast at the painter a swift glance of latent appeal and intelligence, which he refused, and in the same instant she met him with another look, as if she now saw him for the first time, and gave him her hand in greeting. It was a beautiful hand; he could not help worshiping its lovely forms, and the lily whiteness and softness of the back, the rose of the palm and finger-tips.

She idly resumed the great Venetian fan which hung from her waist by a chain. "Don Ippolito has been talking about the *villeggiatura* on the Brenta in the old days," she explained.

"Oh, yes," said the painter, "they used to have merry times in the villas then, and it was worth while being a priest, or at least an *abbate di casa*. I should think you would sigh for a return of those good old days, Don Ippolito. Just imagine, if you were abbate di casa with some patrician family about the close of the last century, you might be the instructor, companion, and spiritual adviser of Illustrissima at the theatres, card-parties, and masquerades, all winter; and at this season, instead of going up the Brenta for a day's pleasure with us barbarous Yankees, you might be setting out with Illustrissima and all the 'Strissimi and 'Strissime, big and little, for a spring villeggiatura there. You would be going in a gilded barge, with songs and fiddles and dancing, instead of a common gondola, and you would stay a month, walking, going to parties and caffès, drinking chocolate and lemonade, gaming, sonneteering, and butterflying about generally."

"It was doubtless a beautiful life," answered the priest, with simple indifference. "But I never have thought of it with regret, because I have been preoccupied with other ideas than those of social pleasures, though perhaps they were no wiser."

Florida had watched Don Ippolito's face while Ferris was speaking, and she now asked gravely, "But don't you think their life nowadays is more becoming to the clergy?"

"Why, madamigella? What harm was there in those gayeties? I suppose the bad features of the old life are exaggerated to us."

"They could n't have been worse than the amusements of the hard-drinking, hard-riding, hard-swearing, fox-hunting English parsons about the same time," said Ferris. "Besides, the abbate di casa had a charm of his own, the charm of all *rococo* things, which, whatever you may say of them, are somehow elegant and refined, or at least refer to elegance and refinement. I don't say they 're ennobling, but they 're fascinating. I don't respect them, but I love them. When I think about the past of Venice, I don't care so much to see any of the heroically historical things; but I should like immensely to have looked in at the Ridotto, when the place was at its gayest, with wigs and masks, hoops and small-clothes, fans and rapiers, bows and courtesies, whispers and glances. I dare say I should have found Don Ippolito there in some becoming disguise."

Florida looked from the painter to the priest and back to the painter, as Ferris spoke, and then she turned a little anxiously toward the terrace, and a shadow slipped from her face as her mother came rustling down the steps, catching at her drapery and shaking it into place. The young girl hurried to meet her, lifted her arms for what promised an embrace, and with firm hands set the elder lady's bonnet straight with her forehead.

"I 'm always getting it on askew,"

Mrs. Vervain said for greeting to Ferris. "How do you do, Don Ippolito? But I suppose you think I've kept you long enough to get it on straight for once. So I have. I *am* a fuss, and I don't deny it. At my time of life, it's much harder to make yourself shipshape, than it is when you're younger. I tell Florida that anybody would take *her* for the *old* lady, she does seem to give so little care to getting up an appearance."

"And yet she has the effect of a stylish young person in the bloom of youth," observed Ferris, with a touch of caricature.

"We had better lunch with our things on," said Mrs. Vervain, "and then there need n't be any delay in starting. I thought we would have it here," she added, as Nina and the house-servant appeared with trays of dishes and cups. "So that we can start in a real picnicky spirit. I knew you 'd think it a womanish lunch, Mr. Ferris — Don Ippolito likes what *we* do — and so I've provided you with a chicken salad; and I'm going to ask you for a taste of it; I'm really hungry."

There was salad for all, in fact; and it was quite one o'clock before the lunch was ended, and wraps of just the right thickness and thinness were chosen, and the party were comfortably placed under the striped linen canopy of the gondola, which they had from a public station, the house-gondola being engaged that day. They rowed through the narrow canal skirting the garden out into the expanse before the Giudecca, and then struck across the lagoon towards Fusina, past the island-church of San Giorgio in Alga, whose beautiful tower has flushed and darkened in so many pictures of Venetian sunsets, and past the Austrian lagoon forts with their coronets of guns threatening every point, and the Croatian sentinels pacing to and fro on their walls. They stopped long enough at one of the customs barges to declare to the swarthy, amiable officers the innocence of their freight, and at the mouth of the Canal of the Brenta they paused before the station while a policeman came out and scanned them. He bowed to Don Ippolito's cloth, and then they began to push up the sluggish canal, shallow and overrun with weeds and mosses, into the heart of the land.

The spring, which in Venice comes in the softening air and the perpetual azure of the heavens, was renewed to their senses in all its miraculous loveliness. The garden of the Vervains had indeed confessed it in opulence of leaf and bloom, but there it seemed somehow only like a novel effect of the artifice which had been able to create a garden in that city of stone and sea. Here a vernal world suddenly opened before them, with wide-stretching fields of green under a dome of perfect blue; against its walls only the soft curves of far-off hills were traced, and near at hand the tender forms of full-foliaged trees. The long garland of vines that festoons all Italy seemed to begin in the neighboring orchards; the meadows waved their tall grasses in the sun, and broke in poppies as the sea-waves break in iridescent spray; the well-grown maize shook its gleaming blades in the light; the poplars marched in stately procession on either side of the straight, white road to Padua, till they vanished in the long perspective. The blossoms had fallen from the trees many weeks before, but the air was full of the vague sweetness of the perfect spring, which here and there gathered and defined itself as the spicy odor of the grass cut on the shore of the canal, and drying in the mellow heat of the sun.

The voyagers spoke from time to time of some peculiarity of the villas that succeeded each other along the canal. Don Ippolito knew a few of them, the gondoliers knew others; but after all, their names were nothing. These haunts of old-time splendor and idleness weary of themselves, and unable to escape, are sadder than anything in Venice, and they belonged, as far as the Americans were concerned, to a world as strange as any to which

they should go in another life, — the world of a faded fashion and an alien history. Some of the villas were kept in a sort of repair; some were even maintained in the state of old; but the most showed marks of greater or less decay, and here and there one was falling to ruin. They had gardens about them, tangled and wild-grown; a population of decrepit statues in the rococo taste strolled in their walks or simpered from their gates. Two or three houses seemed to be occupied; the rest stood empty, each

> "Close latticed to the brooding heat,
> And silent in its dusty vines."

The pleasure-party had no fixed plan for the day farther than to ascend the canal, and by and by take a carriage at some convenient village and drive to the famous Villa Pisani at Strà.

"These houses are very well," said Don Ippolito, who had visited the villa once, and with whom it had remained a memory almost as signal as that night in Padua when he wore civil dress, "but it is at Strà that you see something really worthy of the royal splendor of the patricians of Venice. Royal? The villa is now one of the palaces of the ex-Emperor of Austria, who does not find it less imperial than his other palaces." Don Ippolito had celebrated the villa at Strà in this strain ever since they had spoken of going up the Brenta: now it was the magnificent conservatories and orangeries that he sang, now the vast garden with its statued walks between rows of clipt cedars and firs, now the stables with their stalls for numberless horses, now the palace itself with its frescoed halls and treasures of art and *vertu*. His enthusiasm for the villa at Strà had become an amiable jest with the Americans. Ferris laughed at his fresh outburst; he declared himself tired of the gondola, and he asked Florida to disembark with him and walk under the trees of a pleasant street running on one side between the villas and the canal. "We are going to find something much grander than the Villa Pisani," he boasted, with a look at Don Ippolito.

As they strolled along the path together, they came now and then to a stately palace like that of the Contarini, where the lions, that give their name to one branch of the family, crouch in stone before the grand portal; but most of the houses were interesting only from their unstoried possibilities to the imagination. They were generally of stucco, and glared with fresh whitewash through the foliage of their gardens. When a peasant's cottage broke their line, it gave, with its barns and straw-stacks and its beds of pot-herbs, a homely relief from the decaying gentility of the villas.

"What a pity, Miss Vervain," said the painter, "that the blessings of this world should be so unequally divided! Why should all this sketchable adversity be lavished upon the neighborhood of a city that is so rich as Venice in picturesque dilapidation? It 's pretty hard on us Americans, and forces people of sensibility into exile. What would n't cultivated persons give for a stretch of this street in the suburbs of Boston, or of your own Providence? I suppose the New Yorkers will be setting up something of the kind one of these days, and giving it a French name — they 'll call it *Aux bords du Brenta*. There was one of them carried back a gondola the other day to put on a pond in their new park. But the worst of it is, you can't take home the sentiment of these things."

"I thought it was the business of painters to send home the sentiment of them in pictures," said Florida.

Ferris talked to her in this way because it was his way of talking; it always surprised him a little that she entered into the spirit of it; he was not quite sure that she did; he sometimes thought she waited till she could seize upon a point to turn against him, and so give herself the air of having comprehended the whole. He laughed: "Oh yes, a poor little fragmentary, faded-out reproduction of their sentiment — which is 'as moonlight unto sunlight and as water unto wine,' when compared with the real thing. Suppose I

made a picture of just this bit, ourselves in the foreground, looking at the garden over there where that amusing Vandal of an owner has just had his statues painted white: would our friends at home understand it? A whole history must be left unexpressed. I could only hint at an entire situation. Of course, people with a taste for olives would get the flavor; but even they would wonder that I chose such an unsuggestive bit. Why, it is just the most maddeningly suggestive thing to be found here! And if I may put it modestly, for my share in it, I think we two young Americans looking on at this supreme excess of the rococo, are the very essence of the sentiment of the scene; but what would the honored connoisseurs — the good folks who get themselves up on Ruskin and try so honestly hard to have some little ideas about art — make of us? To be sure they might justifiably praise the grace of your pose, if I were so lucky as to catch it, and your way of putting your hand under the elbow of the arm that holds your parasol." . . . Florida seemed disdainfully to keep her attitude, and the painter smiled. "But they would n't know what it all meant, and could n't imagine that we were inspired by this rascally little villa to sigh longingly over the wicked past" —

"Excuse me," interrupted Florida, with a touch of trouble in her proud manner, "I 'm not sighing over it, for one, and I don't want it back. I 'm glad that I 'm American and that there is no past for me. I can't understand how you and Don Ippolito can speak so tolerantly of what no one can respect," she added, in almost an aggrieved tone.

If Miss Vervain wanted to turn the talk upon Don Ippolito, Ferris by no means did; he had had enough of that subject yesterday; he got as lightly away from it as he could.

"Oh, Don Ippolito 's a pagan, I tell you; and I 'm a painter, and the rococo is my weakness. I wish I could paint it, but I can't; I 'm a hundred years too late. I could n't even paint myself in the act of sentimentalizing it."

While he talked, he had been making a few lines in a small pocket sketch-book, with a furtive glance or two at Florida. When they returned to the boat, he busied himself again with the book, and presently he handed it to Mrs. Vervain.

"Why, it 's Florida!" cried the lady. "How very nicely you do sketch, Mr. Ferris."

"Thanks, Mrs. Vervain; you 're always flattering me."

"No, but seriously. I *wish* that I had paid more attention to my drawing when I was a girl. And now, Florida — she won't touch a pencil. I wish you 'd talk to her, Mr. Ferris."

"Oh, people who are pictures need n't trouble themselves to be painters," said Ferris, with a little burlesque.

Mrs. Vervain began to look at the sketch through her tubed hand; the painter made a grimace. "But you 've made her too proud, Mr. Ferris. She does n't look like that."

"Yes she does — to those unworthy of her kindness. I have taken Miss Vervain in the act of scorning the rococo, and its humble admirer, me, with it."

"I 'm sure *I* don't know what you mean, Mr. Ferris; but I can't think that this proud look is habitual with Florida; and I 've heard people say — very good judges — that an artist ought n't to perpetuate a temporary expression. Something like that."

"It can't be helped now, Mrs. Vervain: the sketch is irretrievably immortal. I 'm sorry, but it 's too late."

"Oh, stuff! As if you could n't turn up the corners of the mouth a little. Or something."

"And give her the appearance of laughing at me? Never!"

"Don Ippolito," said Mrs. Vervain, turning to the priest, who had been listening intently to all this trivial talk, "what do you think of this sketch?"

He took the book with an eager hand, and perused the sketch as if trying to read some secret there. After a minute he handed it back with a light sigh, apparently of relief, but absently said nothing.

"Well?" asked Mrs. Vervain.

"Oh! I ask pardon. No, it is n't my idea of madamigella. It seems to me that her likeness must be sketched in color. Those lines are true, but they need color to subdue them; they go too far, they are more than true."

"You 're quite right, Don Ippolito," said Ferris.

"Then *you* don't think she always has this proud look?" pursued Mrs. Vervain.

The painter fancied that Florida quelled in herself a movement of impatience; he looked at her with an amused smile.

"Not always, no," answered Don Ippolito. "Sometimes her face expresses the greatest meekness in the world."

"But not at the present moment," thought Ferris, fascinated by the stare of angry pride which the girl bent upon the unconscious priest.

"Though I confess that I should hardly know how to characterize her habitual expression," added Don Ippolito.

"Thanks," said Florida, breathing quickly. "I 'm tired of the subject; it is n't an important one."

"Oh yes it is, my dear," said Mrs. Vervain. "At least it 's important to me, if it is n't to you; for I 'm your mother, and really, if I thought you looked like this, as a general thing, to a casual observer, I should consider it a reflection upon myself." Ferris gave a provoking laugh, as she continued sweetly, "I must insist, Don Ippolito: now did you *ever* see Florida look so?"

The girl leaned back, and began to wave her fan slowly to and fro before her face.

"I never saw her look so with *you*, dear madama," said the priest with an anxious glance at Florida, who let her fan fall folded into her lap, and sat perfectly still. He went on with priestly smoothness, and a touch of something like invoked authority, such as a man might show who could dispense indulgences and inflict penances. "No one could help seeing her devotedness to you, and I have admired from the first an obedience and tenderness that I have never known equaled. In all her relations to you, madamigella has seemed to me" —

Florida started forward. "You are not asked to comment on my behavior to my mother; you are not invited to speak of my conduct at all!" she burst out with sudden violence, her visage flaming, and her blue eyes burning upon Don Ippolito, who shrank from the astonishing rudeness as from a blow in the face. "What is it to you how I treat my mother?"

She sank back again upon the cushions, and opening the fan with a clash swept it swiftly before her.

"Florida!" said her mother gravely.

Ferris turned away in cold disgust, like one who has witnessed a cruelty done to some helpless thing. Don Ippolito's speech was not fortunate at the best, but it might have come from a foreigner's misapprehension, and at the worst it was good-natured and well-meant. "The girl is a perfect brute, as I thought in the beginning," the painter said to himself. "How could I have ever thought differently? I shall have to tell Don Ippolito that I 'm ashamed of her, and disclaim all responsibility. Pah! I wish I was out of this."

The pleasure of the day was dead. It could not rally from that stroke. They went on to Strà, as they had planned, but the glory of the Villa Pisani was eclipsed for Don Ippolito. He plainly did not know what to do. He did not address Florida again, whose savagery he would not probably have known how to resent if he had wished to resent it. Mrs. Vervain prattled away to him with unrelenting kindness; Ferris kept near him, and with affectionate zeal tried to make him talk of the villa; but neither the frescoes, nor the orangeries, nor the green-houses, nor the stables, nor the gardens could rouse him from the listless daze in which he moved, though Ferris found them all as wonderful as he had said. Amidst this heavy embarrassment no one seemed at ease but the author of it.

She did not, to be sure, speak to Don Ippolito, but she followed her mother as usual with her assiduous cares, and she appeared tranquilly unconscious of the sarcastic civility with which Ferris rendered her any necessary service.

It was late in the afternoon when they got back to their boat and began to descend the canal towards Venice, and long before they reached Fusina the day had passed. A sunset of melancholy red, streaked with level lines of murky cloud, stretched across the flats behind them, and faintly tinged with its reflected light the eastern horizon which the towers and domes of Venice had not yet begun to break. The twilight came, and then through the overcast heavens the moon shone dim; a light blossomed here and there in the villas, distant voices called musically; a cow lowed, a dog barked; the rich, sweet breath of the vernal land mingled its odors with the sultry air of the neighboring lagoon. The wayfarers spoke little; the time hung heavy on all, no doubt; to Ferris it was a burden almost intolerable to hear the creak of the oars and the breathing of the gondoliers keeping time together. At last the boat stopped in front of the police-station in Fusina; a soldier with a sword at his side and a lantern in his hand came out and briefly parleyed with the gondoliers; they stepped ashore, and he marched them into the station before him.

"We have nothing left to wish for now," said Ferris, breaking into an ironical laugh.

"What does it all mean?" asked Mrs. Vervain.

"I think I had better go see."

"We will go with you," said Mrs. Vervain.

"Pazienza!" replied Ferris.

The ladies rose; but Don Ippolito remained seated. "Are n't you going too, Don Ippolito?" asked Mrs. Vervain.

"Thanks, madama; but I prefer to stay here."

Lamentable cries and shrieks, as if the prisoners had immediately been put to the torture, came from the station as Ferris opened the door. A lamp of petroleum lighted the scene, and shone upon the figures of two fishermen, who bewailed themselves unintelligibly in the vibrant accents of Chiozza, and from time to time advanced upon the gondoliers, and shook their heads and beat their breasts at them. A few police-guards reclined upon benches about the room, and surveyed the spectacle with mild impassibility.

Ferris politely asked one of them the cause of the detention.

"Why, you see, signore," answered the guard amiably, "these honest men accuse your gondoliers of having stolen a rope out of their boat at Dolo."

"It was my blood, you know!" howled the elder of the fishermen, tossing his arms wildly abroad, "it was my own heart," he cried, letting the last vowel die away and rise again in mournful ritornello, while he stared tragically into Ferris's face.

"What *is* the matter?" asked Mrs. Vervain, putting up her glasses, and trying with graceful futility to focus the melodrama.

"Nothing," said Ferris; "our gondoliers have had the heart's blood of this respectable Dervish; that is to say, they have stolen a rope belonging to him."

"*Our* gondoliers? I don't believe it. They 've no right to keep us here all night. Tell them you 're the American consul."

"I 'd rather not try my dignity on these underlings, Mrs. Vervain; there 's no American squadron here that I could order to bombard Fusina, if they did n't mind me. But I 'll see what I can do further in quality of courteous foreigner. Can you perhaps tell me how long you will be obliged to detain us here?" he asked of the guard again.

"I am very sorry to detain you at all, signore. But what can I do? The commissary is unhappily absent. He may be here soon."

The guard renewed his apathetic contemplation of the gondoliers, who did not speak a word; the windy lamentation of the fishermen rose and fell fit-

fully. Presently they went out of doors and poured forth their wrongs to the moon.

The room was close, and with some trouble Ferris persuaded Mrs. Vervain to return to the gondola, Florida seconding his arguments with gentle good sense.

It seemed a long time till the commissary came, but his coming instantly simplified the situation. Perhaps because he had never been able to befriend a consul in trouble before, he befriended Ferris to the utmost. He had met him with rather a browbeating air; but after a glance at his card, he gave a kind of roar of deprecation and apology. He had the ladies and Don Ippolito in out of the gondola, and led them to an upper chamber, where he made them all repose their honored persons upon his sofas. He ordered up his housekeeper to make them coffee, which he served with his own hands, excusing its hurried feebleness, and he stood by, rubbing his palms together and smiling, while they refreshed themselves.

"They need never tell me again that the Austrians are tyrants," said Mrs. Vervain in undertone to the consul.

It was not easy for Ferris to remind his host of the malefactors; but he brought himself to this ungraciousness. The commissary begged pardon, and asked him to accompany him below, where he confronted the accused and the accusers. The tragedy was acted over again with blood-curdling effectiveness by the Chiozzotti; the gondoliers maintaining the calm of conscious innocence.

Ferris felt outraged by the trumped-up charge against them.

"Listen, you others the prisoners," said the commissary. "Your padrone is anxious to return to Venice, and I wish to inflict no further displeasures upon him. Restore their rope to these honest men, and go about your business."

The injured gondoliers spoke in low tones together; then one of them shrugged his shoulders and went out. He came back in a moment and laid a rope before the commissary.

"Is that the rope?" he asked. "We found it floating down the canal, and picked it up that we might give it to the rightful owner. But now I wish to heaven we had let it sink to the bottom of the sea."

"Oh, a beautiful story!" wailed the Chiozzotti. They flung themselves upon the rope, and lugged it off to their boat; and the gondoliers went out, too.

The commissary turned to Ferris with an amiable smile. "I am sorry that those rogues should escape," said the American.

"Oh," said the Italian, "they are poor fellows; it is a little matter; I am glad to have served you."

He took leave of his involuntary guests with effusion, following them with a lantern to the gondola.

Mrs. Vervain, to whom Ferris gave an account of this trial as they set out again on their long-hindered return, had no mind save for the magical effect of his consular quality upon the commissary, and accused him of a vain and culpable modesty.

"Ah," said the diplomatist, "there 's nothing like knowing just *when* to produce your dignity. There are some officials who know too little, — like those guards; and there are some who know too much, — like the commissary's superiors. But he is just in that golden mean of ignorance where he supposes a consul is a person of importance."

Mrs. Vervain disputed this, and Ferris submitted in silence. Presently, as they skirted the shore to get their bearings for the route across the lagoon, a fierce voice in Venetian shouted from the darkness, "*Indrio, indrio!*" (Back, back!) and a gleam of the moon through the pale, watery clouds revealed the figure of a gendarme on the nearest point of land. The gondoliers bent to their oars, and sent the boat swiftly out into the lagoon.

"There, for example, is a person who would be quite insensible to my greatness, even if I had the consular seal in my pocket. To him we are possible

smugglers;[1] and I must say," he continued, taking out his watch, and staring hard at it, "that if I were a disinterested person, and heard his suspicion met with the explanation that we were a little party out here for pleasure at half past twelve P. M., I should say he was right. At any rate we won't engage him in controversy. Quick, quick!" he added to the gondoliers, glancing at the receding shore, and then at the first of the lagoon forts which they were approaching. A dim shape moved along the top of the wall, and seemed to linger and scrutinize them. As they drew nearer, the challenge, "*Wer da?*" rang out.

The gondoliers eagerly answered with the one word of German known to their craft, "*Freunde*," and struggled to urge the boat forward; the oar of the gondolier in front slipped from the high rowlock, and fell out of his hand into the water. The gondola lurched, and then suddenly ran aground on the shallow. The sentry halted, dropped his gun from his shoulder, and ordered them to go on, while the gondoliers clamored back in the high key of fear, and one of them screamed out to his passengers to do something, saying that, a few weeks before, a sentinel had fired upon a fisherman and killed him.

"What 's that he 's talking about?" demanded Mrs. Vervain. "If we don't get on, it will be that man's duty to fire on us; he has no choice," she said, nerved and interested by the presence of this danger.

The gondoliers leaped into the water and tried to push the boat off. It would not move, and without warning, Don Ippolito, who had sat silent since they left Fusina, stepped over the side of the gondola, and thrusting an oar under its bottom lifted it free of the shallow.

"Oh, how very unnecessary!" cried Mrs. Vervain, as the priest and the gondoliers clambered back into the boat. "He will take his death of cold."

"It 's ridiculous," said Ferris. "You ought to have told these worthless rascals what to do, Don Ippolito. You 've got yourself wet for nothing. It 's too bad!"

"It 's nothing," said Don Ippolito, taking his seat on the little prow deck, and quietly dripping where the water would not incommode the others.

"Oh, here!" cried Mrs. Vervain, gathering some shawls together, "make him wrap those about him. He 'll die, I know he will — with that reeking skirt of his. If you must go into the water, I wish you had worn your abbate's dress. How *could* you, Don Ippolito?"

The gondoliers set their oars, but before they had given a stroke, they were arrested by a sharp "Halt!" from the fort. Another figure had joined the sentry, and stood looking at them.

"Well," said Ferris, "*now* what, I wonder? That 's an officer. If I had a little German about me, I might state the situation to him."

He felt a light touch on his arm. "I can speak German," said Florida timidly.

"Then you had better speak it now," said Ferris.

She rose to her feet, and in a steady voice briefly explained the whole affair. The figures listened motionless; then the last comer politely replied, begging her to be in no uneasiness, made her shadowy salute, and vanished. The sentry resumed his walk, and took no further notice of them.

"Brava!" said Ferris, while Mrs. Vervain babbled her satisfaction, "I will buy a German Ollendorff to-morrow. The language is indispensable to a pleasure excursion in the lagoon."

Florida made no reply, but devoted herself to restoring her mother to that state of defense against the discomforts of the time and place, which the common agitation had impaired. She seemed to have no sense of the presence of any one else. Don Ippolito did not speak again save to protect himself from the anxieties and reproaches of Mrs. Vervain, renewed and reiterated at intervals. She drowsed after a while, and whenever she woke she thought they

[1] Under the Austrians, Venice was a free port, but everything carried thence to the mainland was liable to duty.

had just touched her own landing. By fits it was cloudy and moonlight; they began to meet peasants' boats going to the Rialto market; at last, they entered the Canal of the Zattere, then they slipped into a narrow way, and presently stopped at Mrs. Vervain's gate; this time she had not expected it. Don Ippolito gave her his hand, and entered the garden with her, while Ferris lingered behind with Florida, helping her put together the wraps strewn about the gondola.

"Wait!" she commanded, as they moved up the garden walk. "I want to speak with you about Don Ippolito. What shall I do to him for my rudeness? You *must* tell me — you *shall*," she said in a fierce whisper, gripping the arm which Ferris had given to help her up the landing-stairs. "You are — older than I am!"

"Thanks. I was afraid you were going to say wiser. I should think your own sense of justice, your own sense of" —

"Decency. Say it, say it!" cried the girl passionately; "it was indecent, indecent — that was it!"

— "would tell you what to do," concluded the painter, dryly.

She flung away the arm to which she had been clinging, and ran to where the priest stood with her mother at the foot of the terrace stairs. "Don Ippolito," she cried, "I want to tell you that I am sorry; I want to ask your pardon — how can you ever forgive me? — for what I said."

She instinctively stretched her hand towards him.

"Oh!" said the priest, with an indescribable, long, trembling sigh. He caught her hand in his, held it tight, and then pressed it for an instant against his breast.

Ferris made a little start forward.

"Now, that 's right, Florida," said her mother, as the four stood in the pale, estranging moonlight. "I 'm sure Don Ippolito can't cherish any resentment. If he does, he must come in and wash it out with a glass of wine — that 's a good old fashion. I want you to have the wine at any rate, Don Ippolito: it 'll keep you from taking cold. You really must."

"Thanks, madama; I cannot lose more time, now; I must go home at once. Good night."

Before Mrs. Vervain could frame a protest, or lay hold of him, he bowed and hurried out of the land-gate.

"How perfectly absurd for him to get into the water in that way," she said, looking mechanically in the direction in which he had vanished.

"Well, Mrs. Vervain, it is n't best to be too grateful to people," said Ferris, "but I think we must allow that if we were in any danger, sticking there in the mud, Don Ippolito got us out of it by putting his shoulder to the oar."

"Of course," assented Mrs. Vervain.

"In fact," continued Ferris, "I suppose we may say that, under Providence, we probably owe our lives to Don Ippolito's self-sacrifice and Miss Vervain's knowledge of German. At any rate, it 's what I shall always maintain."

"Mother, don't you think you had better go in?" asked Florida, gently. Her gentleness ignored the presence, the existence of Ferris. "I 'm afraid you will be sick after all this fatigue."

"There, Mrs. Vervain, it 'll be no use offering *me* a glass of wine. I 'm sent away, you see," said Ferris. "And Miss Vervain is quite right. Good night."

"Oh — *good* night, Mr. Ferris," said Mrs. Vervain, giving her hand. "Thank you *so* much."

Florida did not look toward him. She gathered her mother's shawl about her shoulders for the twentieth time that day, and softly urged her indoors, while Ferris let himself out into the campo.

IX.

Florida began to prepare the bed for her mother's lying down.

"What are you doing that for, my dear?" asked Mrs. Vervain. "I can't go to bed at once."

"But mother" —

"No, Florida. And I mean it. You are too headstrong. I should think you would see yourself how you suffer in the end by giving way to your violent temper. What a day you have made for us!"

"I was very wrong," murmured the proud girl, meekly.

"And then the mortification of an apology; you might have spared yourself that."

"It did n't mortify me; I did n't care for it."

"No, I really believe you are too haughty to mind humbling yourself. And Don Ippolito had been so uniformly kind to us. I begin to believe that Mr. Ferris caught your true character in that sketch. But your pride will be broken some day, Florida."

"Won't you let me help you undress, mother? You can talk to me while you 're undressing. You must try to get some rest."

"Yes, I am all unstrung. Why could n't you have let him come in and talk awhile? It would have been the best way to get me quieted down. But no; you must always have your own way. Don't twitch me, my dear; I 'd rather undress myself. You pretend to be very careful of me. I wonder if you really care for me."

"Oh, mother, you are all I have in the world!"

Mrs. Vervain began to whimper. "You talk as if I were any better off. Have I anybody besides you? And I have lost so many."

"Don't think of those things now, mother."

Mrs. Vervain tenderly kissed the young girl. "You *are* good to your mother. Don Ippolito was right; no one ever saw you offer me disrespect or unkindness. There, there! Don't cry, my darling. I think I *had* better lie down, and I 'll let you undress me."

She suffered herself to be helped into bed, and Florida went softly about the room, putting it in order, and drawing the curtains closer to keep out the near dawn. Her mother talked a little while, and presently fell from incoherence to silence, and so to sleep.

Florida looked hesitatingly at her for a moment, and then set her candle on the floor and sank wearily into an armchair beside the bed. Her hands fell into her lap; her head drooped sadly forward; the light flung the shadow of her face grotesquely exaggerated and foreshortened upon the ceiling.

By and by a bird piped in the garden; the shriek of a swallow made itself heard from a distance; the vernal day was beginning to stir from the light, brief drowse of the vernal night. A crown of angry red formed upon the candle wick, which toppled over in the socket and guttered out with a sharp hiss.

Florida started from her chair. A streak of sunshine pierced shutter and curtain. Her mother was supporting herself on one elbow in the bed, and looking at her as if she had just called to her.

"Mother, did you speak?" asked the girl.

Mrs. Vervain turned her face away; she sighed deeply, stretched her thin hands on the pillow, and seemed to be sinking, sinking down through the bed. She ceased to breathe and lay in a dead faint.

Florida felt rather than saw it all. She did not cry out nor call for help. She brought water and cologne, and bathed her mother's face, and then chafed her hands. Mrs. Vervain slowly revived; she opened her eyes, then closed them; she did not speak, but after a while she began to fetch her breath with the long and even respirations of sleep.

Florida noiselessly opened the door, and met the servant with a tray of coffee. She put her finger to her lip, and motioned her not to enter, asking in a whisper: "What time is it, Nina? I forgot to wind my watch."

"It 's nine o'clock, signorina; and I thought you would be tired this morning, and would like your coffee in bed. Oh, misericordia!" cried the girl, still in whisper, with a glance through the

doorway, "you have n't been in bed at all!"

"My mother does n't seem well. I sat down beside her, and fell asleep in my chair without knowing it."

"Ah, poor little thing! Then you must drink your coffee at once. It refreshes."

"Yes, yes," said Florida, closing the door, and pointing to a table in the next room, "put it down here. I will serve myself, Nina. Go call the gondola, please. I am going out, at once, and I want you to go with me. Tell Checa to come here and stay with my mother till I come back."

She poured out a cup of coffee with a trembling hand, and hastily drank it; then bathing her eyes, she went to the glass and bestowed a touch or two upon yesterday's toilet, studied the effect a moment, and turned away. She came back for another look, and the next moment she was walking down to the water-gate, where she found Nina waiting her in the gondola.

A rapid course brought them to Ferris's landing. "Ring," she said to the gondolier, "and say that one of the American ladies wishes to see the consul."

Ferris was standing on the balcony over her, where he had been watching her approach in mute wonder. "Why, Miss Vervain," he called down, "what in the world is the matter?"

"I don't know. I want to see you," said Florida, looking up with a wistful, bewildered face.

"I 'll come down."

"Yes, please. Or no, I had better come up. Yes, Nina and I will come up."

Ferris met them at the lower door and led them to his apartment. Nina sat down in the outer room, and Florida followed the painter into his studio. Though her face was so wan, it seemed to him that he had never seen it lovelier, and he had a strange pride in her being there, though the disorder of the place ought to have humbled him. She looked over it with a certain childlike, timid curiosity, and something of that lofty compassion with which young ladies regard the haunts of men when they come into them by chance; in doing this she had a haughty, slow turn of the head that fascinated him.

"I hope," he said, "you don't mind the smell," which was a mingled one of oil-colors and tobacco-smoke. "The woman 's putting my office to rights, and it 's all in a cloud of dust. So I have to bring you in here."

Florida sat down on a chair fronting the easel, and found herself looking into the sad eyes of Don Ippolito. Ferris brusquely turned the back of the canvas toward her. "I did n't mean you to see that. It is n't ready to show, yet," he said, and then he stood expectantly before her. He waited for her to speak, for he never knew how to take Miss Vervain; he was willing enough to make light of her grand moods, but now she was too evidently unhappy for mocking; at the same time he did not care to invoke a snub by a prematurely sympathetic demeanor. His mind ran on the events of the day before, and he thought this visit probably related somehow to Don Ippolito. But his visitor did not speak, and at last he said: "I hope there 's nothing wrong at home, Miss Vervain. It 's rather odd to have yesterday, last night, and next morning all run together as they have been for me in the last twenty-four hours. I trust Mrs. Vervain is turning the whole thing into a good solid oblivion."

"It 's about — it 's about — I came to see you," said Florida, hoarsely. "I mean," she hurried on to say, "that I want to ask you who is the best doctor here?"

Then it was not about Don Ippolito. "Is your mother sick?" asked Ferris, eagerly. "She must have been fearfully tired by that unlucky expedition of ours. I hope there 's nothing serious?"

"No, no! But she is not well. She is very frail, you know. You must have noticed how frail she is," said Florida, tremulously.

Ferris had noticed that all his countrywomen, past their girlhood, seemed to be sick, he did not know how or why; he supposed it was all right, it was so common. In Mrs. Vervain's case, though she talked a great deal about her ill-health, he had noticed it rather less than usual, she had so great spirit. He recalled now that he *had* thought her at times rather a shadowy presence, and that occasionally it had amused him that so slight a structure should hang together as it did — not only successfully, but triumphantly.

He did not say anything, and Florida continued: "It's only advice that I want for her, but I think we had better see some one — or know some one that we could go to in need. We are so far from any one we know, or help of any kind." She seemed to be trying to account to herself, rather than to Ferris, for what she was doing. "We must n't let anything pass unnoticed" . . . She looked at him entreatingly, but a shadow, as of some wounding memory, passed over her face, and she said no more.

"I 'll go with you to a doctor's," said Ferris, kindly.

"No, please, I won't trouble you."

"It 's no trouble."

"I don't *want* you to go with me, please. I 'd rather go alone." Ferris looked at her perplexedly, as she rose. "Just give me the address, and I shall manage best by myself. I 'm used to doing it."

"As you like. Wait a moment." Ferris wrote the address. "There," he said, giving it to her; "but is n't there anything I can do for you?"

"Yes," answered Florida with awkward hesitation, and a half-defiant, half-imploring look at him. "You must have all sorts of people applying to you, as a consul; and you look after their affairs — and try to forget them" —

"Well?" said Ferris.

"I wish you would n't remember that I 've asked this favor of you; that you 'd consider it a" —

"Consular service? With all my heart," answered Ferris, thinking for the third or fourth time how very young Miss Vervain was.

"You are very good; you are kinder than I have any right," said Florida, smiling piteously. "I only mean, don't speak of it to my mother. Not," she added, "but what I want her to know everything I do; but it would worry her if she thought I was anxious about her. Oh! I wish I would n't."

She began a hasty search for her handkerchief; he saw her lips tremble and his soul trembled with them.

In another moment, "Good morning," she said briskly, with a sort of airy sob, "I don't want you to come down, please."

She drifted out of the room and down the stairs, the servant-maid falling into her wake.

Ferris filled his pipe and went out on his balcony again, and stood watching the gondola in its course towards the address he had given, and smoking thoughtfully. It was really the same girl who had given poor Don Ippolito that cruel slap in the face, yesterday. But that seemed no more out of reason than her sudden, generous, exaggerated remorse; both were of a piece with her coming to him for help now, holding him at a distance, flinging herself upon his sympathy, and then trying to snub him, and breaking down in the effort. It was all of a piece, and the piece was bad; yes, she had an ugly temper; and yet she had magnanimous traits too. These contradictions, which in his reverie he felt rather than formulated, made him smile, as he stood on his balcony bathed by the morning air and sunlight, in fresh, strong ignorance of the whole mystery of women's nerves. These caprices even charmed him. He reflected that he had gone on doing the Vervains one favor after another in spite of Florida's childish petulancies; and he resolved that he would not stop now; her whims should be nothing to him, as they had been nothing, hitherto. It is flattering to a man to be indispensable to a woman so long as he is not obliged to it; Miss Vervain's dependent relation to himself in this visit gave her

a grace in Ferris's eyes which she had wanted before.

In the mean time he saw her gondola stop, turn round, and come back to the canal that bordered the Vervain garden.

"Another change of mind," thought Ferris, complacently; and rising superior to the whole fitful sex, he released himself from uneasiness on Mrs. Vervain's account. But in the evening he went to ask after her. He first sent his card to Florida, having written on it, "I hope Mrs. Vervain is better. Don't let me come in if it 's any disturbance." He looked for a moment at what he had written, dimly conscious that it was patronizing; and when he entered he saw that Miss Vervain stood on the defensive and from some willfulness meant to make him feel that he was presumptuous in coming. It did not comfort him to consider that she was very young; I have myself been snubbed by young ladies who could not walk. "Mother will be in directly," said Florida in a tone that relegated their morning's interview to the age of fable.

Mrs. Vervain came in smiling and cordial, apparently better and not worse for yesterday's misadventures.

"Oh, I pick up quickly," she explained. "I 'm an old campaigner, you know. Perhaps a little *too* old, now. Years *do* make a difference; and you 'll find it out as you get on, Mr. Ferris."

"I suppose so," said Ferris, not liking that Mrs. Vervain should treat him so much like a boy. "Even at twenty-six I found it pleasant to take a nap this afternoon. How does one stand it at seventeen, Miss Vervain?" he asked.

"I have n't felt the need of sleep," replied Florida, indifferently, and he felt shelved, as an old fellow.

He had an empty, frivolous visit, to his thinking. Mrs. Vervain asked if he had seen Don Ippolito, and wondered that the priest had not come about, all day. She told a long story, and at the end tapped herself on the mouth with her fan to punish a yawn.

Ferris rose to go. Mrs. Vervain wondered again in the same words why Don Ippolito had not been near them all day.

"Because he 's a wise man," said Ferris with bitterness, "and knows when to time his visits." Mrs. Vervain did not notice the bitterness, but something made Florida follow him to the outer door.

"Why, it 's moonlight!" she exclaimed; and she glanced at him as though she had some purpose of atonement in her mind.

But he would not have it. "Yes, there 's a moon," he said moodily. "Good night."

"Good night," answered Florida, and she suddenly offered him her hand. He thought that it shook in his, but it was probably the agitation of his own nerves.

A soreness that had been lifted from his heart, came back; he walked home disappointed and defeated, he hardly knew why or in what. He did not laugh now to think how she had asked him that morning to forget her coming to him for help; he was outraged that he should have been repaid in this sort, and the rebuff with which his sympathy had just been met was vulgar; there was no other name for it but vulgarity. Yet he could not relate this quality to the face of the young girl as he constantly beheld it in his homeward walk. It did not defy him or repulse him; it looked up at him wistfully as from the gondola that morning. Nevertheless he hardened his heart. The Vervains should see him next when they had sent for him. After all, one is not so very old at twenty-six.

W. D. Howells.

RECENT LITERATURE.[1]

In John Worthington's Name, Mr. Benedict has quite made good the promise of his earlier novels. He has always given proof of considerable painstaking in his writings, but only too often they bore traces of an inability to free himself from the conventional framework of incidents which goes to make a plot. In this novel, however, he has struck out for himself, has chosen a very interesting plot, and set before us some real human beings instead of the rather shadowy creatures of his other stories. Indeed, the problem he selected, which in the main is the conduct of a woman who by thoughtlessness has got herself into very perplexing difficulties, is one very well calculated to baffle the ordinary writer of fiction. It would not be fair to tell the story, but a few words to illustrate what we are about to say of the book may not be out of place. The heroine, Mrs. Marchmont, is a spoiled beauty, the widow of a rich man whom she did not marry for love, and now her only interest is in keeping a prominent position in society; she likes her notoriety for beauty and extravagance, and by her carelessness she has got herself into debt. The most disagreeable part of this business is that she has authorized a Wall Street speculator to invest some money for her, which he has lost, and he presumes upon his claim of creditor to insult her with his attentions. She can only rid herself of him by the payment of her just dues, a tolerably large sum, and to raise this she is led to forge the indorsement of a friend of hers to a note which she gives the money-lender, he promising not to let it go out of his hands. The evil-minded speculator manages to get it into his possession. Here our disclosure ceases; we shall try to be more honest and not let any more of the secret get out of our hands. There is novelty and a great deal of ingenuity in this plot, but there is something much better in the way it is told. Mrs. Marchmont, especially, is really admirably done. It is not every one who can in the first place describe intelligibly a fascinating woman, and there are even fewer who can go further and set one before us with all her hopes and wishes, and arts and ways. This Mr. Benedict has done with commendable success. His heroine is clever and her *bonmots* are given; she is cleverer than all the men, and they accordingly wither before her in turn; she is very beautiful, and her beauty is well described; her wiles, too, are very different from the monotonous, cat-like manners which even Charles Reade manages to see as plainly as he sees flaws in the convict-system or in the management of mad-houses; they are, rather, the far astuter ways of being honest and sincere, and saying what she really means, which, being mingled with a great deal of nonsense, is perfectly successful in confusing every one.

The way in which she was led into her troubles is so well told that we sympathize with her instead of condemning her folly, and her bravery in it all, even in very trying scenes, is what we cannot help admiring. Everywhere she is a lady; in spite of the folly of her fashionable life she is always that. We are interested in her

[1] *John Worthington's Name.* A Novel. By Frank Lee Benedict, Author of My Daughter Elinor, Miss Van Kortland, etc., etc. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1874.

Lord of Himself. A Novel. By F. H. Underwood. Boston: Lee and Shepard. 1874.

The Universe and the Coming Transits. By R. A. Proctor. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1874.

The Expanse of Heaven: A Series of Essays on the Wonders of the Firmament. By Richard A. Proctor, B. A. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1874.

Responsibility in Mental Disease. By Henry Maudsley, M. D. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1874.

Recent Art and Society, from the Autobiography and Memoirs of H. F. Chorley, compiled from the edition of Henry G. Hewlett. By C. H. Jones. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1874.

Philosophy of English Literature. A Course of Lectures delivered in the Lowell Institute. By John Bascom. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1874.

Kejser og Galilæer. By Henrik Ibsen. Copenhagen. 1873.

Brief Essays and Brevities. By George H. Calvert. Boston: Lee and Shepard; New York: Lee, Shepard, and Dillingham. 1874.

Northern California, Oregon, and the Sandwich Islands. By Charles Nordhoff, Author of California for Health, Pleasure, and Residence, etc., etc. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1874.

Five-Minute Chats with Young Women and Certain Other Parties. By Dio Lewis, Author of Our Girls, etc. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1874.

Sea and Shore: A Collection of Poems. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1874.

Bric-a-Brac Series. Personal Reminiscences by Chorley, Planché, and Young. Edited by Richard Henry Stoddard. New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co. 1874.

every time she appears; very often she is represented battling against some of the meshes which are entangling her more and more at every step, and the reader cannot lay the book down; and at the culmination of it all, — those who have read the novel will know what we mean, and those who have not would do well to set about finding out at once, — we find no lack of power on the part of the writer. He has all his characters well in hand there as elsewhere. It is a very well drawn scene, and it is well drawn on account of its simplicity, and the absence of any attempt at fine writing. We sympathize with the characters, wherever they appear, because we understand them; and this we do because the author understood them in the first place, and so knew how to put them before us like human beings.

It is not exaggeration to say that there is as much material as goes to making three fourths of ordinary novels in the rest of the story, which concerns itself with the love-making of Kenneth Halford and Milly; the young woman is by no means uninteresting, but her adventures grow very pale by the side of those of Mrs. Marchmont. This part, however, is cleverly woven into the rest, and the growth of this second heroine is well and sympathetically told. By no means the worst part of this clever novel is the ingenious treatment of the distinctly secondary characters. Mrs. Remsen, the astute matron, is well done; so too is Mrs. Marchmont's companion; clever, also, is what little we see of the ill-mannered, sour-tempered Maud. There is occasionally a little exaggeration in the absurdity of some, notably of the frivolous young men, but we would not insist on this; exaggeration here is something nearly impossible.

On the whole, this is a very readable novel, and it deserves especial mention because it shows such marked improvement on the part of the author; there is nothing more welcome than this. A little care would have corrected some obvious misprints, and a few faults of style into which Mr. Benedict has occasionally fallen. Most of them, however, will escape notice, as would much worse ones, in the really absorbing story. We hope Mr. Benedict will not let this novel stand as high-water mark with him; we shall anxiously expect a successor which shall be even better than John Worthington's Name.

— Mr. Underwood's book is rather a picture of life in Kentucky than a novel, though there is a love story in it too; and a good deal of exciting incident. The scene is altogether in that State, and the time is thirty or forty years ago, so that we have a social condition portrayed which is purely Southern and feudal. It is an incalculable gain to humanity that this condition has ceased, but it is an almost equal loss to fiction; for it is safe to say that we shall never again see a phase of civilization so apt to the novelist's purposes. It all appears in Mr. Underwood's story, sometimes with sketchy and sometimes with elaborate treatment. We have the kidnapped freedwoman and her many-fathered children, whom the unhappy accident of an unusual education render susceptible, in their return to slavery, of an anguish that the common slaves could never know; we have the various house-servants, old and young, whose presence makes every suggestion of a Southern household so picturesque, — affectionate, subtle, simple, dishonest, faithless, devoted; and we have in contrast to these the other basis of society, poor whites, living in a sort of fierce, lawless servility to the rich slaveholders about them, with whom a common propensity to shoot offending objects at sight gives them a savage equality. Then amongst the baronial class we have the rival great families, entangled in old *vendettas*, with alternate appeals from the rifle to the law, and from the law to the rifle. This class, with all its faults, has the virtues of magnanimity, courage, open-handedness, and the stately grace which, if its quaintness makes us smile a little in the dapper ease of our modern social life, is undeniably a grace that we lack. The worst of the aristocratic virtues and graces always is that they cost too much; they are cursed by the suffering and shame and degradation of a whole nether world; and Mr. Underwood lets us see very plainly the cruel expensiveness of the obsolete Kentuckian gentility. He paints that by-gone society from thorough familiarity with it, and from a just sympathy with all its good points.

We will not spoil the pleasure of novel-readers who care for plots by unfolding the story; but we will ask them to note, when they come to it, how well-done is the little neighborhood shooting-match between Beauchamp Russell and his Cracker enemies; and we bespeak their appreciation of the rough and vigorous painting of a Cracker house in the Kentucky woods.

These poor whites seem to us the most artistically managed people in the book; their dialect is faithfully caught, and the grotesque squalor of their life is graphically sketched. The most interesting of the gentry is the uncle of the hero, whose queer misanthropy seems proper to the time and place, and whose philosophy of life is amusing; it is observable, too, that he returns to a friendly interest in mankind without becoming silly, as your misanthrope is apt to become in novels The old villain of the book is also well enough as villains go; and there is no want of life-likeness in any of the people — not, at least, till they take to journalizing to help out their story. Mainly the story is pleasantly told, with an agreeable flavor of the older fashion of novel-writing; but Mr Underwood sacrifices his narrative again and again to his own wish to say certain things and develop certain doctrines of life which might have been better reserved for a separate work. However, you are not obliged to read these passages: you may recur to these after you have finished reading the story, if you like, though they break up more and more a narrative that without them would tend to fall into not strongly sequent scenes and incidents. But taking the book with its faults, it is one that we read with entertainment, and a pleasure all the greater from our sense of the author's own earnest interest in writing it

— Mr. Proctor's books have ceased to suggest astronomical problems; they are provocative of psychological investigations. Sir Thomas Browne says, "The world I regard is myself; it is the microcosm of my own frame that I cast my eye on; for the other, I use it but like my globe, and turn it round sometimes for my recreation." It is the microcosm of our author's frame that we are forced to cast our eye on, and we behold him turning not only the "world" but the whole universe, not for recreation, but to make a book. It is impossible not to take an interest in the operation; it is the good-natured interest which every Anglo-Saxon feels in the highwayman who stops him and jauntily demands his pence; he delivers and rides on, half indignant at the extortion, but wholly curious as to a manner of life, and of getting a living, so novel.

It must be admitted that Mr. Proctor has done the literature of science great services. One of his earliest books (we believe his very first) was Saturn and his System, which was admirable in every way. Above all things it was thorough, as far as its scope allowed it to be; and it was at once attractive to the general reader, and valuable for its well-compiled statistics and for tables and drawings due to Mr. Proctor himself.

This book was a success, as it deserved to be, and it led its author (as too candid biographers have told us) to attempt to earn a large sum of money by writing similar books. The titles of these are well known, and are an index to the rather sensational character of the books themselves: The Sun, Ruler, Light, Fire, and Life of the Planetary System; Other Suns than Ours; The Orbs around Us; Other Worlds than Ours, etc.

The contents of these books confirm the evil prognostic of their titles. The same subjects are treated over and over again in quite a wearying way; so that our ears ring with stories and guesses about meteors, comets, colored suns, Mars and Jupiter, and the like.

Amid all this trash appeared one very excellent book, The Moon, which like Saturn and his System is an exhaustive treatise from the author's point of view. It is not too much to say that there are very few men now living, who have the requisite knowledge, and the still rarer tact for stating it, which the making of this book required. It is the best popular exposition of rather hidden truths since Herschel.

Yet this book is succeeded by The Borderland of Science, and in rapid succession by the two now before us. We begin to see that Mr. Proctor *will* write, whether well or ill it matters little.

If it were a purely literary venture, it could be left to its fate, and pure justice would be done. But Mr. Proctor's case is not so simple; he represents himself as a teacher of the masses and as having high ideals in science, and he speaks with a certain authority on account of his known work in astronomy itself. He says, "I have invented the only true way of mapping the stars" (be it noticed that Mr. Proctor is not too modest), "I have discovered star-drift and have made some interesting predictions which Huggins subsequently verified. I have enunciated the only true theory of Jupiter; I have invented the true principle of star-gauging; I have the only true theory of the universe; I have overthrown the Astronomer-Royal with regard to the transit of Venus; therefore, O public, buy my authoritative books."

But on the other hand, he says by his

books, although he does not mean to say it, "I will *trade* on this reputation and this solid work of mine; I will write up things from the Cyclopædia; I will write about Colored Suns, about the Queen of Night, about the Ringed Planet, about the Prince of Planets, about the Ruddy Planet, about Ghosts and Goblins, about Comets and Visitants from the Star-Depths, about these same depths 'astir with life,' and in general about heaven and earth and all that therein is." For him the time is always come

> — "to talk of many things:
> Of chalk and cheese and sealing-wax,
> Of cabbages and kings;
> And *why* the sea is boiling hot,
> And *whether* pigs have wings."

"But for fear these things may pall upon you, O public, and because Mitchel's Astronomy of the Bible is out of print, I will write for you a highly moral and a religious book which I will call The Expanse of Heaven, whose chapters shall commence with a text from Holy Scripture, whose paragraphs shall each contain a line (or more) from Milton, in which the consideration of each topic shall be appropriately closed by an (original) exhortation to the Most High, and which shall be of no value whatever to any living soul. This I will procure to be published, and as it is religious I will vend it at two (currency) dollars per volume. I must ask you politely yet firmly to stand and deliver."

This, we say, is amusing, but it is also sad; it sets us to thinking. Why should it not be possible for Mr. Proctor's great talents to be usefully employed on real labor? Why should he feel obliged to join feeble essays and loose description to thorough work?

One of the great European astronomers said of him, "Why do not the English people put him in an observatory and restrain him from writing essays on the Fire, Light, and Ruler of the Earth?"

Some of Mr. Proctor's good work is contained in the latter half of The Universe and the Coming Transits.

His unfortunate difference with the Astronomer-Royal has given a factitious importance to the discussion of the selection of stations for observing the transit of Venus in 1874, but this difference, out of which Mr. Proctor has made a great deal of capital, was largely in a matter of words. The Astronomer-Royal made it a fundamental principle not to consider stations in such places as were not accessible at all times of the year; and Mr. Proctor's desired stations were on the Antarctic Continent, where a stay of about a year would be entailed upon the observers, during the major part of which time they could not be reached by vessels.

Hence, setting aside other differences, the Astronomer-Royal and Mr. Proctor could not have agreed; and in fact they did not agree, and the present book is a statement of Mr. Proctor's position. It is composed of reprints from the monthly notices of the Royal Astronomical Society, and comprises much of only transitory importance, as well as some valuable maps and discussions.

Mr. Proctor succeeds in these discussions in making his meaning clear, and in convincing the reader that his points are (from his point of view) extremely well taken. The half geometrical form of his reasoning is well adapted to the subject, and here, as in all cases where Mr. Proctor consents to reason carefully, he appears to very good advantage.

The Essays on the Universe in the first half of the same volume are reprints from English magazines, and are usually interesting. Some of them are accompanied by valuable maps which illustrate the distribution of nebulæ clusters, etc. But in reading them, one is at once struck with the fact that parts of them sound familiar, as if they had been read before; and an examination shows that whole pages of quotations are given here for the second time at least. It would be interesting to know how many times Mr. Proctor has quoted from Richter a passage descriptive of the flights of a soul through space.

Lovers of Mr. Proctor's recent style of writing have no cause to be dispirited, however, for it is unofficially understood that he is soon to publish his lectures in America, and a book of reminiscences — a kind of "People I have met" book. But all lovers of thorough work in literature or science or life will regret that circumstances keep so talented and industrious a writer from that earnest work which alone is worth doing, and which alone is of any lasting value.

— Dr. Maudsley's work, Responsibility in Mental Disease, is, barring a couple of points which we shall note, admirable as a popular account of the diseases the human mind is heir to, and deserving of its polyglot destiny in the International Scientific Series. Our first cavil is that the accomplished author is somewhat tediously querulous with the "theological" and "metaphysical" way of looking at things, which figure throughout, as if the neck of humanity were still under their

foot, and the yearly holocaust of human victims had to be handed in. We can only account for Dr. Maudsley's surliness by supposing it to be based on some harsh personal experiences of his youth. These are known often to leave idiosyncrasies of feeling behind. Our second objection is relative to the main thesis of the book, which we cannot consider the author to have conclusively vindicated. He thinks that American legal decisions, as being more merciful than British ones where possible insanity was involved, have been in advance of the latter; that no act which is a product or offspring of mental disease can be criminal; that a partial "monomania" should shield the wrong-doer from ordinary punishability, even where the crime seems to have no logical connection with the mental disorder; and that "It is truly a strange piece of irony to exact perfect controlling power in a disease the special character of which is to weaken the will and increase the force of passion." We hold that the punishment of the insane is after all a matter of public *policy*, to be decided by many other considerations than the psychological one which Dr. Maudsley has alone considered, namely, whether the subject have flexibility of choice enough to make him properly "accountable" to us for his deeds. This criterion we admit to be ably treated by the doctor; but unable, in this place, to expatiate further on the subject, we may say that Dr. Hammond, in his pamphlet published last year on Insanity in its Relations to Crime, seems to us to have taken a truer, if a less merciful view.

The last chapter in Dr. Maudsley's book, on The Prevention of Insanity, is the most original and valuable. Much has been written of late on the hygiene of the mind, but for a certain depth of intuition and vigor of expression, we remember nothing comparable to this chapter. It is a pity it should not be reprinted as a tract, and dispersed gratis over the land. The first factor in the production of mental disease is the hereditary factor. Second in causative importance comes, according to the author, intemperance. "If the hereditary causes were cut off, and insanity thus stamped out for a time, it would assuredly soon be created anew by intemperance and other excesses." But as men cannot be expected to abandon their excesses at a stroke, it is to the slow education of the race that we must look for relief. "There can be no doubt that in the capability for self-formation which each one has in greater or less degree, there lies a power over himself to prevent insanity. Not many persons need go mad, perhaps, — at any rate from moral causes, — if they only knew the resources of their nature, and knew how to develop them systematically." Accordingly the author sketches his ideal of what should be aimed at. We cannot mar it by short extracts, but will merely say that while Dr. Maudsley's professed criterion of excellence in character is the evolutionist one of "harmony" with the world, he lays immense stress in his conclusions upon inward consistency of thought and action, with self-development as an aim, and indifference to outward fortune as a ruling mood. These conclusions are no doubt true, though it may be doubted whether a rigid and adequate logical bridge to them from the premised harmony with the universe has yet been built. A great Roman emperor said: "O universe, whatever harmonizes with thee is harmonious with me!" The "adjustments" and "correspondences" of the Spencerian philosophy were not in his mind, but the indifference to fortune which Dr. Maudsley preaches, and the firm serenity which more than anything else a consciousness of one's consistency will give, were alike features of his moral ideal. Moralists need not be anxious when the most advanced positivism comes to practical conclusions that differ so little from those of the "metaphysically" minded Marcus Aurelius.

— In the memoirs of H. F. Chorley we see a man of inborn artistic sensibility, highly cultivated, widely appreciative, and possessed of some real power of insight into the characters of those people more distinguished in the world's eye than himself, whose fame is to give value to his reminiscences of them. Not the least excellent trait in him is the perfectly unaffected, unembittered humility with respect to himself, that is apt to show itself in a mind of sensitive fibre which has experienced the longing to create — whether successful in creation or not. For Chorley was something of a poet and novelist, as well as critic; and was born with a quick apprehension for music, which would doubtless have gained him renown as a composer, had it been assisted early enough, and which, as it was, made him the chief authority of his day in English musical criticism. On terms of intimacy with Dickens, Browning, Thackeray, Mendels-

sohn, he received from the first two the warmest praise of his novel of Roccabella, and his drama, Duchess Eleanor (first brought out with Miss Cushman in the part of the heroine). He was also the author of certain ballads (both words and music) which met with approval from musicians. Yet, as an artist, he never achieved a general and lasting support from the public, such as he must have desired. "I cannot call to mind a writer more largely neglected, sneered at, and grudgingly analyzed, than myself," he writes, in reviewing his career; but he accepts the destiny gently, attributing his failures in great measure (and no doubt rightly) to his fearless and strictly discriminating fulfillment of his duties as critic to The Athenæum. This discrimination, however, apparently never degenerated into savageness; a quality frequently confused with it, as we have opportunity for observing in the conduct of at least one soured periodical in this country. "Enthusiastic in expressing his admiration of whatever approached the high standard by which he judged," writes one of his friends, "he was especially severe in censuring all that he deemed false."

His power of appreciation seems to have been remarkably various, though always consistent with the most firmly-fixed principles of taste. He was apparently wise and clear in his distinction of feeling from sentiment; placed Beethoven among the men distinguished for the former, as opposed to Mozart, — chief among musicians of sentiment, — who, he thought, "provided for the average sensations and sympathies of mankind, rather than enlarged the number of these;" and on the same principle preferred Titian, Tintoretto, and Paul Veronese, to Raffaelle. These preferences, however, could not deter him from a perfectly patient estimate of the respective worth and proper position of all who have gained distinction or popularity in art. His delicate and skillful analysis of Strauss's waltzes, and his enthusiasm over their beauty, illustrate the genuineness and catholicity of his taste, and are of a piece with his gentleness in recording the insolent conduct toward himself of the surly old banker-poet, Rogers, — with his quick justice to Sydney Smith, for having allowed a good anecdote to be corrected, in which he had unwittingly distorted facts, — and with his chivalrous loyalty to Lady Blessington, in time of false report and covert attack upon her. With all this it is curious to see how at last he goes wrong in some judgments upon Hawthorne's character; and it would be distressing, were it not more amusing, as showing how, with all his critical charity and long culture, he had yet not been able to get rid of that instinctive sense of superiority to all other nationalities which has long made Englishmen so intolerant toward Americans, and still clouds their understanding of us. Chorley had been the first in England to greet the Twice Told Tales and Mosses; and on Hawthorne's arrival at Liverpool (where the critic had lived in youth), sent the romancer a letter "referring him," as he says, to certain cultivated people there (it would not have been out of place, except that Chorley's friends were English and therefore superior to any possible American, to have asked Hawthorne's leave to introduce some of them to him, instead of "referring him" to them) "in case he should stand in need of society, . . . totally apart from the tinseled folly of *lionism*." The author, however, made no demonstration in response; and it was only when he got safely away from Liverpool that he wrote to Chorley, in London. They then met, and Chorley's impressions seem to have been agreeable "of a man genial and not over sensitive, even when we could make merry on the subject of national differences." . . . But all this was reversed when Our Old Home appeared; and insult added to injury, it would seem, when the English Notes were printed. "The tone of these English journals," says Chorley, "is as small and peevish as if their writer had been thwarted and overlooked, instead of waited on with hearty offers of service," etc. This must certainly amaze all American readers; for, unless we are strangely in error, the impression gathered by them from all Hawthorne's writing about England is one in great measure composed of fond retrospect upon that country, and we should never have suspected him of peevishness, since the evidence is so complete of a cordial reception from the English, and of hearty enjoyment of that reception by our romancer. He did not, however, find it necessary to divest himself of his peculiar personality, in token of gratitude, nor conceive of such a thing as being denied the right to publish his individual American impressions. This was fatal, so far as Chorley was concerned. But another generation of the English will probably, before its maturity, grow up to some

glimmering perception of the right which Americans will surely continue to exercise, of visiting England and enjoying hospitality there without abandoning their personal or national character; even as the typical Briton is wont to inspect all quarters of the earth and pronounce judgment thereon in no timid language.

After all, Chorley's strictures upon Hawthorne are more troubled than violent. Not even in this case had his fine critical instinct relaxed its hold upon his mind. He does not treat the New England romancer's delinquency with priggish or pragmatic certitude, but is disappointed at what seems to him an undeniable inconsistency in "a man so great and real." We can still learn from him the value of that thoughtful, trenchant, often brilliant criticism which he studied and practiced as an art: criticism which, while perfectly decided in censure, seeks and dwells on the best traits in any work, rather than its defects; the only criticism which will ever correct bad art or cultivate genuine appreciation in the public mind.

— Professor Bascom's performance comes up to its promise, and in this respect is superior to Taine's ambitious History of English Literature, thwarted as that is by futile and often unfitting theory. But the division of the book into lectures will deny it that supremacy of literary composition found in Taine's work, and still more pre-eminent in Emerson's masterly chapter on Literature, in the English Traits. Nevertheless, Mr. Bascom coöperates with Lowell, Reed, and Whipple, in proving that English literature meets with an appreciation from American critics which is not the least subtle or comprehensive accorded it. The philosophy of its history which he aims to present is summed up thus: "The æsthetical impulse, or the element of form, is predominant in literature, and the more so as long periods are taken into consideration; and a controlling force, giving character to the literary effort of any period, is found in the ethical nature." We have three periods outlined: the initiative, that of Chaucer; the first creative, or Elizabethan; the second creative, embracing Scott, Byron, and Wordsworth, as the leading and formative ones. Between the first and second creative periods is the transitional epoch of Milton, Dryden, Pope, Addison, Johnson. The fostering forces upon which each of these depended for its development are carefully and clearly sought for and examined; and the whole presentation is distinguished by criticism at once close and comprehensive. Not the least excellent trait of the author's philosophy, however, is his admission that some things do not admit of complete explanation. The sudden preëminence of a man like Chaucer, in a time like his, and the long retrogression after him which proved to have been leading up to Shakespeare, are processes in national development as mysterious as the unconscious cerebration maturing thought in an individual; and such processes Professor Bascom does not profess to unravel. The great-man question, naturally, brings him into sharp conflict with Taine, and he makes some good points in his argument. In concluding the discussion, "The truth would seem to be," he says, "that, setting aside foreign forces often very influential, a nation's growth . . . is determined by external conditions of soil, . . . by constitutional character and general cultivation, accumulated and transmitted, . . . and by individuals. Which of these three is the more controlling it may not be easy to decide, nor do they always maintain toward each other the same ratios of force." External conditions he thinks, on the whole, are decisive only in incipient stages of growth, and then as to direction rather than as to degree of activity. Men of genius, "in so far as they transcend the national type," remain unexplained. "All that is really additive is due to the individual, while preservation, continuity, the conditions of increase, come from the nation." And the efficiency of a man of genius "is due more to what he brings to the common stock of qualities, than to these stock-qualities as held by him." He points to Johnson as tending to confirm national traits by his vigorous embodiment of them. And we who have the beginnings of a literature under our eyes, seeing how difficult it is for men composing in an atmosphere still reverberating with the utterance of masters, can sympathize with this American critic who feels so strongly the tremendous and almost appalling influence of great imaginative minds on the literatures of their countries. Still, we are not at all sure that he uses the right word when he characterizes the growth and influence of genius as "supernatural." The chapter devoted to the novel and newspaper has a healthy tone; the classification of novels into pictorial and ethical, with various subdivisions and combinations of

class, is exceedingly good, — much better than any which Dunlop, with his two thick volumes on the history of fiction, has been able to devise. A concise account of English philosophy concludes the volume. The volume, as a whole, is eminently clear and sound, and hardly likely to mislead or confuse any one. It is adapted to the wide diffusion of views not merely coldly correct, but intelligent, flexible, and appreciative. Its conciseness will, we imagine, make it very valuable as an initial tractate to students.

— If it be allowed us to draw a rash conclusion, we should say that the great success of Ibsen's Emperor and Galilean augurs well for the future of Scandinavian literature. There can be nothing more disheartening to an author than the consciousness of having a small public; and the fact that this work has found so large a sale in Sweden, as well as in Norway and Denmark, seems especially significant, as promising a speedy end to that provincialism and narrow separatistic feeling which so long has cramped the activity of Scandinavian authors. In addition to this we are glad to see that the poet has adopted the modified spelling recommended by the Linguistic Congress in Stockholm (1870 or 1871), the object of which is the approximation of the two, or (if any one chooses to call them) three, different languages.

Emperor and Galilean is, according to the title-page, an historical drama, and is divided into two parts, each of which is a five-act play. It is thus neither a trilogy nor an ordinary drama, and in fact defies all attempts at classification. Nevertheless we think we are justified in dealing with it as a drama, although it is evident that the author never intended it for stage representation. The hero is Julian the Apostate, and, as might be expected, the theme, varied through all the ten acts, is the mutual relation of Christianity and Paganism. Whoever is acquainted with Ibsen from Brand and Duke Skule, and knows what vast forces he has at his command, what hidden recesses of the human heart have opened at his bidding, will be in a way prepared for those swift flashes of thought and that power of characterization which especially distinguish the first part of the present work, while he will be no less disappointed at the lagging action and the lack of dramatic skill which seem to us so apparent in the second.

In the first act we find Julian at the court of the Emperor Constantius, where every step of his, every word and action are watched by a thousand suspicious eyes. He is a youth of a mobile and impetuous character, at heart still sincerely a Christian, but with a keen consciousness of his own strength and an ardent desire to test it. A meeting with the sage Libanios, whom he has hitherto detested as the arch enemy of Christianity, decides him to go to Athens in order to make himself acquainted with the wisdom of pagan Hellas, and thus be enabled to "beard the lion in his den." The second act finds him in Athens, a wild young sage who under the mask of external gayety hides a soul of fire. The cruel and shameful deeds of the emperor, of his own brother Gallus, and other nominal Christians, fill him with doubt and horror, while the joyousness and splendor of the old faith appeal with ever-increasing fervor to his youth, and the poetic sensibility of his nature.

"Was not Alcibiades beautiful," he exclaims, "when, hot with wine, like a young god, he stormed through the streets of Athens, at the hour of midnight? Was there not beauty in his defiance, when he scoffed at Hermes and hammered at the doors of the citizens? Was not Socrates beautiful in the symposium? And Plato among the happy, reveling brethren? And still they committed things for the sake of which yonder Christian swine would swear themselves away from God, if they should ever be accused of the like. . . . And look at the Holy Scriptures, both the old and the new! Was the sin committed in Sodom and Gomorrah beautiful? . . . Oh, as I live this life of storm and revelry, I often wonder *if truth can be the enemy of beauty.*"

In this last sentence, we think, the problem is clearly stated; and again, further on, as his friend Bazil bids him search the Holy Writ, it is even more pointedly defined. "The same answer of despair. Books! books! Stones for bread! I cannot use books. It is life I am hungering for, *a life face to face with the spirit.* Was Saul made a seer by a book? Nay, it was a flood of light which poured down upon him."

The guide to this life of the spirit he believes to have found in the mystic Maximos, whose arts remind us rather too forcibly of the spirit manifestations of to-day. Whether the mysticism of fifteen hundred years ago was so nearly akin to the spiritualism of our own age, we do not know;

but in this, as in numerous other instances, we cannot conquer the suspicion that the problems of the nineteenth century are speaking somewhat too plainly through the mouth of the royal apostate.

"I know all that has been written," he passionately exclaims, "but that is not the truth revealed in flesh. Dost thou not feel a qualm and a loathing, like a man on board of a ship in a calm, tumbled about between life, scripture, pagan wisdom, and beauty? There must come a new revelation, or a revelation of something new. There must, I say, — the time is ripe!" That the simile with ship in a calm is very inadequate, we shall not dwell upon, but if the wants of æsthetic Athens in the year 360 were so nearly the same as those of æsthetic London or æsthetic Boston in 1874, and if those Hekebolioses and Libanioses and Bazils were merely Beechers, Conways, and Matthew Arnolds in Greek costume, then we should feel tempted to say that history is repeating itself. On the whole, Ibsen has occasionally allowed his zeal to run away with him, and has then treated his subject as a dogmatist rather than as an artist. But the reader will be ready to forgive him this when, as is frequently the case, his dogmatism rises to the grandness of inspired passion. Thus Julian addresses his orthodox friend Bazil: "What ye in thralldom hope for behind death, that it is which it is the end and aim of the great mystery to obtain for all, consciously, in this earthly life. . . . Why so doubting, ye brethren? . . . In every passing generation there has been a soul in which the pure Adam has been renewed; he was strong in Moses, the lawgiver, he had the power to lay the world at his feet in the Macedonian Alexander, he was almost perfect in Jesus of Nazareth. But lo, Bazil, they all lacked what has been promised unto me — the pure woman."

And again: —

"This flesh-bound race shall perish. That which is to come shall be conceived of the spirit rather than of the body. In the first Adam there was equilibrium as in yonder statue of the god Apollo. Since then there has been no equilibrium. . . . Ye call yourselves believers, and have still so little faith in the revealing power of the miraculous. But wait, and ye shall see. The bride shall surely be given unto me, and then hand in hand we shall wander toward the east, where they say that Helios is being born — into the solitude we shall wander, hide ourselves, as God hides himself . . . and then — O glory — thence shall a new generation spring, and shall go forth in beauty and harmony over the earth. There, ye scripture-chained doubters, shall the empire of the spirit be founded!"

This lofty confidence in his own destiny has been inspired by the teachings of Maximos. But Julian does not rest satisfied with merely declaiming; no sooner does he feel the imperial crown upon his brow than he sets about remodeling the world, so as to prepare it for this "kingdom of the spirit." And this is the theme of the second part of the drama. He immediately gathers the sages and philosophers of the world about his throne, rebuilds the temples of Jupiter and Apollo, reintroduces the bacchanalia, and sincerely tries to revive all that he regards as good in the old Greek paganism. Christ had preached life through death, Julian was to establish life within life. But he forgets that the thing he is attempting to revive is already a corpse. The first suspicion of this seems to dawn upon him, as he returns from the bacchanalia, where as a vine-wreathed Bacchus he has ridden through the streets of Constantinople.

"Was there beauty in this?" he asks. "Where were the aged men, with the white beards, where were the pure virgins with the fillets about their brows, with the chaste gestures, coy amid the gladness of the dance? Fie, ye harlots! Whither has beauty fled? Cannot the emperor bid her arise, and shall she not then arise? Fie on this stinking lewdness! What countenances! All vices cried out of these distorted features!" He has begun his reign with the declaration that no man should be persecuted for his faith; but as one of his hopes falls after the other, and the Christians in their zeal tear down the temples, he soon comes to regard them as the real cause of all his misfortune. The sages, whom he once revered, show the same jealousy, hypocrisy, and avarice, as those who are unacquainted with the sublime doctrines of the academies, and the ragged gown and uncombed beard which made Diogenes a demigod to succeeding generations have made him the clown and the laughing-stock of his own people. It is disheartening to trace this downward course of the same hero, whom in the first part we could not but love in the midst of all his hallucinations. If we have understood the author aright, it is really the lurking doubt, the lack of faith in his own mission, which makes Julian plunge

deeper and deeper into the magic and mysteries of Oriental nations. It is only the despair fostered by a hidden doubt which can drive an otherwise sane mind into deeds like those that mark the latter part of the reign of the Apostate. One of his first attempts to defy the Galilean is to rebuild the temple at Jerusalem; but an earthquake and fire hinder the undertaking. With admirable psychological insight is the development of the character traced; but the endless discussions are exceedingly undramatic, and unduly retard the action. Sometimes Julian appears too pitiful and ludicrous to command the sympathetic interest of any modern reader. The dramatic poet has a right to represent his hero as wicked, terrible, and even revolting, but to make him ludicrous is (unless it be in a comedy) a very dangerous experiment. "Ye call this beard without reverence a goat's beard," says Julian to his attendants, "but I tell you, ye fools, that it is a sage's beard." And the reader smiles, as no doubt the attendants did.

It is indeed characteristic of this author to pursue his theme to its extremest consequences, to strike fearlessly forward, shrinking not even from paradoxes. The facts of Julian's career, from the time when he assumes the imperial dignity to his death and final failure are, psychologically considered, as true as they are profoundly evolved and strikingly expressed. He sets out with a sincere desire to reform the world, but finding himself baffled at every step, pride and defiance rise within him, his rage against "the Galilean," whom he comes to regard as the secret cause of all his failures, drives him on to ever greater madness, and at last the situation only leaves him two alternatives: either to succumb or to declare himself God. And there is more satisfaction in following the historical truth and having him do the latter. But what we object to is, that this process is psychologically and not dramatically developed. We of course do not assert that the psychological element need be at variance with the dramatic; what we criticise is the undue regard for the one at the expense of the other.

It is a curious fact that there is hardly a woman who plays any prominent part in this drama. Helena, the true sister of the emperor, whom Julian marries on his succession to the throne, appears but in two scenes, in the latter of which she dies. She loves his brother Gallus, and is unfaithful to her husband. The prophecy that Julian is to possess "the pure woman" is not drawn into prominence as a leading dramatic motive, and seems at last entirely to be lost sight of. It appears hitherto to have been the mission of Henrik Ibsen to tell his countrymen disagreeable truths, which they were not always willing to hear; and we were at first under the impression that this also was the object of the present work. But the title "an historical drama" excludes such a supposition. However, as we have already hinted, there are numerous criticisms upon Christianity as well as upon enlightened Paganism, which are as valid to-day as they were in the days of the Apostate.

— Mr. Calvert's book of essays contains a brief discussion of a number of subjects, such as Work, Art, Materialism, Travel, Aristocracy, Freedom, The Brain, in which we see the refinement of a man of culture rather than the strength of a man who feels a great impulse to tell the world anything new. The best of those we have mentioned is, perhaps, that on travel; those who believe in phrenology will have more respect for the one upon the brain than will those who are conservative in their views. A few of the essays are upon literary subjects: Shelley, Goethe's Faust, Shakespeare, and a few of his plays. Speaking of Hamlet, he finds fault, and in our opinion justly, with Goethe's characterization of that play as showing the effect "of a great deed enjoined on an inferior mind;" and elsewhere we have criticism of various degrees of merit, couched very often in not over-comprehensible language.

Some of the brevities we remember having heard before; some indeed are of the most hoary antiquity; for example: "Love kindles love, hate engenders hate," and "There is no deeper law of nature than that of change;" and more might be found. Not all readers will assent to this statement: "The great recent discoveries of Gall, of Fourier, of Priessnitz, all combine to make apparent the resources, the incalculable vigors, the inborn capabilities of man." Again: "Allopathy is monarchical and ecclesiastical, inasmuch as it looks to something out of the body to cure the body. Under the action of drugs the body is passive, only rousing itself against their disturbing or poisonous action. Hydropathy is democratic; the body must bestir itself for its own salvation. Self-reliant, it must use for its protection and re-installment its native internal resources. Allopathy, acting

from without, and by means of foreign substances, is one-sided, depressing, weakening; hydropathy is all-sided, invigorating, purifying," etc. Others, again, are less marked by whimsicality, and show a pleasanter side of the writer.

— Mr. Nordhoff's Northern California, Oregon, and the Sandwich Islands is a very entertaining book for those who stay at home, and we should fancy it would be found an excellent traveling companion for those who roam in the lands which the author here describes. It is not every traveler who can discriminate between the relative importance to the public of an account of the difficulties he had in getting a satisfactory breakfast, and of definite and exact information of the country in which he is journeying; but Mr. Nordhoff avoids this fault which so often mars books of travel; he gives us the results of his journey without any trivial personal reminiscences. He has collected a very considerable amount of information about the Pacific coast and the Sandwich Islands, both from what he has himself seen and from what he has learned through others. Fully one half of the book is taken up with the Sandwich Islands, giving us a good deal of their history, their geography, and answering just such questions as would naturally suggest themselves to a reader's mind. The author's intention, as he tells us in his preface, was "to give plain and circumstantial details, such as would interest and be of use to travelers for pleasure or information, and enable the reader to judge of the climate, scenery, and natural resources of the regions I visited; to give, in short, such information as I myself would like to have had in my possession before I made the journey." And this is exactly what he has done with most praiseworthy success.

The same can be said of the part of the book treating of the Pacific coast. These pages are full of interesting and valuable remarks on the agriculture of Northern California, the wine-growing, the drainage of the land, sheep-grazing, tobacco culture, the timber, etc., etc.; in fact about everything that goes to distinguish the traveler with eyes from the ordinary roamer without them. There is a chapter on Chinese labor which gives us the opinion of an intelligent and experienced observer that "if we could to-day expel the Chinese from California, more than half the capital now invested there would be idle or leave the State, many of the most important industries would entirely stop, and the prosperity of California would receive a blow from which it would not recover for twenty years. They are, as a class, patient, ingenious, and industrious. That they deprive any white man of work is absurd, in a State which has scarcely half a million of people, and which can support ten millions, and needs at least three millions to develop fairly its abundant natural wealth; and no matter what he is, or what the effect of his presence might be, it is shameful that he should be meanly maltreated and persecuted among a people who boast themselves Christians and claim to be civilized."

He has too a good deal to say about the Indians; he gives us a good description of an Indian reservation, which he calls "a pauper asylum and prison combined, a nuisance to the respectable farmers, whom it deprives of useful and necessary laborers, an injury to the morals of the community in whose midst it is placed, an injury to the Indian whom it demoralizes, and a benefit only to the members of the Indian ring."

The account he gives of what he saw fully justifies this language; the young Indians are gambling all the time except on Sunday, which is all the enforced observation of that day; there is no compulsion about attendance at school; immorality is not checked; there is no inducement to work offered the Indian; "there are two thousand acres of arable land on the reservation, about five hundred are kept for grazing, and acres are in actual cultivation this year — seven hundred in grain and hay, one hundred and ninety-five in corn, and one hundred and nine in vegetables. A farmer, assistant farmer, and gardener manage this considerable piece of land. When they need laborers, they detail such men and women as they require, and then go out to work. . . . Not one of the cabins has about it a garden spot; all cultivation is in common; and thus the Indian is deprived of the main incentive to industry and thrift." "At present," he says, "an Indian reservation differs from an Indian rancheria or village, only in that it contains more food, more vice, and more lazy people."

On the whole, Mr. Nordhoff's book is as complete and intelligent as one could wish; every man who thinks of visiting the extreme West will find it invaluable, and every one will find it useful and entertaining. It does great credit to the writer. The illustrations, most of which are taken

from photographs, add to the value of the book, of which scattered extracts cannot give a fitting idea; it is too compact for such treatment to be of any great use.

— In his Five-Minute Chats we have Dr. Dio Lewis once more prattling to the public in his own inimitable style about the merits of oatmeal, early hours, riding, and the equal horrors of food after two o'clock in the afternoon, of consulting regular practitioners instead of those gentlemen who only are Latin in such forms as "Bedibus Nineo'clockibus," — which is the witty way of telling patients they must be in bed by nine o'clock, — of griddle-cakes, tobacco, air-tight stoves, etc., etc. Dr. Lewis has almost as great a contempt as Molière for the work of the faculty, but his humor is less delightful. His confidence in his own skill is a more noticeable quality; he undertakes to make the thin stout, and the fat thin, without any trouble; he cures all diseases: eat enough oatmeal, and ride horseback, and you need never die. He does not always limit the flights of his fancy to the ignoble cares of the body; he occasionally sings a bolder strain; and this is the way in which, having cured yourself and family of dyspepsia, and having brought them to the proper medium between corpulence and leanness, you have to act, if "your daughter is a fashionable butterfly." "I pity you," Dr. Lewis says. "But you must not despair. Pray for her and pray with her. Ask the clergyman to call upon her and pray with her. Reason with her, expostulate, plead, implore. Impress upon her the dignity and decency of human nature. Explain God's purpose in her creation. *Hold a butterfly up before her, and elaborate the distinction between her and it.*

"If all these should fail, then comes a moment when it shall be decided whether you are fit to have the direction of your child, — whether it would not be better you were dead and out of the way, that she might fall into other and wiser hands. You must exercise your authority. You must strip her of those gewgaws and drive her into the kitchen."

In general, however, the author aims at dyspepsia, and the ordinary ailments of the country-people who may be led to the purchase of this volume, with an occasional rap at hydrophobia, baldness, and so forth. It is a frivolous book of a bad sort, which undertakes to puff a panacea. The ignorant should be warned from it.

— One who comes to the pretty little book called Sea and Shore, with an expectation tempered to its size, cannot help being pleased with it, we think. It is not great enough to hold all the growth of the shore, or all the drift of the sea; and it is very likely that many may miss their favorite pieces in the collection, but we believe that the most will not; and that all will find in it a brave as well as fine taste. We like its free range — from the Iliad to the children's Nonsense Book — and we are glad of the sympathy and courage which have enabled its editors to mingle fresh if unfamous poems with those which cannot be left out of any such collection. A very large number of the pieces are of American authorship; but this seems an unpurposed result of sincere liking, and where the editors like a Spanish ballad or a passage from a Greek epic, they give that also, as well as certain untranslated French poems at the end; and they are no more dismayed at putting in a hackneyed piece than at including a wholly unfamiliar one in their charming little volume.

— The first of Mr. Stoddard's Bric-a-Brac Series, — may the line stretch to the crack of doom! — if hardly a book for review, may be justly praised for the aptness and unfailing entertainingness of its selections. No more readable book has tempted the summer public, shy of literature and loath to tamper with the integrity of its own vacant-mindedness. It is as pleasing to the eye, too, as to the mind; it is altogether the most *stylish* American book that the Riverside binders have turned out, — that is to say, that any of our binders have turned out, — and it may be compared with English-bound books without the rage and shame which swell the patriotic heart when the books of our enemies are contrasted with the ordinary bricks and blocks in which our mechanics serve up our literature.

French and German.[1]

Not the least remarkable thing about Count Gobineau's novel, Les Pléiades, is its resemblance to German models; it has

[1] All books mentioned under this head are to be had at Schoenhof and Moeller's, 40 Winter Street, Boston.

Les Pléiades. Par Le Comte de Gobineau. Paris: 1874.

David Friedrich Strauss in seinem Leben und seinen Schriften. Geschildert von Eduard Zeller. Bonn: 1874.

all the faults of construction that a readable novel can have, it is full of episodes, the different threads of the story are taken up and laid down again at the author's convenience, there is really no *dénouement* in it except two marriages, one of which is brought about by a combination of circumstances not unfamiliar to the reader of fiction, and one of the characters remains wholly unprovided for at the last. Such are some of the peculiarities of the outer husk of this book, but in every other respect it will be found less open to objection; indeed, it will serve to show how insignificant is the skeleton of a story in comparison with the more important qualities of resemblance to life, and of wise views of the world. In one point the book differs from most German stories, in that it contains but little preaching; there are, to be sure, frequent and exhaustive reports of serious conversations, but these are all on subjects of direct interest, not on vague generalities, as is often the case in the much-abused German novel.

The story opens entertainingly with the description of two young men, Louis de Laudon, a French count, and Conrad Lanze, a young German artist. They are traveling acquaintances, and in the north of Italy they meet a young Englishman, Wilfred Nore, in whose company they visit Lago Maggiore. That same evening they pass together, each one recounting to the others the story of his life. Nore had lived in East India, and when only eighteen years old had fallen in love with Harriet Coxe, the daughter of a distributor of Bibles, a young woman a few years older than himself. He has become privately engaged to her, and when he is called away to England she frees him of all obligation to her, from a notion that he would only find himself fettered by the choice of his inexperience. Laudon has led the life of a regular Frenchman, which is delightfully set before us in an unsympathizing but also uncynical way. Nore comments on the disposition now so frequently noticed among Frenchmen to try in every way to avoid becoming the dupe of any man, woman, or thing. Conrad Lanze tells the story of his life, which consists principally of a most unfortunate love for a Countess Tonska, an admirably described coquette. This heartless woman is set before us with just that accuracy which careless observation would call exaggeration. The different confessions are for the purpose of setting the characters before us; the narrators are the principal men of the novel; each one carries with him a great deal more weight than is generally the case with heroes of fiction; they are not merely put together for the performance of certain mechanical evolutions; and we feel towards them very much as we do towards living people, whom we are accustomed to value much more for what they are than for the occasional dramatic situations of their lives. Throughout the novel the action is very languid; we see alternately the confusion wrought by the coquettish Madame Tonska, the way in which Lanze wastes his whole life under her baneful fascination; the emptiness of Laudon's cool and restrained love for the wife of his friend Gennevilliers; while Nore again meets his Harriet and marries her. A good part of the book is taken up with an account of the love-affairs of Prince Jean-Théodore, a long episode with the least possible connection with all the rest of the story.

This does not make a promising programme, but, as we have said, it is not for its construction that the novel deserves reading; it is for its drawing of character and for the admirable way in which different kinds of love work upon human beings. In both of these important matters the author is singularly clear-sighted. He manages to make this outweigh even his own technical clumsiness. He has written a thoughtful novel, rather than one which directly appeals to our enjoyment of the picturesque. That he is incapable, however, of delighting that part of our nature, is disproved by the most amusing episode of the scenes in the inn when Madame Tonska hears of her husband's death, and prepares to join him, first winning the hearts of Monsieur and Madame de Gennevilliers. That is one of the lightest and most entertaining chapters in the story.

We hope this book will be read; it deserves more popularity than it will be likely to get. For ourselves we can only say that we have found it very fascinating. The reader must not forget, however, that he will have a novel which will make certain demands on his patience. He will not be carried through in spite of himself, he will have to read it as patiently as he would a volume of essays, but he will be well repaid. He will wonder, when he lays it down, what was the author's intention in writing it; it may have been to give us

pictures of life, but the artist should have remembered that there is no picture which is not improved by having a frame, and that is lacking here.

— In a small volume, Eduard Zeller has collected certain facts about David Friedrich Strauss, the author of the Life of Jesus and of The Old Faith and the New, two books which are far from being repetitions of conventional theological literature. The biography is by no means an exhaustive one; the author felt his hands bound by the fact that many of the circumstances of Strauss's life could not be explained during the life-time of other persons; but partly to make up for that the writer was for a long time the intimate friend of the subject of the biography, and naturally has full knowledge of many facts which might escape the bookmaker. His style is very ragged; he plays all the freaks possible in the construction of a sentence — those, at least, at which German grammar smiles.

Strauss was born at Ludwigsburg, the birthplace of Mörike, the poet, and of Fr. Vischer, January 27, 1808. He was a delicate boy, prevented by his tender health from entering into the ruder sports of his age, and so driven, not unwillingly, to his books. His father was a shop-keeper in the town, who had descended from some higher estate, bringing with him a love of literature. His mother it was, however, for whom Strauss had the warmer affection; she seems to have been, perhaps not so much a remarkable woman, as it is customary to call the mothers of distinguished men, as an excellent wife and a kindly, admiring mother of her only child who survived its infancy. He repaid her by a strong and lasting affection. From an early age he had been destined for the church, and it was in pursuance of this project that he studied at the University of Tübingen, following the lectures of Kern and Bauer, among others. The last-named, the founder of what was called the Tübingen school of theology, that, namely, of sharp criticism of theological books and matters, had an immense influence on his young pupil, whom he had already taught for four years previous to their almost simultaneous departure for Tübingen. In 1830 he finished his studies and became assistant pastor, the curate, so to speak, in a village close by his home. In 1831 he went to Berlin with the intention of continuing his studies under Hegel and Schleiermacher, but the first-named, in whom he was particularly interested, soon afterwards died of cholera, and he found no particular pleasure or profit in what he got from Schleiermacher. The next year he returned to Tübingen and began to give instruction in philosophy there with great success; in 1833, however, he felt obliged to give up an occupation too distracting for the persistent work he had proposed to himself, and he devoted himself with great energy to his Life of Jesus. This was the great work of his life, that for which he had been preparing all through his previous years of study and experience. He had been through different states of mind; at one time he had shown a tendency to interest himself in supernatural matters, approaching much more as an already half-believing inquirer than as the cool critic he later showed himself to be; again he was for a time an admirer of Schleiermacher, who, with considerable eloquence, expounded an emotional view of Christianity. This book was of a very different sort; it examined the sacred writings of the New Testament after the keenest fashion, and expounded the author's belief in the mythical origin of much that they contain. The effect of the book was very great, and its fame, as is well known, spread far beyond the boundaries of Germany. It ran quickly to four editions, containing various modifications of the author's opinions. These consisted for the most part of emendations, defense of himself against hostile criticism, criticising others, etc.

The nature of the book was considered so dangerous that the author was obliged to give up the position he had held at Tübingen, and he devoted himself to teaching young boys at Ludwigsburg. Later, the fact that he had been invited to the Zurich University created so much uproar that the offer had to be revoked. Thus deprived of a rare position, he felt himself at a disadvantage in whatever he undertook. He lived restlessly in different parts of Germany, giving his attention principally to literary work which has much less fame, though it is admirable of its kind. He also prepared another, much larger edition of the Life of Jesus, which differed materially from his earlier work. His last book was The Old Faith and the New, which has already been noticed in these pages,[1] and which was in fact a sort

[1] See Atlantic for March, 1873.

of postscript to his Life of Jesus, attempting some constructive work in place of what he had overthrown.

Brief mention is made of the correspondence between him and Renan, which made considerable stir at the time; it is needless to say that the biographer has no respect for the frivolity of the Frenchman.

In private life Strauss seems to have been an agreeable man, and very capable of enjoying the humorous side of what he saw. His married life was unhappy; but he seems to have taken pleasure in his children. What he really suffered from was the way in which the writing of his book threw him out of the lists. It was only natural that this should have been the result, but it forever hampered Strauss. While awaiting any completer biography, this of Zeller will be found of use.

ART.

Mr. Thomas Moran, who two years ago painted a remarkable picture of the Cañon of the Yellowstone, — now the property of the nation, — has just completed another large work representing the Chasm of the Colorado, and lately on exhibition in New York, at the gallery of Goupil & Co., Fifth Avenue.

The subject of this important work is the chasm or pit worked by the Colorado River in the sandstone rock over which it flows at this point, as the subject of the other picture was the chasm worked in the limestone rock by the Yellowstone River. The landscape of Mr. Moran's first picture was equally awful and desolate with that shown us in the present work, but its terror was lessened by the beauty and variety of the color with which nature veiled her work of change and destruction. Here, we have no such charm. We are led into a region where the eye has hardly a resting-place, no resting-place, in fact, unless it be turned upward to the sky. For this serene heaven — serene except where in one portion it darkens with the wrath of thunder clouds and the stream of deluging rain — looks down upon the very pit of hell. Only Dante's words seem fit to describe this scene: "There is a place in hell called Malebolge, all of stone, and of an iron color, like the barrier which winds round it. Right in the middle yawns a well exceeding wide and deep, whose structure its due place shall tell. The border therefore that remains, between the well and the foot of the high rocky bank, is round; . . . as is the form that ground presents, where to defend the walls successive ditches begird a castle; such images these made here."[1] It is remarkable how in a few words this passage gives us a good description of the Chasm of the Colorado. The color of the rock is there, the yawning well at the bottom of which the unseen river ploughs its way deeper still, and most strange of all, the mighty rock that rises in the middle-distance, a gigantic castle of stone to which all these yawning cracks are the horrible moats! Did Dante in his wanderings ever see such a country? Perhaps Vesuvius or Etna might show something as full of fear if one climbed down into their craters. But, even there, the limited area of the desolation would not allow the mind to forget utterly the supreme loveliness of the nature that lies so near. Here, there is no loveliness for hundreds of miles, nor anything on which the healthy human eye can bear to look (the scientific eye excepted), and this scene is only the concentrated ghastliness of a ghastly region. Some years ago Mr. John Henry Hill went to Nevada and made a number of sketches of the scenery. Among them were several of the region about Virginia City. We had been getting our notions of this country from the conventionalists, and were a little shocked at the naked truth as we saw it on Mr. Hill's canvas. We remember that when the artist was asked what the country looked like, he, who never wasted words, said quietly, "Like hell." Mr. Moran, who is also a truth-teller, brings the same report of a land which is of the same character, only four hundred miles to the southeast.

The spectator stands on a sort of bluff or ledge, and looks across the upheaved land from what may be called the gallery of a huge amphitheatre. The cliffs at his left rise more than a thousand feet from the level on which he stands, but Mr. Moran

[1] "Luogo è in Inferno —" Inferno, canto xviii. 1-18. Carlyle's Translation.

has not succeeded in impressing us with the fact of such an altitude. The ledge from which we look is all strewed with broken rocks, and at the right there is seen the base of cliffs that answer to those at the left, but their abruptness is replaced by the sloping bank of *débris* left by the action of the water. The river in working its way down to the lower level (where it is seen in one or two places shining in its bed like a harmless silver snake) has acted with the caprice of water, and eating into and around the rock has left the most fantastically shaped hills, hillocks, crags, and islands, so that the aspect of things is as if a raging ocean had suddenly turned to stone, and the billows stood fixed, with icebergs and leviathans caught in their huge swing and play. Only a minute description could give its topography. As for the imaginative impression, it needs a poet to translate that into words. Only a word will complete what little picture we may have been able to convey to the reader's mental eye by these hints. Beyond the edge of the chasm we look along the great plain in which it is hollowed, and see the air-drawn tops of the far-sailing mountains shining in soft splendor under a sky streaked with cirrus cloud. This vision of a fairer world is all there is to relieve the impression of turbulent uproar and desolation that oppresses us in the main subject; and the delight expressed in the beauty of this portion, and in the beauty with which it is painted, seems to teach that human beings do not care to look out from the real gloom and sadness of life and experience, upon a landscape that only repeats these shadows. They long for something that speaks of peace and rest.

Although the places depicted in the two paintings are several hundred miles apart, and though the geological structures of the two are widely different, there is yet a superficial resemblance between the two subjects, owing chiefly, no doubt, to the fact that in both we are shown the tremendous action of water, first, in denuding a vast tract of country, and then in boring and cutting its way down to a lower level through immensely thick layers of stratified rock; but another element that undoubtedly adds to the resemblance is a certain mannerism which the artist has contracted, and which shows itself most conspicuously in the treatment of foreground rocks and trees. It would be unfair, however, to give the impression, or, what is the same in effect, to allow the impression to be gathered, from what we have just said, that this mannerism is sufficient to affect the essential truth of Mr. Moran's work. It is perhaps not enough to make it even superficially untrue, but it is felt as mannerism, and this may mean, we suppose, either a way of doing things, or a way of seeing things. Of course, the two do not, as a rule, long remain distinct. Who gets a habit of seeing things a certain way — and how few do not! — in the end gets a habit of doing them a certain way. Mr. Moran has not yet become a mannerist in his observation, but he may easily become so; the only way to escape the danger is to insist on seeing many things, and as different things as possible.

As we study these pictures we feel that the artist has set himself the task (and it is a very difficult one) of representing the scenes as they look to him; he has not merely taken what nature has done here as a theme, on which to show off his skill in flourishes and variations. Mr. Bierstadt painted the Rocky Mountains and the Yo-Semite in such a way that people of culture who had lived long in those regions could never be brought to tolerate the pictures that for a time drove us all wild with enthusiasm. As there is no clap-trap about Mr. Moran, so there is none about his pictures, and the faults we discover in this latest work are the result of trying to do too much — at least, this is our way of explaining the difficulty. The picture not only crowds too much incident into its comparatively narrow frame, but the subject it deals with is one that never should have been attempted — partly because it is impossible to do justice to it, and again because art is not concerned with it, if it were possible. Mr. Moran showed wiser in his first picture. He chose a simpler subject, or at any rate one with more unity. Perhaps we may go so far as to say that the first picture had a subject, and that this one has none. It was said by one who looked at it, "There is no use in trying to paint all out-of-doors." But all out-of-doors might be painted. Turner did it several times in "Chateau Gaillard" (Rivers of France) for instance. But, to be painted, all out-of-doors must be behaving itself. And the country round about the great Chasm of the Colorado is, not to speak it profanely, on a bender. It is a demoralized land, and the lover of nature will turn his head away from the spectacle until the tantrum is over. Of

course, if Mr. Moran set out to give us an accurate survey of this dreary, uninhabitable land — to let us know exactly how it looks — there is no doubt that, apart from the necessary exaggeration that comes of grouping the horrors together that in nature are more widely separated, he has done us all a scientific service, and we admit that the work on this score was well worth doing. But no artist we have is better aware than Mr. Moran that, to do this alone, is not to make a picture, it is to make a map; and he meant to make not a map, but a picture. The Cañon of the Yellowstone was a picture, and Mr. Moran showed how much he is an artist by the successful way in which, while he satisfied all the demands of the scientific, and produced a portrait of the spot that satisfied the literal, and that geologists stood ready to swear by, he gave to the eerie scene

> — "the light that never was on sea or land,
> The consecration, and the poet's dream."

The Cañon of the Yellowstone, albeit it did not please those critics who insist on applying laws they have codified from the practice of contemporary French artists to the whole art of landscape-painting, no matter where produced, was a singularly beautiful and original work. The composition was very skillfully managed, and the harmony of color had its instinctive centre — as unconsciously and happily felt, not reasoned, as the key word of a true poet's verse — in the glint of the sapphire river that swept with all its garnered sunshine down to the bottom of the monstrous world.

Mr. Moran's new picture is wanting almost entirely in the beauty that distinguished his earlier work, and, to many, when that has been said, all has been said. We, too, feel that, great as is the praise of truth when it can as in this case be justly given to a picture, it would be greater praise to be able to say that the truth has been told, not of a land that makes real the darkest picture Dante has drawn of hell, but of the common world. We confess to being weary of sensation landscapes, and we feel that the delight many of our countrymen take in them is an indication of a somewhat childish apprehension of the true end of art, a condition of mind however in which we are of course by no means solitary. The only aim of art is to feed the sense of beauty; it has no right to meddle with horrors and desolations.

But we must not leave Mr. Moran's scholarly and earnest work without giving it, for our own sake, the praise we feel to be its due. Though the composition is muddled and confused, and the color monotonous, and the sense of height absent, yet there is distance wonderfully expressed, most exquisite painting of sky and cloud over the plateau at the right, and lovely lightness and motion in the mist that forms in the clefts of the rocks, and rises to be dispersed in the palpitating heat of the upper air. All that is most difficult to be expressed by paint is expressed here with a skill that approaches perfection, and if, as we think, Mr. Moran has failed to cope with the difficulties of his subject, he has yet in this picture given new evidence, if any were needed, of his ability to deal with the beauty and the serenity of the nature we all know and love.

— Mr. John La Farge has lately exhibited in Boston some pictures which could not fail of giving delight and satisfaction to those who recognize with pleasure a poetic reflection of nature in the art of the painter. We did not find concise or consecutive design in them; but that we hardly cared to look for in productions of a genius so refreshingly unique as this. There were two figure-subjects, three flower-pieces, three landscapes, in the group. Of the landscapes, we liked best that representing the clearing-off of fog on the sea-shore. A rich, rusty, orange passage of weed and lichened rock, on the left, draws the eye to the white mist, thick and warm, ascending beyond it. This mist passes into a very faintly tinted mauve-colored mass, in the right background, which moves slowly off, under a pale green sky, from the level face of the sea. The mist seems actually to move. The sea is slowly revealed from under it, so that we hardly determine at what point the eye pauses in its glimpse, feeling in advance the sight of that expanse not yet visible. At the hither edge of the sea a breadth of yellow sand is drawn distantly across the picture. Nearer to us is a rock, from which grows a low, dark-green cedar, with a deep shadow of resinous red beneath it, — a true effect we do not remember to have seen noticed by our landscape painters heretofore. The foreground is a luxurious, expansive outspreading of rich, soft, sea-side green, with a dull, pale streak of still water near by. The painter's sympathy with color in every part is intense and

exquisite; but one feels also, that while yielding himself to its delicious influence, he has somehow wooed from it a secret of interior truth and significance only partially surmised by the spectator. This is hardly a clear statement, but comes as near as anything will, to conveying a sense of the mystical character of Mr. La Farge's coloring.

Another of the landscapes, a small winter-scene, is in some respects one of the most remarkable we have ever seen. It gradually unfolds a nearly endless variety where one would expect, if not monotony, at least closely limited resources. The horizon is placed at about half-way up the picture: all below is a sloping field covered with snow; all above, snowy sky. There is no impossible, conventional multiplication of white specks, to indicate the falling flakes, but the air is nevertheless full of snowiness. It is the spirit of winter which has been seized and depicted, along with all sufficient sensible and visible elements of such a scene. The materials of the picture, however, are almost ludicrously scanty, for description. The only distinct *incident* in the whole piece is a little tree (a scrub-oak?) in the foreground, with a half-dozen or more clusters of brown leaves hanging to it. At some distance behind, is the slightly curving outline of the hill, along which grows a dim, bare wood, blinded with filmy white. The gradations of the blue-gray snowy sky above, and of the field below, are extraordinary. There is discoverable in the snow on the ground an ethereal tinge of pink; so ethereal, that it only appears at instants, in an evanescent way. Between the tree and the wood, there is a tint of green in it. On the left, the snow has been trampled, or else scattered a little by winds, and has become blue. Also a little brook-bed, or other depression in the ground, is faintly marked by blue and violet. It will be seen at once that such a picture as this is not a composition; and yet these little fluctuations in the color of the snow become as important, if we once drop into the mood of the painter, as more striking events in works where the scale of interests is less delicately graduated. Glanced at casually, among other pictures, this small canvas would not attract a moment's attention from the average amateur. Yet, as we let our eyes fall into it, the impression becomes increasingly stronger that there is invention in it, somewhere. That is, we are not altogether sure that Mr. La Farge saw just this, and no more, no less, out of his window, and then sat down to match the different parts, with carefully mixed colors; on the contrary, we get a feeling that he has developed this little reverie of faint tones as a tender fantasy, improvising, as he went on, turns and inflections of hue, as they became necessary to the general harmony.

Of the flower-pieces the most successful was that in which three June-roses appear among thick-clustering leaves. The blossoms mark the points of a triangle, one being at the bottom, and two above. The pervading tone is rich, subdued, and sweet; and the skill with which one of the rose-leaves, lighted with very bright yellow, is worked into harmony with the rest, is admirable. The other two flower-pieces are more unique, and in some ways more attractive, but not so completely wrought out. Both are experiments in the same direction, that of placing a small tray or saucer of various flowers in close juxtaposition with white hangings; in one case window-curtains, with a vague vista out of the window. The window-curtains, however, are too heavy an accompaniment, and degenerate into a disproportionate mass of whiteness. In the other piece, the flowers — a yellow rose, with some pink ones, and pansies, and a few small crimson blossoms — lie on a Japanese tray, and are delicately reflected in the lacquered surface; while the white draperies behind are sustained by a soft seeking-out of blue and purplish shadow and yellow light, as characteristic as the color-blendings already noticed in the little winter-piece. The flowers, considered apart, are painted with exquisite grace. A primrose is clearly much more than a primrose to Mr. La Farge: at a little distance, these blossoms are deliciously fair and fragile and evanescent, yet, when scrutinized closely, they prove to be drawn with greatest care and nicety.

Of the figure-pieces, one portrayed a reclining woman, and was distinguished by a certain dreamy languor of coloring and sentiment; as a picture, it savored somewhat of influence from Japanese decorative art. The other presented a crimson-gowned, green-turbaned man, sitting in a field under trees, and strumming upon a long-handled guitar. A slight, pervasive mist causes the spectator to feel his way slowly into the background of green in-

closure and castle-walls. The theme, as usual, is very slight; the treatment suggestive, and at the same time far from hasty or sketchy. Mr. La Farge's genius evidently prefers a strict moderation in materials, and spends its reserve of sweet, brooding feeling in the distillation from these slender substances of all their most subtle pictorial virtue. He displays, we think, a kind of Oriental contentment with a few beautiful, sensuous impressions, delighting to accumulate appreciation of their simple satisfactoriness, to the utmost of his own and the spectator's capacity. It is a result of his intense sensitiveness to visual beauty. Physical nature is to him an inexhaustible provider of dainty and delicate color-modulations; and his acute detection of them makes him a true discoverer. A noticeable fact in his work is his devotion to smooth, deep green; showing as it does his vital delight in pure color, which should by no means be confounded with a pampered or fastidious seeking of unusual inflections. His special insight has its dangers, entailing sometimes a too entirely physical devotion to color, expressed in the rich, creamy heaping on of his pigments, — a too great confidence in the efficacy of simply spreading color on to the canvas in decorative combinations. But the tendency which he illustrates is, on the whole, extremely valuable, and we should be fortunate could we count among American painters many of such genuine feeling and poetic sympathy, united with so much technical ability, as Mr. La Farge possesses.

If anything in regard to these pictures of Mr. La Farge could be more surprising than their singular goodness, it must be the fact that they were rejected by the hanging-committee at the last exhibition of the New York National Academy of Design, although Mr. La Farge is himself an Academician, and (as the Academy has since declared in some published resolutions) holds a position in virtue of his membership "behind which the Academy cannot go, either by itself or any committee." The Academy in this declaration of course disclaims the action of the hanging-committee, but an indignity has nevertheless been offered to a painter of refined genius and high repute, which no one can see these pictures and not resent. The office of a hanging-committee is one of such difficulty and thanklessness that few artists are willing to accept places on it, and the gentlemen who did so in this case distinguished their unfitness for it not only by rejecting Mr. La Farge's pictures, but by hanging the picture of one exhibitor sidewise, by putting a contribution of Mr. Whistler's out of sight, and by giving the best position to *five* pictures by one of their own number. Their action obliged Mr. La Farge to appeal to the council of the Academy, the members of which recognized the case as their own, and passed the resolutions of disapproval referred to. In taking this course with the hanging-committee, to whose unintentional errors every artist of right feeling would be lenient, Mr. La Farge has acted in the interest of the public and of all the painters. In New York, at least, the Academy is the last refuge from the dealer and from inadequate criticism. After long neglect of the Academy exhibitions the artists had generally begun to recognize this fact, and the contribution of pictures to the exhibition of this year was unusually large and full. It was therefore the moment in which such an eccentricity — to call it by the mildest possible name — could be most injurious, and every one must be glad that it was promptly disowned and rebuked.

EDUCATION.

The political changes wrought in the Southern States of the Union by the late war affect not only the condition of the colored population and the system of labor on plantations, but the occupation, habits, and economical interests of all classes They reach to the very foundations of society, and remodel its whole structure. They introduce a kind of civilization totally incompatible with a state of servitude. The respectability of labor, the union of intelligence with industry, the application of the results of modern science to all the arts of life, and the conversion of men of

leisure into men of business, serve to create a large and influential middle class which has never before existed in these States. This new class of citizens will form the key-stone of the arch in the social fabric, resting on the two extremes of the rich and the poor. Stretching its strong arm towards both, and mediating between them in all cases of collision or conflict, this rising power will have a molding influence upon society, and give a new direction to legislation and a new form to public institutions. Nowhere will it be sooner or more widely felt than in the provisions made for public instruction. If any proof of so obvious a truth were necessary, it would be found by the most casual observer in what would meet his eye on every side. Within a period of about seven years, a new system of free schools has sprung up in every one of these States. The history of this grand movement is both interesting and instructive. At first, only one political party adopted public schools as a part of its platform. In a short time, the other party did the same, and thus the subject of education was taken out of the sphere of politics. At present, it makes no material difference in this respect what party has the control of a State; public schools are secure in either case. There was in the beginning quite generally, and there is now to a considerable extent, a natural prejudice against so great an innovation upon the traditions and usages of a whole people. But the obvious necessity of educating in some way all those who enjoy the right of suffrage, and the vast superiority of public over private schools, and other similar considerations of utility, have already done much in the way of modifying these hereditary opinions.

The greatest obstacle now to be overcome in maintaining free schools is the deep-seated aversion to taxation prevalent among the people. They have been educated to look with jealousy upon all improvements made at their expense for the public good. The domain of individual rights has been made as wide, and that of public interests as narrow, as possible. Taxes for promoting the general good, which are borne cheerfully in some parts of the country, would be regarded as oppressive here. In addition to this, the people of the South are in an extremely impoverished condition, with a crushing weight of State debts hanging over them; and the very idea of an increase of taxes is almost enough to drive them to madness. Now it is very well known by men of intelligence that the present rate of expenditure is not sufficient to carry out the design of the school law; that the system of instruction is to grow from year to year, and with it the funds for their support.

Notwithstanding all these hindrances and embarrassments, the advocates and friends of free schools have been able to make progress. They have been steadily gaining ground every year. In their arduous work they have been aided somewhat in various ways from abroad. That the Trustees of the Peabody Education Fund have had a share in this noble enterprise, and have done their part in effecting a favorable change in the public sentiment, is generally acknowledged. Their policy has been to aid cities and large towns in the support of model schools, partly in order that the experiment might be tried under advantageous circumstances, and partly that the impulse first given to the public mind might proceed from these centres of influence. With the support of the cities and of the press at their command, added to that of the State Teachers' Associations, which has always been given them, the trustees believed they could go before State legislatures and ask for the establishment and support of a system of public schools with reasonable hopes of success. Nor were they disappointed in their expectations. A plan of coöperation was devised and proposed, which was adopted in every State but one; and there a substitute has been provided. The trustees aid the State by contributing liberally to the support of graded schools, in important localities, throughout the year; and the State in turn gives the services of all its school officers to aid in the economical and safe distribution of the fund. In this way much is gained by securing harmony of action and effective mutual assistance. The result is all that was anticipated.

To those who have seen what were called the "Old-field Schools," which were anything but what schools should be, there can scarcely be a more pleasing spectacle than the admirable school organizations and splendid houses which have sprung up, as if by magic, in the large cities of the South. It is no exaggeration to say that a single visit to these schools by intelligent men, both in public and in private life, has produced an impression which no amount of argument could have done. This has

been especially the case in those cities where legislative bodies assemble.

While we contemplate with great satisfaction these encouraging facts, we must not forget that only a beginning has been made in the great work to be performed. In some of the States, Virginia, West Virginia, and Tennessee, for example, considerable progress has been made. In others, especially in Georgia and Texas, little has been actually accomplished beyond the passage of a school law, and a preparation for carrying it into execution. In Georgia, however, the large cities have maintained good schools without much aid from the State. The other States hold, with various degrees of success, an intermediate place between the two classes just named. In the rural districts, even of those most advanced, what has been done is little, compared with what remains to be done.

To form a correct general estimate of the state of education in the South, it will be necessary to keep steadily in view the fact that, while popular sentiment is, on the whole, favorable to public schools, the preponderance is so slight that it would require but a little change to turn the scale. Only about one third of the population are decidedly friendly to free schools; about one third are, at heart, as decidedly opposed to them. The remaining third are indifferent or passive, and will be influenced and governed by the dominant party. The first class are now in the ascendency. They owe their success not so much to their numbers as to their enterprising character. They are the more hopeful, energetic, and progressive portion of the community. The consciousness that they have the civilized world with its philosophy and literature on their side, increases their natural courage and enables them to inspire hope in others.

The second class is made up of those who take pride in the past, who look with disdain upon the present and with distrust into the future; the men of heavy mold and of phlegmatic temperament; the village philosophers and politicians; the grumblers, the penurious, and the selfish. The influence of these men of various types is not to be despised. United by some common bond of sympathy, stung by wounded pride, and aroused to a high pitch of excitement by an appeal to their prejudices and passions, they would constitute a formidable party. They only wait for an opportunity to combine their strength. They would not, indeed, undertake to resist the Federal government; but they would find it quite practicable to get possession of the State government; and that is all they would need to crush out the school system. Such undoubtedly would be the immediate result in at least half the States; and in the others nothing would remain but a sickly system struggling for existence. Without warm public sympathy, and the cordial encouragement and support of the community, there can be no good system of public schools. Some of the Gulf States furnish a sad illustration of this truth.

The character of the third class mentioned above is just what would be desired for such an occasion. Accustomed to follow, rather than to lead, they could easily be made to swell the ranks of opposition to an alarming extent. The result of a popular uprising under such circumstances is easily foreseen. At no time since the war has the party of progress been in so critical a condition as it has been since the agitation of the question of "mixed schools" in Congress. Even the shadow of coming events has had a disastrous influence. In two or three States contracts with mechanics for school-houses, and with teachers for opening schools, were immediately suspended; and the highest and best school officers of the State, seeing that their fondest expectations were likely to be blasted, were looking around for other more hopeful spheres of labor. Already an amount of mischief has been done which it will take years to repair. Confidence has been shaken; and men who stood firm before have become despondent, and are retiring from the field.

Upon no part of the community would the threatened calamity fall so heavily as upon the colored people. Others can without any personal sacrifice return to the old system of private schools. Having none but their own children to provide for, they would be relieved of the great expense of maintaining schools for the blacks. These, on the other hand, would in most places be left completely destitute of schools. Southern charity will be dried up if the negro is made the instrument of breaking up the existing systems of public instruction. Northern contributions have nearly ceased long ago. Religious societies which have founded theological schools will have enough to do to educate ministers, without undertaking to educate the immense body

of the colored people. The latter have neither the funds nor the intelligence necessary to carry on the work successfully. Nothing but public schools maintained, organized, and controlled by the State can meet their wants.

Let us look at this question in the light of their interest simply. What advantages of education have they now in fact, or in law? The same that the white people have. If there is, in certain localities, any difference, it is purely accidental and temporary; and is quite as often to the prejudice of the white children as of the colored. The laws in all the States require the same provision to be made for both. Nor can any distinction be safely made in administering them. The colored people are of sufficient importance in every State to make it unsafe for men in authority to abuse their power. From the very nature of the case, the State governments must, in the end, adopt and carry out the same rule for both races. This grand provision for the education of the whole colored population, chiefly at the expense of others, is secure as long as the present school systems shall be preserved. But let them be disturbed by any unhappy excitement, and the disaffected will seize upon the opportunity to abolish the public schools and to return to their favorite plan of private schools, each man paying what he pleases for the education of his children. The colored children will, of course, be left to grow up as ignorant as the brutes. We will not speak of the political bearings of the subject, except to say that any measure, no matter how plausible in theory, which shall in fact take the light of knowledge from the negroes of the South, will come with an ill grace from those who have given them the boon of liberty.

The most remarkable feature in the agitation of this question of "mixed schools" is the total difference of principle between many of the white and of the colored advocates of the measure. With the one, the co-education of the two races is fundamental; with the other, equal means of education is the only important point. If the right to the former is necessary to secure the latter, it is desired by the colored people as a means, but has no particular value as an end. It was precisely on this ground that a large petition was got up in a Southern city, and sent to Congress. The writer of this article attended a meeting of colored citizens at that place, on the occasion of the dedication of a magnificent school-house erected for their use. In a free conversation with their leaders he asked them what was the precise object of that petition. "Do you wish to send your children to the schools of the white people?" They replied, "No." "What then," he continued, "is your object?" "To have the right to send to those schools, and to use that right as the means of exacting as good schools for ourselves," was the reply. "But what if the public schools should, by such a procedure, be broken up; what then would be the value of this right?" They answered the question by saying: "We had not thought of that. It was probably a mistake; but we followed the advice of our member of Congress, who said to us, 'That is the way to get equal schools.'" This same member of Congress afterwards admitted his mistake, and said that he would vote against mixed schools, and would induce his many friends to do the same. A colored member from South Carolina said to the writer about the same time: "All we desire is to have equality in the schools. We do not wish to enter the white schools. We have now by our State laws the right to do so, but do not choose to exercise it." Other colored members made statements to the same effect. When some Northern Congressmen, who favored the mixture of the races in schools, were told of this, they were both surprised and disgusted, one of them saying that, if this were so, he would drop from the Civil Rights Bill the clause relating to schools, and another declaring that he would not, under any circumstances.

These negro petitions are of doubtful paternity, and by no means represent the sentiments of the great body of the thinking and sober-minded colored people of the South. On some public occasion a crowd of people are told that they can have their choice between colored and white schools; but they are not told that in attempting to secure this right they will hazard all the means of education which they now enjoy, and will probably have neither a choice of schools, nor any schools at all. Wherever they have had their attention directed to this point, they have regretted having taken any action on the subject, and would recall it if they could. They see the danger the moment it is named. Others, more discreet, have seen it from the beginning, and have refused to sign petitions, well

knowing that all they desire can be best secured under the present State laws.

— The results of the Harvard Examinations for Women, held at the close of the academic year in June, have just been made public. The number of candidates who finally presented themselves was seven, a smaller number than was hoped for, though not smaller than some strong advocates of the experiment had expected. The examinations covered in all six days, occupying on the average three hours in the morning and two in the afternoon, and were conducted for the most part by means of printed papers of questions, answered by the candidates in writing. Some member of the college Faculty superintended the work, with the assistance of the ladies representing the Female Education Association, and the answers were then taken to Cambridge to be examined, and to have their marks assigned by the real examiners, who were for the most part the gentlemen who had prepared the questions. The reports of the several examiners when collected were finally referred to a committee of the Faculty, who ascertained and declared the results in each case.

Of the seven candidates, all of whom offered themselves for the preliminary examination alone, four receive the certificate of the Faculty stating that they have passed and are entitled to proceed to the advanced examination; one failed to pass, and two cases are reserved until the candidates at some future examination pass satisfactorily in certain branches in which they were found deficient.

The number of candidates who came forward this year was so small that it is dangerous to enter upon any general statements; but with a caution as to drawing any conclusions from a first trial made on so small a scale, it may be noted, that having their choice between elementary Botany and elementary Physics, the candidates all chose the latter, in direct contradiction of what most people would have predicted; that in electing between Greek, Latin, and German, one elected Greek, three elected Latin, and three German; and that the examiners generally remarked on the neatness and regularity of the written work, and its freedom from errors in spelling and grammar, as compared with the average of such work in college.

We understand that there is already such evidence of interest excited by this first trial as promises a largely increased number of candidates for the next year's examinations. The preparation for the preliminary examination involves a long course of study, and but few of those who are known to have undertaken the work were ready to present themselves the first year after the announcement that the college Faculty would hold the examinations. There was also in some cases a natural reluctance to be the first to enter this new path. At all events the friends of the undertaking look forward with confidence to the coming year, as likely to show that in establishing these examinations the university has responded to a real and serious want on the part of the public. Here again, bearing in mind the limited extent of this year's trial, it is to be remarked that some of the candidates sought for the certificate as a help in obtaining situations as teachers, while others were influenced simply by the love of study, or by ambition for academic honors.

It is proposed, we believe, as the result of this year's experience, that the examinations shall in future cover more days, with fewer hours of work on each day, five hours being found to be too severe a strain upon the candidates. In this respect the Faculty appear to be in a dilemma, the convenience of the candidates, especially of those from a distance, requiring concentration of the work. It may be doubted, too, whether the tax upon a young woman's endurance is greater when a continuous effort for six days is required, than it would be if the excitement and suspense were kept up for ten days or a fortnight, though with a less demand for actual work on each day. The examinations will be held next year in the latter half of May, which will be a much more favorable season than that at which they were held this year.

— We are indebted to Mrs. Clara B. Martin, Secretary of the Women's Educational Association of Boston, for documents relating to the education of women at University College, London. This university obtained from Parliament, in 1869, a modification of its charter which removed restrictions in favor of the education of male students alone. The Ladies' Educational Association of London began its work the same year, with lectures on English literature and experimental physics, which were given by professors of the university, but not in the lecture-rooms of the institution. Rooms were provided by the association

outside the college precincts. In the second session, extending from October, 1869, to April, 1870, the association doubled the number of the lectures in each course, and increased the number of subjects of study from two to six. A course in practical chemistry was opened, and courses of twenty-four lectures were given in geometry, Latin, English literature, French literature, and experimental physics. Each course was delivered by the professor of its subject in the university. In its third session, the classes in physics and chemistry met in class-rooms of the college. In the fourth session, all the work of the association was done within the college walls by the professors of the university. The number of the subjects of instruction was increased from six to twenty-one, and after a winter session of eighteen weeks, fresh courses were given in a summer term of eight weeks. Evening courses of lectures were also provided for ladies who were engaged in teaching. In the session of 1871–72, two hundred and seventy-seven ladies attended the lectures; in 1872–73 the number was two hundred and seventy-eight. The lecture hours for those in attendance on the ladies' courses of instruction are not the same as those for the regular students. It is stated, however, that the presence of ladies in and about the college is taken as a matter of course, and no act of discourtesy has occurred. In the Fine Art Department ladies attend as regular students, and also in one or two of the ordinary college classes. In several instances they have distinguished themselves in competition with men.

The most popular subjects, judging from the number of students enrolled in the several courses, are English literature and history, French and German literature, physiology and hygiene. The number attending the science courses bears but a small proportion to those in the literary courses. The committee regret the absence of a demand for mathematics, but believe that the small number in the science courses is due partly to the fact that instruction in science is given at South Kensington Museum, which is in a more central position for the West End of London. We notice that a Laboratory of Experimental Physics was opened during the session of 1872–73. Preference was given to those ladies who had attended the lectures in physics of the previous term. The fees for the literary courses vary from £1 1s. to £1 11s. 6d. In the scientific courses they are placed at £4 4s., and include the cost of apparatus and materials. The division of the college year is noteworthy; the winter session of eighteen weeks begins on Monday, the 21st of October, and ends on Saturday, the 29th of March; it is divided into two terms: Michaelmas term, of eight weeks, from Monday, the 21st of October, to Saturday, the 14th of December; Lent term, of ten weeks, from Monday, the 20th of January, to Saturday, the 29th of March. The summer session of seven weeks begins on Monday, the 23d of April, and ends on Wednesday, the 11th of June. Our American schools and colleges are destined, we believe, to undergo a reform in the matter of vacation. From the 1st of June, to the 1st of October, the work done in our higher schools and colleges is of not much value to the student, and is prejudicial to the health of the teachers. We do not believe that summer courses of instruction extending from July to October are destined to be successful, on account of climatic considerations. The summer session of the London university appears to be the best arrangement for American colleges also. It is true that the professors in our colleges are especially overburdened with work during the months of May and June, and could not attend under present arrangements to extra courses of instruction at that period of the year.

The list of professors at the London University College embraces among others the well-known names of Henry Morley, Professor of English Literature, G. C. Forster, Professor of Physics, A. W. Williamson, Professor of Chemistry. The movement which has been so quietly and steadily in progress at University College is not complicated with any of the vexed questions of woman's rights. "The governing body of the college has committed itself to no theoretical action. It has simply given its assent to a fair practical testing of the nature and extent of what is claimed to be one of the great educational needs of the times."

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THEODORE AUBANEL: A MODERN PROVENÇAL POET.

THE ideal Mutual Admiration Society has its head-quarters in the south of France. Such clumsy indorsements as people with a common literary cause elsewhere afford one another are contemptible indeed beside the fervent felicitations, the ascriptions of honor, the prayers for a common immortality, the vows of eternal faith and mutual self-abasement, to which the *Felibres* of the *Bouches-du-Rhône* are treated among themselves. The Felibres are the whole school of modern Provençal poets of which Joseph Roumanille is founder and master, and Frédéric Mistral *facile princeps*, and no Gentile seems to know precisely why they are called or call themselves by this name. The very etymology of the word is disputed; some asserting that it means merely *qui facit libros*, others that it is *homme de foi libre*, and that the word, from being applied to the apostles in ancient prayers, has been adopted by the apostles of the Provençal revival as indicating the breadth of their own views, and the novelty — if the word may be pardoned — of their literary and perhaps political *departure*. It should be said, however, that this last is not the explanation of a friend, but of a deserter, M. Eugene Garcin, who is the author of a very curious and not very amiable little book entitled Les Français du Nord et du Midi, and whom M. Mistral himself does not hesitate to call "the Judas of our little church." The etymology is not perhaps of very much account. These men are self-styled felibres, and the felibre Anselme Matthieu sings to the felibre Joseph Roumanille, and the felibre Theodore Aubanel to the felibre Jan Brunet, and all together, as well they may, hymn the praises of M. Mistral, who, in his turn, invokes them all (and the faithless Garcin among them) like a choir of masculine Muses, in the fifth canto of Mirèio; while to one of them, Theodore Aubanel, who forms the subject of this article, and who undoubtedly ranks next to Mistral in originality and beauty of gifts, the latter has furnished a more formal and very characteristic introduction to the world. Nor, with the glowing pages before me of Mistral's fanciful preface to Aubanel's poems, can I bring myself to preface the versions which I have made from the less famous minstrel by any dry record of the few known facts of his history. I prefer to let the one poet present the other, as he did to the French public; and must beg the kindly reader to regard this new candidate for favor, and his sad and simple story, less through the dim medium of my own translations than by the rose light of the generous praises of his enthusiastic superior. Aubanel's

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book is called La Miongrano Entredouberto: The Opening — or Half Open — Pomegranate. The coincidence of the name with that of one of Browning's early volumes, and of Mistral's interpretation of it with Miss Barrett's of the latter, is a little singular. This is the *Avant-propos*.

I.

"The pomegranate is by nature wilder than other trees. It loves to grow in the broad sunshine among heaps of stones, afar from men and near to God. There, solitary as a hermit and brown with the sun, it shyly unfolds its blood-red flowers. Love and sunlight fertilize the blossoms, and in their rosy cups mature a thousand coral seeds, a thousand pretty sisters nestling under the same coverlet.

"The swollen pomegranate keeps concealed, as long as may be, under its rind the beautiful, rosy grains, — the beautiful, bashful sisters. But the wild birds of the oak-barrens cry to the pomegranate-tree, 'What wilt thou do with thy seeds? Autumn and winter will soon be here to drive us across the hills and over the sea. Shall it be said, thou wild pomegranate-tree, that we left Provence without seeing the birth of thy coral seeds, the eyes of thy bashful daughters?'

"Then the pomegranate-tree, to satisfy the eager birds, slowly opens its fruit. The vermilion grains flash in the sun; the timid girls with their rosy cheeks peep out of the window. The giddy birds assemble in flocks and gayly feast upon the fair coral seeds; the giddy suitors devour with kisses the fair, bashful maidens."

II.

"Theodore Aubanel — and when you have read his book you will say the same — is a wild pomegranate-tree. The Provençal public, which liked his earliest songs so well, has been saying of late, 'What is our Aubanel doing, that we no longer hear his voice?'

"Aubanel was singing in secret. Love, that sacred bee, whose honey is so sweet in its own time and place, and which, when crossed, can sting so sharply, — love had buried in his heart a keen and pitiless arrow. The unhappy passion of our friend was hopeless; his malady without remedy. His beloved, the maiden who had crossed the clear heaven of his youth, — alas, she had become a nun!

"The poor soul wept seven years for his lady and is not yet consoled.

"To drive away the fever which consumed him, he left Avignon, committing himself to God. He saw Rome; he saw Paris; with the barb still in his side, he came back to Provence. He climbed mountains — Sainte Baume, Ventour, the Alps, the Alpilles. But his rose had shed its leaves; thorns only remained, and none might strip them off."

III.

"Nevertheless, from time to time the swellings of his passion overflowed in poesy. He had taken for his motto, —

"'Quau canto
Soun mau encanto.'[1]

And whenever he felt a stab of regret the poor child gave a cry.

"And these plaints, these cries of love, at the earnest instance of us his friends, the birds of the oak-barrens, Theodore Aubanel has consented to publish under the charming title of the Book of Love.

"The Book of Love is thus, strange to say, a song in good faith, a genuine flame. The story, as I have said, is perfectly simple. It is that of a youth who loves, who languishes afar from his beloved, who suffers, who weeps, who makes his moan to God. Holding his story sacred, he has not changed it. All is here as it happened, or better than so, for from his virgin passion, his weariness and despondency, his weeping and his cries, a book all nature has arisen, living, youthful, exquisite."

IV.

"If ever in April you have passed along the hedge-rows, you know the odor

[1] He who sings *enchants* or charms away his sorrow.

of the hawthorn. It is both sweet and bitter.

"If ever in early May you have scented the evening coolness under the light green trees, you know the song of the nightingale. It is clear and vivid, impassioned and pure, plaintive but full of power.

"If ever in June you have seen the sun set from the ramparts of Avignon, you know how the Rhone shines under the old bridge of Saint Bénézet. It is like the mantle of a prince, red and radiant, torn with lances, — it floats, it flames.

"I can think of no better comparison for the Book of Love. Nor do I think it too much to say that the coral seeds of the opening pomegranate will henceforth be the lover's chaplet in Provence."

V.

"After the Book of Love comes the Intergleam.

"It is quite natural. If you have a hedge of roses, lilacs, or myrtle, it is hardly possible but that it should be interspersed with shoots of blackthorn, periwinkle, and honeysuckle. And observe the sea, when it is beaten and churned and tormented by the north wind; there will be found, amid the tumultuous billows, bright ripples which reflect the sun.

"So amid the impassioned love-songs of Theodore Aubanel there are a few pleasant, peaceful, consoling strains. So in the tempest of his emotions there are transient gleams of fair weather.

"Truly the lucid interval is short. But the more severe the attack, the more vigorous the reaction. The strain is broken; or at least the young man believes for an instant that it is so, and lo, with what ardor he drinks at the cool springs of serene, majestic nature! He quaffs the sunshine like a lizard; his nostrils expand to the soft breathings of the forest airs. Does he sing of reapers? He seems himself to grasp the sickle. Of fishermen? 'T is he who flings the net. And if he celebrates nuptials, he fairly leaps with joy. You would say that he was himself the bridegroom."

VI.

"But the lightning of the storm cloud is only temporary. The trouble of the heart again makes darkness in the soul.

"When Raimbaud de Vacqueiras was so madly enamored of Beatrix, the sister of Marquis Boniface de Montferrat, and dared not tell her so; this is the song which he made in his despair: —

"'No m'agrad iverns ni pascors
Ni clar tèms, ni folh de garrics;
Car mos enans mi par destrics
E totz miei major gautz dolors;
E son maltrach tut mièi legèr
E desesperat mièi espèr;
Qu' aissi m' sol amor e domnèis
Tener gai coma l'aiga l' pèis:
E pois d'amdui me soi partitz
Com hom eissilhatz e marritz
Tot autra bida m' sèmbla mortz
E tot autre joi desconortz.'[1]

"So might Aubanel of Avignon have said. When Zani, the brunette, fled from Avignon as the tender and virginal snow vanishes from the hill before the breath of the fine days, fled in fear from the burning breath of her felibre, his heart fainted within him. And now, if you care to know, all sunshine became heavy mist to him, all merriment sad, all life, death. Then in the gloom of his spirit, tear by tear, he wrote the Book of Death. The seven sorrows are there; the seven knives of the Pieta have pierced the pages. All that suffers is as his own soul; all that causes suffering, his mortal horror. And so harrowing, so harsh, so real are the pictures which he paints, that it would seem as if the poet, violently robbed of his love (like a tree whose spring buds have been torn away), had resolved to be avenged for his cruel fate, by chastising all the instruments of cruelty, all the tyrannies in the world."

[1] Neither winter nor Easter pleases me, nor clear weather nor foliage of the oak. For my gains seem to me crosses, and all my greatest joys pains. And all my idle hours are anguish, and all my hopes, despair. Ordinarily love and gallantry are to me as the water to the fish. But now, since I have lost these two, like a miserable and exiled man, I find all other life, death, and all other joy, desolation

VII.

"So much by way of explaining the principle on which this volume is divided. I have not taken my place upon the threshold to say 'Come and see!' nor to laud that which can speak for itself. And we poets are neither gold nor silver; it is impossible that we should please all. I would merely point the way of refreshment to those who thirst." (Frédéric Mistral.)

And now for some specimens of the Book of Love. Each song has a motto from some old poet, usually Provençal or Italian. A line from Countess Die heads the first: "E membre nos qual fo l' comensamens de nostr' amor." [1]

Hast thou, like me, the thought before thee
Forever of a morning fair,
When, by a wayside oratory,
Thou didst put up thy simple prayer

A prayer of faith and sweetness olden,
And I, who chanced to pass that way,
Unto thy angel voice beholden,
Was fain, heart-full, my steps to stay?

Here, by the quiet water kneeling,
Where the old willow leans to drink,
"Fair cross and dear," thou saidst, appealing, —
The place is vocal yet, I think!

"O sacred rock of ours,
Fair cross and dear,
Are not the wild-wood flowers
All offered here?

"Wilt thou not, Jesus, hear
The song-bird small?
Thou whose blood runneth clear,
Like brooks, for all?

"Thou who didst overcome
Dark purgatory,
Lead us into thy home!
Lend us thy glory!"

This was the end. Then I, heart-laden
And fearful, drew the cross anigh.
"That was a lovely prayer, O maiden,
Wilt thou not teach it me?" said I.

And, lady, thou didst not repel me,
But straightway turned with aspect sweet,
Thy simple orison to tell me,
As a bird doth its song repeat.

An ancient prayer, and good! Ah, surely
The men of old were holiest!
I say it oft, I say it purely,
I think of thee, and I am blest!

There follow a few happy little lyrics, one rapturous, another dreamy. The poet sings of his lady's smile; he sings of her quiet grace in the dance; he sings, with a touch of awe, of her readiness for all good works, as in this peculiar and lingering stanza: —

This is a sorry world, and some are tired of living;
So may the dear Lord go with thee
Wherever mourners are! Thou dost assuage their grieving,
Thou lovest all in misery.

The old and gray who travel wearily,
All who lack bread, and all who strive and sigh,
Each motherless little one,
Mothers whose little ones are in the sky, —
No pain is pain the while that thou art by!
Thou sayest "Poor dear!" in such a tone!

Then the poet's key changes, and he suddenly breaks into passion in a song beginning, "Thy little warm, brown hand — give it me!" and furnished with a motto from that fiery and ill-fated troubadour, Guillaume de Cabestan. But equally abrupt is the ensuing transition. The next motto is that line from the Inferno which we all know: "We read no more that day." And this is the number: —

"'T is the last time!" "What meanest thou?"
"I must go!" ....
"Whither?" "Ah yes, I am to be a nun."
"What sayest thou, dear? Why dost thou fright me so?
Thou must be ill! Thy youth is scarce begun!
Beware of thy own heart, my little one!
Thou art *not* ill? Then thou hast struck me dead!"
'T was our last day indeed, and this is all we said."

And now the songs of sorrow begin; at first fragmentary and bewildered, and afterwards either fierce in their resistance to pain, or breathing a deep and quiet despondency like the following: —

Far, far away across the sea,
In the still hours when I sit dreaming,
Often and often I voyage in seeming;
And sad is the heart I bear with me,
Far, far away across the sea.

Yonder, toward the Dardanelles
I follow the vessels disappearing,
Slender masts to the sky uprearing;
Follow her whom I love so well,
Yonder toward the Dardanelles.

With the great clouds I go astray;
These by the shepherd wind are driven
Across the shining stars of heaven
In snowy flocks, and go their way,
And with the clouds I go astray.

I take the pinions of the swallow,
For the fair weather ever yearning
And swiftly to the sun returning;

[1] Remember how our love began.

So swiftly I my darling follow
Upon the pinions of the swallow.

Homesickness hath my heart possessed,
For now she treads an alien strand;
And for that unknown fatherland
I long, as a bird for her nest.
Homesickness hath my heart possessed.

From wave to wave the salt sea over,
Like a pale corpse I alway seem
On floating, in a deathlike dream,
Even to the feet of my sweet lover,
From wave to wave the salt sea over.

Now am I lying on the shore
Till my love lifts me mutely weeping,
And takes me in her tender keeping,
And lays her hand my still heart o'er,
And calls me from the dead once more.

I clasp her close and hold her long.
"Oh, I have suffered sore," I cry,
"But now we will no longer die!"
Like drowning men's my grasp is strong;
I clasp her close and hold her long.

Far, far away across the sea,
In the still hours when I sit dreaming,
Often and often I voyage in seeming;
And sad is the heart I bear with me,
Far, far away across the sea.

Twice the poet makes his way into chambers which his lady has inhabited at different times before she forsook the world. In one he beseeches the little mirror to show him once more the pictures it has reflected so often: his lady at her toilette, at her prayers, "reading in the old prayer-book of her grandfather until she marks the place with a blessed spray and kneels and talks a long while to God," plaiting her abundant hair, or in all the simple glories of her gala-day dress. Upon the wall of the other he leaves this verse inscribed:

Ah, chamber poor and small!
How ever canst thou hold so many memories?
Passing thy sill, each pulse within me cries,
"They come! those two bright girls men used to call
Julia and Zani!" Then my heart replies
"Nay, all is over — all!
Here never more sleep lights on their young eyes,
For heaven hides one — and one, a convent wall."

Presently other troubles overtake the poet. The home of his boyhood is desolated by his mother's death, and he sets forth on a series of aimless journeyings, from the record of which I quote:

Aye since my mother died and Zani went away,
I wander high and low, I wander all the day,
No comrade at my side, my own sad whim to guide,
Until Avignon's towers once more I have descried.
Then turn I, smitten by a sudden bitterness.
Why should I seek again the home of my distress,
Now I can pass no more before my darling's door,
Nor feel my mother's arms around me as of yore?
I 'll seek some other land, if one perchance there be,
Whose children do not mourn eternally.

So ever since the dawn thou hast traveled heedless on.
And at eventide thou comest unto a hamlet lone,
Deep in some unknown valley, very green and fair,
Already, through the dusk, tremble the stars in air,
The dog begins to bay, and the homely fowl to talk;
And the house-mother yonder beside the garden-walk,
Tying her golden lettuce, pauses and lifts her eyes.
"Give thee good even, friend!" and "Good even!" she replies.
"Whither so late?" "I 'm weary, and have missed my road," thou sayest;
"Might I rest under thy roof?" "Ay, surely, that thou mayest!
Enter, and sit thee down!" Then she heaps the hearth with boughs,
And a garment of red firelight makes merry all the house.
"Yon whistle is my man's! He will soon be coming up
From the plowing; wherefore, friend, we will together sup!"
She scans her stew, and cuts her loaf, and makes all haste to bring,
In her goodly copper jug, fresh water from the spring,
Calling her scattered brood ere the door-sill she has crossed.
They come. The soup is poured, and while it cools, the kindly host
Brings thee his home-made wine. Then offers each his plate,
Sire, grandsire, mother, child — and thou sharest their estate,
Eatest their bread, and art no longer desolate!

Sleep lies in wait for all or ever the meal is o'er.
So the housewife lights a lamp and brings thee, from her store,
A sheet of fair white linen, — sweet and coarse and clean.
The langour of the limbs is the spirit's balm, I ween;
Oh, good it is to sleep in the sheep-fold on the ground,
Dreamless under the leaves, with the dreamless flock around,
Until the goat-bells call thee! Then to live as shepherds do,
And smell the mint all day as thou liest under the blue.

But if the poet found temporary rest of body and soul by the homely, hospitable firesides of his native land, it was far otherwise when he had extended his wanderings to foreign countries and stood awe-stricken amid the ruins of the Eternal City. Then his heart-sick-

ness returned upon him overpoweringly, and he sang, —

Rome, with thine old red palaces arow,
And the great sunlight on thy highways beating,
Gay folk, and ladies at the windows sitting —
They may be fair — I am too sad to know!

I have climbed Trajan's column, and saw thence
The Quirinal here, and there the Vatican,
The Pope's green gardens, how the Tiber ran
Yellow under its bridges, far, far hence,

And, lifted mountain-like the pines above,
Saint Peter's awful dome — ah me, ah me!
Saint Peter of Avignon I would see
Blossom with slender spire from out its grove!

Here were Rome's ancient ramparts, — quarried stone
Crumbling, fire-scarred, with brambles matted thick;
There, the huge Coliseum's tawny brick,
The twin arcs hand in hand. But there is one

In mine own country, I saw clearer yet.
Thou art the Arles arena in my eyes,
Great ruin! And my homesick spirit cries
For one I love, nor ever can forget.

And still, as from my watch-tower I discerned,
Out in the waste Campagna, errant flocks
Of hornèd bulls tossing their fierce, black locks
As in our own Camargue, the thought returned,

Why dost thou not forget? Thou thought'st to leave
By land, by sea, some portion of thy woe;
But time is wasting, and thy life wears low,
And ever more and more thou seem'st to grieve.

With the first return of spring after his misfortunes, the poet finds himself back in Provence, lying by a brookside, while there rings in his ears that charming verse from the Rouman de Jaufré in which the birds "warble above the young verdure, and make merry *in their Latin:*"

Violets tint the meadows o'er,
Swallows have come back once more,
And spring sunshine like the former,
But rosier, warmer;
Leafage fair the plane-tree decking,
Shadows all the wood-ways flecking:
Mirth unrecking,
Heavy heart,
Here hast thou no part!

On the green bank of the river
Low I lie, while o'er me quiver
Lights and odors, leaves and wings,
All glad things.
Blossoms every bough are haunting,
Everywhere is laughing, chanting,
No joy wanting:
Heavy heart,
Here hast thou no part!

In and out each rustic porch,
Flocks of maidens, fair and arch,
Full as nightingales of song,
Flutter, throng,
Chase each other, pull the clover;
Each hath tales of her own lover,
To tell over:
Heavy heart,
Here hast thou no part!

Now, for very mirth of soul,
They will dance the farandole.
Dance on, mad-caps, never noting
Hair loose floating;
Rosy-faced your races run
Through the dwarf-oaks in the sun:
Heed not one,
Heavy heart,
That hath here no part.

Two and two, with hands entwining,
Dance, until the moon is shining!
I and mine dance never more.
That is o'er,
Oh, my God, the sweet brown face!
Shall yon dreary convent-place
Quench its grace?
Heavy heart,
Here hast thou no part!

And so on, for more pages than one cares to quote, or even to read consecutively, tuneful though they are. The fancies are infinite, but the mode never changes, nor the theme. Quaint little pictures of Provençal life keep flitting across the background of Aubanel's sorrow, their brightness intensified by the surrounding gloom, — as when the sunshine falls on a landscape from behind a storm cloud. At last there comes a motto from the Imitation, *Quia sine dolore, non vivitur in amore*, followed by a sort of prayer recording the poet's rather forlorn endeavor to reconcile himself to the strange system of chastening and disappointment which he finds prevailing in the world. And so ends the Book of Love.

In the series of twelve poems which M. Mistral has rather fantastically christened the Entreluisado or Intergleam, or Lucid Interval, the poet tells us little about himself, but we learn to love him better perhaps than before, for the real breadth and warmth of his human sympathies. Some of his themes are homely almost to the verge of coarseness, and treated with a frankness quite troublesome to reproduce. The attempt is made with two of them. The first is called

THE TWINS.

What sayest thou? there are two more now,
And we were beggars before? Hey-day!
'T is God hath sent the twain, I trow,
And shall they not be welcome, pray?

Two boys! But 't is a pretty brood!
Observe how sweet they are! Ah, well,
Soon as the birdling breaks the shell
The mother still must give it food!
Come, babies, one to either side!
Mother can bear it,
Never fear it!
Her boys shall aye be satisfied!

There 'll never be too many here;
I 'd rather count my flock by pairs!
I always find it time of cheer
When a new baby hither fares.
Two? Why, of course! I ask you whether
My pair the cradle more than fills?
And, by and by, if God so wills,
Can they not go to school together?
Come, babies, etc.

My man 's a fisher. He and I
Have had seven children. And, indeed,
God helps poor folk amazingly —
Not one has ever died of need!
And now, what do you think? Our kids
Have only had those fishing-nets
Out yonder, of my Benezet's,
And my own milk, for all their needs.
Come, babies, etc.

Sometimes the blessed nets will break;
God sends too many fish, I say.
And then must I my needle take
And mend, some livelong, leisure day.
He sells them living, then. Such freaks!
They fairly leap the basket out!
And this is why, beyond a doubt,
My young ones have such rosy cheeks.
Come, babies, etc.

In summer, when the streams are low,
And naught to catch, the Rhone along,
My man outstrips them all who row
From Barthelasse to Avignon;
And makes our living thus, instead;
There is no wolf beside our door,
But in the cupboard aye a store,
And every hungry mouth is fed.
Come, babies, etc.

Are they so marvelous, my twins?
Is one by one the usual way
With mothers? Well, that only means
I am of better race than they!
Two in ten months! Come, Benezet,
Here 's work for thee, my brave old man.
What I have done, not many can;
So haste and fill the blessed net!
Come, babies, etc.

My gossips murmur solemnly,
"Nora, thou canst not rear them both.
They 'll drain thy life, as thou wilt see;
Put one away, however loath!"
Put one away! That would be fine!
I will not, — so! Come, dearies, come;
In mother's arms there aye is room,
Her life 's your living, lambkins mine!
Come, babies, etc.

The other, which is addressed to Mme. Cecile Brunet, the wife of one of the sacred felibres, is, in the original, wonderfully like a Nativity by some innocent old master. It seems a Nativity of the Dutch school, however, and the wonder is that the author of the sad and tender lyrics in the Book of Love can write of anything with so small an admixture of sentiment. In this case only I have departed from the metre of the original to the extent of shortening each line by one foot. I did not know how else to indicate, in our comparatively stiff and sober tongue, the *babyishness*, the nursery-rhyme character, of the original.

Room for this tiny creature!
Ere any neighbor goes,
Let her scan each pretty feature,
Wee mouth and comic nose.

Take, grandame, the new-comer,
And strike it to bring its breath!
He 's red as plums in summer,
But a lusty cry he hath!

The mother is glad and weak;
She smiles amid her pain.
Lay the babe against her cheek;
It will make her well again!

And where is the father? Fie!
A man with bearded lips
To hide him away and cry!
But 't is for joy he weeps.

And tears are good, I know;
And laughter is good. By these
We stay life's overflow,
The full heart getteth ease.

Here comes a maiden small,
Would kiss her baby brother;
But the cradle is too tall —
Ay, let her have it, mother!

The house, from sill to loft,
Is full of merry din,
And the dresser, scoured so oft,
And the old faience, shine clean.

And every way at once,
None kinder and none sweeter,
Our busy Mary runs;
Joy makes her footsteps fleeter.

Till the guests are gathered all,
Kinsmen and sponsors twain,
And for Saint Agricol
Departs our happy train.

Choose, maids, your gallants brave!
Be ready, lads, I pray!
That clerk nor chaplain grave
May wait for us to-day.

State-robed in nurse's arms,
Baby before us goes.
Oh, scan his infant charms,
Wee mouth and comic nose!

Equally artless and realistic, and wholly local in their coloring, are a Song of the Silk-Spinners, and a Song

of the Reapers, — the latter dedicated to M. Mistral. There is also a picture of a Provençal *salon*, which is rendered quite as much for its indirect interest as for its intrinsic grace. Observe the essentially *musical* manner in which the two phrases of the simple theme are repeated and varied.

TO MADAME ——.

I.

O lady, many a time, at sober eventide,
In yon cozy bower of thine, the blazing hearth beside,
Thou hast given me a place. And sure, no otherwhere
Are kinder folk or brighter fires than there!

And at five of summer morns I have risen many a time
With thee the airy heights of Font Segune to climb;
Of fairy Font Segune, delightsome castle, hung,
High like a linnet's nest, the trees among.

And so, when winter reigned, I have warmed me at thy blaze;
And so, when summer burned, I have walked thy shady ways;
And oft beside thy board, with those little ones of thine,
I have eaten of thy bread and drunk thy wine.

II.

And were the nights not fair with wit,
When those same crackling boughs were lit?
And thou, my lady, thou didst sit
Queen of the home and of us all?
There flashed the needle's tiny steel,
There was there laughter, peal on peal,
And Jules replied to Roumanille,
And Aubanel did challenge Paul.

There gentle damsels came and lent
The graces of their merriment;
Their beauty made our hearts content, —
The angel of the hearth, Clarice,
The angel of the poor, Fifine,
Whose white hands tend the peasant's wean,
And make the beds all cool and clean,
Where little sufferers lie at ease.

Oh sweet, under the foliage,
When tropic heats of summer rage,
Of birds to list the gossip sage,
To list the laughing fountain's tune;
And when the glowing day is dead,
And dusky forest ways we tread,
With the full moonshine overhead,
Still is it fair at Font Segune.

And yet I reckon this the best,
To sit thine honored table guest;
And, 'mid the fire of friendly jest,
To click the glass of good old wine;
To take the bread thy friendly hand
Hath cut; and half to understand,
That cordial eyes on every hand
Do brighter for my coming shine.

III.

So all that helps us live, and tunes our courage higher,
Sweet looks of kindliest charity,
Good shade, good hope, good faith, good cheer, good fire,
Dear lady, I have found with thee!

It were not easy then to tell the whole,
If but my lips could sing, as can my soul!

Upon the serenity of these domestic and rural pictures descend, or are made to descend, abruptly, the chills and terrors of the Book of Death. In this final section is undoubtedly included the most powerful writing of our author. It opens with a wild and dreary song entitled All-Saints Day, which is interesting as presenting an almost unique picture of late autumn in the South.

Withered fields and wailing cry
Of poplars high,
Wildly flinging their leaves around,
While the fierce mistral bends like a withe
The stem so lithe,
And the tempest mutters along the ground.

Not a spear of golden grain
On all the plain!
Ants are in their holes once more.
Even the snail draws in his horns,
And returns
To his house, and shuts the door.

On the holm-oak, no cicala
Holdeth gala!
Dim with frost his mirrors[1] now;
Little rustics make their moan,
For mulberries gone,
And birds' nests vanished from the bough.

Sudden flights of larks are loud
In the cloud,
Muttering terror and dismay.
Huntsmen's echoing shots resound
All around,
And their dogs forever bay.

On the hillock there is ruin
Past undoing.
Axes ringing on the oak:
While the charcoal-burner's fire
Mounteth higher,
As the north wind lifts the smoke.

Lambs to highland pasture straying,
Or delaying
In the mead, are met no more.
Covered are they from the cold
In the fold,
And the shepherd props the door.

1 The two shining and sonorous membranes under the abdomen of the cicala, which produce the noise known as its song, are called in Provencal *mirau* or mirrors.

Thrifty men ply hammer and plane,
Else they drain,
By the ingle, many a flask.
Girls, under the grain-stack's lee,
Busily
Braid the garlic, for their task.

All the woods are sere and dun,
Where the sun
Sinks the leafless boughs behind.
Where the vineyard's prunings lie
Silently,
Toiling women fagots bind.

But the poor are they who gather
Dead wood, rather,
Or for bark the forest range;
Else in scanty rags and dreary,
Barefoot, weary,
Stroll the hamlet, haunt the grange.

Comes a little shivering maid,
Half afraid,
Opes a pallid hand and thin.
She 's an orphan, and, indeed,
Faint for need.
Drop, I pray, an alms therein!

When beside the oven bright,
Loaves are white,
Think of her whose man is dead,
Who hath bolted flour no more
In her store,
Nay, whose oven hath no bread.

Southward, hark, the floods are falling,
Thunder calling;
Swells the Rhone in the black weather.
Hark! the footfall of Death's feet,
Coming fleet,
Young and old to reap together!

After this ominous and melancholy prelude, comes a poem entitled The Famine, a plaintive but somewhat monotonous dialogue between two hungry babies and the mother who is vainly trying to hush them asleep without their supper. The next, The Lamp, is the watch of a mother by her dead child. The next is very curious in its solemnity. It is called Lou Tregen.

THIRTEEN.

"Touch, for your life, no single viand costly!
Taste not a drop of liquor where it shines!
Be here but as the cat who lingers ghostly
About the flesh upon the spit, and whines;
Ay, let the banquet freeze or perish wholly,
Or ever a morsel pass your lips between!
For I have counted you, my comrades jolly,
Ye are thirteen, all told, — I say *thirteen!*"

"Well, what of that?" the messmates answered lightly;
"So be it then! We are as well content!
The longer table means, if we guess rightly,
Space for more jesters, broader merriment."
"'T is I will wake the wit and spice the folly!
The haughtiest answer when I speak, I ween.
And I have counted you, my comrades jolly!
Ye are thirteen, all told, — I say *thirteen!*"

"So ho! thou thinkest then to quench our laughter?
Thou art a gloomy presence, verily!
We wager that we know what thou art after!
Come, then, a drink! and bid thy vapors fly!
Thou shalt not taint us with thy melancholy" —
"Nay, 't is not thirst gives me this haggard mien.
Laugh to your hearts' content, my comrades jolly;
Still I have counted, and ye are *thirteen!*"

"Who art thou then, thou kill-joy? What 's thy nature,
And what thy name, and what thy business here?"
"My name is Death! Observe my every feature!
I waken longing and I carry fear.
Sovereign am I of mourners and of jesters;
Behind the living still I walk unseen,
And evermore make one among the feasters
When all their tale is told, and they *thirteen.*"

"Ha! art thou Death? I am well pleased to know thee,"
A gallant cried, and held his glass aloft;
"Their scarecrow tales, O Death, small justice do thee;
Where are the terrors thou hast vaunted oft?
Come, feast with me as often as they bid thee!
Our friendly plates be laid with none between."
"Silence!" cried Death, "and follow where I lead thee,
For thou art he who makest us *thirteen.*"

Sudden, as a grape-cluster, when dissevered
By the sharp knife, drops from the parent bough,
The crimson wine-glass of the gallant wavered
And fell; chill moisture started to his brow.
Death, crying, "Thou canst not walk, but I can carry,"
Shouldered his burden with a ghastly grin,
And to the stricken feasters said, "Be wary!
I make my count oft as ye make *thirteen.*"

It is but just to Aubanel to say that the tinge of burlesque which all our efforts have hardly been equal to excluding from this imperfect version, is nowhere in the original, which is of a truly childlike gravity and intensity. It seems always difficult for one who uses our language to depict superstition pure and simple with entire seriousness; and this is perhaps especially true of the American. The most ardent advocates among us of the various forms of "spiritualism" in religion, and quackery in medicine, are ever driven to make a show of supporting their vagaries by a vast pretense of scientific arguments, very falsely so called. We are as a nation wofully wanting in the grace of credulity, which few men can make more engaging than the Provençal poets. I have space

for but two more of our author's efforts, or rather for my own inadequate reproduction of them. The first shall be the famous Neuf Thermidor. Famous it may fairly be called, since every one of the author's European critics singles it out for mention, some of them in terms of extravagant praise. It is easier, however, to account for its fascination to a Gaul, than to approach in English its very ghastly *naïvelé*.

THE NINTH OF THERMIDOR.

"Thou with the big knife, whither away?"
"Headsman am I, with folk to slay!"

"But all thy vest is dabbled with gore,
And thy hands — O headsman, wash them, pray."
"Wherefore? I shall not have done to-day!
I have heads to sever, a many more!"

"Thou with the big knife, whither away?"
"Headsman am I, with folk to slay!"

"Ay, ay! but thou art a sire as well!
Hast fondled a babe, and dost not shrink,
Nor need so much as a maddening drink,
Mother and child at a stroke to fell?"

"Thou with the big knife, whither away?"
"Headsman am I, with folk to slay!"

"But all the square with dead is strewn,
And the living remnant kneel and sue!
Art a man or a devil? Tell us true!"
"I 've a stint to finish! Let me alone!"

"Thou with the big knife, whither away?"
"Headsman am I, with folk to slay!"

"Oh, what is the flavor of thy wine?
And why is the foam on thy goblet red?
And tell us, when thou bakest thy bread
Dost thou the savor of flesh divine?"

"Thou with the big knife, whither away?"
"Headsman am I, with folk to slay!"

"Dost thou sweat? Art thou tired? Why, rest a bit!
Let not thy shuddering prey go free!
For we have no notchèd knife like thee,
And this is a woman! Prithee, sit!"

"Thou with the big knife, whither away?"
"Headsman am I, with folk to slay!"

"Ha! she is off! And the turn 's thine own!
On the wooden pillow, musty and black,
Thy cheek shall lie, and thy sinews crack,
And thy head — why, headsman, it hath flown!"

"Sharpen the notchèd knife anew!
Sever the head of the headsman too!"

There is a long and somewhat elaborate trilogy concerning the Massacre of the Innocents, of which the numbers are entitled Saint Joseph's Day, The Massacre, and The Lamentations, which I leave untouched; and the last specimen selected shall be the poem with which this strange little volume concludes, and where the singer finds again something of the pious and plaintive sweetness of his earlier notes. It is an invocation to an African Madonna, dedicated to Mgr. Pavy, the Bishop of Algiers, and records the fulfillment (perhaps by way of contributions to the Algerian chapel) of some vow once made with reference to the poet's unhappy passion. The metre is interesting, as presenting two among the many varieties attempted by the Provençals on the original strophe of Mirèio, that most rich and musical stanza so singularly adapted to the genius of the modern Langue d' oc.[1]

OUR LADY OF AFRICA.

Oh, long with life-blood waterèd,
Old Afric, soon or late that seed shall fructify;
Saints' blood and warriors' hath for aye
Made roses beautiful and red,
That ever blow God's altar by.

O Rose of Afric, Lady blessèd,
Have pity on our souls distressèd!
Our land is parched and dead. Ah! beauteous Rose of ours,
In tender showers impart
The dew-drops of thy heart,
The perfume of thy flowers!

A chapel we have builded thee
Aloft: oh, let it be a signal and a star!
Where lonely Arab riders are,
Where seamen battle with the sea,
Its rays of comfort shine afar!

O Rose of Afric, Lady blessèd, etc.

And ye, under the blinding glow
Of desert suns, who toil onward through desert sands,

[1] Dr. Edward Böhmer, Professor of the Romance Languages in the University of Halle, in a small volume entitled the Provençal Poetry of the Present, and full of genial and intelligent criticism, says: "This strophe of Mistral's is not entirely his own invention. The number of lines, the succession of rhymes, and the relative position of the masculines and feminines, are to be found in the Paouro Janeto of the Marquis de la Faire-Alais, and in a poem by the same, addressed to Jasmin, as the last part of a longer strophe, whose feminine lines are of the same length as Mistral's. The latter lengthened both the masculine verses to Alexandrines, and thus gave epic repose to the energetic and impetuous movement of the verse." (Provencalische Poesie der Gegenwart, p. 36.) The reader is referred to the preface to the American edition of Mirèio for an attempt to imitate this stanza in English, and to Dr. Böhmer's volume for another, hardly more successful, to render it into German.

O caravans in weary lands,
Make halt where Mary's roses blow,
Seek shade and solace at her hands!

O Rose of Afric, Lady blessèd, etc.

Of costly stones and marble all,
Stately and strong the chapel we have reared so high;
Thither as to a home we fly.
May Afric's rose grow fair and tall,
Till on our fane its shadow fall!

O Rose of Afric, Lady blessèd, etc.

My vow is paid; my love of yore,
Virgin, in thy gold censer quite consumed away.
Now heal my heart and save, I pray,
All those who sail the waters o'er
From my Provence to Afric's shore.

O Rose of Afric, Lady blessèd, etc.

And last I lay this book of mine
Before thy feet, who art love, life, and hope; and pray
Thou wilt accept the untaught lay,
And in some sacred wreath of thine
My flower of youth and honor twine.

I have adhered to M. Mistral's arrangement of his friend's verses, but cannot refrain from expressing my own conviction that, however picturesque, it is a somewhat artificial one, and furnishes but an imperfect clew to the chronological order of the poems. In Theodore Aubanel, who is, in many ways, a perfectly representative child of the South and descendant of the Troubadours, qualities meet which we are not used to see associated. He is both soft and fierce. He loves with a devotion and also with a delicacy, as rare as it is affecting. He mourns with infantine desperation. He hates with a peculiar and almost gamesome zest. As compared with Mistral, he has less power, whether descriptive or dramatic, but more grace, of a certain wild, faun-like character, while he shows barely a trace of the training of the schools. Mistral's simplicity is often studied. The ideals of Greek and Roman antiquity are ever present to his imagination, and he avows himself a "humble scholar of the great Homer." Many of his critics have noted the Homeric character of the refrains in the ninth canto of Mirèio, but this is only one among many instances. The charming description of the cup of carved wood which Alari offered to Mirèio, is obviously imitated from Virgil's third Eclogue. It is greatly enriched indeed, but some, even of the details, are precisely similar, as for example, the fact that neither cup had yet been used for drinking: —

Sentié 'ncaro lou nou, i'avié panca begu.

and: —

Necdum illis labra admovi, sed condita servo.

And the same is true of the descriptions of the public games in Calendau. But Theodore Aubanel is purely indigenous, and need not be other than he is, if Greece and Rome had never existed. The antecedents of his genius are the love-songs and *sirventes* of the Troubadours, and the silence of the last few hundred years.

Harriet W. Preston.

TROUTING.

With slender pole, and line, and reel,
And feather-fly with sting of steel,
Whipping the brooks down sunlit glades,
Wading the streams in woodland shades,
I come to the trouter's paradise:
The flashing fins leap twice or thrice:
Then idle on this gray bowlder lie
My crinkled line and colored fly,
While in the foam-flecked, glossy pool
The shy trout lurk secure and cool.

A rock-lined, wood-embosomed nook —
Dim cloister of the chanting brook!
A chamber within the channeled hills,
Where the cold crystal brims and spills,
By dark-browed caverns blackly flows,
Falls from the cleft like crumbling snows,
And purls and plashes, breathing round
A soft, suffusing mist of sound.

Under a narrow belt of sky
Great bowlders in the torrent lie,
Huge stepping-stones where Titans cross!
Quaint broideries of vines and moss,
Of every loveliest hue and shape,
With tangle and braid and tassel drape
The beetling rocks, and veil the ledge,
And trail long fringe from the cataract's edge.
A hundred rills of nectar drip
From that Olympian beard and lip.

And, see! far on, it seems as if
In every crevice along the cliff
Some wild plant grew: the eye discerns
An ivied castle: feathery ferns
Nod from the frieze, and tuft the tall,
Dismantled turret and ruined wall.

Strange gusts from deeper solitudes
Waft pungent odors of the woods.
The small, bee-haunted basswood-blooms
Drop in the gorge their faint perfumes.
Here all the wildwood flowers encamp,
That love the dimness and the damp.

High overhead the morning shines;
The glad breeze swings in the singing pines.
Somewhere aloft in the boughs is heard
The fine note of the Phœbe-bird.
In the alders, dank with noonday dews,
A restless cat-bird darts and mews.

Dear world! let summer tourists range
Your great highways in quest of change,
Go seek Niagara and the sea, —
This little nook sufficeth me!

So wild, so fresh, so solitary —
I muse in its green sanctuary,
And breathe into my inmost sense
A pure, sweet, thrilling influence,
A bliss even innocent sport would stain,
And dear old Walton's art, profane.

Here, lying beneath this leaning tree,
On the soft bank, it seems to me
The winds that visit this lonely glen
Should soothe the souls of sorrowing men —
The waters over these ledges curled
Might cool the heart of a fevered world!

J. T. Trowbridge.

EUGENE PICKERING.

IN TWO PARTS. PART I.

It was at Homburg, several years ago, before the play had been suppressed. The evening was very warm, and all the world was gathered on the terrace of the Kursaal and the esplanade below it, to listen to the excellent orchestra; or half the world, rather, for the crowd was equally dense in the gaming rooms, around the tables. Everywhere the crowd was great. The night was perfect, the season was at its height, the open windows of the Kursaal sent long shafts of unnatural light into the dusky woods, and now and then, in the intervals of the music, one might almost hear the clink of the napoleons and the metallic call of the *croupiers* rise above the witching silence of the saloons. I had been strolling with a friend, and we at last prepared to sit down. Chairs, however, were scarce. I had captured one, but it seemed no easy matter to find a mate for it. I was on the point of giving up in despair and proposing an adjournment to the damask divans of the Kursaal, when I observed a young man lounging back on one of the objects of my quest, with his feet supported on the rounds of another. This was more than his share of luxury, and I promptly approached him. He evidently belonged to the race which has the credit of knowing best, at home and abroad, how to make itself comfortable; but something in his appearance suggested that his present attitude was the result of inadvertence rather than of egotism. He was staring at the conductor of the orchestra and listening intently to the music. His hands were locked round his long legs, and his mouth was half open, with rather a foolish air. "There are so few chairs," I said, "that I must beg you to surrender this second one." He started, stared, blushed, pushed the chair away with awkward alacrity, and murmured something about not having noticed that he had it.

"What an odd-looking youth!" said my companion, who had watched me, as I seated myself beside her.

"Yes, he's odd-looking; but what is odder still is that I've seen him before, that his face is familiar to me, and yet that I can't place him." The orchestra was playing the Prayer from Der Freischütz, but Weber's lovely music only deepened the blank of memory. Who the deuce was he? where, when, how, had I known him? It seemed extraordinary that a face should be at once so familiar and so strange. We had our backs turned to him, so that I could not look at him again. When the music ceased, we left our places and I went to consign my friend to her mamma on the terrace. In passing, I saw that my young man had departed; I concluded that he only strikingly resembled some one I knew. But who in the world was it he resembled? The ladies went off to their lodgings, which were near by, and I turned into the gaming rooms and hovered about the circle at *roulette*. Gradually, I filtered through to the inner edge, near the table, and, looking round, saw my puzzling friend

stationed opposite to me. He was watching the game, with his hands in his pockets; but singularly enough, now that I observed him at my leisure, the look of familiarity quite faded from his face. What had made us call his appearance odd was his great length and leanness of limb, his long, white neck, his blue, prominent eyes, and his ingenuous, unconscious absorption in the scene before him. He was not handsome, certainly, but he looked peculiarly amiable, and if his overt wonderment savored a trifle of rurality, it was an agreeable contrast to the hard, inexpressive masks about him. He was the verdant offshoot, I said to myself, of some ancient, rigid stem; he had been brought up in the quietest of homes, and was having his first glimpse of life. I was curious to see whether he would put anything on the table; he evidently felt the temptation, but he seemed paralyzed by chronic embarrassment. He stood gazing at the rattling cross-fire of losses and gains, shaking his loose gold in his pocket, and every now and then passing his hand nervously over his eyes.

Most of the spectators were too attentive to the play to have many thoughts for each other; but before long I noticed a lady who evidently had an eye for her neighbors as well as for the table. She was seated about half-way between my friend and me, and I presently observed that she was trying to catch his eye. Though at Homburg, as people said, "one could never be sure," I yet doubted whether this lady was one of those whose especial vocation it was to catch a gentleman's eye. She was youthful rather than elderly, and pretty rather than plain; indeed, a few minutes later, when I saw her smile, I thought her wonderfully pretty. She had a charming gray eye and a good deal of blonde hair, disposed in picturesque disorder; and though her features were meagre and her complexion faded, she gave one a sense of sentimental, artificial gracefulness. She was dressed in white muslin very much puffed and frilled, but a trifle the worse for wear, relieved here and there by a pale blue ribbon. I used to flatter myself on guessing at people's nationality by their faces, and, as a rule, I guessed aright. This faded, crumpled, vaporous beauty, I conceived, was a German — such a German, somehow, as I had seen imaged in literature. Was she not a friend of poets, a correspondent of philosophers, a muse, a priestess of æsthetics — something in the way of a Bettina, a Rachel? My conjectures, however, were speedily merged in wonderment as to what my diffident friend was making of her. She caught his eye at last, and raising an ungloved hand, covered altogether with blue-gemmed rings, — turquoises, sapphires, and lapis, — she beckoned him to come to her. The gesture was executed with a sort of practiced coolness and accompanied with an appealing smile. He stared a moment, rather blankly, unable to suppose that the invitation was addressed to him; then, as it was immediately repeated, with a good deal of intensity, he blushed to the roots of his hair, wavered awkwardly, and at last made his way to the lady's chair. By the time he reached it he was crimson and wiping his forehead with his pocket-handkerchief. She tilted back, looked up at him with the same smile, laid two fingers on his sleeve, and said something, interrogatively, to which he replied by a shake of the head. She was asking him, evidently, if he had ever played, and he was saying no. Old players have a fancy that when luck has turned her back on them, they can put her into good humor again by having their stakes placed by an absolute novice. Our young man's physiognomy had seemed to his new acquaintance to express the perfection of inexperience, and, like a practical woman, she had determined to make him serve her turn. Unlike most of her neighbors, she had no little pile of gold before her, but she drew from her pocket a double napoleon, put it into his hand, and bade him place it on a number of his own choosing. He was evidently filled with a sort of delightful trouble; he enjoyed the adventure, but

he shrank from the hazard. I would have staked the coin on its being his companion's last; for although she still smiled, intently, as she watched his hesitation, there was anything but indifference in her pale, pretty face. Suddenly, in desperation, he reached over and laid the piece on the table. My attention was diverted at this moment by my having to make way for a lady with a great many flounces, before me, to give up her chair to a rustling friend to whom she had promised it; when I again looked across at the lady in white muslin, she was drawing in a very goodly pile of gold with her little blue-gemmed claw. Good luck and bad, at the Homburg tables, were equally undemonstrative, and this fair adventuress rewarded her young friend for the sacrifice of his innocence with a single, rapid, upward smile. He had innocence enough left, however, to look round the table with a gleeful, conscious laugh, in the midst of which his eyes encountered my own. Then, suddenly, the familiar look which had vanished from his face flickered up unmistakably; it was the boyish laugh of a boyhood's friend. Stupid fellow that I was, I had been looking at Eugene Pickering!

Though I lingered on for some time longer, he failed to recognize me. Recognition, I think, had kindled a smile in my own face; but less fortunate than he, I suppose my smile had ceased to be boyish. Now that luck had faced about again, his companion played for herself — played and won hand over hand. At last she seemed disposed to rest on her gains, and proceeded to bury them in the folds of her muslin. Pickering had staked nothing for himself, but as he saw her prepare to withdraw, he offered her a double napoleon and begged her to place it. She shook her head with great decision, and seemed to bid him put it up again; but he, still blushing a good deal, urged her with awkward ardor, and she at last took it from him, looked at him a moment fixedly, and laid it on a number; a moment later the croupier was raking it in. She gave the young man a little nod which seemed to say, "I told you so;" he glanced round the table again and laughed; she left her chair and he made a way for her through the crowd. Before going home I took a turn on the terrace and looked down on the esplanade. The lamps were out, but the warm starlight vaguely illumined a dozen figures scattered in couples. One of these figures, I thought, was a lady in a white dress.

I had no intention of letting Pickering go without reminding him of our old acquaintance. He had been a very droll boy, and I was curious to see what had become of his drollery. I looked for him the next morning at two or three of the hotels, and at last discovered his whereabouts. But he was out, the waiter said; he had gone to walk an hour before. I went my way, confident that I should meet him in the evening. It was the rule with the Homburg world to spend its evenings at the Kursaal, and Pickering, apparently, had already discovered a good reason for not being an exception. One of the charms of Homburg is the fact that of a hot day you may walk about for a whole afternoon in unbroken shade. The umbrageous gardens of the Kursaal mingle with the charming Hardtwald, which, in turn, melts away into the wooded slopes of the Taunus Mountains. To the Hardtwald I bent my steps, and strolled for an hour through mossy glades and the still, perpendicular gloom of the fir-woods. Suddenly, on the grassy margin of a by-path, I came upon a young man stretched at his length in the sun-checkered shade and kicking his heels toward a patch of blue sky. My step was so noiseless on the turf, that before he saw me, I had time to recognize Pickering again. He looked as if he had been lounging there for some time; his hair was tossed about as if he had been sleeping; on the grass near him, beside his hat and stick, lay a sealed letter. When he perceived me he jerked himself forward, and I stood looking at him without elucidating, — purposely, to give him a chance to recognize me. He put on his glasses, be-

ing awkwardly near-sighted, and stared up at me with an air of general trustfulness, but without a sign of knowing me. So at last I introduced myself. Then he jumped up and grasped my hands and stared and blushed and laughed and began a dozen random questions, ending with a demand as to how in the world I had known him.

"Why, you 're not changed so utterly," I said, "and after all, it 's but fifteen years since you used to do my Latin exercises for me."

"Not changed, eh?" he answered, still smiling and yet speaking with a sort of ingenuous dismay.

Then I remembered that poor Pickering had been in those Latin days a victim of juvenile irony. He used to bring a bottle of medicine to school and take a dose in a glass of water before lunch; and every day at two o'clock, half an hour before the rest of us were liberated, an old nurse with bushy eyebrows came and fetched him away in a carriage. His extremely fair complexion, his nurse, and his bottle of medicine, which suggested a vague analogy with the phial of poison in the tragedy, caused him to be called Juliet. Certainly, Romeo's sweetheart hardly suffered more; she was not, at least, a standing joke in Verona. Remembering these things, I hastened to say to Pickering that I hoped he was still the same good fellow who used to do my Latin for me. "We were capital friends, you know," I went on, "then and afterwards."

"Yes, we were very good friends," he said, "and that makes it the stranger I should n't have known you. For you know as a boy I never had many friends, nor as a man either. You see," he added, passing his hand over his eyes, "I 'm half dazed and bewildered at finding myself for the first time — alone." And he jerked back his shoulders nervously and threw up his head, as if to settle himself in an unwonted position. I wondered whether the old nurse with the bushy eyebrows had remained attached to his person up to a recent period, and discovered presently that, virtually at least, she had. We had the whole summer day before us, and we sat down on the grass together and overhauled our old memories. It was as if we had stumbled upon an ancient cupboard in some dusky corner, and rummaged out a heap of childish playthings — tin soldiers and torn storybooks, jackknives and Chinese puzzles. This is what we remembered, between us.

He had made but a short stay at school — not because he was tormented, for he thought it so fine to be at school at all that he held his tongue at home about the sufferings incurred through the medicine bottle; but because his father thought he was learning bad manners. This he imparted to me in confidence at the time, and I remember how it increased my oppressive awe of Mr. Pickering, who had appeared to me, in glimpses, as a sort of high priest of the proprieties. Mr. Pickering was a widower — a fact which seemed to produce in him a sort of preternatural concentration of parental dignity. He was a majestic man, with a hooked nose, a keen, dark eye, very large whiskers, and notions of his own as to how a boy — or his boy, at any rate — should be brought up. First and foremost, he was to be a "gentleman," which seemed to mean, chiefly, that he was always to wear a muffler and gloves, and be sent to bed, after a supper of bread and milk, at eight o'clock. School-life, on experiment, seemed hostile to these observances, and Eugene was taken home again, to be molded into urbanity beneath the parental eye. A tutor was provided for him, and a single select companion was prescribed. The choice, mysteriously, fell upon me, born as I was under quite another star; my parents were appealed to, and I was allowed for a few months to have my lessons with Eugene. The tutor, I think, must have been rather a snob, for Eugene was treated like a prince, while I got all the questions and the raps with the ruler. And yet I remember never being jealous of my happier comrade, and striking up, for the time, a huge boyish friendship. He had a watch and a pony and a great store of

picture-books, but my envy of these luxuries was tempered by a vague compassion, which left me free to be generous. I could go out to play alone, I could button my jacket myself, and sit up till I was sleepy. Poor Pickering could never take a step without a prior petition, or spend half an hour in the garden without a formal report of it when he came in. My parents, who had no desire to see me inoculated with importunate virtues, sent me back to school at the end of six months. After that I never saw Eugene. His father went to live in the country, to protect the lad's morals, and Eugene faded, in reminiscence, into a pale image of the depressing effects of education. I think I vaguely supposed that he would melt into thin air, and indeed began gradually to doubt of his existence and to regard him as one of the foolish things one ceased to believe in as one grew older. It seemed natural that I should have no more news of him. Our present meeting was my first assurance that he had really survived all that muffling and coddling.

I observed him now with a good deal of interest, for he was a rare phenomenon — the fruit of a system persistently and uninterruptedly applied. He struck me, in a fashion, like certain young monks I had seen in Italy; he had the same candid, unsophisticated, cloister face. His education had been really almost monastic. It had found him, evidently, a very compliant, yielding subject; his gentle, affectionate spirit was not one of those that need to be broken. It had bequeathed him, now that he stood on the threshold of the great world, an extraordinary freshness of impression and alertness of desire, and I confess that, as I looked at him and met his transparent blue eye, I trembled for the unwarned innocence of such a soul. I became aware, gradually, that the world had already wrought a certain work upon him and roused him to a restless, troubled self-consciousness. Everything about him pointed to an experience from which he had been debarred; his whole organism trembled with a dawning sense of unsuspected possibilities of feeling. This appealing tremor was indeed outwardly visible. He kept shifting himself about on the grass, thrusting his hands through his hair, wiping a light perspiration from his forehead, breaking out to say something and rushing off to something else. Our sudden meeting had greatly excited him, and I saw that I was likely to profit by a certain overflow of sentimental fermentation. I could do so with a good conscience, for all this trepidation filled me with a great friendliness.

"It 's nearly fifteen years, as you say," he began, "since you used to call me 'butter-fingers' for always missing the ball. That 's a long time to give an account of, and yet they have been, for me, such eventless, monotonous years, that I could almost tell their history in ten words. You, I suppose, have had all kinds of adventures and traveled over half the world. I remember you had a turn for deeds of daring; I used to think you a little Captain Cook in roundabouts, for climbing the garden fence to get the ball, when I had let it fly over. I climbed no fences then or since. You remember my father, I suppose, and the great care he took of me? I lost him some five months ago. From those boyish days up to his death we were always together. I don't think that in fifteen years we spent half a dozen hours apart. We lived in the country, winter and summer, seeing but three or four people. I had a succession of tutors, and a library to browse about in; I assure you I 'm a tremendous scholar. It was a dull life for a growing boy, and a duller life for a young man grown, but I never knew it. I was perfectly happy." He spoke of his father at some length and with a respect which I privately declined to emulate. Mr. Pickering had been, to my sense, a cold egotist, unable to conceive of any larger vocation for his son than to become a mechanical reflection of himself. "I know I 've been strangely brought up," said my friend, "and that the result is something grotesque; but my education, piece by piece, in detail, became one of my father's personal hab-

its, as it were. He took a fancy to it at first through his intense affection for my mother and the sort of worship he paid her memory. She died at my birth, and as I grew up, it seems that I bore an extraordinary likeness to her. Besides, my father had a great many theories; he prided himself on his conservative opinions; he thought the usual American *laissez aller* in education was a very vulgar practice, and that children were not to grow up like dusty thorns by the wayside. So you see," Pickering went on, smiling and blushing, and yet with something of the irony of vain regret, "I 'm a regular garden plant. I 've been watched and watered and pruned, and, if there is any virtue in tending, I ought to take the prize at a flower-show. Some three years ago my father's health broke down and he was kept very much within doors. So, although I was a man grown, I lived altogether at home. If I was out of his sight for a quarter of an hour he sent for me. He had severe attacks of neuralgia, and he used to sit at his window, basking in the sun. He kept an opera-glass at hand, and when I was out in the garden he used to watch me with it. A few days before his death, I was twenty-seven years old, and the most innocent youth, I suppose, on the continent. After he died I missed him greatly," Pickering continued, evidently with no intention of making an epigram. "I stayed at home, in a sort of dull stupor. It seemed as if life offered itself to me for the first time, and yet as if I did n't know how to take hold of it."

He uttered all this with a frank eagerness which increased as he talked, and there was a singular contrast between the meagre experience he described and a certain radiant intelligence which I seemed to perceive in his glance and tone. Evidently, he was a clever fellow, and his natural faculties were excellent. I imagined he had read a great deal, and achieved, in some degree, in restless intellectual conjecture, the freedom he was condemned to ignore in practice. Opportunity was now offering a meaning to the empty forms with which his imagination was stored, but it appeared to him dimly, through the veil of his personal diffidence.

"I 've not sailed round the world, as you suppose," I said, "but I confess I envy you the novelties you are going to behold. Coming to Homburg, you have plunged *in medias res.*"

He glanced at me, to see if my remark contained an allusion, and hesitated a moment. "Yes, I know it. I came to Bremen in the steamer with a very friendly German, who undertook to initiate me into the glories and mysteries of the fatherland. At this season, he said, I must begin with Homburg. I landed but a fortnight ago, and here I am." Again he hesitated, as if he were going to add something about the scene at the Kursaal; but suddenly, nervously he took up the letter which was lying beside him, looked hard at the seal, with a troubled frown, and then flung it back on the grass with a sigh.

"How long do you expect to be in Europe?" I asked.

"Six months, I supposed when I came. But not so long — now!" And he let his eyes wander to the letter again.

"And where shall you go — what shall you do?"

"Everywhere, everything, I should have said yesterday. But now it is different."

I glanced at the letter interrogatively, and he gravely picked it up and put it into his pocket. We talked for a while longer, but I saw that he had suddenly become preoccupied; that he was apparently weighing an impulse to break some last barrier of reserve. At last he suddenly laid his hand on my arm, looked at me a moment appealingly, and cried, "Upon my word, I should like to tell you everything."

"Tell me everything, by all means," I answered, smiling. "I desire nothing better than to lie here in the shade and hear everything!"

"Ah, but the question is, will you understand it? No matter; you think me a queer fellow already. It 's not easy, either, to tell you what I feel —

not easy for so queer a fellow as I to tell you in how many ways he 's queer!" He got up and walked away a moment, passing his hand over his eyes, then came back rapidly and flung himself on the grass again. "I said just now I always supposed I was happy; it 's true; but now that my eyes are open, I see I was only stultified. I was like a poodle dog, led about by a blue ribbon, and scoured and combed and fed on slops. It was n't life; life is learning to know one's self, and in that sense I 've lived more in the past six weeks than in all the years that preceded them. I 'm filled with this feverish sense of liberation; it keeps rising to my head like the fumes of strong wine. I find I 'm an active, sentient, intelligent creature, with desires, with passions, with possible convictions — even with what I never dreamed of, a possible will of my own! I find there is a world to know, a life to lead, men and women to form a thousand relations with. It all lies there like a great surging sea, where we must plunge and dive and feel the breeze and breast the waves. I stand shivering here on the brink, staring, longing, wondering, charmed by the smell of the brine and yet afraid of the water. The world beckons and smiles and calls, but a nameless influence from the past, that I can neither wholly obey nor wholly contemn, seems to hold me back. I 'm full of impulses, but, somehow, I 'm not full of strength. Life seems inspiring at certain moments, but it seems terrible and unsafe; and I ask myself why I should wantonly measure myself with merciless forces, when I have learned so well how to stand aside and let them pass. Why should n't I turn my back upon it all and go home to — what awaits me? — to that sightless, soundless country life, and long days spent among old books? But if a man *is* weak, he does n't want to assent beforehand to his weakness; he wants to taste whatever sweetness there may be in paying for the knowledge. So it is there comes and comes again this irresistible impulse to take my plunge, to let myself swing, to go where liberty leads me." He paused a moment, fixing me with his excited eyes, and perhaps perceived in my own an irrepressible smile at his intensity. "'Swing ahead, in Heaven's name,' you want to say, 'and much good may it do you.' I don't know whether you are laughing at my trepidation or at what possibly strikes you as my depravity. I doubt," he went on gravely, "whether I have an inclination toward wrong-doing; if I have, I 'm sure I shan't prosper in it. I honestly believe I may safely take out a license to amuse myself. But it is n't that I think of, any more than I dream of playing with suffering. Pleasure and pain are empty words to me; what I long for is knowledge — some other knowledge than comes to us in formal, colorless, impersonal precept. You would understand all this better if you could breathe for an hour the musty in-door atmosphere in which I have always lived. To break a window and let in light and air, — I feel as if at last I must *act!*"

"Act, by all means, now and always, when you have a chance," I answered. "But don't take things too hard, now or ever. Your long seclusion makes you think the world better worth knowing than you 're likely to find it. A man with as good a head and heart as yours has a very ample world within himself, and I 'm no believer in art for art, nor in what 's called 'life' for life's sake. Nevertheless, take your plunge, and come and tell me whether you 've found the pearl of wisdom." He frowned a little, as if he thought my sympathy a trifle meagre. I shook him by the hand and laughed. "The pearl of wisdom," I cried, "is love; honest love in the most convenient concentration of experience! I advise you to fall in love." He gave me no smile in response, but drew from his pocket the letter of which I 've spoken, held it up, and shook it solemnly. "What is it?" I asked.

"It 's my sentence!"

"Not of death, I hope!"

"Of marriage."

"With whom?"

"With a person I don't love."

This was serious. I stopped smiling and begged him to explain.

"It 's the singular part of my story," he said at last. "It will remind you of an old-fashioned romance. Such as I sit here, talking in this wild way, and tossing off invitations to destiny, my destiny is settled and sealed. I 'm engaged — I 'm given in marriage. It 's a bequest of the past — the past I never said nay to! The marriage was arranged by my father, years ago, when I was a boy. The young girl's father was his particular friend; he was also a widower, and was bringing up his daughter, on his side, in the same rigid seclusion in which I was spending my days. To this day, I 'm unacquainted with the origin of the bond of union between our respective progenitors. Mr. Vernor was largely engaged in business, and I imagine that once upon a time he found himself in a financial strait and was helped through it by my father's coming forward with a heavy loan, on which, in his situation, he could offer no security but his word. Of this my father was quite capable. He was a man of dogmas, and he was sure to have a precept adapted to the conduct of a gentleman toward a friend in pecuniary embarrassment. What 's more, he was sure to adhere to it. Mr. Vernor, I believe, got on his feet, paid his debt, and owed my father an eternal gratitude. His little daughter was the apple of his eye, and he pledged himself to bring her up to be the wife of his benefactor's son. So our fate was fixed, parentally, and we have been educated for each other. I 've not seen my betrothed since she was a very plain-faced little girl in a sticky pinafore, hugging a one-armed doll — of the male sex, I believe — as big as herself. Mr. Vernor is in what 's called the Eastern trade, and has been living these many years at Smyrna. Isabel has grown up there in a white-walled garden, in an orange grove, between her father and her governess. She is a good deal my junior; six months ago she was seventeen; when she is eighteen we 're to marry!"

He related all this calmly enough, without the accent of complaint, dryly rather and doggedly, as if he were weary of thinking of it. "It 's a romance indeed," I said, "for these dull days, and I heartily congratulate you. It 's not every young man who finds, on reaching the marrying age, a wife kept in cotton for him. A thousand to one Miss Vernor is charming; I wonder you don't post off to Smyrna."

"You 're joking," he answered, with a wounded air, "and I am terribly serious. Let me tell you the rest. I never suspected this tender conspiracy till something less than a year ago. My father, wishing to provide against his death, informed me of it, solemnly. I was neither elated nor depressed; I received it, as I remember, with a sort of emotion which varied only in degree from that with which I could have hailed the announcement that he had ordered me a dozen new shirts. I supposed that it was under some such punctual, superterrestrial dispensation as this that all young men were married. Novels and poems indeed said otherwise; but novels and poems were one thing and life was another. A short time afterwards he introduced me to a photograph of my predestined, who has a pretty, but an extremely inanimate face. After this his health failed rapidly. One night I was sitting, as I habitually sat for hours, in his dimly lighted room, near his bed, to which he had been confined for a week. He had not spoken for some time, and I supposed he was asleep, but happening to look at him I saw his eyes wide open and fixed on me strangely. He was smiling benignantly, intensely, and in a moment he beckoned to me. Then, on my going to him — 'I feel that I shan't last long,' he said, 'but I am willing to die when I think how comfortably I have arranged your future.' He was talking of death, and anything but grief at that moment was doubtless impious and monstrous; but there came into my heart for the first time a throbbing sense of being over-governed. I said nothing, and he thought my silence

was all sorrow. 'I shan't live to see you married,' he went on, 'but since the foundation is laid, that little signifies; it would be a selfish pleasure, and I have never had a thought but for your own personal advantage. To foresee your future, in its main outline, to know to a certainty that you 'll be safely domiciled here, with a wife approved by our judgment, cultivating the moral fruit of which I have sown the seed — this will content me. But, my son, I wish to clear this bright vision from the shadow of a doubt. I believe in your docility; I believe I may trust the salutary force of your respect for my memory. But I must remember that when I am removed, you will stand here alone, face to face with a myriad nameless temptations to perversity. The fumes of unrighteous pride may rise into your brain and tempt you, in the interest of a vain delusion which it will call your independence, to shatter the edifice I have so laboriously constructed. So I must ask you for a promise — the solemn promise you owe my condition.' And he grasped my hand: 'You will follow the path I have marked; you will be faithful to the young girl whom an influence as devoted as that which has governed your own young life has molded into everything amiable; you will marry Isabel Vernor.' There was something portentous in this rigid summons. I was frightened. I drew away my hand and asked to be trusted without any such terrible vow. My reluctance startled my father into a suspicion that the vain delusion of independence had already been whispering to me. He sat up in his bed and looked at me with eyes which seemed to foresee a life-time of odious ingratitude. I felt the reproach; I feel it now. I promised! And even now I don't regret my promise nor complain of my father's tenacity. I feel, somehow, as if the seeds of ultimate rest had been sown in those unsuspecting years — as if after many days I might gather the mellow fruit. But after many days! I 'll keep my promise, I 'll obey; but I want to *live* first!"

"My dear fellow, you 're living now. All this passionate consciousness of your situation is a very ardent life. I wish I could say as much for my own."

"I want to forget my situation. I want to spend three months without thinking of the past or the future, grasping whatever the present offers me. Yesterday, I thought I was in a fair way to sail with the tide. But this morning comes this memento!" And he held up his letter again.

"What is it?"

"A letter from Smyrna."

"I see you have not yet broken the seal."

"No, nor do I mean to, for the present. It contains bad news."

"What do you call bad news?"

"News that I 'm expected in Smyrna in three weeks. News that Mr. Vernor disapproves of my roving about the world. News that his daughter is standing expectant at the altar."

"Is n't this pure conjecture?"

"Conjecture, possibly, but safe conjecture. As soon as I looked at the letter, something smote me at the heart. Look at the device on the seal, and I 'm sure you 'll find it 's *Tarry not!*" And he flung the letter on the grass.

"Upon my word, you had better open it," I said.

"If I were to open it and read my summons, do you know what I should do? I should march home and ask the *Oberkellner* how one gets to Smyrna, pack my trunk, take my ticket, and not stop till I arrived. I know I should; it would be the fascination of habit. The only way, therefore, to wander to my rope's end is to leave the letter unread."

"In your place," I said, "curiosity would make me open it."

He shook his head. "I have no curiosity! For these many weeks the idea of my marriage has ceased to be a novelty, and I have contemplated it mentally, in every possible light. I fear nothing from that side, but I do fear something from conscience. I want my hands tied. Will you do me a favor? Pick up the letter, put it into

your pocket, and keep it till I ask you for it. When I do, you may know that I am at my rope's end."

I took the letter, smiling. "And how long is your rope to be? The Homburg season does n't last forever."

"Does it last a month? Let that be my season! A month hence you 'll give it back to me."

"To-morrow, if you say so. Meanwhile, let it rest in peace!" And I consigned it to the most sacred interstice of my pocket-book. To say that I was disposed to humor the poor fellow would seem to be saying that I thought his demand fantastic. It was his situation, by no fault of his own, that was fantastic, and he was only trying to be natural. He watched me put away the letter, and when it had disappeared gave a soft sigh of relief. The sigh was natural and yet it set me thinking. His general recoil from an immediate responsibility imposed by others might be wholesome enough; but if there was an old grievance on one side, was there not possibly a new-born delusion on the other? It would be unkind to withhold a reflection that might serve as a warning; so I told him, abruptly, that I had been an undiscovered spectator, the night before, of his exploits at roulette.

He blushed deeply, but he met my eyes with the same radiant frankness.

"Ah, you saw then," he cried, "that wonderful lady?"

"Wonderful she was indeed. I saw her afterwards, too, sitting on the terrace in the starlight. I imagine she was not alone."

"No indeed, I was with her — for nearly an hour. Then I walked home with her."

"Verily! And did you go in?"

"No, she said it was too late to ask me; though in a general way, she declared she did not stand upon ceremony."

"She did herself injustice. When it came to losing your money for you, she made you insist."

"Ah, you noticed that too?" cried Pickering, still quite unconfused. "I felt as if the whole table was staring at me; but her manner was so gracious and reassuring that I concluded she was doing nothing unusual. She confessed, however, afterwards, that she is very eccentric. The world began to call her so, she said, before she ever dreamed of it, and at last, finding that she had the reputation, in spite of herself, she resolved to enjoy its privileges. Now, she does what she chooses."

"In other words, she is a lady with no reputation to lose?"

Pickering seemed puzzled, and smiled a little. "Is n't that what you say of bad women?"

"Of some — of those who are found out."

"Well," he said, still smiling, "I have n't yet found out Madame Blumenthal."

"If that 's her name, I suppose she 's German."

"Yes; but she speaks English so well that you might almost doubt it. She is very clever. Her husband 's dead."

I laughed, involuntarily, at the conjunction of these facts, and Pickering's clear glance seemed to question my mirth. "You have been so bluntly frank with me," I said, "that I too must be frank. Tell me, if you can, whether this clever Madame Blumenthal, whose husband is dead, has given an edge to your desire for a suspension of communication with Smyrna."

He seemed to ponder my question, unshrinkingly. "I think not," he said, at last. "I've had the desire for three months; I've known Madame Blumenthal for less than twenty-four hours."

"Very true. But when you found this letter of yours on your plate at breakfast, did you seem for a moment to see Madame Blumenthal sitting opposite?"

"Opposite?" he repeated, frowning gently.

"Opposite, my dear fellow, or anywhere in the neighborhood. In a word, does she interest you?"

"Very much!" he cried, with his frown clearing away.

"Amen!" I answered, jumping up

with a laugh. "And now, if we are to see the world in a month, there is no time to lose. Let us begin with the Hardtwald."

Pickering rose and we strolled away into the forest, talking of lighter things. At last we reached the edge of the wood, sat down on a fallen log, and looked out across an interval of meadow at the long wooded waves of the Taunus. What my friend was thinking of, I can't say; I was revolving his quaint history and letting my wonderment wander away to Smyrna. Suddenly I remembered that he possessed a portrait of the young girl who was waiting for him there in a white-walled garden. I asked him if he had it with him. He said nothing, but gravely took out his pocket-book and drew forth a small photograph. It represented, as the poet says, a simple maiden in her flower — a slight young girl, with a certain childish roundness of contour. There was no ease in her posture; she was standing, stiffly and shyly, for her likeness; she wore a short-waisted white dress; her arms hung at her sides and her hands were clasped in front; her head was bent downward a little, and her dark eyes fixed. But her awkwardness was as pretty as that of some angular seraph in a mediæval carving, and in her sober gaze there seemed to lurk the questioning gleam of childhood. "What is this for?" her charming eyes appeared to ask; "why have I been decked, for this ceremony, in a white frock and amber beads?"

"Gracious powers!" I said to myself; "what an enchanting thing is innocence!"

"That portrait was taken a year and a half ago," said Pickering, as if with an effort to be perfectly just. "By this time, I suppose, she looks a little wiser."

"Not much, I hope," I said, as I gave it back. "She's lovely!"

"Yes, poor girl, she's lovely — no doubt!" And he put the thing away without looking at it.

We were silent for some moments. At last, abruptly: "My dear fellow," I said, "I should take some satisfaction in seeing you immediately leave Homburg."

"Immediately?"

"To-day — as soon as you can get ready."

He looked at me, surprised, and little by little he blushed. "There's something I've not told you," he said; "something that your saying that Madame Blumenthal has no reputation to lose has made me half afraid to tell you."

"I think I can guess it. Madame Blumenthal has asked you to come and check her numbers for her at roulette again."

"Not at all!" cried Pickering, with a smile of triumph. "She says that she plays no more, for the present. She has asked me to come and take tea with her this evening."

"Ah, then," I said, very gravely, "of course you can't leave Homburg."

He answered nothing, but looked askance at me, as if he were expecting me to laugh. "Urge it strongly," he said in a moment. "Say it's my duty — command me."

I didn't quite understand him, but, feathering the shaft with a harmless expletive, I told him that unless he followed my advice, I would never speak to him again.

He got up, stood before me, and struck the ground with his stick. "Good!" he cried. "I wanted an occasion to break a rule — to leap an obstacle. Here it is! I stay!"

I made him a mock bow for his energy. "That's very fine," I said; "but now, to put you in a proper mood for Madame Blumenthal's tea, we'll go and listen to the band play Schubert under the lindens." And we walked back through the woods.

I went to see Pickering the next day, at his inn, and on knocking, as directed, at his door, was surprised to hear the sound of a loud voice within. My knock remained unnoticed, so I presently introduced myself. I found no company, but I discovered my friend walking up and down the room and

apparently declaiming to himself from a little volume bound in white vellum. He greeted me heartily, threw his book on the table, and said that he was taking a German lesson.

"And who is your teacher?" I asked, glancing at the book.

He rather avoided meeting my eye, as he answered, after an instant's delay, "Madame Blumenthal."

"Indeed! Has she written a grammar?" I inquired.

"It 's not a grammar; it 's a tragedy." And he handed me the book.

I opened it, and beheld, in delicate type, in a very large margin, a *Trauerspiel* in five acts, entitled Cleopatra. There were a great many marginal corrections and annotations, apparently from the author's hand; the speeches were very long, and there was an inordinate number of soliloquies by the heroine. One of them, I remember, toward the end of the play, began in this fashion: —

"What, after all, is life but sensation, and sensation but deception? — reality that pales before the light of one's dreams, as Octavia's dull beauty fades beside mine? But let me believe in some intenser bliss and seek it in the arms of death!"

"It seems decidedly passionate," I said. "Has the tragedy ever been acted?"

"Never in public; but Madame Blumenthal tells me that she had it played at her own house in Berlin, and that she herself undertook the part of the heroine."

Pickering's unworldly life had not been of a sort to sharpen his perception of the ridiculous, but it seemed to me an unmistakable sign of his being under the charm, that this information was very soberly offered. He was preoccupied, and irresponsive to my experimental observations on vulgar topics — the hot weather, the inn, the advent of Adelina Patti. At last he uttered his thoughts, and announced that Madame Blumenthal had turned out an extraordinarily interesting woman. He seemed to have quite forgotten our long talk in the Hardtwald, and betrayed no sense of this being a confession that he had taken his plunge and was floating with the current. He only remembered that I had spoken slightingly of the lady and hinted that it behooved me to amend my opinion. I had received the day before so strong an impression of a sort of spiritual fastidiousness in my friend's nature, that on hearing now the striking of a new hour, as it were, in his consciousness, and observing how the echoes of the past were immediately quenched in its music, I said to myself that it had certainly taken a delicate hand to regulate that fine machinery. No doubt Madame Blumenthal was a clever woman. It is a good German custom, at Homburg, to spend the hour preceding dinner in listening to the orchestra in the Kurgarten; Mozart and Beethoven, for organisms in which the interfusion of soul and sense is peculiarly mysterious, are a vigorous stimulus to the appetite. Pickering and I conformed, as we had done the day before, to the fashion, and when we were seated under the trees, he began to expatiate on his friend's merits.

"I don't know whether she is eccentric or not," he said; "to me every one seems eccentric, and it 's not for me, yet awhile, to measure people by my narrow precedents. I never saw a gaming table in my life, before, and supposed that a gamster was, of necessity, some dusky villain with an evil eye. In Germany, says Madame Blumenthal, people play at roulette as they play at billiards, and her own venerable mother originally taught her the rules of the game. It is a recognized source of subsistence for decent people with small means. But I confess Madame Blumenthal might do worse things than play roulette, and yet make them harmonious and beautiful. I have never been in the habit of thinking positive beauty the most excellent thing in a woman. I have always said to myself that if my heart was ever to be captured it would be by a sort of general grace — a sweetness of motion and tone — on which one could count for soothing im-

pressions, as one counts on a musical instrument that is perfectly in tune. Madame Blumenthal has it — this grace that soothes and satisfies; and it seems the more perfect that it keeps order and harmony in a character really passionately ardent and active. With her multifarious impulses and accomplishments nothing would be easier than that she should seem restless and over-eager and importunate. You will know her, and I leave you to judge whether she does. She has every gift, and culture has done everything for each. What goes on in her mind, I of course can't say; what reaches the observer — the admirer — is simply a penetrating perfume of intelligence, mingled with a penetrating perfume of sympathy."

"Madame Blumenthal," I said, smiling, "might be the loveliest woman in the world, and you the object of her choicest favors, and yet what I should most envy you would be, not your peerless friend, but your beautiful imagination."

"That 's a polite way of calling me a fool," said Pickering. "You 're a skeptic, a cynic, a satirist! I hope I shall be a long time coming to that."

"You 'll make the journey fast if you travel by express trains. But pray tell me, have you ventured to intimate to Madame Blumenthal your high opinion of her?"

"I don't know what I may have said. She listens even better than she talks, and I think it possible I may have made her listen to a great deal of nonsense. For after the first few words I exchanged with her I was conscious of an extraordinary evaporation of all my old diffidence. I have, in truth, I suppose," he added, in a moment, "owing to my peculiar circumstances, a great accumulated fund of unuttered things of all sorts to get rid of. Last evening, sitting there before that lovely woman, they came swarming to my lips. Very likely I poured them all out. I have a sense of having enshrouded myself in a sort of mist of talk, and of seeing her lovely eyes shining through it opposite to me, like stars above a miasmatic frog-pond." And here, if I remember rightly, Pickering broke off into an ardent parenthesis, and declared that Madame Blumenthal's eyes had something in them that he had never seen in any others. "It was a jumble of crudities and inanities," he went on, "which must have seemed to her terribly farcical; but I feel the wiser and the stronger, somehow, for having poured them out before her; and I imagine I might have gone far without finding another woman in whom such an exhibition would have provoked so little of mere cold amusement."

"Madame Blumenthal, on the contrary," I surmised, "entered into your situation with warmth."

"Exactly so — the greatest! She 's wise, she knows, she has felt, she has suffered, and now she understands!"

"She told you, I imagine, that she understood you to a *t*, and she offered to be your guide, philosopher, and friend."

"She spoke to me," Pickering answered, after a pause, "as I had never been spoken to before, and she offered me, in effect, formally, all the offices of a woman's friendship."

"Which you as formally accepted?"

"To you the scene sounds absurd, I suppose, but allow me to say, I don't care!" Pickering cried, with an air of genial aggression which was the most inoffensive thing in the world. "I was very much moved; I was, in fact, very much excited. I tried to say something, but I could n't; I had had plenty to say before, but now I stammered and bungled, and at last I took refuge in an abrupt retreat."

"Meanwhile she had dropped her tragedy into your pocket!"

"Not at all. I had seen it on the table before she came in. Afterwards she kindly offered to read German aloud with me, for the accent, two or three times a week. 'What shall we begin with?' she asked. 'With this!' I said, and held up the book. And she let me take it to look it over."

I was neither a cynic nor a satirist, but even if I had been, I might have

had my claws clipped by Pickering's assurance, before we parted, that Madame Blumenthal wished to know me and expected him to introduce me. Among the foolish things which, according to his own account, he had uttered, were some generous words in my praise, to which she had civilly replied. I confess I was curious to see her, but I begged that the introduction should not be immediate. I wished, on the one hand, to let Pickering work out his destiny without temptation, on my part, to play Providence; and on the other hand I had at Homburg a group of friends with whom for another week I had promised to spend my leisure hours. For some days I saw little of Pickering, though we met at the Kursaal and strolled occasionally in the park. I watched, in spite of my desire to let him alone, for the signs and portents of the world's action upon him — of that portion of the world, in especial, which Madame Blumenthal had gathered up into her comprehensive soul. He seemed very happy, and gave me in a dozen ways an impression of increased self-confidence and maturity. His mind was admirably active, and always, after a quarter of an hour's talk with him, I asked myself what experience could really do, that seclusion had not, to make it bright and fine. Every now and then I was struck with his deep enjoyment of some new spectacle, — often trifling enough, — something foreign, local, picturesque, some detail of manner, some accident of scenery; and of the infinite freedom with which he felt he could go and come and rove and linger and observe it all. It was an expansion, an awakening, a coming to manhood in a graver fashion; as one might arrive somewhere, after delays, in some quiet after-hour which should transmute disappointment into gratitude for the preternatural vividness of first impressions. Each time I met him he spoke a little less of Madame Blumenthal, but let me know generally that he saw her often, and continued to admire her — tremendously! I was forced to admit to myself, in spite of preconceptions, that if she was really the ruling star of this serene efflorescence, she must be a very fine woman. Pickering had the air of an ingenuous young philosopher sitting at the feet of an austere muse, and not of a sentimental spendthrift dangling about some supreme incarnation of levity.

H. James, Jr.

THAT NEVER WAS ON SEA OR LAND.

I DREAMED that same old dream again last night;
You know I told you of it once, and more:
The sun had risen, and looked upon the sea,
And turned his head and looked upon the shore,
As if he never saw the world before.

What mystic, mythic season could it be?
It was October with the heart of May.
How count they time within love's calendar?
Dreaming or waking, I can only say
It was the morning of our wedding-day.

I only know I heard your happy step,
As I sat working on my wedding-day
Within my usual place, my usual task;
You came and took the pen, and laughing, "Nay!"
You said, "no more this morning! Come away!"

And I, who had been doing dreamily
Within my dream some fitful thing before
(My pen and I were both too tired to stop),
Drew breath — dropped all my work upon the floor,
And let you lead me mutely to the door,

And out into a place I never saw,
Where little waves came shyly up and curled
Themselves about our feet; and far beyond
As eye could see, a mighty ocean swirled.
"We go," you said, "alone into the world."

But yet we did not go, but sat and talked
Of usual things, and in our usual way;
And now and then I stopped myself to think, —
So hard it is for work-worn souls to play, —
Why, after all it is our wedding-day!

The fisher-folk came passing up and down,
Hither and thither, and the ships sailed by,
And busy women nodded cheerily;
And one from out a little cottage came,
With quiet porches, where the vines hung high,

And wished us joy, and "When you 're tired," she said,
"I bid you welcome; come and rest with me."
But she was busy like the rest, and left
Us only out of all the world to be
Idle and happy by the idle sea.

And there were colors cast upon the sea
Whose names I know not, and upon the land
The shapes of shadows that I never saw;
And faintly far I felt a strange moon stand, —
Yet still we sat there, hand in clinging hand,

And talked, and talked, and talked, as if it were
Our last long chance to speak, or you to me
Or I to you, for this world or the next;
And still the fisherwomen busily
Passed by, and still the ships sailed to the sea.

But by and by the sea, the earth, the sky,
Took on a sudden color that I knew;
And a wild wind arose and beat at them.
The fisherwomen turned a deadly hue,
And I, in terror, turned me unto you,

And wrung my wretched hands, and hid my face.
"Oh, now I know the reason, Love," I said,
"We 've talked, and talked, and talked the livelong day,
Like strangers, on the day that we were wed;
For I remember now that you were dead!"

I woke afraid: around the half-lit room
The broken darkness seemed to stir and creep;
I thought a spirit passed before my eyes;
The night had grown a thing too dread for sleep,
And human life a lot too sad to weep

Beneath the moon, across the silent lawn,
The garden paths gleamed white — a mighty cross
Cut through the shadowed flowers solemnly;
Like heavenly love escaped from earthly dross,
Or heavenly peace born out of earthly loss.

And wild my uncalmed heart went questioning it:
"Can that which never has been, ever be?"
The solemn symbol told me not, but lay
As dumb before me as Eternity,
As dumb as *you* are, when you look at me.

Elizabeth Stuart Phelps.

HAVE ANIMALS SOULS?

To answer this question, we must first say what we mean by a soul. If we mean a human soul, it is certain that animals do not possess it — at least not in a fully developed condition. If we mean, "Do they possess an immortal soul?" that is perhaps a question difficult to answer either in the affirmative or the negative. But if we mean by a soul an immaterial principle of life, which coördinates the bodily organization to a unity; which is the ground of growth, activity, perception, volition; which is intelligent, affectionate, and to a certain extent free; then we must admit that animals have souls.

The same arguments which induce us to believe that there is a soul in man, apply to animals. The world has generally believed that in man, beside the body, there is also soul. Why have people believed it? The reason probably is, that, beside all that can be accounted for as the result of the juxtaposition of material particles, there remains a very important element unaccounted for. Mechanical and physical agency may explain much, but the most essential characteristic of vital phenomena they do not explain. They do not account for the unity in variety, permanence in change, growth from within by continuous processes, coming from the vital functions in an organized body. Every such body has a unity peculiar to itself, which cannot be considered the result of the collocation of material molecules. It is a unity which controls these molecules, arranges and re-arranges them, maintains a steady activity, carries the body through the phenomena of growth, and causes the various organs to coöperate for the purposes of the whole. The vital power is not merely a result of material phenomena, but it reacts on these as a cause. Add to this that strange phenomenon of human consciousness, the sense of personality, — which is the clear perception of selfhood as a distinct unchanging unit, residing in a body all of whose parts are in perpetual flux, — and we see why the opinion of a soul has arisen. It has been assumed by the common-sense of mankind that in every living body the cause of the mode of existence of each part is contained in the whole. As soon as death intervenes each part is

left free to pass through changes peculiar to itself alone. Life is a power which acts from the whole upon the parts, causing them to resist chemical laws, which begin to act as soon as life departs. The unity of a living body does not result from an ingenious juxtaposition of parts, like that of a watch, for example. For the unity of a living body implies that which is called "the vital vortex," or perpetual exchange of particles.

A watch or clock is the nearest approach which has been made by man to the creation of a living being. A watch, for instance, contains the principle of its action in itself, and is not moved from without; in that it resembles a living creature. We can easily conceive of a watch which might be made to go seventy years, without being wound up. It might need to be oiled occasionally, but not as often as an animal needs to be fed. A watch is also like a living creature in having a unity as a whole not belonging to the separate parts, and to which all parts conspire — namely, that of marking the progress of time. Why then say that a man has a soul, and that a watch has not? The difference is this. The higher principle of unity in the watch, that is, its power of marking time, is wholly an effect, and never a cause. It is purely and only the result of the arrangement of wheels and springs; in other words, of material conditions. But in man, the principle of unity is also a cause. Life reacts upon body. The laws of matter are modified by the power of life, chemical action is suspended, living muscles are able to endure without laceration the application of forces which would destroy the dead fibre. So the thought, the love, the will of a living creature react on the physical frame. A sight, a sound, a few spoken words, a message seen in a letter, cause an immense revulsion in the physical condition. Something is suddenly told us, and we faint away, or even die, from the effect of the message. Here mind acts upon matter, showing that in man mind is not merely a result, but also a cause. Hence men have generally believed in the existence of a soul in man. They have not been taught it by metaphysicians, it is one of the spontaneous inductions of common-sense from universal experience.

But this argument applies equally to prove a soul in animals. The same reaction of soul on body is constantly apparent. Every time that you whistle to your dog, and he comes bounding toward you, his mind has acted on his body. His will has obeyed his thought, his muscles have obeyed his will. The cause of his motion was mental, not physical. This is too evident to require any further illustration. Therefore, regarding the soul as a principle of life, connected with the body but not its result, or, in other words, as an immaterial principle of activity, there is the same reason for believing in the soul of animals that there is for believing in the soul of man.

But when we ask as to the nature of the animal soul, and how far it is analogous to that of man, we meet with certain difficulties. Let us see then how many of the human qualities of the soul are to be found in animals, and so discover if there is any remainder not possessed by them, peculiar to ourselves.

That the vital soul, or principle of life, belongs equally to plants, animals, and men, is evident. This is so apparent as to be granted even by Descartes, who regards animals as mere machines, or automata, destitute of a thinking soul, but not of life or feeling. They are automata, but living and feeling automata. Descartes denies them a soul, because he defines the soul as the thinking and knowing power. But Locke (with whom Leibnitz fully agreed on this point) ascribes to animals thought as well as feeling, and makes their difference from man to consist in their not possessing abstract ideas. We shall presently see the truth of this most sagacious remark.

Plants, animals, and men are alike in possessing the vital principle, which produces growth, which causes them to pass through regular phases of development, which enables them to digest and

assimilate food taken from without, and which carries on a steady circulation within. To this are added, in the animal, the function of voluntary locomotion, perception through the senses of an outward world, the power of feeling pleasure and pain, some wonderful instincts, and some degree of reflective thought. Animals also possess memory, imagination, playfulness, industry, the sense of shame, and many other very human qualities.

Take, for example, Buffon's fine description of the dog (Histoire du Chien):

"By nature fiery, irritable, ferocious, and sanguinary, the dog in his savage state is a terror to other animals. But domesticated he becomes gentle, attached, and desirous to please. He hastens to lay at the feet of his master his courage, his strength, and all his abilities. He listens for his master's orders, inquires his will, consults his opinion, begs his permission, understands the indications of his wishes. Without possessing the power of human thought, he has all the warmth of human sentiment. He has more than human fidelity, he is constant in his attachments. He is made up of zeal, ardor, and obedience. He remembers kindness longer than wrong. He endures bad treatment and forgets it — disarming it by patience and submission."

No one who has ever had a dog for a friend will think this description exaggerated. If any should so consider it, we will cite for their benefit what Mr. Jesse, one of the latest students of the canine race, asserts concerning it, in his Researches into the History of the British Dog (London, 1866). He says that remarkable instances of the following virtues, feelings, and powers of mind are well authenticated: —

"The dog risks his life to give help; goes for assistance; saves life from drowning, fire, other animals, and men; assists distress; guards property; knows boundaries; resents injuries; repays benefits; communicates ideas; combines with other dogs for several purposes; understands language; knows when he is about to die; knows death in a human being; devotes his whole life to the object of his love; dies of grief and of joy; dies in his master's defense; commits suicide; remains by the dead; solicits, and gives alarm; knows the characters of men; recognizes a portrait, and men after long absence; is fond of praise and sensible to ridicule; feels shame, and is sensible of a fault; is playful; is incorruptible; finds his way back from distant countries; is magnanimous to smaller animals; is jealous; has dreams; and takes a last farewell when dying."

Much of this, it may be said, is instinctive. We must therefore distinguish between Instinct and Intelligence; or, rather, between instinctive intelligence, and reflective intelligence. Many writers on the subject of animals have not carefully distinguished these very different activities of the soul. Even M. Leroy, one of the first in modern times who brought careful observation to the study of the nature of animals, has not always kept in view this distinction — as has been noticed by a subsequent French writer of very considerable ability, M. Flourens.[1] The following marks, according to M. Flourens, distinguish instinct from intelligence.

INSTINCT	INTELLIGENCE
Is spontaneous,	Is deliberative,
" necessary,	" conditional,
" invariable,	" modifiable,
" innate	comes from observation and experience,
" fatal,	is free,
" particular.	" general.

Thus the building faculty of the beaver is an instinct, for it acts spontaneously, and always in the same way. It is not a general faculty of building in all places and ways, but a special power of building houses of sticks, mud, and other materials, with the entrance under water and a dry place within. When beavers build on a running stream, they begin by making a dam

1 The Intelligence and Perfectibility of Animals. By C. G. Leroy. Translated into English in 1870. De l'Instinct et l'Intelligence des Animaux. Par P. Flourens. Paris, 1864.

across it, which preserves them from losing the water in a drought; but this also is a spontaneous and invariable act. The old stories of their driving piles, using their tails for trowels, and having well-planned houses with many chambers, have been found to be fictitious. That the beaver builds by instinct, though intelligence comes in to modify the instinct, appears from his wishing to build his house or his dam when it is not needed. Mr. Broderip, the English naturalist, had a pet beaver that manifested his building instinct by dragging together warming-pans, sweeping-brushes, boots, and sticks, which he would lay crosswise. He then would fill in his wall with clothes, bits of coal, turf, laying it very even. Finally, he made a nest for himself behind his wall with clothes, hay, and cotton. As this creature had been brought from America very young, all this procedure must have been instinctive. But his intelligence showed itself in his adapting his mode of building to his new circumstances. His instinct led him to build his wall, and to lay his sticks crosswise, and to fill in with what he could find, according to the universal and spontaneous procedure of all beavers. But his making use of a chest of drawers for one side of his wall, and taking brushes and boots instead of cutting down trees, were no doubt acts of intelligence.

A large part of the wonderful procedure of bees is purely instinctive. Bees, from the beginning of the world, and in all countries of the earth, have lived in similar communities; have had their queen, to lay their eggs; if their queen is lost, have developed a new one in the same way, by altering the conditions of existence in one of their larvæ; have constructed their hexagonal cells by the same mathematical law, so as to secure the most strength with the least outlay of material. All this is instinct — for it is spontaneous and not deliberate; it is universal and constant. But when the bee deflects his comb in order to avoid a stick thrust across the inside of the hive, and begins the variation before he reaches the stick; this can only be regarded as an act of intelligence.

Animals, then, have both instincts and intelligence; and so has man. A large part of human life proceeds from tendencies as purely, if not as vigorously, instinctive as those of animals. Man has social instincts, which create human society. Children play from an instinct. The maternal instinct in a human mother is, till modified by reflection, as spontaneous, universal, and necessary as the same instinct in animals. But in man the instincts are reduced to a minimum, and are soon modified by observation, experience, and reflection. In animals they are at their maximum, and are modified in a much less degree.

It is sometimes said that animals do not reason, but man does. But animals are quite capable of at least two modes of reasoning: that of comparison, and that of inference. They compare two modes of action, or two substances, and judge the one to be preferable to the other, and accordingly select it. Sir Emerson Tennent tells us that elephants, employed to build stone walls in Ceylon, will lay each stone in its place, then stand off and look to see if it is plumb, and, if not, will move it with their trunk, till it lies perfectly straight. This is a pure act of reflective judgment. He narrates an adventure which befell himself in Ceylon while riding on a narrow road through the forest. He heard a rumbling sound approaching, and directly there came to meet him an elephant, bearing on his tusks a large log of wood, which he had been directed to carry to the place where it was needed. Sir Emerson Tennent's horse, unused to these monsters, was alarmed, and refused to go forward. The sagacious elephant, perceiving this, evidently decided that he must himself go out of the way. But to do this, he was obliged first to take the log from his tusks with his trunk, and lay it on the ground, which he did, and then backed out of the road between the trees till only his head was

visible. But the horse was still too timid to go by, whereupon the judicious pachyderm pushed himself farther back, till all of his body, except the end of his trunk, had disappeared. Then Sir Emerson succeeded in getting his horse by, but stopped to witness the result. The elephant came out, took the log up again, laid it across his tusks, and went on his way. This story, told by an unimpeachable witness, shows several successive acts of reasoning. The log-bearer inferred from the horse's terror that it would not pass; he again inferred that in that case he must himself get out of the way; that, to do this, he must lay down his log; that he must go farther back; and accompanying this was his sense of duty, making him faithful to his task; and, most of all, his consideration of what was due to this human traveler, which kept him from driving the horse and man before him as he went on.

There is another well-authenticated anecdote of an elephant; he was following an ammunition wagon, and saw the man who was seated on it fall off just before the wheel. The man would have been crushed had not the animal instantly run forward, and, without an order, lifted the wheel with his trunk, and held it suspended in the air, till the wagon had passed over the man without hurting him. Here were combined presence of mind, good-will, knowledge of the danger to the man, and a rapid calculation of how he could be saved.

A gentleman who has recently died in Paris, belonging to a well-known Boston family, was in his early life a sea-captain. He had a dog, which he sometimes took to sea with him, and sometimes left behind, at his father's house in Somerset Street. He once sailed for India, taking his dog. Some three or four months after, the family in Somerset Street were astonished by the arrival of a dog, very lean and dirty, but who claimed acquaintance with them by many unmistakable signs, and whom they recognized at last as the captain's dog. But how had he got home? The vessel on which he sailed could hardly have arrived in India, much less returned. Inquiring on the wharves, they at last learned that he had come to the port of Boston on a vessel just from Marseilles. The captain could only say that this dog had come on board in Marseilles and had insisted on remaining till they arrived in Boston, when he had instantly leaped on the wharf and disappeared. The difficulty now was to know how he got to Marseilles. This mystery was solved on the return of his owner some months after, who said that at sea he had received such kindness from a French captain who took a great fancy to his dog, that he could not refuse to give him to the Frenchman. The dog, therefore, had been carried to France, and then had found his way to a vessel bound for Boston, and had come home. Whether he smelt a certain Boston aroma hanging round the ship, or merely observed that the crew spoke the language with which he was familiar, we cannot say. But it is not every man who could succeed in getting home so readily from a foreign land.

Perhaps I may properly introduce here an account of the manifestations of mind in the animals I have had the most opportunity of observing. I have a horse, who was named Rubezahl, after the Mountain Spirit of the Harz made famous in the stories of Musaeus. We have contracted his name to Ruby for convenience. Now I have reason to believe that Ruby can distinguish Sunday from other days. On Sunday I have been in the habit of driving to Boston to church; but on other days, I drive to the neighboring village, where are the post-office, shops of mechanics, and other stores. To go to Boston, I usually turn to the right when I leave my driveway; to go to the village, I turn to the left. Now, on Sunday, if I leave the reins loose, so that the horse may do as he pleases, he invariably turns to the right, and goes to Boston. On other days, he as invariably turns to the left, and goes to the village. He does this so constantly and regularly,

that none of the family have any doubt of the fact that he knows that it is Sunday; *how* he knows it we are unable to discover. I have left my house at the same hour, on Sunday and on Monday; in the same carriage; with the same number of persons in it: and yet on Sunday he always turns to the right, and on Monday to the left. He is fed at the same time on Sunday as on other days, but the man comes back to harness him a little later on Sunday than at other times, and that is possibly his method of knowing that it is the day for going to Boston. But see how much of observation, memory, and thought is implied in all this.

Again, Ruby has shown a very distinct feeling of the supernatural. Driving one day up a hill near my house, we met a horse-car coming down toward us, running without horses, simply by the force of gravity. My horse became so frightened that he ran into the gutter, and nearly overturned me; and I got him past with the greatest difficulty. Now he had met the cars coming down that hill drawn by horses, a hundred times, and had never been alarmed. Moreover, only a day or two after, in going up the same hill, we saw a car moving uphill, before us, where the horses were entirely invisible, being concealed by the car itself, which was between us and the horses. But this did not frighten Ruby at all. He evidently said to himself, "The horses are there, though I do not see them." But in the other case it seemed to him an effect without a cause — something plainly supernatural. There was nothing in the aspect of the car itself to alarm him; he had seen that often enough. He was simply terrified by seeing it move without any adequate cause — just as we should be, if we saw our chairs begin to walk about the room.

Our Newfoundland dog's name is Donatello; which, again, is shortened to Don in common parlance. He has all the affectionate and excellent qualities of his race. He is the most good-natured creature I ever saw. Nothing provokes him. Little dogs may yelp at him, the cat or kittens may snarl and spit at him; he pays no attention to them. A little dog climbs on his back, and lies down there; one of the cats will lie between his legs. But at night, when he is on guard, no one can approach the house unchallenged.

But his affection for the family is very great. To be allowed to come into the house and lie down near us is his chief happiness. He was very fond of my son E——, who played with him a good deal, and when the young man went away during the war, with a three months' regiment, Don was much depressed by his absence. He walked down regularly to the station, and stood there till a train of cars came in, and when his friend did not arrive in it, he went back, with a melancholy air, to the house. But at last the young man returned. It was in the evening, and Don was lying on the piazza. As soon as he saw his friend, his exultation knew no bounds. He leaped upon him, and ran round him, barking and showing the wildest signs of delight. All at once he turned, and ran up into the garden, and came back bringing an apple, which he laid down at the feet of his young master. It was the only thing he could think of to do for him — and this sign of his affection was quite pathetic.

The reason why Don thought of the apple was probably this: we had taught him to go and get an apple for the horse, when so directed. We would say, "Go, Don, get an apple for poor Ruby;" then he would run up into the garden, and bring an apple, and hold it up to the horse; and perhaps when the horse tried to take it he would pull it away. After doing this a few times, he would finally lie down on his back under the horse's nose, and allow the latter to take the apple from his mouth. He would also kiss the horse, on being told to do so. When we said, "Don, kiss poor Ruby," he leaped up and kissed the horse's nose. But he afterwards hit upon a more convenient method of doing it. He got his paw over the rein and pulled down the horse's head, so

that he could continue the osculatory process more at his ease, sitting comfortably on the ground.

Animals know when they have done wrong; so far, at least, as that means disobeying our will or command. The only great fault which Don ever committed was stealing a piece of meat from our neighbor's kitchen. I do not think he was punished or even scolded for it; for we did not find it out till later, when it would have done no good to punish him. But a week or two after that, the gentleman whose kitchen had been robbed was standing on my lawn, talking with me, and he referred, laughingly, to what Don had done. He did not even look at the dog, much less change his tones to those of rebuke. But the moment Don heard his name mentioned, he turned and walked away, and hid himself under the low branches of a Norway spruce near by. He was evidently profoundly ashamed of himself. Was this the result of conscience, or of the love of approbation? In either case, it was very human.

That the love of approbation is common to many animals we all know. Dogs and horses certainly can be influenced by praise and blame, as easily as men. Many years ago we had occasion to draw a load of gravel, and we put Ruby into a tip-cart to do the work. He was profoundly depressed, and evidently felt it as a degradation. He hung his head, and showed such marks of humiliation that we have never done it since. But on the other hand, when he goes out, under the saddle, by the side of a young horse, this veteran animal tries as hard to appear young, as any old bachelor of sixty years who is still ambitious of social triumphs. He dances along, and goes sideways, and has all the airs and graces of a young colt. All this, too, is excessively human.

At one time my dog was fond of going to the railway station to see the people, and I always ordered him to go home, fearing he should be hurt by the cars. He easily understood that if he went there, it was contrary to my wishes. Nevertheless, he often went; and I do not know but this fondness for forbidden fruit was rather human too. So, whenever he was near the station, if he saw me coming, he would look the other way, and pretend not to know me. If he met me anywhere else, he always bounded to meet me with great delight. But at the station it was quite different. He would pay no attention to my whistle, or my call. He even pretended to be another dog, and would look me right in the face, without apparently recognizing me. He gave me the cut direct, in the most impertinent manner; the reason evidently being, that he knew he was doing what was wrong, and did not like to be found out. Possibly he may have relied a little on my near-sightedness, in this manœuvre.

That animals have acute observation, memory, imagination, the sense of approbation, strong affections, and the power of reasoning, is therefore very evident. Lord Bacon also speaks of a dog's reverence for his master as partaking of a religious element. "Mark," says he, "what a generosity and courage a dog will put on, when he finds himself maintained by a man, who to him is instead of a God — which courage he could not attain, without that confidence in a better nature than his own." Who that has seen the mute admiration and trust in a dog's eye, as he looks up at his master, but can see in it something of a religious reverence — the germ and first principle of religion?

What, then, is the difference between the human soul and that of the animal in its highest development?

That there is a very marked difference between man and the highest animal is evident. The human being, weaker in proportion than all other animals, has subjected them all to himself. He has subdued the earth by his inventions. Physically too feeble to dig a hole in the ground like a rabbit, or to fell a tree like a beaver; unable to live in the water like a fish, or to move through the air like a bird; he yet, by his inventive power, and his machinery, can compel the forces of nature to

work for him. They are the true genii, slaves of his lamp. Air, fire, water, electricity, and magnetism build his cities and his stately ships, run his errands, carry him from land to land, and accept him as their master.

Whence does man obtain this power? Some say it is *the human hand* which has made man supreme. It is, no doubt, a wonderful machine; a box of tools in itself. The size and strength of the thumb, and the power of opposing it to the extremities of the fingers, distinguishes, according to most anatomists, the human hand from that of the quadrumanous animals. In those monkeys which are nearest to man, the thumb is so short and weak, and the fingers so long and slender, that their tips can scarcely be brought in opposition. Excellent for climbing, they are not good for taking up small objects or supporting large ones. But the hand of man could accomplish little, without the mind behind it. It was therefore a good remark of Galen, that "man is not the wisest of animals because he has a hand; but God has given him a hand because he is the wisest of animals."

The size of the human brain, relatively greater than that of almost any other animal; man's structure, adapting him to stand erect; his ability to exist in all climates; his power of subsisting on varied food: all these facts of his physical nature are associated with his superior mental power, but do not produce it. The question recurs, What enables him to stand at the head of the animal creation?

Perhaps the chief apparent distinctions between man and other animals are these: —

1. The lowest races of men use tools; other animals do not.

2. The lowest human beings possess a verbal language; other animals have none.

3. Man has the capacity of self-culture, as an individual; other animals have not.

4. Human beings, associated in society, are capable of progress in civilization, by means of science, art, literature, and religion; other animals are not.

5. Men have a capacity for religion; no animal, except man, has this.

The lowest races of men use tools, but no other animal does this. This is so universally admitted by science, that the presence of the rudest tools of stone is considered a sufficient trace of the presence of man. If stone hatchets or hammers or arrow-heads are found in any stratum, though no human bones are detected, anthropologists regard this as a sufficient proof of the existence of human beings in the period indicated by such a geologic formation. The only tools used by animals in procuring food, in war, or in building their homes, are their natural organs; their beaks, teeth, claws, etc. It may be added that man alone wears clothes; other animals being sufficiently clothed by nature. No animals make a fire, though they often suffer from cold; but there is no race of men unacquainted with the use of fire.[1]

No animals possess a verbal language. Animals can remember some of the words used by men, and associate with them their meaning. But this is not the use of language. It is merely the memory of two associated facts — as when the animal recollects where he found food, and goes to the same place to look for it again. Animals have different cries, indicating different wants. They use one cry to call their mate, another to terrify their prey. But this is not the use of verbal language. Human language implies not merely an acquaintance with the meaning of particular words, but the power of putting them together in a sentence. Animals have no such language as this; for, if they had, it would have been learned by men. Man has the power of learning any verbal language. Adelung and Vater reckon over three thousand languages spoken by men, and any man can learn any of them. The negroes speak their own languages in their own countries, they speak Arabic in North Africa, they learn to speak English,

[1] It is a mistake to say that the Tasmanians do not use fire.

French, and Spanish in America, and Oriental languages when they go to the East. If any animals had a verbal language, with its vocabulary and grammar, men would long ago have learned it, and would have been able to converse with them.

Again, no animal except man is capable of self-culture, as an individual. Animals are trained by external influences; they do not teach themselves. An old wolf is much more cunning than a young one, but he has been made so by the force of circumstances. You can teach your dog tricks, but no dog has ever taught himself any. Yet the lowest savages teach themselves to make tools, to ornament their paddles and clubs, and acquire certain arts by diligent effort. Birds will sometimes practice the tunes which they hear played, till they have learned them. They will also sometimes imitate each other's songs. That is, they possess the power of vocal imitation. But to imitate the sounds we hear is not self-culture. It is not developing a new power, but it is exercising in a new way a natural gift. Yet we must admit that in this habit of birds there is the rudiment, at least, of self-education.

All races of men are capable of progress in civilization. Many, indeed, remain in a savage state for thousands of years, and we cannot positively prove that any particular race which has always been uncivilized is capable of civilization. But we are led to believe it from having known of so many tribes of men who have emerged from apathy, ignorance, and barbarism into the light of science and art. So it was with all the Teutonic races — the Goths, Germans, Kelts, Lombards, Scandinavians. So it was with the Arabs, who roamed for thousands of years over the deserts, a race of ignorant robbers, and then, filled with the great inspiration of Islam, flamed up into a brilliant coruscation of science, literature, art, military success, and profound learning. What great civilizations have grown up in China, India, Persia, Assyria, Babylon, Phœnicia, Egypt, Greece, Rome, Carthage, Etruria! But no such progress has ever appeared among the animals. As their parents were, five thousand years ago, so, essentially, are they now.

Nor are animals religious, in the sense of worshiping unseen powers, higher than themselves. My horse showed a sense of the supernatural, but this is not worship.

These are some of the most marked points of difference between man and all other animals. Now these can all be accounted for by the hypothesis in which Locke and Leibnitz both agreed; namely, that while animals are capable of reasoning about facts, they are incapable of abstract ideas. Or, we may say with Coleridge, that while animals, in common with man, possess the faculty of understanding, they do not possess that of reason. Coleridge seems to have intended by this exactly what Locke and Leibnitz meant by their statement. When my dog Don heard the word "apple," he thought of the particular concrete apple under the tree; and not of apples in general, and their relation to pears, peaches, etc. Don understood me when I told him to go and get an apple, and obeyed; but he would not have understood me if I had remarked to him that apples were better than pears, more healthy than peaches, not so handsome as grapes. I should then have gone into the region of abstract and general ideas.

Now it is precisely the possession of this power of abstract thought which will explain the superiority of man to all other animals. It explains the use of tools; for a tool is an instrument prepared not for one special purpose, but to be used generally, in certain ways. A baboon, like a man, might pick up a particular stone with which to crack a particular nut; but the ape does not make and keep a stone hammer, to be used on many similar occasions. A box of tools contains a collection of saws, planes, draw-knives, etc., not made to use on one occasion merely, but made for sawing, cutting, and planing purposes generally.

Still more evident is it that the power

of abstraction is necessary for verbal language. We do not here use the common term "articulate speech," for we can conceive of animals articulating their vocal sounds. But "a word" is an abstraction. The notion is lifted out of the concrete particular fact, and deposited in the abstract general term. All words, except proper names, are abstract; and to possess and use a verbal language is impossible, without the possession of this mental faculty.

In regard to self-culture, it is clear that for any steady progress one must keep before his mind an abstract idea of what he wishes to do. This enables him to rise above impulse, passion, instinct, habit, circumstance. By the steady contemplation of the proposed aim, one can arrange circumstances, restrain impulse, direct one's activity, and become really free.

In like manner races become developed in civilization by the impact of abstract ideas. Sometimes it is by coming in contact with other civilized nations, which gives them an ideal superior to anything before known. Sometimes the motive power of their progress is the reception of truths of science, art, literature, or religion.

It is not necessary to show that without abstract, universal, and necessary ideas no religion is possible; for religion being the worship of unseen powers, conceived as existing, as active, as spiritual, necessarily implies these ideas in the mind of the worshiper.

We find, then, in the soul of animals all active, affectionate, and intelligent capacities, as in that of man. The only difference is that man is capable of abstract ideas, which give him a larger liberty of action, which enable him to adopt an aim and pursue it, and which change his affections from an instinctive attachment into a principle of generous love. Add, then, to the animal soul the capacity for abstract ideas, and it would rise at once to the level of man. Meantime, in a large part of their nature, they have the same faculties with ourselves. They share our emotions, and we theirs. They are made "a little lower" than man, and, if we are souls, so surely are they.

Are they immortal? To discuss this question would require more space than we can here give to it. For our own part, we fully believe in the continued existence of all souls, at the same time assuming their continued advance. The law of life is progress; and one of the best features in the somewhat unspiritual theory of Darwin is its profound faith in perpetual improvement. This theory is the most startling optimism that has ever been taught, for it makes the law of the whole universe to be perpetual progress.

Many of the arguments for the immortality of man cannot indeed be used for our dumb relations, the animals. We cannot argue from their universal faith in a future life; nor contend that they need an immortality on moral grounds, to recompense their good conduct and punish their wickedness. We might indeed adduce a reason implied in our Saviour's parable, and believe that the poor creatures who have received their evil things in this life will be comforted in another. Moreover we might find in many animals qualities fitting them for a higher state. There are animals, as we have seen, who show a fidelity, courage, generosity, often superior to what we see in man. The dogs who have loved their master, more than food, and starved to death on his grave, are surely well fitted for a higher existence. Jesse tells a story of a cat which was being stoned by cruel boys. Men went by, and did not interfere; but a dog, that saw it, did. He drove away the boys, and then took the cat to his kennel, licked her all over with his tongue, and his conduct interested people, who brought her milk. The canine nurse took care of her till she was well, and the cat and dog remained fast friends ever after. Such an action in a man would have been called heroic; and we think such a dog would not be out of place in heaven.

Yet it is not so much on particular cases of animal superiority that we rely, but on the difficulty of conceiving, in

any sense, of the destruction of life. The principle of life, whether we call it soul or body, matter or spirit, escapes all observation of the senses. All that we know of it by observation is, that beside the particles of matter which compose an organized body, there is something else, not cognizable by the senses, which attracts and dismisses them, modifies and coördinates them. The unity of the body is not to be found in its sensible phenomena, but in something which escapes the senses. Into the vortex of that life material molecules are being continually absorbed, and from it they are perpetually discharged. If death means the dissolution of the body, we die many times in the course of our earthly career, for every body is said by human anatomists to be changed in all its particles once in seven years. What then remains, if all the particles go? The principle of organization remains, and this invisible, persistent principle constitutes the identity of every organized body. If I say that I have the *same* body when I am fifty which I had at twenty, it is because I mean by "body" that which continues unaltered amid the fast-flying particles of matter. This life-principle makes and remakes the material frame; that body does not make it. When what we call death intervenes, all that we can assert is that the life principle has done, wholly and at once, what it has always been doing gradually and in part. What happens to the material particles, we see: they become detached from the organizing principle, and relapse into simply mechanical and chemical conditions. What has happened to that organizing principle we neither see nor know; and we have absolutely no reason at all for saying that it has ceased to exist.

This is as true of plants and of animals as of men; and there is no reason for supposing that when these die, their principle of life is ended. It probably has reached a crisis, which consists in the putting on of new forms and ascending into a higher order of organized existence.

James Freeman Clarke.

ONE BEHIND TIME.

Let fortune hasten where you go —
  Let fame and honor too;
Still I will loiter as I know,
  My careless paths pursue.
The wood-nymph health, unsought, unwooed,
  Meets me in joyous air,
Shy peace companions solitude,
  And love is everywhere!

O world upon the hurrying train,
  Fly on your way! For me,
A saunterer through the slighted lane,
  A dreamer, let me be.
My footsteps pass away in flowers,
  So fragrant all I meet;
Use the quick minutes of your hours —
  The days die here so sweet!

John James Piatt.

A WEDDING IN MUSKOKA.

AN INCIDENT OF LIFE IN THE CANADA BACKWOODS.

I FREELY acknowledge that I am a romantic old woman; my children are continually telling me that such is my character, and without shame I confess the soft impeachment. I do not look upon romance as being either frivolous, unreal, or degrading; I consider it as a Heaven-sent gift to the favored few, enabling them to cast a softening halo of hope and beauty round the stern and rugged realities of daily life, and fitting them also to enter into the warm feelings and projects of the young, long after the dreams of love and youth have become to themselves things of the past.

After this preface, I need hardly say that I love and am loved by young people, that I have been the depositary of many innocent love secrets, and have brought more than one affair of the kind to a happy conclusion. I feel tempted to record my last experience, which began in France and ended happily in Muskoka, Canada.

Just seven years ago I was in France busily working in my beautiful flower-garden, when I was told that visitors awaited me in the drawing-room. Hastily pulling off my garden gloves and apron, I went in and found a very dear young friend, whom I shall call Sidney Herbert; he asked my permission to present to me four young ladies of his acquaintance, all sisters, and very sweet specimens of pretty, lady-like English girls. The eldest, much older than the rest, and herself singularly attractive, seemed completely to merge her own identity in that of her young charges, to whose education she had devoted the best years of her early womanhood, and who now repaid her with loving affection and implicit deference to her authority. It was easy for me to see that the "bright, particular star" of my handsome, dashing young friend was the second sister, a lovely, shy girl of sixteen, whose blushes and timidity fully assured me of the state of matters between the two. The mother of Mary Lennox (such was my heroine's name) lived in France, her father in England; and in this divided household the care of the three younger girls had been entirely left to their eldest sister. Sidney Herbert had made their acquaintance in that extraordinary manner in which young ladies and gentlemen *do* manage to become acquainted as often in real life as in novels, without any intercourse between the respective families.

For two or three months he had been much in their society, and the well-known result had followed. I have rarely seen a handsomer couple than these boy and girl lovers, on whom the eldest sister evidently looked with fond and proud admiration.

In subsequent interviews poor Sidney more fully opened his heart to me, and laid before me all his plans and projects for the future. The son of an old officer who fell during the Crimean war, he had neither friends nor fortune, but had to make his own position in the world. At this time he was twenty-one, and having just entered the merchant service was about to sail for Australia. He told me also of the fierce opposition made by every member of Mary's family except her eldest sister, to their engagement. I was not at all surprised at this, and told him so, for could anything be more imprudent than an engagement between two people so young, and so utterly without this world's goods? Mary, like himself, had neither fortune nor prospects. She was going to England to a finishing school with her two sisters, with the fixed idea of qualifying herself for a governess. Sidney entreated me to be a friend to these dear girls in his absence, to watch especially over his Mary during their brief holidays

which were to be spent in France, to be his medium of correspondence with her while away, and above all, to watch for every incidental opening to influence her family in his favor. To all his wishes I at last consented, not without seriously laying before him that his carrying out this wish of his heart mainly depended upon his own steadiness, good conduct, and success in his profession. He promised everything, poor fellow, and religiously kept his promise. A few hurried interviews at my house were followed by a tearful farewell, and then for the first time the young lovers drifted apart; Sidney sailed for Australia, and Mary and her sisters crossed the Channel and went to school.

At this time, the hero of my history was full of energy, life, and determination, fond of active, out-door employment, with a presence of mind and a dauntless courage which never failed him in moments of danger, and which enabled him in after years to extricate himself and others from scenes of imminent peril. Indeed, his sister averred that such was his presence of mind, that should his ship be wrecked, and every one on board be lost, Sidney would surely be saved if with only a butter-boat to cling to. He was truly affectionate and kind-hearted, but at this early age slightly imperious and self-willed, having been greatly flattered and spoilt in childhood; but contact with the world does much to smooth off the sharpest angularities, and poor Sidney had a rough future before him. After Sidney had sailed for Melbourne, and Mary and her sisters had gone to school, more than a year elapsed, during which time letters duly arrived which I carefully forwarded; and soon after the expiration of that time, he and his ship arrived safely at Liverpool. Having with some difficulty obtained from the owners a few days' leave, he hurried over to France to see and reassure his anxious and beloved Mary. Fortunately it was the Christmas holidays, and as soon as I could notify his arrival to Miss Lennox, she brought all the dear girls down to me. Then ensued, for the lovers, long walks up and down my garden, in spite of the cold; for us all, a few pleasant tea-parties; and then another separation, which this time was to extend over more than three years.

I am by no means favorable to long engagements, but these two were so young, that I have always considered the years of anxiety and suspense they passed through as an excellent training time for both. They certainly helped to form Mary's character, and to give her those habits of patience and trusting hopefulness which have been of so much benefit to her since. Nor was she ever allowed to think herself forgotten. Fond and affectionate letters came regularly every month, and at rare intervals such pretty tokens of remembrance as the slender means of her sailor lover could procure; perfumes and holy beads from India, feathers from Abyssinia, and a pretty gold ring, set with pearls of the purest water, from the Persian Gulf.

Later came the pleasing intelligence that Sidney Herbert had passed an excellent examination to qualify him as mate, and was on board one of the ships belonging to the company called the British India, which took out the expedition for laying the cable in the Persian Gulf. On board this ship he met with a gentleman whose influence over his future fate has long appeared to us all providential. This person was Major C——, the officer in command of the party sent out. They had many conversations together, and, cheered and encouraged by his kindness, Sidney ventured to address a letter to him, in which he stated how much he was beginning to suffer from the heat of India; how in his profession he had been driven about the world for nearly five years, and still found himself as little able to marry and settle as at first; that he had no friend to place him in any situation which might better his position; and that his desire to quit a seafaring life was increased by the fact that he was never free from seasickness, which pursued and tormented him in every voyage just as it did in the beginning.

Major C—— responded warmly to this

appeal; they had a long interview, in which he told Sidney that he himself was about to return to England, and felt sure that he could procure for him a good situation in the Telegraph Department in Persia. He gave him his address in London, and told him to come and see him as soon as he got back from India.

Sidney Herbert lost no time, when the expedition was successfully over, in giving up his situation as mate, and in procuring all necessary testimonials as to good conduct and capacity. Indeed, he so wrought upon the officials of the British India, that they gave him a free passage in one of their ships as far as Suez.

The letter containing the news of his improved prospects and speedy return occasioned the greatest joy. I had some time before made the acquaintance of Mrs. Lennox, and from her manner, as well as from what Miss Lennox told me, I saw with joy that all active opposition was over, and that the engagement was tacitly connived at by the whole family. It was in the beginning of April that Sidney Herbert arrived, his health much improved by absolute freedom from hard work and night watches. He had to pay all his own expenses from Suez, and just managed the overland journey on his little savings of eighteen or twenty pounds. The "lovers' walk" in my garden was now in constant occupation, and the summer-house at the end became a permanent boudoir. After a few days given to the joy of such an unexpected and hopeful reunion, Sidney wrote to Major C—— to announce his arrival, and to prepare him for a subsequent visit. He waited some days in great anxiety, and when he received the answer, brought it directly to me. I will not say that despair was written on his face — he was of too strong and hopeful a temperament for that — but blank dismay and measureless astonishment certainly were, and not without cause. The writer first expressed his deep regret that any hope he had held out of a situation should have induced Sidney to give up his profession for a mere chance. He then stated that on his own return to England he had found the government in one of its periodical fits of parsimony, and that far from being able to make fresh appointments, he had found his own salary cut down, and all supernumeraries inexorably dismissed. Such were the contents of Major C——'s letter. It was indeed a crushing blow. Sidney Herbert could not but feel that his five years of tossing about the world in various climates had been absolutely lost, so far as being settled in life was concerned, and he could not but feel also that he had again to begin the great battle of life, with prospects of success much diminished by the fact of his being now nearly twenty-six years of age.

Many long and anxious consultations ensued on the receipt of this letter. Both Sidney and Mary bravely bore up against the keen disappointment of all their newly raised hopes. If the promised and coveted situation had been secured, there would have been nothing to prevent their almost immediate marriage; now all chance of this was thrown far into the background, and all that could be done was to trace out for Sidney some future plan of life to be begun with as little delay as possible. At the death of a near relative he would be entitled to a small portion of money amounting to five hundred pounds. This he now determined to sink for the present sum of two hundred pounds tendered by the Legal Assurance Society, in lieu of all future claims. It was the end of July, 1870, before the necessary papers were all signed, and with the money thus raised Sidney resolved to start at once for New York, where he proposed embarking his small capital in some business in which his thorough knowledge of French might be useful to him. He prudently expended a portion of his money in a good outfit and a gold watch. Soon after his arrival in New York he wrote to tell us that at the same hotel where he boarded he had met with an old French gentleman recently from Paris, that they had gone into partnership, and had opened a

small establishment on Broadway for the sale of French wines and cigars. He wrote that they had every hope of doing well, numbers of foreigners buying from them, Frenchmen particularly coming in preference where they could freely converse in their own language. Just at this epoch the French and German war broke out, and, stretching as it were across the broad Atlantic, swept into its ruinous vortex the poor little business in New York on which dear friends at home were building up such hopes of success. Sidney and his partner found their circle of French customers disappear as if by magic, the greater part recalled to their own country to serve as soldiers; no German would enter a French store, the English and Americans gave them no encouragement, and amid the stirring events which now occupied the public mind the utter failure of the small business on Broadway took place without exciting either notice or pity. Sidney saved nothing from the wreck of affairs but his gold watch and his clothes.

It was about this time that a casual acquaintance mentioned to Sidney Herbert the "free grant lands" of Muskoka, pointing them out as a wide and promising field for emigration. He told him that he knew several families who had located themselves in that distant settlement, and who had found the land excellent, the conditions on which it was to be held easy of fulfillment, and the climate, though cold, incomparably healthy. This intelligence, coming at a time when all was apparently lost, and his future prospects of the gloomiest kind, decided Sidney Herbert to find his way to Muskoka and to apply for land there. He found a companion for his long journey in the person of a German who had come over with him in the same ship from Havre, and who like himself had entirely failed in bettering his position in New York. This poor young man had left a wife and child in Germany, and now that the war had broken out, having no vocation for fighting, he was afraid to venture back. Sidney sold his gold watch (for for which he had given twenty pounds) for fifty dollars, and his companion being much on a par as to funds, they joined their resources and started for Muskoka. After a very fatiguing journey, performed as much as possible on foot, but latterly partly by rail and partly by boat, they arrived at Bracebridge, where the German took up one hundred acres, Sidney preferring to wait and choose his land in spring; and it was agreed that during the winter, now beginning with great severity, they should work together and have everything in common. Having engaged a man who knew the country well to go with them and point out the land they had just taken up, they bought a few necessary articles, such as bedding, tools, a cooking-stove, and a small supply of provisions, and started for the township in which they were about to locate. Once upon the land, they set to work, cleared a spot of ground, and with some assistance from their neighbors built a small shanty sufficient to shelter them for the winter. It was when they were tolerably settled that Sidney began to feel what a clog and a hindrance his too hastily formed partnership was likely to be. Feeble in body and feeble in mind, his companion became every day more depressed and homesick. At last he ceased entirely from doing any work, which threw a double portion upon Sidney, who had in addition to do all commissions, and to fetch the letters from the distant post-office in all weathers. Poor Wilhelm could do nothing but smoke feebly by the stove, shudder at the cold now becoming intense, and bemoan his hard fate. He was likewise so timid that he could not bear to be left alone in the shanty. Sidney had a narrow escape from being shot by him one night on his return, rather late, from the post-office. Wilhelm, hearing footsteps, in his fright took down from the wall Sidney's double-barreled gun, which was kept always loaded, and was vainly trying to point it in the right direction, out of the door, when Sidney entered to find him as pale as death, and with limbs shaking to that degree

that fortunately he had been unable to cock the gun. It was indeed hard to be tied down to such a companionship. Sidney himself suffered severely from the cold of the Canadian climate, coming upon him as it did after some years' residence in India, but he never complained, and his letters home to Mary and all of us spoke of hopeful feelings and undiminished perseverance. He has often told us since that he never left the shanty without a strong presentiment that on his return he should find it in flames, so great was the carelessness of his companion in blowing about the lighted ashes from his pipe. For this reason he always carried in the belt he wore round him, night and day, his small remainder of money and all his testimonials and certificates. A great part of his time was occupied in snaring rabbits and shooting an occasional bird or squirrel with which to make soup for his invalid companion. He used to set his snares overnight, and look at them the first thing in the morning. One bitter cold morning he went out as usual to see if anything had been caught, leaving Wilhelm smoking by the stove. He returned to find the shanty in flames and his terrified companion crying, screaming, and wringing his hands. Sidney called to him in a voice of thunder, "The powder!" The frightened fool pointed to the half-burnt shanty, into which Sidney madly dashed, and emerged, half smothered, with a large carpet-bag already smoldering, in which, among all his best clothes, he had stored away his entire stock of gunpowder in canisters. He hurled the carpet-bag far off into a deep drift of snow, and then attempted to stop the fire by cutting away the burning rafters, but all his efforts were useless; hardly anything was saved but one trunk, which he dragged out at once though it was beginning to burn. The tools, the bedding, the working clothes, and most of his good outfit were consumed, and at night he went to bed at a kind neighbor's who had at once taken him in, feeling too truly that he was again a ruined man. One blessing certainly accrued to him from this sweeping misfortune. He forever got rid of his helpless partner, who at once left the settlement, leaving Sidney again a free agent. Necessity compelled him now to do what he had never done before — to write home for assistance. His letter found his eldest sister in a position to help him, as she had just sunk her own portion in the same manner that he had done, not for her own benefit but to assist members of the family who were in difficulties. She sent him at once fifty pounds, and with the possession of this sum all his prospects brightened. He left the scene of his late disaster, took up one hundred acres of land for himself and another one hundred in the name of Mary Lennox, making sure that she would eventually come out to him. He set hard to work chopping and clearing a few acres, which as the spring opened he cropped judiciously. He then called a "bee," which was well attended, and raised the walls of a good large log-house, the roof of which he shingled entirely himself in a masterly manner. For stock he bought two cows and some chickens, and then wrote to Mary telling of his improved prospects, and asking her if when he was more fully settled she would consent to share his lot in this far-off corner of the earth. At this time Mary was on a visit to me, having been allowed for the first time to accept my warm invitation. All her family were at the sea-side in England, having left during the French war. I have often said that a special providence certainly watched over Sidney and his Mary. It did seem most extraordinary that just at this particular time a married sister of Sidney Herbert, with her husband and children, had suddenly determined to join him in Muskoka. The reason was this. Mr. C——, her husband, was the classical and mathematical professor in a large French academy, but years of scholastic duties, and close attention to books, had so undermined his health that he was quite unable to continue the exercise of his profession; an entire

change of climate and occupation, and a complete abstinence from all studious pursuits, together with an outdoor life, alone gave him the slightest chance of recovery. Sidney was written to and authorized to take up land for them near his own, and it was settled that they were to sail in the end of July.

Now came my time for persuasion and influence. I opened a correspondence with Mary's father, who had recently received an explicit and manly letter from Sidney, with which he was much pleased. I represented to Mr. Lennox that this was no longer the "boy and girl love" (to quote his own words) of five years ago, but a steady affection which had been severely tested by trouble, difficulty, opposition, and separation; that no future opportunity could ever be so favorable as the present one, for his daughter going out to her future husband under the protection and guardianship of a family soon to become her relations, and who would in everything watch over her interest and comfort. In short, I left nothing unsaid that could make a favorable impression, willingly conceding to his paternal feelings that it was, in a worldly point of view, a match falling short of his just expectations for his beautiful and accomplished child. When two or three letters had passed between us, we agreed that Mary should go over at once to her family and join her personal influence to my special pleading. I waited with great anxiety for her answer. At length it came; her family had consented. Fortunately she was just of age, and as she remained steadfast in her attachment they agreed with me that it would be best for her to go out with her future sister-in-law. Mary wrote to Mrs. C—— gratefully accepting her offer of chaperonage, and we dispatched the joyful news to Sidney; but unfortunately named a date for their probable arrival which proved incorrect, as their vessel sailed from London two or three weeks before the expected time. I pass over all the details of their voyage and subsequent journey, and now take up the narrative in Mrs. C——'s words, telling of their arrival at Mary's future home.

"It was about noon of a burning day in August, when the stage-wagon in which we came from Uttersan turned out of the road into the 'bush.' After going some little way in a dreadful narrow track covered with stumps, over which the wagon jolted fearfully, we were told to get down, as the driver could not go any farther with safety to the horses, and we therefore paid and dismissed him. We soon came to a shanty by the road side, the owner of which came to meet us, and offered to be our guide. He evidently knew to whom we were going, but the perplexed and doubtful expression of his face when he caught sight of our party was most amusing. He looked from one to the other, and then burst out in quite an injured tone, 'But nothing is ready for you — the house even is not finished; Mr. Sidney knows nothing of your coming so soon — he told me this morning that he did not expect you for three weeks! What will he do?' The poor man, a great friend and ally of Sidney's, appeared quite angry at our ill-timed arrival, but we explained to him that we should only be too thankful for any kind of shelter, being dreadfully wearied with our long journey, and the poor children crying from heat, fatigue, and the attacks of the mosquitoes. C—— now proposed going in advance of us to prepare Sidney for our arrival. He walked quickly on, and entering the clearing, caught sight of Sidney hard at work in the burning sun, covered with dust and perspiration, and in fact barely recognizable, being attired in a patched suit of common working clothes which he had snatched from the shanty fire, with his toes also peeping out of a pair of old boots with soles partly off.

"On first seeing his brother-in-law every vestige of color left his face, so great was his emotion, knowing that we must be close at hand. To rush into the house after a few words of explanation, to make a brief toilet, greatly aided by a bucket of water and plenty of soap, to attire himself in a most becoming suit of

cool brown linen, and finally to place on his hastily brushed head a Panama hat which we had often admired, was the work of little more than a quarter of an hour, and to C——'s great amusement the scrubby, dirty-looking workman he had greeted stepped forward in the much-improved guise of a handsome and aristocratic-looking young planter. In the mean time our guide, having brought us within sight of the outer fence, hastily took his leave, hardly waiting to receive our thanks. Mary and I have often laughed since at his great anxiety to get away from us, which we know now was partly from delicate reluctance to intrude upon our first interview, but a great deal more from his horror at the state in which he knew things to be at the house. Poor Sidney, when he reached us, could hardly speak. After one fond and grateful embrace of his darling, and a most kind and affectionate welcome to the children and myself, he conducted us to the house. Although his neighbor had prepared us for disappointment, yet I must own that we felt unutterable dismay when we looked around us. The house was certainly a good large one, but it was a mere shell; nothing but the walls and the roof were up, and even the walls were neither chinked nor mossed, so that we could see daylight between all the logs. The floor was not laid down, but in the middle of it an excavation had been begun for a cellar, so that there was a yawning hole, in which for some weeks my children found a play closet and a hiding-place for all their rubbish.

"Furniture there was none, the only seats and tables being Sidney's one trunk, partly burnt, saved from the fire, and a few flour barrels. There was no semblance of a bed, except a little hay in a corner, a few sacks, and an old blanket. A few milk pans and a few plates and mugs completed the articles in this truly Irish cabin, of which Sidney did the honors with imperturbable grace and self-possession. He made no useless apologies for the existing discomforts; he told us simply what he meant the house to be as soon as he could get time to finish it. We found the larder as scantily furnished as the house, but Sidney made us a few cakes and baked them in the oven; he boiled some potatoes and milked the cow, so that we were not long without some refreshment. For sleeping we curtained off a corner of the room with our traveling cloaks and shawls, and made a tolerable bed with bundles of hay, and a few sacks to cover us. We had brought nothing with us but our lunch baskets, so were obliged to lie down in most of our clothes, the nights beginning to be very chilly, and the night air coming in freely through the unchinked walls. The two gentlemen lay down just as they were, in the far corner of the room on some hay, and if we were chilly and uncomfortable I think they must have been more so. This first night we were undisturbed, but on the next we were hardly asleep when we were awoke by a horrid and continuous hissing, which seemed to come from the hay of our improvised bed. We all started up in terror, the poor frightened children crying loudly. The gentlemen, armed with sticks, beat the hay of the beds about and scattered it completely. They soon had the pleasant sight of a tolerable-sized snake gliding swiftly from our corner, and making its escape under the door into the clearing, where Sidney found and killed it next morning. We must indeed have been tired, to sleep soundly as we all certainly did after the beds had been rearranged. The next day Mr. C—— proposed walking to Uttersan to purchase a few necessary articles of food, and Sidney went on to Bracebridge to look for a clergyman to perform the marriage ceremony between him and Mary. As to waiting for our luggage, and for the elegant bridal attire which had been so carefully packed by loving hands, we all agreed that it would be ridiculous, and dear Mary, like a true heroine, accepted the discomforts of her situation bravely, and far from uttering a single complaint, made the best of everything. Both Mr. C—— and myself had fits of irrepressible vexation at the state of affairs, but as we could in no way help

ourselves, we thought it best to be silent, and to hurry on the building of a log-house for ourselves, which we at once did. The very day after our arrival Mary and I undertook the work of housekeeping, taking it by turns day and day about. We found it most fatiguing, the days being so hot and the mosquitoes so tormenting. Moreover, the stove being placed outside, we were exposed to the burning sun every time we went near it. When Sidney returned from Bracebridge he told us that the Church of England clergyman being away at Toronto, he had engaged the services of the Wesleyan minister whose chapel he had sometimes attended, and that gentleman had promised to come as soon as possible, and to bring with him a proper and respectable witness. The day of his coming being left uncertain, Mary and I were kept in a continual state of terror and expectation, and at such a time we felt doubly the annoyance of not being able to get from Toronto even the trunks containing our clothes. In vain we tried to renovate our soiled and travel-stained dresses; neither brushing nor shaking nor sponging could alter their unmistakably shabby appearance, and it required some philosophy to be contented. It was worse for poor Mary than for any one else, and I felt quite touched when I saw her carefully washing and ironing the lace frill from the neck of her dress, and then arranging it again as nicely as possible. Two days passed, and on the afternoon of the third we had put the poor children to sleep, and were lying down ourselves, quite overcome with the heat, when my husband entered hastily to tell us that the Rev. Mr. W—— had arrived to perform the marriage ceremony, and had brought with him as witness a good-natured storekeeper who had left his business to oblige Sidney, with whom he had had many dealings. Sidney, who had dressed himself every day, not to be taken by surprise, was quite ready, and kept them in conversation while Mary and I arranged our hair, washed the children's faces and hands, and as well as we could prepared the room. When all was ready they were summoned, and in making their introductory bows, both our visitors nearly backed themselves into the yawning cavern in the middle of the floor, which in our trepidation we had forgotten to point out. Very impressively did the good minister perform the marriage service, and at its close he addressed to the young couple a few words of serious and affectionate exhortation well suited to the occasion. Sidney was at his best, and in spite of all disadvantages of dress and difficulties of position, dear Mary looked most sweet and beautiful. We could offer the clergyman and witness no refreshment, and when they were gone our wedding feast consisted of a very salt ham bone, dough dumplings, and milk and water."

So ends Mrs. C——'s narrative, to which I shall append but few observations. All went well from the day of the wedding, and on that day the sun went down on a happy couple. Doubt, anxiety, separation — all these were at an end, and for weal or woe Sidney Herbert and Mary Lennox were indissolubly united. Trials and troubles might await them in the future, but for the present youth, health, hope, and love were beckoning them onward with ineffable smiles.

The luggage soon arrived, and comfortable bedding superseded hay and snakes. Mr. and Mrs. C—— removed as soon as possible into their own log-house, leaving our young couple to the privacy of their home. Sidney worked early and late to finish his house, and partitioned off a nice chamber for Mary, which was prettily furnished and ornamented with cherished books and gifts and keepsakes from dear and distant friends. The wealthier members of Mary's family sent substantial tokens of good-will, and many pretty and useful gifts came from the loving sister, who begins to talk of coming out to her darling.

H. B. K.

THE ROMANCE OF A ROSE.

It is nearly a hundred years ago,
Since the day that the Count de Rochambeau —
Our ally against the British crown —
Met Washington in Newport town.

'T was the month of March, and the air was chill,
But bareheaded over Aquidneck hill,
Guest and host they took their way,
While on either side was the grand array

Of a gallant army, French and fine,
Ranged three deep in a glittering line;
And the French fleet sent a welcome roar
Of a hundred guns from Canonicut shore.

And the bells rang out from every steeple,
And from street to street the Newport people
Followed and cheered, with a hearty zest,
De Rochambeau and his honored guest.

And women out of the windows leant,
And out of the windows smiled and sent
Many a coy admiring glance
To the fine young officers of France.

And the story goes, that the belle of the town
Kissed a rose and flung it down
Straight at the feet of De Rochambeau;
And the gallant marshal, bending low,

Lifted it up with a Frenchman's grace,
And kissed it back, with a glance at the face
Of the daring maiden where she stood,
Blushing out of her silken hood.

That night at the ball, still the story goes,
The Marshal of France wore a faded rose
In his gold-laced coat; but he looked in vain
For the giver's beautiful face again.

Night after night, and day after day,
The Frenchman eagerly sought, they say,
At feast, or at church, or along the street,
For the girl who flung her rose at his feet.

And she, night after night, day after day,
Was speeding farther and farther away

From the fatal window, the fatal street,
Where her passionate heart had suddenly beat

A throb too much for the cool control
A Puritan teaches to heart and soul;
A throb too much for the wrathful eyes
Of one who had watched in dismayed surprise

From the street below; and taking the gauge
Of a woman's heart in that moment's rage,
He swore, this old colonial squire,
That before the daylight should expire,

This daughter of his, with her wit and grace,
And her dangerous heart and her beautiful face,
Should be on her way to a sure retreat,
Where no rose of hers could fall at the feet

Of a cursèd Frenchman, high or low.
And so while the Count de Rochambeau,
In his gold-laced coat wore a faded flower,
And awaited the giver hour by hour,

She was sailing away in the wild March night
On the little deck of the sloop Delight,
Guarded even in the darkness there
By the wrathful eyes of a jealous care.

Three weeks after, a brig bore down
Into the harbor of Newport town,
Towing a wreck — 't was the sloop Delight;
Off Hampton rocks, in the very sight

Of the land she sought, she and her crew
And all on board of her, full in view
Of the storm-bound fishermen over the bay,
Went to their doom on that April day.

When Rochambeau heard the terrible tale,
He muttered a prayer, for a moment grew pale;
Then "Mon Dieu," he exclaimed, "so my fine romance
From beginning to end is a rose and a glance."

Nora Perry.

BERTHOLD AUERBACH.

THAT Auerbach's reputation should be very, perhaps unduly, great in Germany need surprise no one who is familiar with the generally feeble condition of fictitious literature in that country. The numberless German stories which are continually crowding upon one another are for the most part even more devoid of interest than are the most ordinary attempts of English or American writers. If this belittling comparison is too harsh, putting them on an equality is certainly enough to indicate their merit and to show by what height of contrast Auerbach's merits shine. It is not his only merit, however, that he is better than so many writers who, in spite of their being so much read, might almost be called unreadable; he has certain qualities of his own which are nowhere common, and these are conspicuous enough to give him a high place in comparison with much more important rivals. Perhaps the first thing the foreigner notices in studying Auerbach is that he is so truly a German; his books are full of the air of Germany; although he wisely keeps to but one of the various regions of that country which is in many ways full of broad and striking differences, he succeeds in representing a sort of life which is German and German alone. The sincerity and picturesqueness with which he accomplishes this outlying part of his task deserve warm praise. His simplicity is a quality which he does not derive from any foreign source; his homely pathos smacks of the soil; and the same may be said of his less attractive qualities — of his moralizing at all seasons and over matters from which even Mr. Barlow would have failed to draw an improving lesson, of the undramatic setting of his stories, of his frequent long-windedness; one does not need to be an hereditary enemy of the Germans to know where these traits abound.

It was his village stories which first made him famous, and it is to these one must return who finds the praise showered upon Auerbach inexplicable by the merit of some of the longer novels alone. In all of them he draws very simple sketches of peasant life, not from the point of view of the peasants themselves, but from that of one who knows them by both experience and careful study, who is able to sympathize with them, who has at heart a great fondness for them, and who has devoted much time to observing their manner of life. By these means he is able to draw men and women, to interest us in their characters and their fates, to make us tender sharers of their joys and griefs, while at the same time we know, even if we forget for the moment, how frequent are the technical faults of construction in these stories. He fastens our attention on the people he is writing about, and we forget everything else, for after all the human soul is more entertaining to us than the laws of composition or the artistic arrangement of a story. He complies with that first duty of the writer of fiction, the duty of interesting his readers, and we are willing to overlook his faults; one is apt to think of what is called form some time after laying down the book. His success is more remarkable when we carefully consider with what disadvantages he loads his stories; the method of telling them is most awkward, events are intermingled most confusingly, here a step forward and here an episode about something that happened twenty years ago, with the incidents in anything but the compact, closely connected order of which most writers are fond. Indeed, there are all the uneventful stretches, the wearisome repetitions, the delays in bringing matters to a conclusion, which are so noticeable in real life. Not that he is a slipshod writer, who errs through carelessness; this quality resembles much more the over-carefulness of a very conscientious writer, who wishes to treat

his subject with perfect fairness and who is unable to decide what shall be left out. On account of this exactness of treatment the impression made upon the reader is likely to lose much of its force; the attention is diverted into too many diverse channels, and while the different incidents are life-like, their number is embarrassing. A truly artistic writer omits a great deal, just as our memory does; only what is of the utmost importance clings to us, and a story-writer who tries to bring everything into the same relief is sure to confuse rather than to aid us.

Perhaps Auerbach's exaggeration in this matter is more readily overlooked on account of the strangeness and unfamiliarity to most educated readers of the material with which he works. Most of us — so much is true of us foreigners at least — take interest enough in the study of the little known phases of life he represents, to be carried over a great deal of ground which, if we consider for a moment, we find only retards the development of the study. In some measure, too, Auerbach seems to regard the story he is telling in very much the same way; he lets himself be led into introducing unnecessary details, apparently out of the joy he has had in collecting them. With all of their technical defects, however, these stories are in more essential matters very admirable; their faults are those due to exaggerated simplicity, and so are surer of pardon than if they arose from too great pretension. The number of village stories that he has written is very great, and the discussion of one or two of them may be of service in pointing out some of his distinctive traits. The one entitled Der Lehnhold (The Hired Man it might be called in English), for example, is not chosen for being the best, although it holds a very good position, but because it may serve as well as another for the purpose we have in view. We have the father of a family, a stern, passionate man, whose main desire in life is to hand down his estate undivided to one of his two sons. The elder is the one to whom it would come by right; he is also the one who has made good his claim by the work he has given his father; while the second son is a far inferior character, whose craftiness contrasts very painfully with the manliness of his brother. The father, however, had promised the estate to the younger one, in atonement for depriving him of an eye in a wild fit of passion. Such, rudely sketched, is the groundwork of the story; the action is all that interferes with the father's determination, his intrigues, the sufferings of the elder and the craft of the younger brother. The tale has a tragic end; the elder hurls the younger over a precipice, and soon afterwards dies of remorse. There is no lesson drawn against divisions in families; the story is told simply for its own sake, without any morbidness in the treatment or any hidden moral beneath it all. We read the story and enjoy it with very simple pleasure. What is best in it, as in so many of its companions, is the drawing of the characters; the elder son is especially well given, with his natural pride, his obstinate clinging to what he considers his rights, and his deep-lying dislike of filial disobedience. It is lonely suffering, a sort of righteous revolt, that Auerbach always describes with peculiar skill. In Die Sträflinge (The Convicts), for instance, the attachment of the generally despised convicts for one another is beautifully told, and in this one, Der Lehnhold, the love between the daughter of the house and one of her father's workmen is very pathetically set before us, although it escapes a tragic end. These merits are sufficient to outweigh some very marked defects. For instance, there is no hidden moral in it, but there is plenty of open, unvarnished morality, of which the following is a fair specimen: —

"Beautiful is the tree with its tender blossoms, beautiful is the tree with its rich fruit, but more beautiful is a table, at which father and mother are sitting, and around them numerous children, whose round cheeks and bright eyes show the manifold beauty of life; honorable is the father who gives them to eat and to drink, blessed the mother

who has carried them near her heart and who with gentle seriousness instructs them."

The reader is reminded of the way the eternal verities are sung in Mrs. Barbauld's Hymns in Prose. There is no limit to such remarks, to which even the most paradoxical must give assent; the author never trusts the reader to do any moralizing for himself; everything is expounded to him in a way that is at first very amusing, but soon very wearisome. This is Auerbach's greatest and most common fault; it appears in his longer novels even more frequently, at any rate more noticeably, than in the shorter stories, for in these it almost harmonizes with their remarkable lack of complexity. His inartistic style of chronicling the incidents, his readiness to make use of unimportant details, suggest to us his facility in setting before us trite maxims as unimportant as some of the events he describes.

Die Frau Professorin (The Professor's Wife) is the name of another story, which is deservedly more popular. It narrates the fate of a young girl of humble birth, a very serious and large-minded person, who falls in love with and marries a young painter of a very different nature. The contrast between her thoughtful dignity and his frivolity is very well drawn; his natural mortification before the rustic simplicity which had once charmed him, the way in which she irritates his sensitiveness and he wounds her pride, his consequent neglect of her, her pathetic patience, and the final catastrophe, are set before us with a great deal of truth and most admirable skill. There is more power of selection shown in this than in some of the stories, and the subject is one of greater interest than many he has chosen. It makes a very complete and touching tale, told with very deep feeling and with great freedom from morbidness. This is just the subject which an inferior writer would choose for the expression of a loud wail at the wickedness of all things, but there is no trace of this in the story, and yet there is no lack of sympathy. This sympathy never fails him; we feel sure that he knows the peasants about whom he writes; their obstinacy, their cautiousness, their rigid sense of duty, their manifold rugged virtues, are all clearly described by him. His village stories, with all their simplicity, differ from other work — from Turgénieff's Récits d'un Chasseur, for example — in the fact that they show less tragic discord between the characters and their surroundings, and that the German author has less ability to distinguish between what is tragic and what is merely uncomfortable in life. As to the art of the two writers no comparison is possible; but even granting this, there is a large and honorable and not too closely packed field in which to build a modest shrine to Auerbach.

All of these village stories have a wonderful air of truthfulness and naturalness and tenderness, to which, undoubtedly, their popularity is due. That this should be as great as it is, even in foreign parts, and with readers whose experience is so unlike that of the German peasants and villagers he describes, is good testimony to his excellence. That it should be so easy to overlook even glaring faults, such as it cannot be denied exist in his writings, goes to show how deserving of praise those good qualities must be which are not dimmed by their sometimes unfortunate setting. In our opinion, it is in these village stories, and in his shorter, less ambitious novels, that Auerbach is at his best; he is certainly infinitely more natural, and he comes much nearer life, than he does in his long novels in which he discusses vague theories of social philosophy. In these humbler stories, however, there is to be noticed, in his attitude towards the rustic characters about whom he writes, a great disposition to study them, and in that way, perhaps, to find in them more than they actually contain. His characters are life-like in what they say and do, but they are possibly at times rather overstrained in their thoughts and emotions. In the pride of discovering them — for these stories at the time of their appearance were a sort of reaction against the artificial novel of society — he would

seem to have committed the natural mistake of seeing too much in them, of giving them complex feelings, which, in fact, belong to more civilized beings. There are traces of this fault in many of the shorter stories, but nowhere is it so well exemplified as in the case of Walpurga in On the Heights, for there may be wise peasant women, but surely oracles are as rare among them as in other classes of society.

Edelweiss, Little Barefoot (Barfüssele), and Joseph in the Snow (Joseph im Schnee) are three novels which form the connecting link between the brief sketches we have just been discussing and the longer novels by which we fancy Auerbach is best known in this country. The two last named are simpler in form than many of the village stories; they are charming pastorals, full of deep feeling, and appealing to uncomplex emotions. Little Barefoot is indeed almost a child's story, and it is not alone the plot of the story that makes it so; there is something in Auerbach's delight in his innocent narration which may be noticed in any one who is entertaining children with a story. Everything is made perfectly clear, there is no obscurity; the passions are far from being a tumultuous ocean, they are, rather, a placid lake; it is, indeed, a modern Cinderella, without the shoes even as an episode, that Auerbach has written. Joseph in the Snow is almost as slight. Edelweiss, on the other hand, is a more serious attempt at novel-writing; it deals with more intricate matters than the repetition of a fairy story in the nineteenth century, like Little Barefoot; it is really a very thorough and well managed study of character. The hero, Lenz, a young man of delicate sensibility and loyal feeling but of a somewhat weak, lachrymose character, full of amiability and the gentle virtues but inclined to sentimentality, falls in love with Annele, a young woman about whom the reader is likely to be of two or more minds before finishing the book. Her fascinations are very well presented; the reader is very likely to be blinded in the same way that Lenz was, and to open his eyes to the truth a very short time before the hero himself does. The humor of this story is of a sort that Auerbach does not always display, and the little conflict going on between the tearful Lenz, with his continual references to his mother departed, which might well have irritated a gentler tempered woman than his wife, and Annele's sharp tongue, together with the interference of her father and mother, is amusing at those times when it does not get so sharp as to be painful. While the discord is only a matter of the future, however, the humor is great; it is after they are married that the book grows very serious, and we have set before us the misery of the lot of these people. Auerbach's exact descriptive style is at its best in this novel; he paints the various scenes with great patience and admirable skill; there is no unseemly hurry and no omission. And as the novel grows more and more tragic, until the dreadful accident that crushes all wickedness and the memory of it from them both, we are led on with the keenest sympathy in their sad fate. Their reconciliation is beautifully told; and it is not every writer who could carry a novel to so great a height of feeling with so sure a hand. Here Auerbach shows a certainty of touch which makes one aghast when he thinks of his frequent uncertain possession of his talents. Not only is it in respect to the tragedy that Edelweiss is superior to much that he has written; it is also in the separate scenes, representing various sides of the village life, that he excels even himself. Take the landlord of the Lion, for instance; how admirably he is described, with his pompous speeches, his Jove-like dignity, his way of humbling all who approached him! The whole book is written with admirable strength, and there is none which those who are unfamiliar with Auerbach can be more warmly advised to read.

In his longer and more ambitious novels, in On the Heights, and in Villa Eden (Das Landhaus am Rhein) more noticeably, there are very different qual-

ities to be observed. Villa Eden, or The Country-House on the Rhine, especially is an eccentric book, which, with its immense diffuseness and ready discussion of all possible irrelevant matters, very few would imagine to have been written by the same man who saw so clearly and described so exactly what we have given us in the novel of Edelweiss and in many of the village stories. It reads like an attempt to give us a comprehensive and generously progressive view of the universe in three enormous volumes. The amusing references to Benjamin Franklin, the violent thrusting of recondite moral mysteries into ordinary incidents, the exhaustive treatment of all the complications, its lack of perspective, and what is even more noticeable than any of these qualities, the willfulness with which it all seems to be written, make the novel read like the deliberately planned attempt to win eternal fame on the part of a man who mistakes a wide and various interest in many subjects for the true poetic glow. It is a novel that would have been much better suited for Kaulbach's rather sentimental, inaccurate, dull illustrations than were Goethe's poems. The writer, if one were to judge from this book alone, and the artist might well have gone hand in hand as good representatives of pretentious commonplace.

On the Heights is a novel of still a different kind. It opens very charmingly with a picture, such as Auerbach always draws with great skill, of the life of the peasants. Nothing could be more attractive than our introduction to Hansei and Walpurga; the woman is especially well described, with her rosy face and her flaxen hair, with her Sunday-child in her arms, running over with happiness. Very gentle and unaffected is her pathetic parting from her mother, to whom she makes over her pillows, and from her husband, whom she counsels wisely about his shirts. In all of this we feel that Auerbach is master of his subject, that he is writing about what he is familiar with; but the reader is tolerably sure to feel a very different atmosphere, which is not wholly in the change of scene, when he enters the court. Walpurga herself becomes a very different being; she is intended to represent an element of purity amidst great corruption, of strength amidst great weakness; in fact, however, she turns into an utterer of moral sayings, losing her natural, unaffected simplicity, and replacing it by supernatural wisdom which does not accord so well with what we know of her. In short, when Auerbach has what he has observed to go upon, he can set before us a very life-like character; but when he abandons this sure ground and tries to portray that character in scenes which he has never studied, his imagination fails him, and he puts into its mouth remarks which he himself would like to make under the circumstances, if there were any one to listen to him. Hence, when Walpurga seems to us to be affected, to be merely a mouthpiece which shall utter fine moral sentiments in the language of peasants, we lose our earlier interest in her, only to rejoice again when she rejoins her own people, and Auerbach ceases to rely on his imagination and falls back on observation once more. How true this is the reader may see by turning to the scenes when Walpurga returns home after her court-life; they are quite as charming as those at the beginning of the book. Walpurga, however, important as she is, is only a secondary character; the main interest of the novel lies with the Countess Irma. At the opening of the novel she is a fascinating creature, full of life, gayety, and independence of character, which contrast very agreeably with the monotonous formality of the puppets who make up the greater part of the court. As the story goes on, however, she is less easy to understand; we learn that she sins grievously, and that the king, faithless to his young wife, is the partner of her guilt; but for this dreadful catastrophe there is no preparation. We see Irma a young girl, giddy and thoughtless, perhaps, but certainly of a pure and honorable nature, warm-hearted and

loyal to her friends; in order that so great a fall should appear even remotely possible to us, the author must be able to place before us in a very vivid light the temptation to which she succumbed. This, however, Auerbach is very far from doing; the character of the king is so artificial and stilted that we cannot imagine it possible that it should have aroused any love in her. Nowhere in this novel do we find so vague and unsatisfactorily drawn a character as the king; witness the incredible scene in which he climbs up the step-ladder by the side of the statue of Victory and imprints the kiss of eternity upon its stony lips. After this apparently innocent girl has plunged suddenly and inexplicably into the degradation of sin, she is carried through theatrical scenes of remorse and presented to our admiration as a lyrical saint. She thinks fine thoughts every day, and for her only occupation in the new life she has chosen among the uncorrupted peasants, she writes them down in a little book. Some of these thoughts are certainly very beautiful, but we cannot help feeling as if their setting were unnatural. The reader is inclined to think that this conclusion was not so much the result of what went before, as an opportunity for the author to express some lofty sentiments of his own. And yet, in spite of all this moralizing, we cannot help having a certain feeling that we have been cheated out of the moral. It is certainly neither very profound knowledge of life nor very safe teaching, that there are no gradations between innocence and crime, and that such a tremendous fall is likely to lead at once to spotless saintliness, as is claimed for Irma.

Both this novel and The Country-House on the Rhine are full of discussions of disconnected subjects which are unlike the simple truisms of the village stories, but yet without the charm of novelty. There is often a prosy philosophizing which no one can contradict, but which imposes on some readers by its intelligibility; the whole intercourse of Eric with his pupil in this last-named novel is of this sort; it is full of what in real life is called priggishness.

Waldfried, Auerbach's latest novel, hardly strikes out a new path for itself, but yet it is without many of the faults which are to be noticed in the other novels. It has much more simplicity, and that is the author's most amiable quality. It reads like the narration of actual events; what seems invented is very slight, and is really nothing in comparison with what we find in The Country-House on the Rhine, for instance. The design of the book is very simple; it is merely the history of a German family from about the year 1848 down to the present day, told in such a way as to illustrate the history of the country during that important period. The narrator is the father of the family; he is a south-German, for Auerbach has wisely contented himself with the description of that part of Germany in which he won his earlier success, and the growth of Germany is really the theme of the book. To be sure, but one section of the country is represented; and no account is given of certain remote regions of the motley German empire, but it does not appear that the novel is injured by the fact that it cannot be used to teach geography. As it stands it resembles sufficiently a dissected map, with the good-natured Suabian, the accurate, self-contained Prussian servant, and the German who goes home again after many years in this country. Then, too, the appearance of Richard, the professor, who stands as the representative of the learned element, while Funk does the same for the political intriguers, and Ernst for the young men who despaired of any good coming out of Germany, and the son-in-law, the major, for the military element — it is all very like a game in which the players take different parts. This is done in a very complete way; there is not a character introduced who does not bring in a good bit of modern history on his shoulders. This sounds very much more like the way in which laureates turn off birthday odes, or painters paint historical

pictures, than the way in which masters of fiction lay out their work; but this statistical outline is so well managed, the characters are so truly human beings, that although they do not kindle a burning interest, the novel is not an arid imitation of history, but a very natural and life-like chronicle.

The more familiar the reader is with Germany, the more entertaining will he find this novel; it has not life enough to force itself upon those who have not a tolerably keen interest in that country; indeed, such will find it almost unreadable; and it demands a respectable knowledge of what has been going on in Germany during the last twenty-five, and especially during the last ten years, to be fully enjoyed. Like Auerbach's other stories, this lacks a great deal with respect to construction, a very pardonable offense, in view of the task the author has prescribed himself in undertaking to tell all the comings and goings of a large and complicated family. Almost all of the characters are well drawn; perhaps the least successful is Martella, the wild peasant girl, — a remote descendant of Mignon, — who, with her apt tongue, bears a strong likeness to the heroines in children's stories who are befriended by fairies of influence. Her first introduction, as the betrothed of Ernst, is very promising, but she soon becomes oracular, and remains as untouched by civilization as she was before knowing anything about it. She is by far the most unnatural character in the book. Ernst is at first the most interesting, but he soon disappears from sight, for political reasons, for a long time (1866–1870), and the impression is marred. Of all the rest there is not much to be said; they take their places in the historical tableaux with equal success, and the *rôle* of every one is of sufficient importance to let us see a good deal of him. Heinrich Waldfried, whose journal forms the book, is well represented; we have all the calm of an old man who has been through a great deal, and seen a great many changes, but who has still an enthusiastic temperament. His account of his wife's death and his subsequent grief are very pathetic. Here, as elsewhere, Auerbach shows how keen is his eye, and how deep his sympathy.

This book, although truly a work of fiction, can hardly be called a novel. It is in part an outburst of exultation at the successes of Germany, and hence those who took the part of the French in the last great war are sure to have no pleasure in it. There will be few Germans, we fancy, who will not read it with a certain amount of satisfaction, but this, it is to be remembered, is to be carefully distinguished from the real enjoyment of literature. In fact, however, the book is written so much from the German point of view, patriotism so pervades it, that it is very difficult at present either to praise or to condemn it with regard to its literary merits alone. But aside from its political tendencies, which really have nothing to do in this case with its value as a novel, there is enough to satisfy those readers who are not repelled by their ignorance of what is described or their dislike of the German point of view. There is no complicated study of character, no wonderful turn of the plot to amaze any one whose habit it has been for a few years past to read the daily papers, but there is plenty of good description of German life, and much that is common to life in all quarters of the globe, which give a certain value to the book.

To our thinking Waldfried is the best of the long novels. It is infinitely more natural than either the Villa Eden, or On the Heights, but it can hardly be brought into fair comparison with them. That many should find it intolerably dull is not surprising, for many readers require for their entertainment more than a disconnected assemblage of incidents; others, however, will read it with some pleasure, not with the keen enjoyment one gets from the few masterpieces of fiction, but with the calm satisfaction one has in reading about matters that turn out as one would have them.

In fine, Auerbach may be said to be a man with a sharp eye for observing what is said and done, with a strong

tendency to add to the effect of what he observes by some sentimentality of his own. He has a very considerable sense of humor, but, strangely enough, without a perception of the ridiculous to save him from this excessive sentimentality, and another frequent fault, crude philosophizing. He sympathizes warmly with men and women, but sometimes his sympathy is ill-directed. His faults are not of the sort that would diminish his popularity with the majority of readers, but they would seem to go far towards injuring his chances of lasting fame, though that is a matter that will settle itself without the aid of prophecy. Like many other writers he is at his best in his simplest work; the closer the view he gets of what he is describing, the deeper his pathos, the more agreeable his humor; he sometimes confuses himself by mysteries of his own making. If not one of the greatest novelists, he is an amiable and agreeable one.

T. S. Perry.

LISTENING.

Her white hand flashes on the strings,
  Sweeping a swift and silver chord,
And wild and strong the great harp rings
  Its throng of throbbing tones abroad;
Music and moonlight make a bloom
Throughout the rich and sombre room.

Oh sweet the long and shivering swells,
  And sweeter still the lingering flow,
Delicious as remembered bells
  Dying in distance long ago,
When evening winds from heaven were blown,
And the heart yearned for things unknown!

Across the leafy window-place
  Peace seals the stainless sapphire deep;
One sentry star on outer space
  His quenchless lamp lifts, half asleep;
Peace broods where falling waters flow,
Peace where the heavy roses blow.

And on the windless atmosphere
  Wait all the fragrances of June;
The summer night is hushed to hear
  The passion of the ancient tune:
Then why these sudden tears that start,
And why this pierced and aching heart?

Ah, listen! We and all our pain
  Are mortal, and divine the song!
Idly our topmost height we gain, —
  It spurns that height, and far along
Seeks in the heavens its splendid mark,
And we fall backward on the dark!

Harriet Prescott Spofford.

MARTY'S VARIOUS MERCIES.

"NASCITUR, non fit," is an expression that has been used once or twice already, with regard to poets and other geniuses, but I claim my rights as an inventor in first applying it to saints. Small saints, of course; not the noted ones of the earth. Such a one, for instance, as our Marty, a poor little yellow girl from the South; born of a hard mother, brought up by a stern master, harrowed by a tyrannical mistress, penniless, friendless, hopeless, utterly ignorant, yet turning into gold every trouble that touched her, by her own ineffable sweetness and patience.

Marty was not born ours. She "married on" a half-dozen years before the Proclamation, when she took our Ed for better, — one ounce, — and worse, — one pound. Ed himself was the softest, gentlest, most chicken-hearted darky that ever lolled against the south side of a barn. He was a born musician, like half the boys on the Maryland West Shore, and could sing like a lark, whistle like a throstle, play on the banjo, the violin, and the accordion; he could rattle the bones and thumb the tambourine, could entice tunes out of a hollow reed, and even compel melody from a jew's-harp.

When he was about fifteen, cousin Mary Singleton's grandfather, the old General, chanced to come down on a visit, and took such a fancy to the boy that he persuaded father to let him carry him back to Annapolis as his own servant; and there Ed stayed for five years or more. According to an arrangement previously made for our people, Ed was to be free when he came of age; and when that time arrived he drifted back to the old home, though Annapolis held his heart and soul. His proximity to the Naval Academy had been a most beatific circumstance to Ed; the drill and parade fired his soul with a lofty ambition to go and do likewise, and for years after his return he was indefatigable in putting the other boys through marvelous evolutions, and training them to the most rigid military salutes. The music of the band lifted him up into the seventh heaven; but pulling off the General's boots brought him down again, for the General was of a gouty habit, and immediate of speech.

In Annapolis, Ed formed a most devoted attachment to cousin Mary and her brother Clayton, who spent much of their time with their grandfather, especially to Mary. She was a conscientious little girl, and gave up her Sunday afternoons to teaching the servants. Several of them became fair readers and somewhat cloudy writers, Ed among the others, and he never forgot her kindness.

Here, too, Ed became acquainted with Marty; her sickly, irritable mistress had come up from the Old North State to be under the care of a certain physician, and finding herself improving, made her home there for several years. She died at last, however, and with somewhat tardy gratitude, on her dying bed she set Marty free. Affairs never made a prompter connection. For Ed, having gradually become the possessor of a gun, an ax, a scoop-net, a couple of eel-spears, and an insatiable thirst for liquor, as a comfortable provision for old age, patched up a small shed on the banks of Eel Creek, and brought Marty home.

Marty was a meek, patient, God-fearing little woman, full of tender care for others, and oblivious of herself. She was neat and industrious; so was Ed, when sober. She was cheerful as a sunbeam; so was Ed, both sober and drunk. She had a heavenly temper, and so had he. At least, as far as it was tested. How it would have been, had he tarried at home, borne the children, and kept the house, all in the very potsherds of poverty, while Marty genially engulfed the wages that should

have furnished food and clothing, can only be conjectured.

As it was, when he took his week's wages and rowed over to the store for molasses and bacon and a quarter of a pound of tea, and came back six hours later, delightfully loquacious, without any bacon, the jug half full of rum, and a spoonful of tea loose in his pocket, Marty only listened silently to his tipsy orations, helped him to bed when he could no longer stand, and then went down on her knees, and offered her humble prayer for help, while he slept the senseless sleep of the swine. Whatever Ed left in the jug was poured out on the grass, and the last drop carefully washed away, lest the mere breath of the tempter might set him crazy again. Her mild remonstrance the next day was always met by a penitent confession of sin. Ed was drunk at least one week out of three, from the day Marty married him, straight on for six years, and was regularly remorseful after each fall from grace. He always said it was a mortal shame; that Marty was the best girl a man ever had, and Sammy the cutest young one; that he was going to quit drinking and join the church, as true as he lived and breathed and hoped to die the next minute; and Marty implicitly believed him with the matchless faith of a child. She forgave him until seventy times seven, and then went on forgiving as before. In Ed's mind, the rotation of crops was rapid; one week he sowed his wild oats and reaped them; the next, he brought forth good fruits; the third, the land lay fallow, and the fourth, was in prime condition for the wild oats again.

When Marty was clever enough to get his wages as soon as he was paid, she spent them in her own frugal way, and kept everything comfortable. But as time went on and the fearful bonds closed in tighter and stronger about the poor creature, he would steal away to the store on pay-night without going home; and then, through shame or through reluctance to witness Marty's silent woe, hide somewhere for days till his supplies were exhausted, and come slinking home dim-eyed, shaken, sorrowful, and sure he should never drink again.

Marty came tapping at the mistress's door one April morning, — that wearied mistress, whose ear was always open to the cry of her people, even when her hands were full and her heart was heavy.

"Come in, Marty," was the ready response to the gentle knock.

The door opened and Marty's smiling face shone in.

"Mornin', mistes; reckon mistes can see through the walls."

"Not quite, Marty, but I know your knock."

"Yas 'm. Mis' Calvert 's markin' things, an't she? Oh me, how bitiful they bé, spread out here in the sunshine! Make me think of the robes of glory, they 's so blindin' bright!"

And Marty went down on her knees among the piles of snowy linen, and touched them here and there caressingly.

"Marsa well, Mis' Calvert?"

"Very well, Marty; how 's the baby?"

"Right smart, thank ye. Cries reel lively. Sammy 's got him, to hum."

"Is it safe to leave him with such a little fellow?"

"Oh, yas 'm! Sammy 's gwine on five, and I nussed our 'Phibosheth when I was three."

"Where 's Ed, to-day?"

"Could n't tell, mistes," Marty answered softly; "hain't seen him sence Sunday."

Mother looked up inquiringly.

"Yas 'm," continued Marty, "that 's it. Got gwine ag'in. Promised me Friday he 'd never touch another drop, and airly Sunday he was off."

"I wonder that you can bear it as you do, Marty; Ed is drunk half the time."

"Yas 'm. Reckon 't is about that. Kind o' tryin' in the long run. Sort o' s'cumvents a critter. Jes' think you 're gwine to spar' a dollar or two fer an ap'on or a pair o' shoes, and it 's all

gone. But Ed 's a dretful pleasant boy, Mis' Calvert knows," she went on soothingly, as if to soften mother's disapproval. "I'count Ed as one o' my chiefest marcies; an't a speck like me, with my dretful, masterful temper; he 's mortal pleasant, Ed is. But I came up to take a little counsel with Mis' Calvert. I ben a-plottin' and a-plannin' these three days and nights. I *must* contrive to airn a little somethin' myself, or I dunno what we *will* come to."

"It is a perfect shame," said mother; "have you ever talked to him as decidedly as you ought to about this?"

"Dunno," said Marty; "I an't much of a hand to jaw, but ef Mis' Calvert says so, I 'll do it. Think I ought to try to jaw him a little?"

The question was asked with such tremulous eagerness for a negative that mother laughed and said, "No, I fancy words are useless. So tell me your plans, Marty."

"I 'm contrivin' and cunjurin' fust off, to get some shingles. Our roof 's like a sieve; rain drops through right lively. And then I want some shoes for the chillen agin winter. I an't fer mutterin', with all my marcies; I could n't be so onthankful. Summer 's comin' now, and we 'll do fust rate. But it 'pears like I *must* git somethin' ahead before frost comes. Reckoned mebbe Mis' Calvert would let me wash and iron, this summer, or help Aunt Dolly in the kitchen. Some folks says I 'm a fust fambly cooker, and I ben trained to wash and iron."

"What could you do with the baby?"

"If Mis' Calvert did n't mind, Ed would shoulder the cradle up in the mornin' — Ed 's sech a pleasant boy — and fetch it home ag'in at night, and Sammy 'd rock it. It 's sech a marcy I got Sammy! Allers did reckon him a gret marcy! If Mis' Calvert did n't want the cradle in the back kitchen, it could stand in the shed."

"You may come, then, on Monday, and I 'll find something for you to do."

"Yas 'm. Thank ye, marm, thousand times. I 'spected 't would be jes' so. Mis' Calvert 's allers so clever to us. It 's a dretful marcy to have sech a kind mistes. But I had another plan, too. I was gwine to buy a shote, and fat it, and kill it in the fall for pork. Buy a shote now for two dollars, and ye can sell him bumbye fer twelve, if he 's right fat. But I got to airn the money to buy him, and I was gwine to airn it by havin' a party. Mis' Calvert ever heerd of these new kind of parties they have over to Squaw Neck? Pay-parties, they call 'em."

"No, Marty, I never have."

"Reel smart notion. Jed's Maria, she gin a pay-party and made enough to shingle her roof; and Ruth Jake, after Jake died, she fetched her'n up to five dollars over what it cost her to bury Jake. Folks pay twenty-five cents to come in, and gits their supper and dancin' fer that. Then one o' the fambly keeps a table in the corner with goodies on it, candy and store-nuts and root-beer, and them that wants 'em comes and buys. Mis' Calvert don't see no harm in it, eh, Mis' Calvert?"

"None at all," said mother, smiling in spite of herself at this novel combination of pleasure and profit.

"Yas 'm; glad of that, 'cause I reckoned it a reel marcy that somebody thought onto 'em. Reckon we 'll have it in a couple of weeks, when the weather 's warmer, and before the shotes git sca'ce. If Ed 'll keep good and stiddy till then, we 'll have bitiful one." And Marty rose to go.

"What a trial he is to you, Marty!"

"No, marm, not so much as ye think. He 's a dretful pleasant boy. I want to tell Mis' Calvert somethin'." And Marty came a little nearer and spoke very gently. "My old mistes warn't soft like Mis' Calvert; but then she was ailin'. But then Mis' Calvert 's ailin' most of the time, too. But my old mistes had n't got religion, and Mis' Calvert has. My old mitty warn't pious a mite, and I was dead sot on gwine to meetin'. I s'pose I bothered her, fer she turned round on me right sudden one day, and says she, 'Go to meetin' to-night, ye hussy, and then hold yer tongue about it; if ye ask me ag'in fer a

year, I 'll have ye whipped.' So I went, glad enough, and I crep' right up by whar the minister stands, so as not to lose a mite, and I had n't sot thar but a little spell when he began to read out of the big gold Bible, and true as ye lives, mistes, every mortal verse was about the Lord's marcy enduring forever. When he 'd read it two or three times, says I, 'That 's fer ye, Marty, ye poor sinner, that 's allers forgittin' the Lord's goodness;' and when he 'd read it two or three more times, says I, 'Praise the Lord now, Marty, for sendin' ye sech comfort, fer whether ye come to church ag'in in a year, or never, ye 've got somethin' to stand by all yer life and on yer dyin' bed!' And when he 'd read it a few times more I got down on my knees, and says I, 'Bran' it in, Lord, so I 'll never lose the mark on it,' and on my knees I stayed, prayin' it over and over ag'in, till the minister shet the book. It 's ben a dretful comfort to me every way, Mis' Calvert; it makes me feel that if the Lord has sech long patience with folks, it an't fer sech as me to be mutterin' and hectorin'."

The mistress looked up into Marty's eyes with a thoughtful smile, and they smiled back full of trust and sympathy, for divided as they were by every social distinction of birth, fortune, beauty, and culture, they were one in that fellowship which outlasts even death, bound with the sacred tie which binds those who have one Lord and one faith.

The next Monday, and every Monday after, arrived Marty's procession, early and always in the same order: Ed first, head erect, cradle shouldered, feet marching true to the tune he was miraculously whistling. Marty next, radiant with the prospect of a proximate party and ultimate shingles, cuddling the baby as she came. Sammy in the rear, whistling like his father, and straining every nerve to make his ducky-daddles of legs march in time; a futile effort, which had to be supplemented by most unmartial leaps, every few steps.

Marty regarded Sammy as one of her chief mercies, but his life was not unclouded radiance to himself; it vibrated between bliss and woe, and swung from lustrous morn to murky night, or back again, according as that wad of a black-and-tan baby waked or slept. Baby asleep, Sammy was sovereign of the universe; he could build cob-houses in the smoke-house, dabble in the pond with the ducks, hang over the fence of the pig-pen balanced on his unsusceptible stomach, worm in and out of the delightful intricacies of the woodpile, or roll in the chips with a squad of small idlers. Baby awake, Sammy was a mule on a treadmill. He was not allowed to hold it, for owing to its being such an undefined lump, without any particular projections to seize upon, he had twice let it slip through his arms upon the floor; so it was deposited in the huge wooden cradle near Marty's tubs or ironing table, and he was set to rock it.

Sammy always began with cheerful vigor, resolved to compel slumber to its eyes; he stood up to his work like a man, taking hold of the cradle-top with both hands, and rocking vehemently. Sammy approved of short methods with babies. After half an hour or so of this exercise, baby's eyes growing constantly bigger and brighter, he grew less sanguine, and made preparations for a longer siege. He brought a wooden block to the side of the cradle and sat down to the business, not cheerful, but resolute; pushing the cradle with one hand, and holding in the other a piece of bread or a cold potato, out of which he took small, slow, consolatory bites. But the smallest, most infrequent nibbles will finally consume the very largest potato, and this source of comfort exhausted, and another half-hour having dragged away, and baby's eyes still staring with superhuman vivacity, Sammy wheeled about with his side to the cradle, leaned against the leg of the ironing-table in deep depression of spirits, seeking to beguile the weary time by counting the dishes on the dresser or the flies on the ceiling; while at intervals of a few seconds he bestowed such wrathful, sidewise thwacks with his knee on the cradle, as made the whole

huge structure tremble, and its gelatinous occupant quiver.

But in the last stages of the conflict, Sammy left all hope behind, and became an image of the profoundest dejection. Turning his back on the cradle in disgust too deep for words, he would lean his elbows on the table and his head in his hands; with his bare foot he loathingly kicked up the rocker behind him, while one jig-tune after another came gurgling melodiously out of his melancholy mouth to the expressive words of "Diddledy, diddledy, diddledy, didy," and the big tears rolled down unchecked. Sammy was too far gone to wipe them away. Meantime the complacent baby gazed wisely at its rocking dome, the flies buzzed, the clock ticked, the tears fell, the jig-tunes went endlessly on, till Sammy's head drooped, and the "Diddledy didy" grew faint, and fainter, and failed, and the poor little drudge was on the very verge of blessed oblivion, when an imperious wail from the baby recalled him to life and labor once more.

"Come now, Sammy," Marty would say encouragingly, every day, when matters came to the worst, "rock away like a gent'lum. Sech a marcy ye got that cradle! S'pose ye had to lug him, like I lugged our 'Phibosheth gwine on two year! Mammy 's tryin' to airn shoes fer ye, and can't do it nohow, if ye don't nuss the baby! And what 's more, bumbye, when we have our pay-party, ye shall come to it, ye shall, and have goodies, and set up late."

This would reanimate Sammy for a minute or two, and when sleep finally overtook the baby he darted away like a liberated hare; wild leap after leap carried him to the thither confines of the woodpile, and Elysium began.

"Time 's a-gwine," said Marty mildly one May morning to mother; "shotes is gittin' sca'cer, and that 'ere pay-party don't 'pear to come off. Have to give out fer it a week ahead, so as to let the folks at Squaw Neck and Tuckappoos have a warnin'. I would 'a' gin out fer it last week, but Ed got high, and now, this week, Mother Honner 's ailin'. She was gwine to do fer me, and smart up the house; things gits so muxed whar young ones is kitin' round. Mis' Calvert an't got somethin' to cure Mother Honner, eh, Mis' Calvert?"

"I don't know but I have," said mother, "if you can tell me how she feels sick."

Marty described the symptoms, and was furnished with a simple remedy, but Hannah did not recover in time for the invitations to be given out that week. In fact, she grew much worse. "'Pears to be reel racked," said Marty, "and she 's got a desp'it pain across her; she 'spects it 's the medicine."

"That is impossible," said mother; "it was a very harmless remedy I gave her."

"Yas 'm, so she 'spected. She never took Mis' Calvert's doctor-stuff; she reckoned she wanted a right smart dose of somethin' that would strike clar through, so she took a box of stomick-pills she bought of a peddler-man last fall; eighteen in the box; she took 'em all; I reckon she overdone; Mis' Calvert reckon so too?"

But what the mistress reckoned was too wide and deep to put into words. Hannah recovered from her corporeal earthquake in the course of a week or two, and Marty's plans were ripe for execution, when Ed suddenly fell from grace again.

"I dunno," said Marty serenely, "as I ever felt so beat. Shotes is about gone. Jes' git my mind sot for that 'ere pay-party, and somethin' knocks the roost right out from under me. I don't want to fret, with all the marcies I have, and everythin' gittin' along so comfor'ble this summer, and Ed such a pleasant boy too, — not a mite like me; I allers was a stiff-necked critter, that 's why I git so sot on things, — but it makes me feel putty beat."

"Never mind the pig, Marty," said mother, "I don't believe you would have made much out of it. Why not have the party when it is convenient, and take what you make toward your roof?"

"Wal, I never!" said Marty. "Be

sure I can! I was so shaller, I got it fixed in my head that 't was no use to have the party when shotes was gone! We 'll have it, I reckon, as soon as things gits to rights."

Cousin Mary Singleton came down to stay with us, just about that time, and Ed hastened up to see her, as he never failed to do. When sober, Ed was the shyest and most silent of creatures, and the interview always took place with the length of the room or the piazza between them, Ed standing very erect, and making his grandest military salute with every sentence. The questions and answers did not vary a hair's breadth once in ten times.

"Good mornin', Miss Ma'," Ed always began.

"Good morning, Ed," cousin Mary always answered.

"Glad to see ye to de old place, Miss Ma'."

"Thank you, I always love to come."

"Miss Ma' putty smart dese days?"

"Yes indeed, Ed."

"Mars' Clayty smart?"

"He never was better."

"Old Gin'al smart too?"

"He is not quite as strong as he used to be."

"Want ter know! Miss Ma' must 'member my 'spects to all on 'em when she goes back."

"I shall, with pleasure, Ed." And with a last grand salute, more rigidly angular than any, the interview ended. Cousin Mary, however, was well aware of Ed's especial tendencies, and when, on this occasion, instead of standing afar off and making obeisance, he advanced across the piazza and curled himself up at her feet, she was not at all surprised.

"Lordy me! Miss Ma'," he began, "an't I glad ye come, and an't I glad they fetched ye! Jes' the one I wanted to see! Want to take counsel with ye 'bout a party we 're gwine to have."

"Very well, Ed."

"It 's a pay-party. Marty 's gwine to buy shingles out the makin's. Jed's Maria, she gin one, and it fetched enough to kiver their roof. But as fer old Jed! Lordy, how that 'ere old darky drinks! Miss Ma' 'd be s'prised to see him! only but jes' toddled round, the night they had it! Had a job to hold up his ugly old carkis! Rum 's a bad thing, Miss Ma', a dretful bad thing!"

"It is indeed, Ed," said cousin Mary.

"Yes, yes! bad thing! bad enuffy! Miss Ma' knows 't is! So do I! As fer gittin' high, — reel drunk, — can't say nothin' fer it! don't favor it nohow! It 's agin Scripter! dunno how old Jed 'pears to stan' it! but fer gittin' a *leetle* mite off the handle, Miss Ma', jes' a *leetle* mite out the way now, like I do once into a great while, can't see no harm into it. Miss Ma' see any harm into it?"

"Certainly, Ed. I think you are destroying yourself, and making Marty very unhappy. You ought not to touch a drop."

"Bress my soul, ef that an't jes' the way Mis' Calvert talks to me! Marsa Lennie, too! Miss Ma' 's jes' like the Calverts! favors them all! favors Mars' Clayty, too! How is Mars' Clayty, Miss Ma'?"

"He is well."

"I 'm mortal fond o' Mars' Clayty! He 's allers so kind and jo'ful. When he and Colonel Barton came down last time they wanted me to go down to the inlet with 'em, and take my fiddle. Says I, 'Anythink to oblige ye, Mars' Clayty, but I can't go, can't spar' the time; I got a fambly to look arter, and I must stick to my post till I die.' Colonel Barton, he says, 'Ed,' he says, 'you spar' de time to take a week's spree out o' every month,' he says, 'and you can spar' de time sure to come 'long wid us.' Says I, 'Colonel,' says I, 'you speared dat eel squar' dat time,' says I, 'but he can squ'm yit. Seein' I hev' to spar' dat week, whedder or no, I can't spar' no more!' Ye see, Miss Ma', I can't help gittin' a *leetle* mite out de way once into a gret while, *can't* help it. Gwine to stop now for a spell, I reckon, and gib Marty a chance fer to hev dat pay-party; she sets such

store by her pay-party; would n't ye, Miss Ma'?"

"Indeed, Ed, I'd stop now and forever; you could be so happy and comfortable."

"Comfor'ble, Miss Ma'? Reckon I could! Why, th' an't a nigger nowhar, smarter 'n I be when I 'm stiddy! Went down Horne Neck t' odder day, stiddy as a jedge; cradled the hull o' Great Lot, and one acre besides in Little Lot, and had it all done by half past 'leven. Mr. Smith, the oversee', come down, and he was so s'prised, it like to took away his breaf! Says he, 'Edinburgh!' says he, 'I could n't 'a' believed it,' says he; 'you 're the smartest hand I got.' And so I be. Dunno what I *could n't* do, if it warn't fer gittin' a *leetle* mite out the way now and den. It takes time, ye see. Dat 's why I could n't go 'long with Mars' Clayty and Colonel Barton. Mars' Clayty must n't feel hard on me; Miss Ma' must 'member my 'spects to him when she goes back, and to de old Gin'ral, too. I allers thinks so much o' my own folks; but 'bout dat 'ere pay-party; I was gwine fer to hev beans and bacon; would Miss Ma' hev beans and bacon?"

"That would be a very substantial dish."

"So I tell Marty, and Mother Honner; my, she 's high on beans and bacon! Miss Ma' ben to see Mother Honner, yit?"

"No; I only came last night, Ed."

"Be sure! so Miss Ma' did! Den ye an't seen him yit, nor ye an't heerd him, and ye won't hear him when ye do go!"

"Hear whom, Ed?"

"Why, de hawg, Miss Ma'! Mother Honner's hawg! She 's got de enlightendest hawg dat ever was raised on de West Shore! Same as a watch-dog, he is. Ef he hears suffin' comin' by de woods or 'cross de swamp, Lor', he 'll grunt and grunt till de fambly 's all roused up. Never grunts at de quality. When Mars' Lennie comes dat way, or Mis' Calvert 's takin' de air, he lies down quiet and 'spectable wid his nose in de straw, like a hawg oughter; but when dem Squaw Neck niggers comes round, he 'll snuff 'em half a mile off, and 'pears like he 'd grunt hisself to pieces! Never grunts at de quality. Ef he did, I 'd cut him ober myself! I won't take no disrespects for my folks! I think a heap o' my folks, Miss Ma'; think a heap o' Mars' Clayty and o' Miss Ma', too, and Mars' Lennie and Mis' Calvert and Mis' Calvert's chillen. Ben a-tryin' to move away sommers, but don't 'pear to make up my mind to leave 'em. Thought mebbe I 'd git higher wages; roof leaks like a riddle, too; wants shinglin'; that 's what Marty 's gwine to hev that party fer. Think the folks would like some plums, Miss Ma'? I 'd kind o' sot my mind on gwine plummin' the day afore the party. Ef it 's putty soon, I 'll go plummin' for blueberries, and ef it 's bumbye, I 'll go plummin' for high-briers. Miss Ma' like high-briers?"

"Very much."

"Gwine to pick her a peck some day; a peck of wild strawberries, too."

"Those are past, Ed; there won't be any till another year."

"Want ter know! an't that too bad! Wal, the fust kind o' broken day I git, I 'll go high-brierin' for Miss Ma'. Don't bodder Miss Ma' a-talkin', do I?"

"Not at all."

"If I an't bodderin' ye, will ye gib me some 'vice 'bout that ere pay-party, Miss Ma'?"

"Certainly."

"Wal, the way I meant to write my letter was to 'vite 'em to a sail, and then buy a sheep, and whilst they 'se a-cruisin' round on de bay, me and Mother Honner 'll roast the sheep and git the table sot out. Marty must go 'long, too, and fetch de chillen, Marty must; she 's a good gal, and she works smart. I married her up to 'Napolis, gwine on six year ago. She used to work to Mis' Judge Nottingham's when I was to de old Gin'al's. De way we got acquainted, Miss Ma', was dis 'ere way. I was a-gwine fer to see"—but just here a soft voice called Ed from the corner of

the house nearest the kitchen, and Ed obediently uncoiled himself. "I reckon Marty wants me to hist on dat 'ere big dinner-pot," he said, "but Miss Ma' 's so kind, I 'll come up ag'in, and git her 'vice 'bout dat pay-party."

It was true that Ed had tried more than once to move away from the old place, and had failed. Others had tried it, too. Cæsar moved away one week, and moved back the next. Pomp had tried it. Ben, the surliest, sulkiest fellow on the whole place, had tried it, and was successful; indeed, eminently successful, for he moved away seven times, and at last gave it up as an aimless excursion and settled down in the spot where he was born.

There was something more than mere love of home in the spell that brought them all back; there was an undying power that never loses its hold on those, either high or low, who have once become its bondmen. Poets sing and orators discourse of the love which the mountaineer feels for his upland home; but it is a languid emotion compared with the passionate attachment cherished for their birthplace by those who are born on the shores of the ocean, or of its vast estuaries. Mysterious influences are welded into heart and brain, and bone and fibre. Destiny may carry them to other scenes and carve for them brilliant careers, but nothing ever seems to them so fair and desirable as the old life by the sea. Fortune may smile upon them, and Fame sing to them with her siren tongue, and they shut their eyes and ears to all, to brood over fond memories of that enchanting spot to which they will fly when the chance opens, again and again and again. The world is everywhere, but the earthly Paradise only there. In health, the hunger is great enough, but in sickness it becomes a famine, known only to the sea's own children. They turn from every comfort and luxury that can be given, to long with a wordless, inexpressible longing that devours their very hearts, — an inexorable, unappeasable longing, — for one sight of the sapphire sea, one sound of its deep mouthed, motherly murmur, one breath of its heavenly saltness; till, lacking these, they feel in their wild homesickness that they might better turn their face to the wall and die.

The well-disciplined, church-going, average Marylander desires to live in peace and gentleness with all mankind! but ah me! the strain and tug on every moral fibre, when certain well-meaning persons with froward hearts and darkened eyes come down to our beatific old West Shore once in a while, and, looking about in a lofty manner, pronounce it deplorably flat! Flat, say they? We want it flat. We love it flat. We praise the Creator for having made it flat. To be flat means to be fresh, free, adorable, wide-eyed, large-lunged; it means a vast range of vision from one far-off, limitless horizon to another; it means a blue, unbroken dome of heaven, with no officious projections lifting up presumptuous heads against its serene majesty. But they are more to be pitied than blamed, poor things! they deserve tender commiseration; they have been born in strong cities, in family prisons twenty-five feet by sixty, or in far-away land-locked depressions, still more remote and slow, and they know nothing of the freedom and the fascinations of our rare, amphibious life. They have not wandered countless times in among the odorous pines, and thrown themselves on the slippery matting of discarded needles beneath them, while the wind sung its faint, unearthly song above, and the cadences came filtering down through myriad leafy wires, mere sprays, at last, of quivering intonations. They have not waded and plashed in those wonderful, limpid brooks whose crumpled crystal stream ripples on over sand and pebble and floating weed till it reaches an armlet of the sea, where the tide sends volumes of salt water up into its freshness, while the brook rolls back floods of sweet water into the brine; a mile or two up, speckled trout asleep in cool pools, or glinting among the water-cresses; a mile or two down, shoals of salt-water minnows, darting through thickets of eel-grass.

But our poor people had far more practical reasons than any of these for liking to live where they did. That which "makes the pot boil" lay in profusion, dry and brittle, on the ground of the oak and pine woods; and that which alone can give the boiling a satisfactory result was to be had in plenty by all except those who were absolutely too lazy to pick up their food. They could set their nets in deep water and catch as many fish as they chose; or paddle up the creeks and stake their eel-pots to secure a haul next morning; or, for quicker effects, spear the eels in the mud at night by torchlight. If they wanted clams, they needed only to run out upon the flats with their spade and basket when the tide was out, and if they desired oysters, the beds were prolific and the rakes in the boats. Then there were crabs to scoop and ducks to shoot, and always, besides, the enchanting possibility of catching a "torop," for by this contumelious name do they designate that portly, aldermanic personage who presides at lord-mayor's feasts, and other destructive pageants.

These sea-turtle, at certain seasons, come clawing clumsily up the margins of the sandy coves to lay their eggs on the shore, and go blundering back again without further parental inquietude, superbly indifferent as to whether the sun hatches them or not.

One of these rare prizes had fallen into Ed's lucky hands a day or two before his interview with cousin Mary, and he would certainly have arrived eventually at the narration of the grand affair, if Marty's wifely repression had not nipped him untimely. He had seized the ungainly creature as it was returning to the water, and its tortuous track led him back to the newly made hollow in the sand where it had concealed its quantity of ugly eggs. Ed put it in a crawl sunk on the edge of the creek, hoping to save it till the momentous party should take place, when it would properly figure as the prime feature of the *fête;* and the eggs were carefully covered with an armful of wet seaweed, to keep all vivifying sunbeams from taking even a peep at them; for nectar and ambrosia are less delectable in some people's eyes than the contents of those vellum sacks. Ed and Sammy made delightful diurnal excursions to the crawl; they pulled out the turtle and poked it about the head to make it snap its jaws together in rage; turned it over on its back to see its flippers work, and lifted it cautiously back again by its short, horny tail, — a happy provision of Nature for handling the cross-grained creature. Then they opened the sand and counted their treasure of eggs, and, covering them up wet and fresh, went blissfully back to Marty to tell her how beautiful it all was, and what a red-hot temper the old torop had.

It was close upon midsummer now, and the long-desired party seemed no nearer than at first, for Aunt Dolly was down with the chills, and Marty making up the deficiency by working every day at the house. But one Friday night at dusk, when the last plate was washed and put away, and Marty was slowly wiping the soap-suds from her tired hands, there came a flying scout through the twilight, dispatched from Hannah's in hot haste, with momentous information.

But the news was too prostrating to be borne alone, even by all-enduring Marty, and she came softly tapping at mother's door.

"Mis' Calvert 's gwine to be surprised now, I reckon," she said, very gently, "fer I 'm beat myself, — the beatest I ever was yit. They 'se come."

"Who has come?" asked mother.

"All on 'em; all my pay-party, that I was gwine to have along towards fall," rejoined Marty, placidly. "Said they heerd 't was gwine to be to-night, and we hain't gin out, nor nothin'."

"They should not have come without a definite invitation," said mother, rather indignantly. "They must go home again."

"Yas 'm. Mother Honner let 'em know we had n't no notion of havin' it; but they said they heerd it was to be,

and they could n't come so fur fer nothin', and we 'd got to have it whedder or no. There 's a big wagon-load chock full, from Tuckappoos, and they say they left the Squaw Neck folks walkin' over, 'bout half a mile back."

"How could they possibly hear such a thing, Marty?"

"Wal, they knew we was gwine to have it some time or 'nother, when things got settled, and I reckon Ed must 'a' ben talkin' about that torop; he sets 'mazin' by it, and Mis' Calvert knows Ed 's such a pleasant boy to talk, 'specially when he 's a little out of the way."

"Very well," said mother in righteous wrath, "let him exercise his gift to-night, then, and amuse his company. They have chosen to come without an invitation, now let them stay without any entertainment, and go home as soon as they choose."

"Yas 'm. Mis' Calvert don't think that 's kind of onsociable, eh, Mis' Calvert?"

Mother laughed in spite of herself. "I 'm sure I don't know, Marty. Manage it yourself. What are you going to do?"

"Reckoned I 'd ask Cæsar to take 'em out sailin' a couple of hours. Cæsar 's a mortal clever boy, and them Tuckappoosers is dead sot on sailin'. Think 's likely they 'll git aground comin' back. Tide 'll be cl'ar down by that time. Ed can kill the torop, — I 'count it a 'mazin' marcy we got that torop, mistes, — and then row up to the store and git the goodies to set out and sell; and me and Ann and Mother Honner 'll git 'em a good tea agin they come back. Mis' Calvert think that 's a good way to fix it?"

"Yes, as good as can be, Marty; and now, how can I help you?"

"If Mis' Calvert felt willin' to have the big oven het up, and to sell me a little butter and flour and sugar, and that big dish of beans and bacon I got ready fer to-morrow, I 'd git along bitiful."

"Very well, Marty, I 'm quite willing."

So the materials were gathered together and weighed out; the great oven was soon roaring with internal fires; Aunt Dolly, being in the debatable land between a fever and a chill, and much revived also with the prospect of a party, rose from her bed to make Marty a big batch of her famous soda biscuit and card gingerbread, and afterward went to the feast to help eat it. The willing guests were sent out sailing, and verified Marty's hopeful anticipations, for they ran aground on the south flat, coming into the cove, and were held fast till eleven o'clock or after, when the tide turned and set them afloat once more. What with poling round into the right position, dropping sail and heaving anchor, and leisurely landing a few at a time in the follow-boat, it was almost midnight when they reached the shore.

Here all things had gone on prosperously. The fire had promptly and dutifully begun to burn the stick, the stick had begun to heat the oven, the oven had begun to bake the cake and biscuit and beans and bacon; and all of these had come in the fullness of time to a beauteous brown, and had been carried to Mother Honner's in the clothes-basket. There they adorned the table in company with the sumptuous turtle stew and minor comestibles, and sent savory smells into the contented nostrils of the hungry guests. Ed had returned in good season with his "store-nuts," candies, and root-beer, and sat behind his stand in the corner, pouring out his heart to the crowd with the most affectionate loquacity. Cæsar took the entrance-fee at the door, and the women served. After supper Ed and 'Lias furnished the music and the dancing began. The baby had been early dosed with Godfrey's Cordial and stowed away in a basket in the loft; but long-suffering Sammy came to the party as he had been promised, and sat up late and had goodies, till he rolled over with sleep and repletion, collapsed into a shapeless lump, and was finally hoisted into the loft with the baby and the other superfluous articles.

It is not every day that the Tuckappoos and Squaw Neck people go to a party; it is not so frequent a pleasure that they can afford to let it slip too quickly through their fingers. A bird in the hand is enjoyed only so long as he remains there. So the moon sank away in the west, and the eternal stars shone calmly on, and the rosy, innocent dawn flushed up in the east and faded, and the kingly sun came regally up over the sea, and still wassail prevailed on the face of the earth.

Marty came wearily back to the house at late breakfast time, dragging the drowsy baby in her own tired arms, for Ed and Sammy were still accepting Mother Hannah's somewhat reluctant hospitality. Marty was exceedingly meek and silent that day, and once in a while big tears filled her patient eyes and rolled slowly down her cheeks. The day after a late party is apt to be an aching void, even for those who have the fun, and Marty's share of the affair had been only toil and weariness. She looked so forlorn toward evening, that mother bade her go to bed and sleep off her fatigue.

"Don't 'pear to be sleepy, thank ye, mistes," said Marty; "my head 's so chock full of them accounts. What we owe Mis' Calvert, and what we owe to the store, and what we borrowed of Mother Honner."

"How did the party go off, Marty?"

"Wal, — it went off, — yas 'm," said Marty.

"Did you make as much as you expected?"

Marty's lip trembled, and the tears dropped as she shook her head slowly.

"It 's a kind o' s'cumventin' world, Mis' Calvert, don't Mis' Calvert think so? Ed an't much of a hand to sell things, Ed an't; he 's such a pleasant boy; he gin away a sight o' goodies to the chillen, and the old folks, they hommered him down reel lively on his prices. Old Jed, he let the tongs fall right on to Mother Honner's big yaller puddin' dish, that sot on the hairth keeping the torop warm, and that 'll be forty cents, I 'spect. And then countin' what we owe to the store, and what we owe Mis' Calvert" —

"Never mind that, Marty, let it go as my contribution toward the party."

"Wal, now, thank ye, Mis' Calvert! that h'ists a big weight off my mind! Mis' Calvert 's reel clever to us; she allers is; that makes things better; and now, if we don't have to pay more 'n forty cents for the dish, and if Bruce and his wife pay us what they owe us, — did n't have no change last night, — and if Ruth Jake ever sends along the half-price for her fambly, — she said a widder with three chillen ought to git in free, all on 'em; she reckoned it warn't accordin' to Scripter to take the widder's mite, but seein' 't was us, she 'd try to pay half-price bumbye when she sells her baskets, — and if there an't nothin' more broke than I know on, I reckon now, we 'll cl'ar one dollar and fifteen cents."

"Oh, Marty! poor child! I know how disappointed you are! Why, you 've been thinking of this all summer!"

"I have so, mistes," responded Marty with deep humility, "but I 'spect it 's the Lord's will. I allers was a ugly-tempered critter from when I was a baby. Mammy used to tell me I was the sassiest gal she had, and I 'd got to git my sperit broke afore I died. So I 'spect it 's the Lord's will, Mis' Calvert, for my heart *was sot* on to them shingles, powerful sot, and I 'd ben a prayin' to him so much about 'em that I kind o' felt as if he 'd noticed our roof hisself, and seen how much it wanted fixin'. Not that I want to fret, Mis' Calvert must n't think it — me, with so many marcies, such a clever mistes, and Ed such a pleasant boy, too. The frost and the snow are his 'n; and if it 's his will they should fall on our heads next winter the way they did last, why, I reckon we can stan' it, and next summer mebbe we 'll try another pay-party and have better luck."

This was the melancholy end of Marty's long-projected comedy, but there followed a little epilogue of a more cheerful nature.

Cousin Mary told the story of the pay-

party in her witty little way, at a dinner given by the General soon after her return to Annapolis; and Colonel Barton proposed that all the guests who cared to partake of the fruit should deposit an equivalent in the fruit-basket for what they took out of it, for Marty's benefit. Unanimous approval followed his suggestion; every one was hungry for fruit and sorry for Marty, and Cousin Mary sent down to mother the next week a little fortune for her. There was enough to shingle the roof, enough to buy the shoes, and a plump little nest-egg beside, for Marty to tie up in her handkerchief and hide under the pillow.

Marty's face was as the face of an angel when she received the good news. Her very eyes laughed through her tears. "It 's the Lord's doin'," she said softly, "the Lord's own doin'! Thar he was a-contrivin' and cunjurin' 'bout them shingles, while I misdoubted him! If I 'd only stood fum to the faith, and not ben so uns'cumcised in heart, I might 'a' knowed that however beat a poor critter feels, his marcy endureth forever."

Olive A. Wadsworth.

FAREWELL.

THE crimson sunset faded into gray;
Upon the murmurous sea the twilight fell;
The last warm breath of the delicious day
Passed with a mute farewell.

Above my head in the soft purple sky
A wild note sounded like a shrill-voiced bell;
Three gulls met, wheeled, and parted with a cry
That seemed to say, "Farewell!"

I watched them: one sailed east, and one soared west,
And one went floating south; while like a knell
That mournful cry the empty sky possessed,
"Farewell, farewell, farewell!"

"Farewell!" I thought, It is the earth's one speech:
All human voices the sad chorus swell:
Though mighty Love to heaven's high gate may reach,
Yet must he say, "Farewell!"

The rolling world is girdled with the sound,
Perpetually breathed from all who dwell
Upon its bosom, for no place is found
Where is not heard, "Farewell!"

"Farewell, farewell," — from wave to wave 't is tossed,
From wind to wind: earth has one tale to tell:
All other sounds are dulled and drowned and lost
In this one cry, "Farewell!"

Celia Thaxter.

SOME GREAT CONTEMPORARY MUSICIANS.

FROM A YOUNG LADY'S LETTERS HOME.[1]

BERLIN, *November* 21, 1869.

THERE is so much to be seen and heard in Berlin that if one has but the money there is no end to one's resources. There are the opera and the Schauspielhaus every night, and beautiful concerts going on every evening too. They say that the opera here is magnificent, and the scenery superb, and they have a wonderful ballet-troupe. So far I have only been to one concert, and that was a sacred concert. But Joachim played — and *oh*, what a tone he draws out of the violin! I could think of nothing but Mrs. ——'s voice, as he *sighed* out those exquisitely pathetic notes. He played something by Schumann which ended with a single note, and as he drew his bow across he produced so many shades that it was perfectly marvelous. I am going to hear him again on Sunday night, when he plays at Clara Schumann's concert. It will be a great concert, for she plays much. She will be assisted by Joachim, Müller, De Ahne, and by Joachim's wife, who has a beautiful voice and sings charmingly in the serious German style. Joachim himself is not only the greatest violinist in the world, but one of the greatest that ever lived. De Ahne is one of the first violinists in Germany, and Müller is one of the first 'cellists. In fact, this quartette cannot be matched in Europe — so you see what I am expecting!

BERLIN, *December* 12, 1869.

I heard Clara Schumann on Sunday, and on Tuesday evening also. She is a most wonderful artist, and I think must be the greatest living pianist except Liszt. In the first concert she played a quartette by Schumann, and you can imagine how lovely it was under the treatment of Clara Schumann for the piano, Joachim for first violin, De Ahne for the second, and Müller for the third. It was perfect, and I was in raptures. Madame Schumann's selection for the two concerts was a very wide one, and gave a full exhibition of her powers in every kind of music. The Impromptu by Schumann, Op. 90, was exquisite. It was full of passion and very difficult. The second of the Songs without Words by Mendelssohn, was the most fairy-like performance. It is one of those things that must be tossed off with the greatest grace and smoothness, and it requires the most beautiful and delicate *technique*. She played it to perfection. The terrific Scherzo by Chopin she did splendidly, but she kept the great octave passages in the bass a little too subordinate, I thought, and did not give it quite boldly enough for my taste, though it was extremely artistic. Clara Schumann's playing is very *objective*. She seems to throw herself into the music, instead of letting the music take possession of her. She gives you the most exquisite pleasure with every note she touches, and has a wonderful conception and variety in playing, but she seldom whirls you off your feet. At the second concert she was even better than at the first, if that is possible. She seemed full of fire, and when she played Bach, she ought to have been crowned with diamonds! Such *noble* playing I never heard. In fact, you are all the time impressed with the nobility and breadth of her style, and the comprehensiveness of her treatment, and oh, if you *could* hear her *scales!* In short, there is nothing more to be desired in her play-

[1] The reader will please to note the dates of the letters, which, as well as those from Weimar about Liszt, were written home without a thought of publication. One of A. F.'s friends wished to print extracts from her letters, and though she would not say "yes," she did not say "no." With this negative permission they were arranged for The Atlantic without her supervision, and are given almost *verbatim* as they left her rapid pen.

ing, and she has every quality of a great artist. Many people say that Tausig is far better, but I don't believe it. He may have more technique and more power, but nothing else, I am sure. Everybody raves over his playing, and I am getting quite impatient for his return, which is expected next week. I send you Madame Schumann's photograph, which is exactly like her. She is a large, very German-looking woman, with dark hair and superb neck and arms. At the last concert she was dressed in black velvet, low body and short sleeves, and when she struck powerful chords, those large white arms came down with a certain splendor.

As for Joachim, he is perfectly magnificent, and has amazing *power*. When he played his solo in that second Chaconne of Bach's, you could scarcely believe it was only one violin. He has, like Madame Schumann, the greatest variety of tone, only on the violin the shades can be made far more delicate than on the piano.

I thought the second movement of Schumann's Quartette about as extraordinary as any part of Clara Schumann's performance. It was very rapid, very *staccato*, and *pianissimo* all the way through. Not a note escaped her fingers, and she played with so much magnetism that one could scarcely breathe until it was finished. You know nothing can be more difficult than to play staccato so very softly where there is great execution also. Both of the concertos, for violin and piano, which were played by Madame Schumann and Joachim, and especially the one in A minor, by Beethoven, were divine. Both parts were equally well sustained, and they played with so much fire — as if one inspired the other. It was worth a trip across the Atlantic just to hear those two performances.

The Sing-Akademie, where all the best concerts are given, is not a very large hall, but it is beautifully proportioned and its acoustics are perfect. The frescoes are very delicate, and on the left are boxes all along, which add much to the beauty of the hall with their scarlet and gold flutings. Clara Schumann is a great favorite here, and there was such a rush for seats that, though we went early for our tickets, all the good parquette seats were gone, and we had to get places on the *estrade*, or place where the chorus sits — when there is one. But I found it delightful for a piano concert, for you can be as close to the performer as you like, and at the same time see the faces of the audience. I saw ever so many people that I knew, and we kept bowing away at each other. Just think how convenient it is here with regard to public amusements ; for ladies can go anywhere alone! You take a *droschke* (as they call the cabs) and they drive you anywhere for five groschen, which is about fifteen cents. When you get into the concert hall you go into the *garde-robe* and take off your things, and hand them over to the care of the woman who stands there, and then you walk in and sit down comfortably, as you would in a parlor, and are not roasted in your hat and cloak while at the concert, and chilled when you go out, as we are in America. Their programmes, too, are not so unconscionably long as ours, and in short, their whole method of concert giving is more rational than with us. I always enjoy the garde-robe, for if you have acquaintances you are sure to meet them, and you have no idea how exciting it is in a foreign city to see anybody you know.

BERLIN, *February* 8, 1870.

I have heard both Rubinstein and Tausig in concert since I last wrote. They are both wonderful, but in quite a different way. Liszt's trill is like the warble of a bird, Tausig's is as much so. Rubinstein has the greatest power and *abandon* in playing that you can imagine, and is extremely exciting. I never saw a man to whom it seemed to be so easy to play. It is as if he were just sporting with the piano, and could do what he pleased with it. Tausig, on the contrary, is extremely restrained, and has not quite enthusiasm enough, but he is absolutely *perfect*, and plays

with the greatest expression. He is preëminent in grace and delicacy of execution, but seems to hold back his power in a concert-room, which is very singular, for when he plays to his classes in the Conservatory he seems all passion, and thrills you to the marrow of your bones. His conception is so very refined that sometimes it is a little too much so, while Rubinstein is occasionally too precipitate. I have not yet decided which I like best, but in my estimation Clara Schumann as a whole is superior to both, although she does n't begin to have their technique. Tausig's octave playing is the most extraordinary I ever heard. The last piece on his programme was a Hungarian Rhapsody by Liszt, and it was all octaves. The first part he played so pianissimo that you could only just hear it, and then he took the same theme and played it tremendously *forte*. It was colossal! His scales surpass Clara Schumann's, and it seems as if he played with velvet fingers, his touch is so very soft. He played the great C major Sonata by Beethoven, — Moscheles' favorite, you know. His conception of it was not brilliant, as I expected it would be, but very calm and dreamy, and the first movement especially he took very *piano*. He did it most beautifully, but I was not quite satisfied with the last movement, for I expected he would make a grand climax with those passionate trills, and he did not. Chopin he plays divinely, and that little Bourrée of Bach's that I used to play, was magical. He played it like lightning and made it perfectly bewitching.

Altogether he is a great man. But Clara Schumann always puts herself *en rapport* with you immediately, and therefore I think she is the greater genius, although I imagine the Germans would not agree with me. Tausig has such a little hand that I wonder he has been able to acquire his immense virtuosity. He is very short indeed; too short, in fact, for good looks, but he has remarkably keen and vivid eyes. He is only thirty years old, and is much younger than Rubinstein or Bülow.

BERLIN, *March* 4, 1870.

Last month I went for the first time to hear the Berlin Symphony Kapella. It is composed only of artists, and is the most splendid music imaginable. De Ahne, for instance, is one of the violinists, and he is not far behind Joachim. We have no conception of such an orchestra in America. The Philharmonic of New York approaches it, but is still a long way off. This orchestra is so perfect, and plays with such precision, that you can't realize that there are any performers at all. It is just a great wave of sound that rolls over you as smooth as glass. As the concert halls are much smaller here, the music is much louder, and every man not only plays piano and forte where it is marked, but he draws the *tone* out of his violin. They have the greatest pathos, consequently, in the soft parts, and overwhelming power in the loud. Where great expression is required the conductor almost ceases to beat time, and it seems as if the performers took it *ad libitum;* but they understand each other so well that they play like one man. It is *too* ecstatic! I observed the greatest difference in the horn playing. Instead of coming in in a monotonous sort of way as it does at home, and always with the same degree of loudness, here, when it is solo, it begins round and smooth and full, and then gently modulates until the tone seems to sigh itself out, dying away at last with a little tremolo that is perfectly melting. I never before heard such an effect. When the trumpets come in it is like the crack of doom, and you should hear the way they play the drums. I never was satisfied with the way they strike the drums in New York and Boston, for it always seemed as if they thought the parchment would break. Here, sometimes they give such a sharp stroke that it startles me, though of course it is not often. But it adds immensely to the accent, and makes your heart beat, I can tell you. They played Schubert's great symphony, and Beethoven's in B major, and I could scarcely believe my own ears at the difference between this or-

chestra and ours. It is as great as between —— and Tausig. Since I last wrote I have been to hear Rubinstein again. He is the greatest sensation player I know of, and, like Gottschalk, has all sorts of tricks of his own. It is dreadfully exciting to hear him, and at his last concert the first piece he played — a terrific composition by Schubert — gave me such a violent headache that I could n't hear the rest of the performance with any pleasure. He has a gigantic spirit in him, and is extremely poetic and original, but for an entire concert he is too much. Give me Rubinstein for a few pieces, but Tausig for a whole evening. Rubinstein does n't care how many notes he misses, provided he can bring out his conception and make it vivid enough. Tausig strikes *every* note with rigid exactness, and perhaps his very perfection makes him at times a little cold. Rubinstein played Schubert's Erl-König, arranged by Liszt, *gloriously*. Where the child is so frightened, his hands flew all over the piano, and absolutely made it shriek with terror.

BERLIN, *April* 8, 1870.

I went to hear Haydn's Jahreszeiten a few evenings since, and it is the most charming work, — such a happy combination of grave and gay! He wrote it when he was seventy years old, and it is so popular that one has great difficulty in getting a ticket for it. The *salon* was entirely filled, so that I had to take a seat in the *loge*, where the places are pretty poor, though I went early too. The work is sung like an oratorio, in arias, recitatives, and choruses, and is interspersed with charming little songs. It represents the four seasons of the year, and each part is prefaced by a little overture appropriate to the passing of each season into the next. The recitatives are sung by Hanna and Lucas, who are lovers, and by Simon, who is a friend of both, apparently. The autumn is the prettiest of the four parts, for it represents first the joy of the country people over the harvests and over the fruits. Then comes a splendid chorus in praise of Industry. After that follows a little love dialogue between Hanna and Lucas, then a description of a hunt, then a dance; lastly the wine is brought and the whole ends with a magnificent chorus in praise of wine. The dance is too pretty for anything, for the whole chorus sings a waltz, and it is the gayest, most captivating composition imaginable. The choruses here are so splendidly drilled that they give the expression in a very vivid manner, and produce beautiful effects. All the parts are perfectly accurate and well balanced. But the solo singers are, as I have remarked in a former letter, for the most part miserable. They cannot show here such a pair of stars as we had last winter in Parepa and Adelaide Phillips.

Last night I went with Mr. B—— to hear Bach's Passion Music. Anything to equal that last chorus I never heard from voices. I felt as if it ought to go on forever, and could not bear to have it end. That choral, "O Sacred Head now wounded," is taken from it, and it comes in twice; the second time with different harmonies and without accompaniment. It is the most exquisite thing; you feel as if you would like to die when you hear it. But the last chorus carries you straight up to heaven. It begins, —

> "We sit down in tears
> And call to thee in the grave,
> Rest soft — rest soft!"

It represents the rest of our Saviour after the stone has been rolled before the tomb, and it is *divine*. Everybody in the chorus was dressed in black, and almost every one in the audience, so you can imagine what a sombre scene it was. This is the custom here, and on Good Friday, when the celebrated Tod Jesus by Graun is performed, they go in black without exception.

BERLIN, *April* 24, 1870.

On Easter Sunday I did not go to the English church as is my wont, but to the Dom, which is the great church here, and is where all the court goes. It is an extremely ugly church, and much like one of our old Congregational

meeting-houses; but they have a superb choir of two hundred men and boys, which is celebrated all over Europe. Haupt (Mr. J. K. Paine's former master) is the organist, and of course they have a great big organ. I knew, as this was Easter, that the music would be magnificent, and so I made A—— W—— go there with me, much against her will, for she declared we should get no seat. The Germans don't trouble themselves to go to church very often, but on a feast day they turn out in crowds. We got to the church only twenty minutes before the service began, and I confess I was rather daunted as I saw the swarms of people not only going in but coming out, hopeless of getting into the church. However, I determined to push on and see what the chances were, and with great difficulty we got up-stairs. There is a lobby that runs all round the church, just as in the Boston Music Hall. All the doors between the gallery and the lobby were open, and each was crammed full of people. I thought the best thing we could do would be to stand there until we got tired, and listen to the music, and then go. Finally the sexton came along, and A—— asked him if he could not give us two seats; he shrugged his shoulders and said, "Yes, if you choose to pass through the crowd." We boldly said we would, although it looked almost hopeless, and then made our way through it, followed by muttered execrations. At last the sexton unlocked a door, and gave us two excellent seats, and there was plenty of room for a dozen more people; but I don't doubt he frightened them away just as he would have done us if he could. He locked us in and there we sat quite in comfort. At ten the choir began to sing a psalm. They sit directly over the chancel, and a gilded frame-work conceals them completely from the congregation. They have a leader who conducts them, and they sing in most perfect time and tune, entirely without accompaniment. The voices are soft and tender rather than loud, and they weave in and out most beautifully. There are a great many different parts, and the voices keep striking in from various points, which produces a delicious effect, and makes them sound like an angel choir far up in the sky. After they had finished the psalm the organ burst out with a tremendous great chord, enough to make you jump, and then played a choral, and there were also trombones which took the melody. Then all the congregation sang the choral and the choir kept silence. You can't imagine how easy it is to sing when the trombones lead, and the effect is overwhelming with the organ, especially in these grand old chorals. I could scarcely bear it, it was so very exciting. There was a great deal of music, as it was Easter Sunday, and it was done alternately by the choir and the congregation; but generally the Dom choir only sings one psalm before the service begins, and therefore I seldom take the trouble to go there. The rest of the music is entirely congregational, and they only have trombones on great occasions. We sat close by the chancel, and the great wax candles flared on the altar below us, and the Lutheran clergyman read the German so that it sounded a good deal like Latin. I was quite surprised to see how much like Latin German could sound, for it has those long, rolling words, and it is just as pompous. Altogether it made a strange but splendid impression. I thought if they had only had their choir in the chancel and in white surplices it would have been much more beautiful, but perhaps the music would not have sounded so fine as when the singers were overhead. The Berlin churches all look as if religion was dying out here, so old and bare and ill-cared-for, and so few in number. They are only redeemed by the great castles of organs which they generally have; and it is a difficult thing to get the post of organist here. One must be an experienced and well-known musician to do it. They sing no chants in the service, but only chorals.

To-night is the last Royal Symphony Concert of this season, and of course I shall go. This wonderful orchestra car-

ries me completely away. It is too marvelous how they play! such expression, such *élan!* I heard them give Beethoven's Leonora Overture last week in such a fashion as fairly electrified me. This overture sums up the opera of Fidelio, and in one part of it, just as the hero is going to be executed, you hear the post-horn sound which announces his delivery. This they play so softly that you catch it exactly as if it came from a long distance, and you can't believe it comes from the orchestra. It makes you think of "the horns of elf-land faintly blowing."

BERLIN, *December* 11, 1870.

Last month I went with the B——s to a superb concert given for the benefit of the wounded. The Royal Orchestra played, and it was the best orchestral performance I have yet attended. The last piece on the programme was the Ritt der Walküren by Wagner. It was the first time it was given in Berlin, and it is a wonderful composition. It represents the ride of the spirits into Valhalla, and when you hear it, it seems as if you could really see the spectral horses with their ghostly riders. The effect produced at the end is so unearthly that one feels as if one had suddenly stepped into Pandemonium. I was perfectly enchanted with it, and the "Bravos" resounded all over the house. Tausig played a concerto in his own glorious fashion. He did his very best, and when he got through, not only the whole orchestra was applauding him, but even the conductor was rapping his desk like mad with his *bâton*. I thought to myself it was a proud position when a man would excite such enthusiasm in the breasts of these old and tried musicians.

But I wish you *could* hear Joachim, for it is simple ecstacy to listen to him! I am attending a series of quartette concerts that he is giving, and last night was the third. Oh, he is to me the wonder of the age, and unless I were to *rave* I could never express him! I am always amazed afresh every time I hear him, and never can I get used to his feats. Then his expression is so marvelous that he holds complete sway over his audience from the minute he begins till he ceases. He possesses magnetic power in the highest degree. Last night he gave a quartette by Haydn which was perfectly bewitching. The adagio he played so wonderfully, and drew such a pathetic tone from his violin, that it seemed to pierce one through! The third movement was a jig, and just the gayest little piece! It flashed like a humming-bird, and he played every note so distinctly and so fast that people were beside themselves, and it was almost impossible to keep still. It received tremendous encore.

I heard a new lady pianist the other day, who is becoming very celebrated and who plays superbly. Her name is Fräulein Meuter, and she is from Munich. She has been a pupil of Liszt, Tausig, and Bülow. Think what a galaxy of teachers! She is as pretty as she can be, and looks lovely at the piano. She plays everything by heart, and has a beautiful conception. She gave her concert entirely alone, except that some one sang a few songs, and at the end Tausig played a duet for two pianos with her, in which he took the second piano. Imagine being able to play well enough for such a high artist as he to condescend to do such a thing! It was so pretty when they were encored. He made a sign to go forward. She looked up inquiringly, and then stepped down one step lower than he. He smiled and applauded her as much as anybody. I thought it was very gallant in him to stand there and clap his hands before the whole audience, and not take any of the encore to himself, for his part was as important as hers, and he is a much greater artist. I was charmed with her, though. She goes far beyond Mehlig and Topp, though Mehlig too is considered to have a remarkable technique.

BERLIN, *May* 18, 1871.

Wagner has just been in Berlin, and his arrival here has been the occasion of great musical excitement. He was received with the greatest enthusiasm, and there was no end of ovations in

his honor. First, there was a great supper given to him, which was got up by Tausig and a few other distinguished musicians. Then on Sunday, two weeks ago, was given a concert in the Sing-Akademie, where the seats were free. As the academy only holds about a thousand people, you may imagine it was pretty difficult to get tickets. I did n't even attempt it, but luckily Weitzmann, my harmony teacher, who is an old friend of Wagner's, sent me one. The orchestra was immense. It was carefully selected from all the orchestras in Berlin, and Sterne, who directed it, had given himself infinite trouble in training it. Wagner is the most difficult person in the world to please, and is a wonderful conductor himself. He was highly discontented with the Gewandhaus Orchestra in Leipsic, which thinks itself the best in existence, so the Berliners felt rather shaky. The hall was filled to overflowing, and finally, in marched Wagner and his wife, preceded and followed by various distinguished musicians. As he appeared the audience rose, the orchestra struck up three clanging chords, and everybody shouted *Hoch!* It gave one a strange thrill. The concert was at twelve, and was preceded by a "greeting" which was recited by Frau Jachmann Wagner, a niece of Wagner's, and an actress. She was a pretty woman, "fair, fat, and forty," and an excellent speaker. As she concluded she burst into tears, and stepping down from the stage she presented Wagner with a laurel crown, and kissed him. Then the orchestra played Wagner's Faust Overture most superbly, and afterwards his Fest March from the Tannhäuser. The applause was unbounded. Wagner ascended the stage and made a little speech, in which he expressed his pleasure to the musicians and to Sterne, and then turned and addressed the audience. He spoke very rapidly and in that child-like way that all great musicians seem to have, and as a proof of his satisfaction with the orchestra he requested them to play the Faust Overture under *his* direction. We were all on tiptoe to know how he would direct, and indeed it was wonderful to see him. He controlled the orchestra as if it were a single instrument and he were playing on it. He did n't beat the time simply, as most conductors do, but he had all sorts of little ways to indicate what he wished. It was very difficult for them to follow him, and they had to "keep their little eye open," as —— used to say. He held them down during the first part, so as to give the uncertainty and speculativeness of Faust's character. Then as Mephistopheles came in, he gradually let them loose with a terrible crescendo, and made you feel as if hell suddenly gaped at your feet. Then where Gretchen appeared, all was delicious melody and sweetness. And so it went on, like a succession of pictures. The effect was tremendous. I had one of the best seats in the house, and could see Wagner and his wife the whole time. He has an enormous forehead, and is the most nervous-looking man you can imagine, but has that grim setting of the mouth that betokens an iron will. When he conducts he is almost beside himself with excitement. That is one reason why he is so great as a conductor, for the orchestra catches his frenzy, and each man plays under a sudden inspiration. I was as much interested in his wife as in him. You know she is Liszt's daughter. She has a very remarkable face; not at all handsome, but pale and intellectual and full of soul. She must be nearly forty, I should think. She gazed at Wagner as if she only lived and moved and had her being in him, as I suppose is the case. . . .

Wagner's object in coming here was to try and get his Nibelungen opera performed. It is an opera which requires four evenings to get through with. Did you ever hear of such a thing? He lays out everything on such a colossal scale. It reminded me of that story they tell of him when he was a boy. He was a great enthusiast of Shakespeare, and wanted to write plays too! So he wrote one in which he killed off forty of the principal characters in the last act! He gave a grand concert in

the opera house here, which he directed himself. It was entirely his own compositions, with the exception of Beethoven's Fifth Symphony, which he declared nobody understood but himself! That rather took down Berlin, but all had to acknowledge after the concert that they never had heard it so magnificently played. He has his own peculiar conception of it. There was a great crowd, and every seat had been taken long before. All the artists were present except Kullak, who was ill. I saw Tausig sitting in the front rank with the Baroness von S——. There must have been two hundred players in the orchestra, and they acquitted themselves splendidly. The applause grew more and more enthusiastic, until it finally found vent in a shower of wreaths and bouquets. Wagner bowed and bowed, and it seemed as if the people would never settle down again. At the end of the concert followed a second shower of flowers, and his Kaiser March was encored. The march is superb — so pompous and majestic, and with delicious melodies occasionally interwoven through it. The bouquets were piled in a heap on the stage, in front of the director's desk, for Wagner had no place left big enough to stand on without crushing them. Altogether it was a brilliant affair, and a great triumph for his friends. He has a great many bitter enemies here. Joachim is one of them, though it seems inconceivable that a man of his musical gifts should be so. Ehlert is also a strong anti-Wagnerite, and the Jews hate him intensely. It was expected that they would take advantage of this occasion to get up an opposition, and hiss in the concert, but there was nothing of the kind.

BERLIN, *August* 31, 1871.

I got home from my Rhine journey much refreshed in body and spirit, though saddened by the news of Tausig's death, which reached us when we were at Bingen. He died at Leipsic on the 17th of July, of typhus fever, brought on, it is said, by overtaxing his musical memory. Is it not dreadful that he should have died so young — only thirty-one years old! When I think of his wonderful playing silenced forever, it is impossible to be reconciled to it, and if you could have heard those matchlessly trained fingers of his you would understand my feeling perfectly. And he played only twice in Berlin last winter. He was a strange little soul — a perfect misanthrope. Nobody knew him intimately. He lived all the last part of his life in the strictest retirement, a prey to deep melancholy. He was noted for the severe morality of his life, and all the papers spoke of it. That was much for such a fascinating artist as he was, for I suppose no end of women were in love with him. A countess went on from Dresden and nursed him all through his illness. He was taken ill in Leipsic, whither he had gone to meet Liszt. Until the ninth day they had hopes of his recovery, but in the night he had a relapse, and died the tenth day, very easily at the last. His remains were brought to Berlin and he was buried here. Everything was done to save him, and he had the most celebrated physicians, but it was useless. So my last hope of lessons from him again is at an end, you see! I never expect to hear such piano-playing again. It was as impossible for him to strike one false note as it is for other people to strike right ones. He was absolutely infallible. The papers all tell a story about his playing a piece one time before his friends, from the notes. The music fell upon the keys, but Tausig did n't allow himself to be at all disturbed, and went on playing through the paper, his fingers piercing it and grasping the proper chords, until some one rushed to his aid and set the notes up again! Oh, he was a wonder, and it is a tragic loss to Art that he is dead. He was such a *true* artist, his standard was so immeasurably high, and he had such a proud contempt for anything approaching clap-trap, or what he called *Spectakel*. I have seen him execute the most gigantic difficulties without permitting himself a sign of effort beyond an almost imperceptible compression of one corner

of his mouth. However, he entirely overstrained himself, and his whole nervous system was completely shattered long before his illness. He said last winter that the very idea of playing in public was unbearable to him, and after he had announced in the papers that he would give four concerts, he recalled the announcement on the plea of ill-health. Then he thought he would go to Italy and spend the winter. But when he got as far as Naples, he said to himself, "Nein, hier bleibst du nicht" (No, you won't stay here); and back he came to Berlin. He doesn't seem to have known what he wanted, himself; his was an uneasy, tormented, capricious spirit, at enmity with the world. Perhaps his marriage had something to do with it. His wife was a beautiful artist too, and they thought the world of each other, yet they could n't live together. But Tausig's whole life was a mystery, and his reserve was so complete that nobody could pierce it.

BERLIN, *October* 2, 1871.

The other day was an auction in poor little Tausig's house, and all his furniture was sold. It was very handsome, all of solid oak, beautifully carved. He had spent five thousand dollars on it. His wardrobe was sold too, and I don't know how many pairs of his little boots and shoes were there, his patent leather concert boots among others. His little velvet coat, that he used to wear at the Conservatory, went with the rest. I saw it lying on a chair. I wanted to buy a picture, but they were all sold in a lot. He had excellent ones of all the great composers, down to Liszt and Wagner, hanging over his piano in the room where he always played. So wretched as it all was!

Kullak deplores Tausig's death very deeply. He had visited him in Leipsic two days before he was taken ill, and said that nobody could have dreamed that Tausig was going to die, he looked so well. Kullak says that Tausig was one of the three or four great *special* pianists. "Who will interpret to us so again?" he said.

BERLIN, *February* 10, 1872.

I have just had a splendid time in Dresden, where E—— L—— and I have been spending a week with C—— T——. C—— did everything in her power to amuse us, and she is the soul of amiability. She kept inviting people to meet us, and had several tea-parties, and when we had no company she took us to the theatre or the opera. She invited Marie Wieck (the sister of Clara Schumann) to tea one night. I was very glad to meet her, for she is an exquisite artist herself, and plays in Clara Schumann's style, though her conception is not so remarkable. Her touch is perfect. At C——'s request she tried to play for us, but as the action of C——'s piano is pretty well worn out, she presently got up, saying that she could do nothing on such an instrument, but that if we would come to *her*, she would play for us with pleasure. I was in high glee at that proposal, for I was very anxious to see the famous Wieck, the trainer of so many generations of musicians. Fräulein Wieck appointed Saturday evening, and we accordingly went. C—— had instructed us how to act, for the old man is quite a character, and has to be dealt with after his own fashion. She said we must walk in (having first laid off our things) as if we had been members of the family all our lives, and say, "Good evening, Papa Wieck,"—everybody calls him Papa. Then we were to seat ourselves, and if we had some knitting or sewing with us it would be well. At any rate, we must have the apparent intention of spending several hours, for nothing provokes him so as to have people come in simply to call. "What!" he will say, "do you expect to know a celebrated man like me in half an hour?" then (very sarcastically), "perhaps you want my autograph!" He hates to give his autograph. Well, we went through the prescribed programme. We were ushered into a large room, much longer than it was broad. At either end stood a grand piano. Otherwise the room was furnished with the greatest simplicity. My impression is that the

floor was a plain yellow painted one, with a rug or two here and there. A few portraits and bas-reliefs hung upon the walls. The pianos were of course fine. Frau Wieck and "Papa" received us graciously. We began by taking tea, but soon the old man became impatient, and said, "Come, the ladies wish to perform (*vortragen*) something before me, and if we don't begin we shan't acccomplish anything." He *lives* entirely in music, and has a class of girls whom he instructs every evening for nothing. Five of these young girls were there. He is very deaf, but, strange to say, he is as sensitive as ever to every musical sound, and the same is the case with Clara Schumann. Fräulein Wieck then opened the ball. She is about forty, I should think, and a stout, phlegmatic-looking woman. However, she played superbly, and her touch is one of the most delicious possible. After hearing her, one is not surprised that the Wiecks think nobody can teach touch but themselves. She began with a nocturne by Chopin, in F major. I forgot to say that the old Herr sits in his chair with the air of being on a throne, and announces beforehand each piece that is to be played, and follows it with some comment: *e. g.*, "This nocturne I allowed my daughter Clara to play in Berlin forty years ago, and afterward the principal newspaper in criticising her performance remarked: 'This young girl seems to have much talent; it is only a pity that she is in the hands of a father whose head seems stuck full of queer, new-fangled notions,' — so new was Chopin to the public at that time." That is the way he goes on. After Fräulein Wieck had finished the nocturne, I asked for something by Bach, which I 'm told she plays remarkably. She said that at the moment she had nothing in practice by Bach, but she would play me a *gigue* by a composer of Bach's time, — Hessel, I think she said, but cannot remember, as it was a name entirely unknown to me. It was very brilliant, and she executed it beautifully. Afterward she played the last movement of Beethoven's Sonata in E flat major, but I was n't particularly struck with her conception of that. Then we had a pause, and she urged me to play. I refused, for as I had been in Dresden a week and had not practiced, I did not wish to sit down and not do myself justice. The old man then said, "Now we 'll have something else;" and got up and went to the piano, and called the young girls. He made three of them sing, one after the other, and they sang very charmingly indeed. One of them he made improvise a *cadenza*, and a second sang the alto to it without accompaniment. He was very proud of that. He exercises his pupils in all sorts of ways, trains them to sing any given tone, and to "skip up and down the ladder" as they call the scale. After the master had finished with the singing, Fräulein Wieck played three more pieces, one of which was an exquisite arrangement by Liszt of that song by Schumann, Du meine Seele. She ended with a *gavotte* by Glück, or as Papa Wieck would say, "This is a gavotte from one of Glück's operas, arranged by Brahms for the piano. To the superficial observer the second movement will appear very easy, but in *my* opinion it is for the artist a very hard task to hit it exactly." I happened to know just how the thing ought to be played, for I had heard it three times from Clara Schumann herself. Fräulein Wieck did n't please me at all in it, for she took the second movement twice as quickly as the first. "Your sister plays the second movement much slower," said I. "So?" said she, "I 've never heard it from her." She then asked, "So slow?" playing it slower. "Still slower?" said she, beginning a third time, at my continual disapproval. "In strict time," said I, nodding my head oracularly. "Väterchen," called she to the old Herr, "Miss F—— says that Clara plays the second movement *so* slow," showing him. I don't know whether this correction made an impression, but he was then *determined* that I should play, and on my continued refusal he finally said that he "found it very strange that a young

lady who had studied more than two years in Tausig's and Kullak's conservatories should n't have *one* piece that she could play before people." This little fling provoked me, so up I jumped, and saying to myself, "Kopf in die Höhe, Brust heraus, *vorwärts!*" (one of the military orders here), I marched to the piano and played the fugue at the end of Beethoven's A flat Sonata, Op. 110. They all sat round the room as still as so many statues while I played, and you cannot imagine how dreadfully nervous I was. I thought fifty times I should have to stop, for like all fugues it is such a piece that if you once get out you never can get in again, and Bülow himself made a smash-up on the last part of it the other night in his concert. But I got well through, notwithstanding, and the old master was good enough to commend me warmly.

Papa Wieck used to be Bülow's master before Bülow went to Liszt. Did I tell you how carried away with Bülow I was? He is an extraordinary artist, just between Rubinstein and Tausig. I am going to hear him again on Saturday, and then I'll write you my full opinion about him. He is famous for his playing of Beethoven, and I wish you could have heard the Moonlight Sonata from him. One thing he does which is entirely peculiar to himself. He runs all the movements of a sonata together, instead of pausing between. It pleased me very much, as it gives a *unity* of effect, and seems to make each movement beget the succeeding one.

BERLIN, *July* 1, 1872.

You ask about Bülow. I've always forgotten to describe his playing to you, and it is now so long since I heard him that my impressions of it are not so vivid. He has the most forcible style I ever heard, and phrases wonderfully. It is like looking through a stereoscope to hear him. All the points of a piece seem to start out vividly before you. He made me think of Gottschalk a little, for he is full of his airs. His expression is proud and supercilious to the last degree, and he looks all round at his audience when he is playing. He always has two grand pianos on the stage, one facing one way, and one the other, and he plays alternately on both. His face seems to say to his audience, "You 're all cats and dogs, and I don't care what you think of my playing." Sometimes a look of infinite humor comes over it, when he is playing a rondo or anything gay. It is very funny. He has remarkable magnetic power, and you feel that you are under the sway of a tremendous will. Many persons find fault with his playing, because they say it is pure intellect (*der reine Verstand*), but I think he has too much passion to be called purely intellectual. Still, it is always passion controlled. Beethoven has been the grand study of his life, and he plays his sonatas as no one else does.

BERLIN, *November* 7, 1873.

You ask me in your letter to write you a comparison — a summing up — between Clara Schumann, Bülow, Tausig, and Rubinstein, but I don't find it very easy to do, as they are all so different. Clara Schumann is entirely a *classic* player. Beethoven's sonatas, and Bach, too, she plays splendidly; but she does n't seem to me to have any *finesse*, or much poetry in her playing. There 's nothing subtle in her conception. She has a great deal of fire, and her whole style is grand, finished, perfectly rounded off, solid, and satisfactory, — what the Germans call *gediegen*. She is a *healthy* artist to listen to, but there is nothing of the analytic, no Balzac or Hawthorne about her. Beethoven's Variations in C minor are perhaps the best performance I ever heard from her, and they are immensely difficult, too; I thought she did them better than Bülow, in spite of Bülow's being such a great Beethovenite. I think she repeats the same pieces a good deal, possibly because she finds the modern fashion of playing everything without notes very trying. I've even heard that she cries over the necessity of doing it; and certainly it is a foolish

thing to make a point of, with so very great an artist as Clara Schumann. If people could only be allowed to have their own individuality!

Bülow's playing is more many-sided, and is chiefly distinguished by its great vigor; there is no end to his nervous energy, and the more he plays, the more the interest increases. He is my favorite of the four. But he plays Chopin just as well as he does Beethoven; and Schumann, too. Altogether he is a delicious pianist, though by no means unerring in his technique. I 've heard him get dreadfully mixed up. I think he trusts *too* much to his memory, and that he does not prepare sufficiently. He plays everything by heart, and such tremendous programmes! He always hits the nail plump on the head, and such a grasp as he has! His chords take firm hold of you. For instance, in the beginning of the last movement of the Moonlight Sonata, you should hear him run up that arpeggio in the right hand so lightly and pianissimo, every note so delicately articulated, and then *crash-smash* on those two chords at the top! And when he plays Bach's gavottes, gigues, etc., in the English Suites, a laughing, roguish look comes over his face, and he puts the most indescribable drollery and originality into them. You see that "he sees the point" so well, and that makes *you* see it, too. Yes, it is good fun to hear Bülow do those things.

Tausig resembled Liszt more in that subtlety which Liszt has, and consequently he was a better Chopin player than anybody else except Liszt. Tausig had an intense love for Chopin, too, and always wished he could have known him. I think that he had more virtuosity, and yet more delicacy of feeling, than either Rubinstein or Bülow. His finish, perfection, and above all his touch, were beyond anything. But he was cold, at least in the concert room. In the Conservatory he seemed to me a very passionate player; but, somehow, in public that was not the case. Unfortunately, I had studied so little at that time, that I don't feel as if I were competent to judge him. He was Liszt's favorite, and Liszt said of him, "That will be the inheritor of my playing;" but I doubt if this could have been, for the winter before Tausig died, Kullak remarked to me that his playing became more and more "dry" every year, probably on account of his morbid aversion to Spectakel, as he called it; whereas Liszt gives the reins to the emotions always.

Rubinstein you 've heard. Most people put him next to Liszt. Your finding him cold surprised me, for if there is a thing he is celebrated here for, it is for the fire and passion of his playing, and for his imagination and spontaneity. I think that Tausig, Bülow, and Clara Schumann, all three, have it all cut and dried beforehand, how they are going to play a piece, but Rubinstein creates at the instant. He plays without *plan*. Probably the afternoon you heard him he did not feel in the mood, and so was not at his best. As a composer he far outranks the other three.

When I was in Weimar I heard a great deal about Tausig's *escapades* when he was studying there as a boy. They say that he was awfully wild and reckless at that time, and Liszt paid his debts over and over again. Sometimes in aristocratic parties, when Liszt did not feel like playing, himself, he would tell Tausig to play, and perhaps Tausig would not feel like it, either. He had the most enormous strength in his fingers, though his hands were small, and he would go to the piano and pretend he was going to play, and strike the first chords with such a crash that three or four strings would snap almost immediately; and then, of course, the piano was used up for the evening.

Tausig's father procured him a splendid grand piano from Leipsic one time, and shortly after Tausig whittled off the corners of all the keys, so as to make them more difficult to strike, and his father had to pay a large sum to have them repaired. Another time he was presented with a set of chess-men, and the next day some one on visiting

him observed the pieces lying all about the floor. "Why, Tausig, what has happened to your chess men?" "Oh, I wanted to see if they were easily broken, so I knocked up the board." He seemed to be possessed with a spirit of destruction. Gottschal told me that one time when Tausig was "hard up" for money, he sold the score of Liszt's Faust for five thalers to a servant, along with a great pile of his own notes. The servant disposed of them to some waste-paper man; and Gottschal, accidentally hearing of it, went to the man and rescued them, just as they were about to be pasted up on a wall instead of paper, — probably in some shanty. Then Gottschal went to Liszt to tell him that he had the score. As it happened, the publisher had written for it that very day, and Liszt was turning the house upside down, looking for it everywhere.

At that time he was living in an immense house on a hill here, that they call the Altenburg; Liszt occupied the first floor, a princely friend the second, and the top story was one grand ball-room, in which were generally nine grand pianos standing. They used to give the most magnificent entertainments, and Liszt spent thirty thousand thalers a year. He lived like a lord at that time, very different from his present simplicity. Well, he was in an awful state of mind because his score was nowhere to be found. "A whole year's labor lost!" he cried, and he was in such a rage, that when Gottschal asked him for the third time what he was looking for, he turned and stamped his foot at him and said, "You confounded fellow, can't you leave me in peace, and not torment me with your stupid questions?" Gottschal knew perfectly well what was wanting, but he wished to have a little fun out of the matter. At last he took pity on Liszt, and said, "Herr Doctor, *I* know what you've lost. It is the score to your Faust." "Oh," said Liszt, changing his tone immediately, "do you know anything of it?" "Of course I do," said Gottschal, and proceeded to unfold Master Tausig's performance, and how he had rescued the precious music. Liszt was transported with joy that it was found, and called up-stairs, "Carolina, Carolina, we're saved! Gottschal has rescued us;" and then Gottschal said that Liszt embraced him, in his transport, and could not say or do enough to make up for his having been so rude to him. Well, you would have supposed that it was now all up with Master Tausig; but not at all. A few days afterwards was Tausig's birthday, and Carolina took Gottschal aside, and begged him to drop the subject of the note stealing, for Liszt doted so on his Carl that he wished to forget it. Sure enough, Liszt kissed Carl and congratulated him on his birthday, and consoled himself with his same old observation, "You'll either turn out a great blockhead, my little Carl, or a great master."

A. F.

"RAMON."

El Refugio Mine, Northern Mexico, 1874.

Drunk and senseless in his place,
Prone and sprawling on his face,
More like brute than any man alive or dead, —
By his great pump, out of gear,
Lay the peon engineer,
Waking only just to hear,
Overhead,

Angry tones that called his name,
Oaths and cries of bitter blame —
Woke to hear all this, and waking, turned and fled!

"To the man who 'll bring to me,"
Cried Intendant Harry Lee, —
Harry Lee, the English foreman of the mine, —
"Bring the sot alive or dead,
I will give to him," he said,
"Fifteen hundred *pesos* down,
Just to set the rascal's crown
Underneath this heel of mine;
Since but death
Deserves the man whose deed,
Be it vice or want of heed,
Stops the pumps that give us breath —
Stops the pumps that suck the death
From the poisoned lower levels of the mine!"

No one answered, for a cry
From the shaft rose up on high;
And shuffling, scrambling, tumbling from below,
Came the miners each, the bolder
Mounting on the weaker's shoulder,
Grappling, clinging to their hold or
Letting go,
As the weaker gasped and fell
From the ladder to the well —
To the poisoned pit of hell
Down below!

"To the man who sets them free,"
Cried the foreman, Harry Lee, —
Harry Lee, the English foreman of the mine, —
"Brings them out and sets them free,
I will give that man," said he,
"Twice that sum, who with a rope
Face to face with Death shall cope.
Let him come who dares to hope!"
"Hold your peace!" some one replied,
Standing by the foreman's side;
"There has one already gone, whoe'er he be!"

Then they held their breath with awe,
Pulling on the rope, and saw
Fainting figures reappear,
On the black rope swinging clear,
Fastened by some skillful hand from below;
Till a score the level gained,
And but one alone remained, —
He the hero and the last,
He whose skillful hand made fast
The long line that brought them back to hope and cheer!

Haggard, gasping, down dropped he
At the feet of Harry Lee, —
Harry Lee, the English foreman of the mine;
"I have come," he gasped, "to claim
Both rewards. Señor, my name
Is Ramon!
I 'm the drunken engineer —
I 'm the coward, Señor" — Here
He fell over, by that sign
Dead as stone!

Bret Harte.

A REBEL'S RECOLLECTIONS.

V.

THE CHEVALIER OF THE LOST CAUSE.

The queer people who devote their energies to the collection of autographs have a habit, as everybody whose name has been three times in print must have discovered, of soliciting from their victim "an autograph *with* a sentiment," and the unfortunate one is expected, in such cases, to say something worthy of himself, something especially which shall be eminently characteristic, revealing, in a single sentence, the whole man, or woman, as the case may be. How large a proportion of the efforts to do this are measurably successful, nobody but a collector of the sort referred to can say; but it seems probable that the most characteristic autograph "sentiments" are those which are written of the writer's own motion and not of malice aforethought. I remember seeing a curious collection of these once, many of which were certainly not unworthy the men who wrote them. One read, "I. O. U. fifty pounds lost at play, — Charles James Fox," and another was a memorandum of sundry wagers laid, signed by the Right Honorable Richard Brinsley Sheridan. These, I thought, bore the impress of their authors' character, and it is at the least doubtful whether either of the distinguished gentlemen would have done half so well in answer to a modest request for a sentiment and a signature.

In the great dining-hall of the Briars, an old-time mansion in the Shenandoah Valley, the residence of Mr. John Esten Cooke, there hangs a portrait of a broad-shouldered cavalier, and beneath is written, in the hand of the cavalier himself,

"*Yours to count on,*
J. E. B. Stuart,"

an autograph sentiment which seems to me a very perfect one in its way. There was no point in Stuart's character more strongly marked than the one here hinted at. He was "yours to count on" always: your friend if possible, your enemy if you would have it so, but your friend or your enemy "to count on," in any case. A franker, more transparent nature, it is impossible to conceive. What he was he professed to be. That which he thought, he said, and his habit of thinking as much good as he could of those about him served to make his frankness of speech a great friend-winner.

I saw him for the first time when he was a colonel, in command of the little squadron of horsemen known as the first regiment of Virginia cavalry. The company to which I belonged was assigned to this regiment immediately after the evacuation of Harper's Ferry by the Confederates. General John-

ston's army was at Winchester, and the Federal force under General Patterson lay around Martinsburg. Stuart, with his three or four hundred men, was encamped at Bunker Hill, about midway between the two, and thirteen miles from support of any kind. He had chosen this position as a convenient one from which to observe the movements of the enemy, and the tireless activity which marked his subsequent career so strongly had already begun. As he afterwards explained, it was his purpose to train and school his men, quite as much as anything else, that prompted the greater part of his madcap expeditions at this time, and if there be virtue in practice as a means of perfection, he was certainly an excellent schoolmaster.

My company arrived at the camp about noon, after a march of three or four days, having traveled twenty miles that morning. Stuart, whom we encountered as we entered the camp, assigned us our position, and ordered our tents pitched. Our captain, who was even worse disciplined than we were, seeing a much more comfortable camping-place than the muddy one assigned to us, and being a comfort-loving gentleman, proceeded to lay out a model camp at a distance of fifty yards from the spot indicated. It was not long before the colonel particularly wished to consult with that captain, and after the consultation the volunteer officer was firmly convinced that all West Point graduates were martinets, with no knowledge whatever of the courtesies due from one gentleman to another.

We were weary after our long journey, and disposed to welcome the prospect of rest which our arrival in the camp held out. But resting, as we soon learned, had small place in our colonel's tactics. We had been in camp perhaps an hour, when an order came directing that the company be divided into three parts, each under command of a lieutenant, and that these report immediately for duty. Reporting, we were directed to scout through the country around Martinsburg, going as near the town as possible, and to give battle to any cavalry force we might meet. Here was a pretty lookout, certainly! Our officers knew not one inch of the country, and might fall into all sorts of traps and ambuscades; and what if we should meet a cavalry force greatly superior to our own? This West Point colonel was rapidly forfeiting our good opinion. Our lieutenants were brave fellows, however, and they led us boldly if ignorantly, almost up to the very gates of the town occupied by the enemy. We saw some cavalry but met none, their orders not being so peremptorily belligerent perhaps, as ours were; wherefore they gave us no chance to fight them. The next morning our unreasonable colonel again ordered us to mount, in spite of the fact that there were companies in the camp which had done nothing at all the day before. This time he led us himself, taking pains to get us as nearly as possible surrounded by infantry, and then laughingly telling us that our chance for getting out of the difficulty, except by cutting our way through, was an exceedingly small one. I think we began about this time to suspect that we were learning something, and that this reckless colonel was trying to teach us. But that he was a hare-brained fellow, lacking the caution belonging to a commander, we were unanimously agreed. He led us out of the place at a rapid gait, before the one gap in the enemy's lines could be closed, and then jauntily led us into one or two other traps, before taking us back to camp.

But it was not until General Patterson began his feint against Winchester that our colonel had full opportunity to give us his field lectures. When the advance began, and our pickets were driven in, the most natural thing to do, in our view of the situation, was to fall back upon our infantry supports at Winchester, and I remember hearing various expressions of doubt as to the colonel's sanity when, instead of falling back, he marched his handful of men right up to the advancing lines, and ordered us to dismount. The Federal

skirmish line was coming toward us at a double-quick, and we were set going toward it at a like rate of speed, leaving our horses hundreds of yards to the rear. We could see that the skirmishers alone outnumbered us three or four times, and it really seemed that our colonel meant to sacrifice his command deliberately. He waited until the infantry was within about two hundred yards of us, we being in the edge of a little forest, and they on the other side of an open field. Then Stuart cried out, "Backwards — march! steady, men, — keep your faces to the enemy!" and we marched in that way through the timber, delivering our shot-gun fire slowly as we fell back toward our horses. Then mounting, with the skirmishers almost upon us, we retreated, not hurriedly, but at a slow trot, which the colonel would on no account permit us to change into a gallop. Taking us out into the main road he halted us in column, with our backs to the enemy.

"Attention!" he cried. "Now I want to talk to you, men. You are brave fellows, and patriotic ones too, but you are ignorant of this kind of work, and I am teaching you. I want you to observe that a good man on a good horse can never be caught. Another thing: cavalry can *trot* away from anything, and a gallop is a gait unbecoming a soldier, unless he is going toward the enemy. Remember that. We gallop toward the enemy, and trot away, always. Steady now! don't break ranks!"

And as the words left his lips a shell from a battery half a mile to the rear hissed over our heads.

"There," he resumed. "I've been waiting for that, and watching those fellows. I knew they'd shoot too high, and I wanted you to learn how shells sound."

We spent the next day or two literally within the Federal lines. We were shelled, skirmished with, charged, and surrounded scores of times, until we learned to hold in high regard our colonel's masterly skill in getting into and out of perilous positions. He seemed to blunder into them in sheer recklessness, but in getting out he showed us the quality of his genius; and before we reached Manassas, we had learned, among other things, to entertain a feeling closely akin to worship for our brilliant and daring leader. We had begun to understand, too, how much force he meant to give to his favorite dictum that the cavalry is the eye of the army.

His restless activity was one, at least, of the qualities which enabled him to win the reputation he achieved so rapidly. He could never be still. He was rarely ever in camp at all, and he never showed a sign of fatigue. He led almost everything. Even after he became a general officer, with well-nigh an army of horsemen under his command, I frequently followed him as my leader in a little party of half a dozen troopers, who might as well have gone with a sergeant on the duty assigned them; and once I was his only follower on a scouting expedition, of which he, a brigadier-general at the time, was the commander. I had been detailed to do some clerical work at his head-quarters, and, having finished the task assigned me, was waiting in the piazza of the house he occupied, for somebody to give me further orders, when Stuart came out.

"Is that your horse?" he asked, going up to the animal and examining him minutely.

I replied that he was, and upon being questioned further informed him that I did not wish to sell my steed. Turning to me suddenly, he said, —

"Let's slip off on a scout, then; I'll ride your horse and you can ride mine. I want to try your beast's paces;" and mounting we galloped away. Where or how far he intended to go I did not know. He was enamored of my horse, and rode, I suppose, for the pleasure of riding an animal which pleased him. We passed outside our picket line, and then, keeping in the woods, rode within that of the Union army. Wandering about in a purposeless way, we got a near view of some of the Federal camps, and finally finding ourselves objects of

attention on the part of some well-mounted cavalry in blue uniforms, we rode rapidly down a road toward our own lines, our pursuers riding quite as rapidly immediately behind us.

"General," I cried presently, "there is a Federal picket post on the road just ahead of us. Had we not better oblique into the woods?"

"Oh no. They won't expect us from this direction, and we can ride over them before they make up their minds who we are."

Three minutes later we rode at full speed through the corporal's guard on picket, and were a hundred yards or more away before they could level a gun at us. Then half a dozen bullets whistled about our ears, but the cavalier paid no attention to them.

"Did you ever time this horse for a half-mile?" was all he had to say.

Expeditions of this singular sort were by no means uncommon occurrences with him. I am told by a friend who served on his staff, that he would frequently take one of his aids and ride away otherwise unattended into the enemy's lines; and singularly enough this was one of his ways of making friends with any officer to whom his rough, boyish ways had given offense. He would take the officer with him, and when they were alone would throw his arms around his companion, and say, —

"My dear fellow, you must n't be angry with me, — you know I love you."

His boyishness was always apparent, and the affectionate nature of the man was hardly less so, even in public. He was especially fond of children, and I remember seeing him in the crowded waiting-room of the railroad station at Gordonsville with a babe on each arm; a great, bearded warrior, with his plumed hat, and with golden spurs clanking at his heels, engaged in a mad frolic with all the little people in the room, charging them right and left with the pair of babies which he had captured from their unknown mothers.

It was on the day of my ride with him that I heard him express his views of the war and his singular aspiration for himself. It was almost immediately after General McClellan assumed command of the army of the Potomac, and while we were rather eagerly expecting him to attack our strongly fortified position at Centreville. Stuart was talking with some members of his staff, with whom he had been wrestling a minute before. He said something about what they could do by way of amusement when they should go into winter-quarters.

"That is to say," he continued, "if George B. McClellan ever allows us to go into winter-quarters at all."

"Why, general? Do you think he will advance before spring?" asked one of the officers.

"Not against Centreville," replied the general. "He has too much sense for that, and I think he knows the shortest road to Richmond, too. If I am not greatly mistaken, we shall hear of him shortly on his way up the James River."

In this prediction, as the reader knows, he was right. The conversation then passed to the question of results.

"I regard it as a foregone conclusion," said Stuart, "that we shall ultimately whip the Yankees. We are bound to believe that, anyhow; but the war is going to be a long and terrible one, first. We 've only just begun it, and very few of us will see the end. *All I ask of fate is that I may be killed leading a cavalry charge.*"

The remark was not a boastful or seemingly insincere one. It was made quietly, cheerfully, almost eagerly, and it impressed me at the time with the feeling that the man's idea of happiness was what the French call glory, and that in his eyes there was no glory like that of dying in one of the tremendous onsets which he knew so well how to make. His wish was granted, as we know. He received his death-wound at the head of his troopers.

With those about him he was as affectionate as a woman, and his little boyish ways are remembered lovingly by those of his military household whom I have met since the war came to an end. On one occasion, just after a battle, he

handed his coat to a member of his staff, saying, —

"Try that on, captain, and see how it fits you."

The garment fitted reasonably well, and the general continued, —

"Pull off two of the stars, and wear the coat to the war department, and tell the people there to make you a major."

The officer did as his chief bade him. Removing two of the three stars he made the coat a major's uniform, and the captain was promptly promoted in compliance with Stuart's request.

General Stuart was, without doubt, capable of handling an infantry command successfully, as he demonstrated at Chancellorsville, where he took Stonewall Jackson's place and led an army corps in a very severe engagement; but his special fitness was for cavalry service. His tastes were those of a horseman. Perpetual activity was a necessity of his existence, and he enjoyed nothing so much as danger. Audacity, his greatest virtue as a cavalry commander, would have been his besetting sin in any other position. Inasmuch as it is the business of the cavalry to live as constantly as possible within gunshot of the enemy, his recklessness stood him in excellent stead as a general of horse, but it is at least questionable whether his want of caution would not have led to disaster if his command had been of a less mobile sort. His critics say he was vain, and he was so, as a boy is. He liked to win the applause of his friends, and he liked still better to astonish the enemy, glorying in the thought that his foemen must admire his "impudence," as he called it, while they dreaded its manifestation. He was continually doing things of an extravagantly audacious sort, with no other purpose, seemingly, than that of making people stretch their eyes in wonder. He enjoyed the admiration of the enemy far more, I think, than he did that of his friends. This fact was evident in the care he took to make himself a conspicuous personage in every time of danger. He would ride at some distance from his men in a skirmish, and in every possible way attract a dangerous attention to himself. His slouch hat and long plume marked him in every battle, and made him a target for the riflemen to shoot at. In all this there was some vanity, if we choose to call it so, but it was an excellent sort of vanity for a cavalry chief to cultivate. I cannot learn that he ever boasted of any achievement, or that his vanity was ever satisfied with the things already done. His audacity was due, I think, to his sense of humor, not less than to his love of applause. He would laugh uproariously over the astonishment he imagined the Federal officers must feel after one of his peculiarly daring or sublimely impudent performances. When, after capturing a large number of horses and mules on one of his raids, he seized a telegraph station and sent a dispatch to General Meigs, then Quartermaster-General of the United States army, complaining that he could not afford to come after animals of so poor a quality, and urging that officer to provide better ones for capture in future, he enjoyed the joke quite as heartily as he did the success which made it possible.

The boyishness to which I have referred ran through every part of his character and every act of his life. His impetuosity in action, his love of military glory and of the military life, his occasional waywardness with his friends and his generous affection for them, — all these were the traits of a great boy, full, to running over, of impulsive animal life. His audacity, too, which impressed strangers as the most marked feature of his character, was closely akin to that disposition which Dickens assures us is common to all boy-kind, to feel an insane delight in anything which specially imperils their necks. But the peculiarity showed itself most strongly in his love of uproarious fun. Almost at the beginning of the war he managed to surround himself with a number of persons whose principal qualification for membership of his military household was their ability to make fun. One of these was a noted banjo-player and ex-negro minstrel. He played the banjo and sang

comic songs to perfection, and *therefore* Stuart wanted him. I have known him to ride with his banjo, playing and singing, even on a march which might be changed at any moment into a battle; and Stuart's laughter on such occasions was sure to be heard as an accompaniment as far as the minstrel's voice could reach. He had another queer character about him, whose chief recommendation was his grotesque fierceness of appearance. This was Corporal Hagan, a very giant in frame, with an abnormal tendency to develop hair. His face was heavily bearded almost to his eyes, and his voice was as hoarse as distant thunder, which indeed it closely resembled. Stuart, seeing him in the ranks, fell in love with his peculiarities of person at once, and had him detailed for duty at head-quarters, where he made him a corporal, and gave him charge of the stables. Hagan, whose greatness was bodily only, was much elated by the attention shown him, and his person seemed to swell and his voice to grow deeper than ever under the influence of the newly acquired dignity of chevrons. All this was amusing, of course, and Stuart's delight was unbounded. The man remained with him till the time of his death, though not always as a corporal. In a mad freak of fun one day, the chief recommended his corporal for promotion, to see, he said, if the giant was capable of further swelling, and so the corporal became a lieutenant upon the staff.

With all his other boyish traits, Stuart had an almost child-like simplicity of character, and the combination of sturdy manhood with juvenile frankness and womanly tenderness of feeling made him a study to those who knew him best. His religious feeling was of that unquestioning, serene sort which rarely exists apart from the inexperience and the purity of women or children.

While I was serving in South Carolina, I met one evening the general commanding the military district, and he, upon learning that I had served with Stuart, spent the entire evening talking of his friend, for they two had been together in the old army before the war. He told me many anecdotes of the cavalier, nearly all of which turned in some way upon the generous boyishness of his character in some one or other of its phases. He said, among other things, that at one time, in winter-quarters on the plains of the West I think, he, Stuart, and another officer (one of those still living who commanded the army of the Potomac during the war) slept together in one bed, for several months. Stuart and his brother lieutenant, the general said, had a quarrel every night about some trifling thing or other, just as boys will, but when he had said all the petulant things he could, Stuart would lie still a while, and then, passing his arm around the neck of his comrade, would draw his head to his own breast and say some affectionate thing which healed all soreness of feeling and effectually restored the peace. During the evening's conversation this general formulated his opinion of Stuart's military character in very striking phrase.

"He is," he said, "the greatest cavalry officer that ever lived. He has all the dash, daring, and audacity of Murat, and a great deal more sense." It was his opinion, however, that there were men in both armies who would come to be known as greater cavalry men than Stuart, for the reason that Stuart used his men strictly as cavalry, while others would make dragoons of them. He believed that the nature of our country was much better adapted to dragoon than to cavalry service, and hence, while he thought Stuart the best of cavalry officers, he doubted his ability to stand against such men as General Sheridan, whose conception of the proper place of the horse in our war was a more correct one, he thought, than Stuart's. "To the popular mind," he went on to say, "every soldier who rides a horse is a cavalry man, and so Stuart will be measured by an incorrect standard. He will be classed with General Sheridan and measured by his success or the want of it. General Sheridan is without doubt the greatest of dragoon commanders, as Stuart is the greatest of cavalry men; but in this country dragoons are worth a

good deal more than cavalry, and so General Sheridan will probably win the greater reputation. He will deserve it, too, because behind it is the sound judgment which tells him what use to make of his horsemen."

It is worthy of remark that all this was said before General Sheridan had made his reputation as an officer, and I remember that at the time his name was almost new to me.

From my personal experience and observation of General Stuart, as well as from the testimony of others, I am disposed to think that he attributed to every other man qualities and tastes like his own. Insensible to fatigue himself, he seemed never to understand how a well man could want rest; and as for hardship, there was nothing, in his view, which a man ought to enjoy quite so heartily, except danger. For a period of ten days, beginning before and ending after the first battle of Bull Run, we were not allowed once to take our saddles off. Night and day we were in the immediate presence of the enemy, catching naps when there happened for the moment to be nothing else to do, standing by our horses while they ate from our hands, so that we might slip their bridles on again in an instant in the event of a surprise, and eating such things as chance threw in our way, there being no rations anywhere within reach. After the battle, we were kept scouting almost continually for two days. We then marched to Fairfax Court House, and my company was again sent out in detachments on scouting expeditions in the neighborhood of Vienna and Falls Church. We returned to camp at sunset and were immediately ordered on picket. In the regular course of events we should have been relieved the next morning, but no relief came, and we were wholly without food. Another twenty-four hours passed, and still nobody came to take our place on the picket line. Stuart passed some of our men, however, and one of them asked him if he knew we had been on duty ten days, and on picket thirty-six hours without food.

"Oh nonsense!" he replied. "You don't look starved. There 's a cornfield over there; jump the fence and get a good breakfast. You don't want to go back to camp, I know; it 's stupid there, and all the fun is out here. I never go to camp if I can help it. Besides, I 've kept your company on duty all this time as a compliment. You boys have acquitted yourselves too well to be neglected now, and I mean to give you a chance."

We thought this a jest at the time, but we learned afterwards that Stuart's idea of a supreme compliment to a company was its assignment to extra hazardous or extra fatiguing duty. If he observed specially good conduct on the part of a company, squad, or individual, he was sure to reward it by an immediate order to accompany him upon some unnecessarily perilous expedition.

His men believed in him heartily, and it was a common saying among them that "Jeb never says 'Go, boys,' but always 'Come, boys.'" We felt sure, too, that there was little prospect of excitement on any expedition of which he was not leader. If the scouting was to be merely a matter of form, promising nothing in the way of adventure, he would let us go by ourselves; but if there were prospect of "a fight or a race," as he expressed it, we were sure to see his long plume at the head of the column before we had passed outside our own line of pickets. While we lay in advance of Fairfax Court House, after Bull Run, Stuart spent more than a month around the extreme outposts on Mason's and Munson's hills without once coming to the camp of his command. When he wanted a greater force than he could safely detail from the companies on picket for the day, he would send after it, and with details of this kind he lived nearly all the time between the picket lines of the two armies. The outposts were very far in advance of the place at which we should have met and fought the enemy if an advance had been made, and so there was literally no use whatever in his perpetual scouting, which was kept up merely because the man could not rest. But aside from the fact that the cavalry was made up almost

exclusively of the young men whose tastes and habits specially fitted them to enjoy this sort of service, Stuart's was one of those magnetic natures which always impress their own likeness upon others, and so it came to be thought a piece of good luck to be detailed for duty under his personal leadership. The men liked him and his ways, one of which was the pleasant habit he had of remembering our names and faces. I heard him say once that he knew by name not only every man in his old regiment, but every one also in the first brigade, and as I never knew him to hesitate for a name, I am disposed to believe that he did not exaggerate his ability to remember men. This and other like things served to make the men love him personally, and there can be no doubt that his skill in winning the affection of his troopers was one of the elements of his success. Certainly no other man could have got so much hard service out of men of their sort, without breeding discontent among them.

George Cary Eggleston.

THE WOODLAND.

Yon woodland, like a human mind,
  Hath many a phase of dark and light;
Now dim with shadows wandering blind,
  Now radiant with fair shapes of light;

They softly come, they softly go,
  Capricious as the vagrant wind, —
Nature's vague thoughts in gloom or glow,
  That leave no airiest trace behind.

No trace, no trace; yet wherefore thus
  Do shade and beam our spirits stir?
Ah! Nature may be cold to us,
  But we are strangely moved by her!

The wild bird's strain, the breezy spray,
  Each hour with sure earth-changes rife,
Hint more than all the sages say,
  Or poets sing, of death, and life!

For, truths half drawn from Nature's breast,
  Through subtlest types of form and tone,
Outweigh what man at most hath guessed,
  While heeding his own heart alone.

And midway betwixt heaven and us
  Stands Nature, in her fadeless grace,
Still pointing to our Father's house,
  His glory on her mystic face!

Paul H. Hayne.

A FOREGONE CONCLUSION.

X.

"Don Ippolito has come, signorina," said Nina, the next morning, approaching Florida, where she sat in an attitude of listless patience, in the garden.

"Don Ippolito!" echoed the young girl in a weary tone. She rose and went into the house, and they met with the constraint which was but too natural after the events of their last parting. It is hard to tell which has most to overcome in such a case, the forgiver or the forgiven. Pardon rankles even in a generous soul, and the memory of having pardoned embarrasses the sensitive spirit before the object of its clemency, humbling and making it ashamed. It would be well, I suppose, if there need be nothing of the kind between human creatures, who cannot sustain such a relation without mutual distrust. It is not so ill with them when apart, but when they meet they must be cold and shy at first.

"Now, I see what you two are thinking about," said Mrs. Vervain, and a faint blush tinged the cheek of the priest as she thus paired him off with her daughter. "You are thinking about what happened the other day; and you had better forget it. There is no use brooding over these matters. Dear me! if *I* had stopped to brood over every little unpleasant thing that happened, I wonder where I should be now? By the way, where were *you* all day yesterday, Don Ippolito?"

"I did not come to disturb you because I thought you must be very tired. Besides, I was quite busy."

"Oh yes, those inventions of yours. I think you are *so* ingenious! But you must n't apply too closely. Now really, yesterday, — after all you had been through, it was too much for the brain." She tapped herself on the forehead with her fan.

"I was not busy with my inventions, madama," answered Don Ippolito, who sat in the womanish attitude priests get from their drapery, and fingered the cord round his three-cornered hat. "I have scarcely touched them of late. But our parish takes part in the procession of Corpus Domini in the Piazza, and I had my share of the preparations."

"Oh, to be sure! When is it to be? We must all go. Our Nina has been telling Florida of the grand sights, — little children dressed up like John the Baptist, leading lambs. I suppose it 's a great event with you."

The priest shrugged his shoulders, and opened both his hands, so that his hat slid to the floor, bumping and tumbling some distance away. He recovered it and sat down again. "It 's an observance," he said coldly.

"And shall you be in the procession?"

"I shall be there with the other priests of my parish."

"Delightful!" cried Mrs. Vervain. "We shall be looking out for you. I shall feel greatly honored to think I actually know some one in the procession. I 'm going to give you a little nod. You won't think it very wrong?"

She saved him from any embarrassment he might have felt in replying, by an abrupt lapse from all apparent interest in the subject. She turned to her daughter, and said with a querulous accent, "I wish you would throw the afghan over my feet, Florida, and make me a little comfortable before you begin your reading this morning." At the same time she feebly disposed herself among the sofa cushions on which she reclined, and waited for some final touches from her daughter. Then she said, "I 'm just going to close my eyes, but I shall hear every word. You are getting a beautiful accent, my dear, I know you are. I should think Goldoni

must have a very smooth, agreeable style; has n't he now, in Italian?"

They began to read the comedy; after fifteen or twenty minutes Mrs. Vervain opened her eyes and said, "But before you commence, Florida, I wish you 'd play a little, to get me quieted down. I feel so very flighty. I suppose it 's this sirocco. And I believe I 'll lie down in the next room."

Florida followed her to repeat the arrangements for her comfort. Then she returned, and sitting down at the piano struck with a sort of soft firmness a few low, soothing chords, out of which a lulling melody grew. With her fingers still resting on the keys she turned her stately head, and glanced through the open door at her mother.

"Don Ippolito," she asked softly, "is there anything in the air of Venice that makes people very drowsy?"

"I have never heard that, madamigella."

"I wonder," continued the young girl absently, "why my mother wants to sleep so much."

"Perhaps she has not recovered from the fatigues of the other night," suggested the priest.

"Perhaps," said Florida, sadly looking toward her mother's door.

She turned again to the instrument, and let her fingers wander over the keys, with a drooping head. Presently she lifted her face, and smoothed back from her temples some straggling tendrils of hair. Without looking at the priest she asked with the child-like bluntness that characterized her, "Why don't you like to walk in the procession of Corpus Domini?"

Don Ippolito's color came and went, and he answered evasively, "I have not said that I did not like to do so."

"No, that is true," said Florida, letting her fingers drop again on the keys.

Don Ippolito rose from the sofa where he had been sitting beside her while they read, and walked the length of the room. Then he came towards her and said meekly, "Madamigella, I did not mean to repel any interest you feel in me. But it was a strange question to ask a priest, as I remembered I was when you asked it."

"Don't you always remember that?" demanded the girl, still without turning her head.

"No; sometimes I am suffered to forget it," he said with a tentative accent.

She did not respond, and he drew a long breath, and walked away in silence. She let her hands fall into her lap, and sat in an attitude of expectation. As Don Ippolito came near her again he paused a second time.

"It is in this house that I forget my priesthood," he began, "and it is the first of your kindnesses that you suffer me to do so, your good mother, there, and you. How shall I repay you? It cut me to the heart that you should ask forgiveness of me when you did, though I was hurt by your rebuke. Oh, had you not the right to rebuke me if I abused the delicate unreserve with which you had always treated me? But believe me, I meant no wrong, then."

His voice shook, and Florida broke in, "You did nothing wrong. It was I who was cruel for no cause."

"No, no. You shall not say that," he returned. "And why should I have cared for a few words, when all your acts had expressed a trust of me that is like heaven to my soul?"

She turned now and looked at him, and he went on. "Ah, I see you do not understand! How could you know what it is to be a priest in this most unhappy city? To be haunted by the strict espionage of all your own class, to be shunned as a spy by all who are not of it! But you two have not put up that barrier which everywhere shuts me out from my kind. You have been willing to see the man in me, and to let me forget the priest."

"I do not know what to say to you, Don Ippolito. I am only a foreigner, a girl, and I am very ignorant of these things," said Florida with a slight alarm. "I am afraid that you may be saying what you will be sorry for."

"Oh never! Do not fear for me if

I am frank with you. It is my refuge from despair."

The passionate vibration of his voice increased, as if it must break in tears. She glanced towards the other room with a little movement or stir.

"Ah, you need n't be afraid of listening to me!" cried the priest bitterly.

"I will not wake her," said Florida, calmly, after an instant.

"See how you speak the thing you mean, always, always, always! You could not deny that you meant to wake her, for you have the life-long habit of the truth. Do you know what it is to have the life-long habit of a lie? It is to be a priest. Do you know what it is to seem, to say, to do, the thing you are not, think not, will not? To leave what you believe unspoken, what you will undone, what you are unknown? It is to be a priest!"

Don Ippolito spoke in Italian, and he uttered these words in a voice carefully guarded from every listener but the one before his face. "Do you know what it is when such a moment as this comes, and you would fling away the whole fabric of falsehood that has clothed your life — do you know what it is to keep still so much of it as will help you to unmask silently and secretly? It is to be a priest!"

His voice had lost its vehemence, and his manner was strangely subdued and cold. The sort of gentle apathy it expressed, together with a certain sad, impersonal surprise at the difference between his own and the happier fortune with which he contrasted it, was more touching than any tragic demonstration.

As if she felt the fascination of the pathos which she could not fully analyze, the young girl sat silent. After a time, in which she seemed to be trying to think it all out, she asked in a low, deep murmur: "Why did you become a priest, then?"

"It is a long story," said Don Ippolito. "I will not trouble you with it now. Some other time."

"No; now," answered Florida, in English. "If you hate so to be a priest, I can't understand why you should have allowed yourself to become one. We should be very unhappy if we could not respect you, — not trust you as we have done; and how could we, if we knew you were not true to yourself in being what you are?"

"Madamigella," said the priest, "I never dared believe that I was in the smallest thing necessary to your happiness. Is it true, then, that you care for my being rather this than that? That you are in the least grieved by any wrong of mine?"

"I scarcely know what you mean. How could we help being sorry and shocked by what you have said to me?"

"Thanks; but why do you care whether a priest of my church loves his calling or not, — you, a Protestant? It is that you are sorry for me as an unhappy man, is it not?"

"Yes; it is that and more. I am no Catholic, but we are both Christians" —

Don Ippolito gave the faintest movement of his shoulders.

— "and I cannot endure to think of your doing the things you must do as a priest, and yet hating to be a priest. It is terrible!"

"Are all the priests of your faith devotees?"

"They cannot be. But are none of yours so?"

"Oh, God forbid that I should say that. I have known real saints among them. That friend of mine, of whom I once told you, became such, and died an angel fit for Paradise. And I suppose that my poor uncle is a saint, too, in his way."

"Your uncle? A priest? You have never mentioned him to us."

"No," said Don Ippolito. After a long pause he began abruptly, "We are of the people, my family, and in each generation we have sought to honor our blood by devoting one of the race to the church. When I was a child, I used to divert myself by making little figures out of wood and pasteboard, and I drew rude copies of the pictures I saw at church. We lived in the house where

I live now, and where I was born, and my mother let me play in the small chamber where I now have my forge; it was anciently the oratory of the noble family that occupied the whole palace. I contrived an altar at one end of it; I stuck my pictures about the walls, and I ranged the puppets in the order of worshipers on the floor; then I played at saying mass, and preached to them all day long.

"My mother was a widow. She used to watch me with tears in her eyes. At last, one day, she brought my uncle to see: I remember it all far better than yesterday. 'Is it not the will of God?' she asked. My uncle called me to him, and asked me whether I should like to be a priest in good earnest, when I grew up? 'Shall I then be able to make as many little figures as I like, and to paint pictures, and carve an altar like that in your church?' I demanded. My uncle answered that I should have real men and women to preach to, as he had, and would not that be much finer? In my heart I did not think so, for I did not care for that part of it; I only liked to preach to my puppets because I had made them. But I said, 'Oh yes,' as children do. I kept on contriving the toys that I played with, and I grew used to hearing it told among my mates and about the neighborhood that I was to be a priest; I cannot remember any other talk with my mother, and I do not know how or when it was decided. Whenever I thought of the matter, I thought, 'That will be very well. The priests have very little to do, and they gain a great deal of money with their masses; and I shall be able to make whatever I like.' I only considered the office then as a means to gratify the passion that has always filled my soul for inventions and works of mechanical skill and ingenuity. My inclination was purely secular, but I was as inevitably becoming a priest as if I had been born to be one."

"But you were not forced? There was no pressure upon you?"

"No, there was simply an absence, so far as they were concerned, of any other idea. I think they meant justly, and assuredly they meant kindly by me. I grew in years, and the time came when I was to begin my studies. It was my uncle's influence that placed me in the Seminary of the Salute, and there I repaid his care by the utmost diligence in study. But it was not the theological studies that I loved, it was the mathematics and their practical application, and among the classics I loved best the poets and the historians. Yes, I can see that I was always a mundane spirit, and some of those in charge of me at once divined it, I think. They used to take us to walk, — you have seen the little creatures in their priest's gowns, which they put on when they enter the school, with a couple of young priests at the head of the file, — and once, for an uncommon pleasure, they took us to the Arsenal, and let us see the shipyards and the museum. You know the wonderful things that are there: the flags and the guns captured from the Turks; the strange weapons of all devices; the famous suits of armor. I came back half-crazed; I wept that I must leave the place. But I set to work the best I could to carve out in wood an invention which the model of one of the antique galleys had suggested to me. They found it, — nothing can be concealed outside of your own breast in such a school, — and they carried me with my contrivance before the superior. He looked kindly but gravely at me: 'My son,' said he, 'do you wish to be a priest?' 'Surely, reverend father,' I answered in alarm, 'why not?' 'Because these things are not for priests. Their thoughts must be upon other things. Consider well of it, my son, while there is yet time,' he said, and he addressed me a long and serious discourse upon the life on which I was to enter. He was a just and conscientious and affectionate man; but every word fell like burning fire in my heart. At the end, he took my poor plaything, and thrust it down among the coals of his *scaldino*. It made the scaldino smoke, and he bade me carry it out with me, and so turned again to his book.

"My mother was by this time dead, but I could hardly have gone to her, if she had still been living. 'These things are not for priests!' kept repeating itself night and day in my brain. I was in despair, I was in a fury to see my uncle. I poured out my heart to him, and tried to make him understand the illusions and vain hopes in which I had lived. He received coldly my sorrow and the reproaches which I did not spare him; he bade me consider my inclinations as so many temptations to be overcome for the good of my soul and the glory of God. He warned me against the scandal of now attempting to withdraw from the path marked out for me. I said that I never would be a priest. 'And what will you do?' he asked. Alas! what could I do? I went back to my prison, and in the course of years I became a priest.

"It was not without due warning that I took one order after another, but my uncle's words, 'What will you do?' made me deaf to these admonitions. All that is now past. I no longer resent nor hate; I seem to have lost the power; but those were days when my soul was filled with bitterness. Something of this must have showed itself to those who had me in their charge. I have heard that at one time my superiors had grave doubts whether I ought to be allowed to take orders. My examination, in which the difficulties of the sacerdotal life were brought before me with the greatest clearness, was severe; I do not know how I passed it; it must have been in grace to my uncle. I spent the next ten days in a convent, to meditate upon the step I was about to take. Poor helpless, friendless wretch! Madamigella, even yet I cannot see how I was to blame, that I came forth and received the first of the holy orders, and in their time the second and third.

"I was a priest, but no more a priest at heart than those Venetian conscripts, whom you saw carried away last week, are Austrian soldiers. I was bound as they are bound, by an inexorable and inevitable law.

"You have asked me why I became a priest. Perhaps I have not told you why, but I have told you how — I have given you the slight outward events, not the processes of my mind — and that is all that I can do. If the guilt was mine, I have suffered for it. If it was not mine, still I have suffered for it. Some ban seems to have rested upon whatever I have attempted. My work, — oh, I know it well enough! — has all been cursed with futility; my labors are miserable failures or contemptible successes. I have had my unselfish dreams of blessing mankind by some great discovery or invention; but my life has been barren, barren, barren; and but for the kindness that I have known in this house, and that would not let me despair, it would now be without hope."

He ceased, and the young girl, who had listened with her proud looks transfigured to an aspect of grieving pity, fetched a long sigh. "Oh, I am sorry for you!" she said, "more sorry than I know how to tell. But you must not lose courage, you must not give up!"

Don Ippolito resumed with a melancholy smile. "There are doubtless enough temptations to be false under the best of conditions in this world. But something — I do not know what or whom; perhaps no more my uncle or my mother than I, for they were only as the past had made them — caused me to begin by living a lie, do you not see?"

"Yes, yes," reluctantly assented the girl.

"Perhaps — who knows? — that is why no good has come of me, nor can come. My uncle's piety and repute have always been my efficient help. He is the principal priest of the church to which I am attached, and he has had infinite patience with me. My ambition and my attempted inventions are a scandal to him, for he is a priest of those like the Holy Father, who believe that all the wickedness of the modern world has come from the devices of science; my indifference to the things of religion is a terror and a sorrow to him which he combats with prayers and penances. He starves himself and goes cold and faint

that God may have mercy and turn my heart to the things on which his own is fixed. He loves my soul, but not me, and we are scarcely friends."

Florida continued to look at him with steadfast, compassionate eyes. "It seems very strange, almost like some dream," she murmured, "that you should be saying all this to me, Don Ippolito, and I do not know why I should have asked you anything."

The pity of this virginal heart must have been very sweet to the man on whom she looked it. His eyes worshiped her, as he answered her devoutly, "It was due to the truth in you that I should seem to you what I am."

"Indeed, you make me ashamed!" she cried with a blush. "It was selfish of me to ask you to speak. And now, after what you have told me, I am so helpless and I know so very little that I don't understand how to comfort or encourage you. But surely you can somehow help yourself. Are men, that seem so strong and able, just as powerless as women, after all, when it comes to real trouble? Is a man" —

"I cannot answer. I am only a priest," said Don Ippolito coldly, letting his eyes drop to the gown that fell about him like a woman's skirt.

"Yes, but a priest should be a man, and so much more; a priest" —

Don Ippolito shrugged his shoulders.

"No, no!" cried the girl. "Your own schemes have all failed, you say; then why do you not think of becoming a priest in reality, and getting the good there must be in such a calling? It is singular that I should venture to say such a thing to you, and it must seem presumptuous and ridiculous for me, a Protestant — but our ways are so different." . . . She paused, coloring deeply, then controlled herself, and added with grave composure, "If you were to pray" —

"To what, madamigella?" asked the priest, sadly.

"To what!" she echoed, opening her eyes full upon him. "To God!"

Don Ippolito made no answer. He let his head fall so low upon his breast that she could see the sacerdotal tonsure.

"You must excuse me," she said, blushing again. "I did not mean to wound your feelings as a Catholic. I have been very bold and intrusive. I ought to have remembered that people of your church have different ideas — that the saints" —

Don Ippolito looked up with pensive irony.

"Oh, the poor saints!"

"I don't understand you," said Florida, very gravely.

"I mean that I believe in the saints as little as you do."

"But you believe in your Church?"

"I have no Church."

There was a silence in which Don Ippolito again dropped his head upon his breast. Florida leaned forward in her eagerness, and murmured, "You believe in God?"

The priest lifted his eyes and looked at her beseechingly. "I do not know," he whispered.

She met his gaze with one of dumb bewilderment. At last she said: "Sometimes you baptize little children and receive them into the church in the name of God?"

"Yes."

"Poor creatures come to you and confess their sins. and you absolve them, or order them to do penances?"

"Yes."

"And sometimes when people are dying, you must stand by their deathbeds and give them the last consolations of religion?"

"It is true."

"Oh!" moaned the girl, and fixed on Don Ippolito a long look of wonder and reproach, which he met with eyes of silent anguish.

"It is terrible, madamigella," he said, rising. "I know it. I would fain have lived single-heartedly, for I think I was made so; but now you see how black and deadly a lie my life is. It is worse than you could have imagined, is it not? It is worse than the life of the cruelest bigot, for he at least believes in himself."

"Worse, far worse!"

"But at least, dear young lady," he went on piteously, "believe me that I have the grace to abhor myself. It is not much, it is very, very little, but it is something. Do not wholly condemn me!"

"Condemn? Oh, I am sorry for you with my whole heart. Only, why must you tell me all this? No, no; you are not to blame. I made you speak; I made you put yourself to shame."

"Not that, dearest madamigella. I would unsay nothing now, if I could, unless to take away the pain I have given you. It has been more a relief than a shame to have all this known to you; and even if you should despise me" —

"I don't despise you; that is n't for me; but oh, I wish that I could help you!"

Don Ippolito shook his head. "You cannot help me; but I thank you for your compassion; I shall never forget it." He lingered irresolutely with his hat in his hand. "Shall we go on with the reading, madamigella?"

"No, we will not read any more to-day," she answered.

"Then I relieve you of the disturbance, madamigella," he said; and after a moment's hesitation he bowed sadly and went.

She mechanically followed him to the door, with some little gestures and movements of a desire to keep him from going, yet let him go, and so turned back and sat down with her hands resting noiseless on the keys of the piano.

XI.

The next morning Don Ippolito did not come, but in the afternoon the postman brought a letter for Mrs. Vervain, couched in the priest's English, begging her indulgence until after the day of Corpus Christi, up to which time, he said, he should be too occupied for his visits of ordinary.

This letter reminded Mrs. Vervain that they had not seen Mr. Ferris for three days, and she sent to ask him to dinner. But he returned an excuse, and he was not to be had to breakfast the next morning for the asking. He was in open rebellion. Mrs. Vervain had herself rowed to the consular landing, and sent up her gondolier with another invitation to dinner.

The painter appeared on the balcony in the linen blouse which he wore at his work, and looked down with a frown on the smiling face of Mrs. Vervain for a moment without speaking. Then, "I 'll come," he said gloomily.

"Come with *me*, then," returned Mrs. Vervain.

"I shall have to keep you waiting."

"I don't mind that. You 'll be ready in five minutes."

Florida met the painter with such gentleness that he felt his resentment to have been a stupid caprice, for which there was no ground in the world. He tried to recall his fading sense of outrage, but he found nothing in his mind but penitence. The sort of distraught humility with which she behaved gave her a novel fascination.

The dinner was good, as Mrs. Vervain's dinners always were, and there was a compliment to the painter in the presence of a favorite dish. When he saw this, "Well, Mrs. Vervain, what is it?" he asked. "You need n't pretend that you 're treating me so well for nothing. You want something."

"We want nothing but that you should not neglect your friends. We have been utterly deserted for three or four days. Don Ippolito has not been here, either; but *he* has some excuse; he has to get ready for Corpus Christi. He 's going to be in the procession."

"Is he to appear with his flying machine, or his portable dining-table, or his automatic camera?"

"For shame!" cried Mrs. Vervain, beaming reproach. Florida's face clouded, and Ferris made haste to say that he did not know these inventions were sacred, and that he had no wish to blaspheme them.

"You know well enough what I

meant," answered Mrs. Vervain. "And now, we want you to get us a window to look out on the procession."

"Oh, *that's* what you want, is it? I thought you merely wanted me not to neglect my friends."

"Well, do you call that neglecting them?"

"Mrs. Vervain, Mrs. Vervain! What a mind you have! Is there anything else you want? Me to go with you, for example?"

"We don't insist. You can take us to the window and leave us, if you like."

"This clemency is indeed unexpected," replied Ferris. "I 'm really quite unworthy of it."

He was going on with the badinage customary between Mrs. Vervain and himself, when Florida protested, —

"Mother, I think we abuse Mr. Ferris's kindness."

"I know it, my dear — I know it," cheerfully assented Mrs. Vervain. "It 's perfectly shocking. But what are we to do? We must abuse *somebody's* kindness."

"We had better stay at home. I 'd much rather not go," said the girl, tremulously.

"Why, Miss Vervain," said Ferris gravely, "I 'm very sorry if you 've misunderstood my joking. I 've never yet seen the procession to advantage, and I 'd like very much to look on with you."

He could not tell whether she was grateful for his words, or annoyed. She resolutely said no more, but her mother took up the strain and discoursed long upon it, arranging all the particulars of their meeting and going together. Ferris was a little piqued, and began to wonder why Miss Vervain did not stay at home if she did not want to go. To be sure, she went everywhere with her mother; but it was strange, with her habitual violent submissiveness, that she should have said anything in opposition to her mother's wish or purpose.

After dinner, Mrs. Vervain frankly withdrew for her nap, and Florida seemed to make a little haste to take some sewing in her hand, and sat down with the air of a woman willing to detain her visitor. Ferris was not such a stoic as not to be dimly flattered by this, but he was too much of a man to be fully aware how great an advance it might seem.

"I suppose we shall see most of the priests of Venice, and what they are like, in the procession to-morrow," she said. "Do you remember speaking to me about priests, the other day, Mr. Ferris?"

"Yes, I remember it very well. I think I overdid it; and I could n't perceive afterwards that I had shown any motive but a desire to make trouble for Don Ippolito."

"I never thought that," answered Florida, seriously. "What you said was true, was n't it?"

"Yes, it was and it was n't, and I don't know that it differed from anything else in the world, in that respect. It is true that there is a great distrust of the priests amongst the Italians. The young men hate them — or think they do — or say they do. Most educated men in middle life are materialists, and of course unfriendly to the priests. There are even women who are skeptical about religion. But I suspect that the largest number of all those who talk loudest against the priests are really subject to them. You must consider how very intimately they are bound up with every family in the most solemn relations of life."

"Do you think the priests are generally bad men?" asked the young girl shyly.

"I don't, indeed. I don't see how things could hang together if it were so. There must be a great basis of sincerity and goodness in them, when all is said and done. It seems to me that at the worst they 're merely professional people — poor fellows who have gone into the church for a living. You know it is n't often now that the sons of noble families take orders; the priests are mostly of humble origin; not that they 're necessarily the worse for that; the

patricians used to be just as bad in another way."

"I wonder," said Florida, with her head on one side, considering her seam, "why there is always something so dreadful to us in the idea of a priest."

"They *do* seem a kind of alien creature to us Protestants. I can't make out whether they seem so to Catholics, or not. But we have a repugnance to all doomed people, have n't we? And a priest is a man under sentence of death to the natural ties between himself and the human race. He is dead to us. That makes him dreadful. The spectre of our dearest friend, father or mother, would be terrible. And yet," added Ferris, musingly, "a nun is n't terrible."

"No," answered the girl, "that 's because a woman's life even in the world seems to be a constant giving up. No, a nun is n't unnatural, but a priest is."

She was silent for a time, in which she sewed swiftly; then she suddenly dropped her work into her lap, and pressing it down with both hands, she asked, "Do you believe that priests themselves are ever skeptical about religion?"

"I suppose it must happen now and then. In the best days of the church, it was a fashion to doubt, you know. I 've often wanted to ask our friend Don Ippolito something about these matters, but I did n't see how it could be managed." Ferris did not note the change that passed over Florida's face, and he continued. "Our acquaintance has n't become so intimate as I hoped it might. But you only get to a certain point with Italians. They like to meet you on the street; maybe they have n't any *indoors*."

"Yes, it must sometimes happen, as you say," replied Florida, with a quick sigh, reverting to the beginning of Ferris's answer. "But is it any worse for a false priest than for a hypocritical minister?"

"It 's bad enough for either, but it 's worse for the priest. You see, Miss Vervain, a minister does n't set up for so much. He does n't pretend to forgive us our sins, and he does n't ask us to confess them; he does n't offer us the veritable body and blood in the sacrament, and he does n't bear allegiance to the visible and tangible vicegerent of Christ upon earth. A hypocritical parson may be absurd; but a skeptical priest is tragical."

"Yes, oh yes, I see," murmured the girl, with a grieving face. "Are they always to blame for it? They must be induced, sometimes, to enter the church before they 've seriously thought about it, and then don't know how to escape from the path that has been marked out for them from their childhood. Should you think such a priest as that was to blame for being a skeptic?" she asked very earnestly.

"No," said Ferris, with a smile at her seriousness, "I should think such a skeptic as that was to blame for being a priest."

"Should n't you be very sorry for him?" pursued Florida still more solemnly.

"I should, indeed, if I liked him. If I did n't, I 'm afraid I should n't," said Ferris; but he saw that his levity jarred upon her. "Come, Miss Vervain, you 're not going to look at those fat monks and sleek priests in the procession to-morrow as so many incorporate tragedies, are you? You 'll spoil my pleasure if you do. I dare say they 'll be all of them devout believers, accepting everything, down to the animalcula in the holy water."

"If *you* were that kind of a priest," persisted the girl, without heeding his jests, "what should you do?"

"Upon my word, I don't know. I can't imagine it. Why," he continued, "think what a helpless creature a priest is in everything but his priesthood — more helpless than a woman, even. The only thing he could do would be to leave the church, and how could he do that? He 's *in* the world, but he is n't *of* it, and I don't see what he could do with it, or it with him. If an Italian priest were to leave the church, even the liberals, who distrust him now, would de-

spise him still more. Do you know that they have a pleasant fashion of calling the Protestant converts apostates? The first thing for such a priest would be exile. But I'm not supposably the kind of priest you mean, and I don't think just such a priest supposable. I dare say if a priest found himself drifting into doubt, he'd try to avoid the disagreeable subject, and, if he could n't, he 'd philosophize it some way, and would n't let his skepticism worry him."

"Then you mean that they have n't consciences like us?"

"They have consciences, but not like us. The Italians are kinder people than we are, but they 're not so just, and I should say that they don't think truth the chief good of life. They believe there are pleasanter and better things. Perhaps they 're right."

"No, no; you don't believe that, you know you don't," said Florida, anxiously. "And you have n't answered my question."

"Oh yes, I have. I 've told you it was n't a supposable case."

"But suppose it was."

"Well, if I must," answered Ferris with a laugh. "With my unfortunate bringing up, I could n't say less than that such a man ought to get out of his priesthood at any hazard. He should cease to be a priest, if it cost him kindred, friends, good fame, country, everything. I don't see how there can be any living in such a lie, though I know there is. In all reason, it ought to eat the soul out of a man, and leave him helpless to do or be any sort of good. But there seems to be something, I don't know what it is, that is above all reason of ours, something that saves each of us for good in spite of the bad that 's in us. It 's very good practice, for a man who wants to be modest, to come and live in a Latin country. He learns to suspect his own topping virtues, and to be lenient to the novel combinations of right and wrong that he sees. But as for our insupposable priest — yes, I should say decidedly he ought to get out of it by all means."

Florida fell back in her chair with an aspect of such relief as comes to one from confirmation on an important point. She passed her hand over the sewing in her lap, but did not speak.

Ferris went on, with a doubting look at her, for he had been shy of introducing Don Ippolito's name since the day on the Brenta, and he did not know what effect a recurrence to him in this talk might have. "I 've often wondered if our own clerical friend were not a little shaky in his faith. I don't think nature meant him for a priest. He always strikes me as an extremely secular-minded person. I doubt if he 's ever put the question whether he is what he professes to be, squarely to himself — he 's such a mere dreamer."

Florida changed her posture slightly, and looked down at her sewing. She asked, "But should n't you abhor him if he were a skeptical priest?"

Ferris shrugged his shoulders. "Oh, I don't find it such an easy matter to abhor people. It would be interesting," he continued musingly, "to have such a dreamer waked up, once, and suddenly confronted with what he recognized as perfect truthfulness, and could n't help contrasting himself with. But it would be a little cruel."

"Would you rather have him left as he was?" asked Florida, lifting her eyes to his.

"As a moralist, no; as a humanitarian, yes, Miss Vervain. He 'd be much happier as he was."

"What time ought we to be ready for you to-morrow?" demanded the girl in a tone of decision.

"We ought to be in the Piazza by nine o'clock," said Ferris, carelessly accepting the change of subject; and he told her of his plan for seeing the procession from a window of the Old Procuratie.

When he rose to go, he said lightly, "Perhaps, after all, we *may* see the type of tragical priest we 've been talking about. Who can tell? I say his nose will be red."

"Perhaps," answered Florida, with unheeding gravity.

XII.

The day was one of those which can come to the world only in early June at Venice. The heaven was without a cloud, but a blue haze made mystery of the horizon where the lagoon and sky met unseen. The breath of the sea bathed in freshness the city at whose feet her tides sparkled and slept.

The great square of St. Mark was transformed from a mart, from a *salon*, to a temple. The shops under the colonnades that inclose it upon three sides were shut; the caffès, before which the circles of idle coffee-drinkers and sherbet-eaters ordinarily spread out into the Piazza, were repressed to the limits of their own doors; the stands of the water-venders, the baskets of those that sold oranges of Palermo and black cherries of Padua, had vanished from the base of the church of St. Mark, which with its dim splendor of mosaics and its carven opulence of pillar and arch and finial rose like the high-altar, ineffably rich and beautiful, of the vaster temple whose inclosure it completed. Before it stood the three great red flag-staffs, like painted tapers before an altar, and from them hung the Austrian flags of red and white, and yellow and black.

In the middle of the square stood the Austrian military band, motionless, encircling their leader with his gold-headed staff uplifted. During the night a light colonnade of wood, roofed with blue cloth, had been put up around the inside of the Piazza, and under this now paused the long pomp of the ecclesiastical procession — the priests of all the Venetian churches in their richest vestments, followed in their order by *facchini*, in white sandals and gay robes, with caps of scarlet, white, green, and blue, who bore huge painted candles and silken banners displaying the symbol or the portrait of the titular saints of the several churches, and supported the canopies under which the host of each was elevated. Before the clergy went a company of Austrian soldiers, and behind the facchini came a long array of religious societies, charity-school boys in uniforms, old paupers in holiday dress, little naked urchins with shepherds' crooks and bits of fleece about their loins like John the Baptist in the Wilderness, little girls with angels' wings and crowns, the monks of the various orders, and civilian penitents of all sorts in cloaks or dress-coats, hooded or bareheaded, and carrying each a lighted taper. The corridors under the Imperial Palace and the New and Old Procuratie were packed with spectators; from every window up and down the fronts of the palaces, gay stuffs were flung; the startled doves of St. Mark perched upon the cornices, or fluttered uneasily to and fro above the crowd.

The baton of the band leader descended with a crash of martial music, the priests chanted, the charity-boys sang shrill, a vast noise of shuffling feet arose, mixed with the foliage-like rustling of the sheets of tinsel attached to the banners and candles in the procession: the whole strange, gorgeous picture came to life.

After all her plans and preparations, Mrs. Vervain had not felt well enough that morning to come to the spectacle which she had counted so much upon seeing, but she had therefore insisted the more that her daughter should go, and Ferris now stood with Florida alone at a window in the Old Procuratie.

"Well, what do you think, Miss Vervain?" he asked, after the burst of sound had softened a little, and their senses had somewhat accustomed themselves to it; "do you say now that Venice is too gloomy a city to have ever had any possibility of gayety in her?"

"I *never* said that," answered Florida, opening her eyes upon him in amazement.

"Neither did I," returned Ferris, "but I've often thought it, and I'm not sure now but I'm right. There's something extremely melancholy to me in all this. I don't care so much for what one may call the deplorable superstition expressed in the spectacle, but the mere splendid sight and the music

are enough to make one shed tears. I don't know anything more affecting except a procession of lantern-lit gondolas and barges on the Grand Canal. It 's phantasmal. It 's the spectral resurrection of the old dead forms into the present. It 's not even the ghost, it 's the corpse, of other ages that 's haunting Venice. The city ought to have been destroyed by Napoleon when he destroyed the Republic, and thrown overboard — St. Mark, Winged Lion, Bucentaur, and all. There is no land like America for true cheerfulness and lightheartedness. Think of our Fourth of Julys and our State Fairs. Selah!"

Ferris looked into the girl's serious face with twinkling eyes. He liked to embarrass her gravity with the solution of his antic speeches, and enjoyed her endeavors to find an earnest meaning in them, and her evident trouble when she could find none.

"I 'm curious to know how our friend will look," he began again, as he arranged the cushion on the window-sill for Florida's greater comfort in watching the spectacle, "but it won't be an easy matter to pick him out in this masquerade, I fancy. Candle-carrying, as well as the other acts of devotion, seems rather out of character with Don Ippolito, and I can't imagine his putting much soul into it. However, very few of the clergy appear to do that. Look at those holy men with their eyes to the wind! They are wondering who is the *bella bionda* at the window here."

Florida listened to his persiflage with an air of sad distraction. She was intent upon the procession as it approached from the other side of the Piazza, and she replied at random to his comments on the different bodies that formed it.

"It 's very hard to decide which are my favorites," he continued, surveying the long column through an opera-glass. "My religious disadvantages have been such that I don't care much for priests or monks, or young John the Baptists, or small female cherubim, but I do like little charity-boys with voices of pins and needles and hair cut *à la* dead-rabbit. I should like, if it were consistent with the consular dignity, to go down and rub their heads. I 'm fond, also, of *old* charity-boys, I find. Those paupers make one in love with destitute and dependent age, by their aspect of irresponsible enjoyment. See how briskly each of them topples along on the leg that he has n't got in the grave! How attractive likewise are the civilian devotees in those imperishable dress-coats of theirs! Observe their high coat-collars of the era of the Holy Alliance: they and their fathers and their grandfathers before them have worn those dress-coats; in a hundred years from now their posterity will keep holiday in them. I should like to know the elixir by which the dress-coats of civil employees render themselves immortal. Those penitents in the cloaks and cowls are not bad, either, Miss Vervain. Come, they add a very pretty touch of mystery to this spectacle. They 're the sort of thing that painters are expected to paint in Venice — that people sigh over as so peculiarly Venetian. If you 've a single sentiment about you, Miss Vervain, now is the time to produce it."

"But I have n't. I 'm afraid I have no sentiment at all," answered the girl ruefully. "But this makes me dreadfully sad."

"Why that 's just what I was saying a while ago. Excuse me, Miss Vervain, but your sadness lacks novelty; it 's a sort of plagiarism."

"Don't, please," she pleaded yet more earnestly. "I was just thinking — I don't know why such an awful thought should come to me — that it might all be a mistake after all; perhaps there might not be any other world, and every bit of this power and display of the church — *our* church as well as the rest — might be only a cruel blunder, a dreadful mistake. Perhaps there is n't even any God! Do *you* think there is?"

"I don't *think* it," said Ferris gravely, "I *know* it. But I don't wonder that this sight makes you doubt. Great God! How far it is from Christ! Look there, at those troops who go before the

followers of the Lamb: their trade is murder. In a minute, if a dozen men called out, 'Long live the King of Italy!' it would be the duty of those soldiers to fire into the helpless crowd. Look at the silken and gilded pomp of the servants of the carpenter's son! Look at those miserable monks, voluntary prisoners, beggars, aliens to their kind! Look at those penitents who think that they can get forgiveness for their sins by carrying a candle round the square! And it is nearly two thousand years since the world turned Christian! It *is* pretty slow. But I suppose God lets men learn him from their own experience of evil. I imagine the kingdom of heaven is a sort of republic, and that God draws men to him only through their perfect freedom."

"Yes, yes, it must be so," answered the girl, staring down on the crowd with unseeing eyes, "but I can't fix my mind on it. I keep thinking the whole time of what we were talking about yesterday. I never could have dreamed of a priest's disbelieving; but now I can't dream of anything else. It seems to me that none of these priests or monks can believe anything. Their faces look false and sly and bad — *all* of them!"

"No, no, Miss Vervain," said Ferris, smiling at her despair, "you push matters a little beyond — as a woman has a right to do, of course. I don't think their faces are bad, by any means. Some of them are dull and torpid, and some are frivolous, just like the faces of other people. But I 've been noticing the number of good, kind, friendly faces, and they 're in the majority, just as they are amongst other people; for there are very few souls altogether out of drawing, in my opinion. I 've even caught sight of some faces in which there was a real rapture of devotion, and now and then a very innocent one. Here, for instance, is a man I should like to bet on, if he 'd only look up."

The priest whom Ferris indicated was slowly advancing toward the space immediately under their window. He was dressed in robes of high ceremony, and in his hand he carried a lighted taper. He moved with a gentle tread, and the droop of his slender figure intimated a sort of despairing weariness. While most of his fellows stared carelessly or curiously about them, his face was downcast and averted.

Suddenly the procession paused, and a hush fell upon the vast assembly. Then the silence was broken by the rustle and stir of all those thousands going down upon their knees, as the cardinal-patriarch lifted his hands to bless them.

The priest upon whom Ferris and Florida had fixed their eyes faltered a moment, and before he knelt his next neighbor had to pluck him by the skirt. Then he too knelt hastily, mechanically lifting his head, and glancing along the front of the Old Procuratie. His face had that weariness in it which his figure and movement had suggested, and it was very pale, but it was yet more singular for the troubled innocence which its traits expressed.

"There," whispered Ferris, "that 's what I call an uncommonly good face."

Florida raised her hand to silence him, and the heavy gaze of the priest rested on them coldly at first. Then a light of recognition shot into his eyes and a flush suffused his pallid visage, which seemed to grow the more haggard and desperate. His head fell again, and he dropped the candle from his hand. One of those beggars who went by the side of the procession, to gather the drippings of the tapers, restored it to him.

"Why," said Ferris aloud, "it 's Don Ippolito! Did you know him at first?"

W. D. Howells.

RECENT LITERATURE.[1]

THERE are three objects, easily conceived, which might at this day move a competent hand to undertake the composition of a new biography of the founder of the Christian religion. That method might be chosen to introduce or recommend to the world a particular view of the nature, character, or career of this person, or of the sense of his teachings. Such a work might also aim to establish an original theory of the literary sources from which most of our knowledge of him is drawn, to correct or supersede those sacred books called the Gospels of the New Testament. Or it might simply endeavor to regather the materials and recast the form of the familiar narrative, to invest it with whatever fresh attractions the genius of the writer or his researches in the various departments of modern scholarship should be able to supply; and so to strengthen or vitalize the current Christian belief, in men who hold it already. In other words, we might take up a life of Jesus reasonably expecting to find it constructed in the interest of dogmatic theology, of philosophical and historical criticism, or of the religious edification of Christendom as it now is. In the world of purely scientific inquiry and speculative thought either of the two former lines of effort would undoubtedly be regarded as the more important. Whether it is a harder test of intellectual power, however, to achieve a great success in either of those than in the latter, is at least doubtful. Any novel attempt at the telling of so old a story, in which we do not feel a touch of signal strength, must be insignificant if not impertinent. A critical analysis of the poetry of Homer would be an easier enterprise than a paraphrase of the Iliad. On the history or geology of Palestine ten men might venture to make treatises where one would dare to paint the landscape seen eastward from Mount Lebanon.

Being an honest clergyman of the church of England, and putting a simple construction on his ordination vows, Dr. Farrar writes of course as an unquestioning believer in the canonical Scriptures. Having gained a considerable English reputation for classical and general scholarship in his Cambridge fellowship, and earning a still greater celebrity as a preacher of uncommon breadth of mind and richness of style, he became generally known to readers of religious literature in this country through his Halsean Lectures of 1870. According to the terms of the foundation, his business before the university at that time was to defend the dogmatic thesis of the divinity of Christ. His treatment of the subject proved at once his independence of routine methods, his impatience of both scholastic

[1] *The Life of Christ.* By FREDERIC W. FARRAR, D. D., F. R. S., late Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, Master of Marlborough College, and Chaplain in Ordinary to the Queen. Manet Immuta Fides. In two Volumes. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1874.

Alexander the Great. A Dramatic Poem. By AUBREY DE VERE. London: Henry S. King & Co. 1874.

A Daughter of Bohemia. A Novel. By CHRISTIAN REID. Author of Valerie Aylmer, Morton House, Nina's Atonement, etc. With Illustrations. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1874.

The Moon: Considered as a Planet, a World, and a Satellite. By JAMES NASMYTH, C. E., and JAMES CARPENTER, F. R. A. S. London: John Murray. 1874.

The Land of the White Elephant: Sights and Scenes in Southeastern Asia. A Personal Narrative of Travel and Adventure in Farther India, Embracing the Countries of Burma, Siam, Cambodia, and Cochin-China. (1871-2.) By FRANK VINCENT, Jun. With Map, Plans, and Numerous Illustrations. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1874.

Principles of Mental Physiology. By WILLIAM B. CARPENTER, M. D., LL. D. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1874.

Essays in Military Biography. By CHARLES CORNWALLIS CHESNEY, Colonel in the British Army and Lieutenant Colonel in the Royal Engineers. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1874.

The Marine Mammals of the Northwestern Coast of North America, Described and Illustrated: together with an Account of the American Whale-Fishery. With 27 lithographic plates and numerous woodcuts. By CHARLES M. SCAMMON, Capt. U. S. Revenue Marine. San Francisco: John H. Carmany & Co. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1874.

Modern Doubt and Christian Belief. A Series of Apologetic Lectures addressed to Earnest Seekers after Truth. By THEODORE CHRISTLIEB, D. D., University Preacher and Professor of Theology at Bonn. Translated chiefly by the Rev. H. N. WEILTRECHT, Ph. D., and edited by the Rev. T. L. KINGSBURY, M. A., Vicar of Easton Royal and Rural Dean. New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co. 1874.

Journal of Social Science: containing the Transactions of the American Association. Number VI. July, 1874. New York: Published for the American Social Science Association, by Hurd and Houghton; The Riverside Press, Cambridge, Mass. 1874.

Etruscan Researches. By ISAAC TAYLOR, M. A., Vicar of Holy Trinity, etc. London: Macmillan & Co. 1874.

processes and technical phraseology, the moral intensity of his convictions, and the amplitude of his reading. As is indicated by the title of the volume, The Witness of History to Christ, he inverted the old order of the argument, and undertook by a luminous exposition of what the personal force of the Son of Mary has accomplished for society and for individual man, of its tremendous conflict with the Judaic and ethnic orders of life, and its constructive energy as a creator of the Western civilization, to throw upon the deniers of its divine origin the burden of accounting for this immense phenomenon. It was a demonstration, therefore, not of inspired texts or sacred pneumatology, but of historical fact. The authority for the highest claim ever set forth for a being in human form is sought not so much in the assertions of disputed oracles, as on the solid ground of admitted events and an existing Christendom. Christ's divine sonship is inferred from Christianity; the creed from what the living subject of the creed has done; the supernal origin of the head of the church from his mastery over men. Here are a Christian age and world. Where did they come from?

Evidently, however, this representation of the case would be incomplete without some view of the person himself. How do we know that this force, which has wrought so magnificently "through the ages all along," is not impersonal, after all? Granted that it was deific, was it incarnate? Was the man of Nazareth anything more to his system than Confucius, Brahm, Odin, to theirs? Besides, to make out a case for Christianity, the original person of Christendom must be identified with the Christ of the four evangelists. If Christian teaching points to European and American civilization, including its roll of heroes and saints, with one hand, it points quite as confidently to the witness of the New Testament with the other. Moreover, the same teaching insists emphatically on faith in the person as the very substance and characteristic of the religion. It has also declared, and never more boldly than in these later days, that a spiritual apprehension of what Jesus was and did is far more to men every way than merely to accept what he said. Dr. Channing was not alone among apologists in affirming that Jesus Christ was the Son of God because he said so, — said so, that is, *being such as he was*. His personal character is the fundamental matter. Our author is fairly obliged, therefore, by the logical exigencies of his former position, to supplement the testimony of history with the testimony of biography. What was first in the order of time is second in the order of thought. Do the sketches of Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John harmonize into the self-consistent and verifiable portrait of a divine man?

Whoever wants to see the affirmative of the proposition maintained with intellectual ability, with manliness of spirit, with singular candor, with a ready command of a large share of the appropriate learning, with an eloquence so fascinating that if it were not sustained by an indisputable sincerity, it would sometimes almost alarm the understanding into an attitude of jealous self-protection, and yet with the steady impression of a straightforward narration rather than with dialectical ingenuity or colorings of fancy, may well consult the pages of Dr. Farrar. That he should handle acknowledged difficulties with the absolute critical freedom of Strauss and Renan is precluded by the conditions we have mentioned. He frankly avows that he approaches them with a bias of reverence for the old record engendered by ancestral traditions, by the studies of a lifetime, by an unspeakable gratitude. One certainly would not look to a disciple so enthusiastically loyal and so deliberately pledged, for the destructive energy of the Leben Jesu or the brilliant audacity of the Vie de Jésus. But with this single abatement, we are obliged to confess that our author encounters the hard points of his subject with a freedom from prejudice that is unexpected and remarkable. A writer at once so thoroughly persuaded and so undogmatic is as refreshing as he is rare, in theological or any other science. Whether from a consciousness of security in the main issue, or from a transparent clearness of moral vision, he throws away with a prodigal hand the most tempting opportunities for trick and subterfuge, over-statement and fallacious explanation. In relation, for example, to the doubt of a census of the Roman empire by Augustus, in the governorship of Quirinus, after arraying very carefully all the classical authorities that can throw light on both sides of the question, and while evidently believing that the correctness of St. Luke is established, he yet takes pains to add: "I may observe in passing that although no error has been proved, and, on the contrary, there is much

reason to believe that the reference is perfectly accurate, yet I hold no theory of inspiration which would prevent me from frankly admitting, in such matters as these, any mistake or inaccuracy which could be shown really to exist." So in reference to the star of the wise men. Kepler's calculation, and afterwards Ideler's, offered to the rationalists a hint which they were not likely to waste, in fixing a conjunction of Jupiter and Saturn, in the constellation Pisces, — three conjunctions, in fact, — upon the year A. U. C. 747. What more likely than that the quick eye of the astrological Persians should see in that extraordinary stellar glory the presage of some terrestrial revolution? or that the superstition of later times should transform the coincidence into a miracle, and weave it into a beautiful Oriental legend to adorn the birth-scene at Bethlehem? But then comes a plodding British astronomer, Professor Pritchard, who goes over all the calculations, compares every item of the celestial phenomena with the lucid particulars of St. Matthew's account, and proves that in half a dozen different respects the planets and the story refuse to conform. Here was a capital chance for a triumphant slur at the scientific skeptics; and it is good to see with what exemplary reserve and moderation Dr. Farrar declines to indulge in that little luxury. Coming to the prolific question as to who were "the brethren of our Lord," we see the same unprofessional independence of judgment; he finds no basis for Jerome's opinion that they were sons of Mary and Alphæus; none for the Epiphanian notion that they were sons of Joseph by a former marriage, traditional in Palestine and in the Apocryphal gospels; none for the ἀεὶ παρθενία doctrine so jealously guarded by the Roman Catholic *cultus;* he gives his reasons on each count. And yet he concludes, with characteristic and admirable liberality, "Each person can form upon that evidence a decided conviction of his own, but it is too scanty to admit of any positive conclusion in which we may expect a general acquiescence." After a fine analysis of the moral elements of the temptation, discriminating the various hypotheses that have prevailed, from Origen to Schleiermacher, and having dismissed with something like impatience the damaging pretense of a false orthodoxy that this Son of man went through only a dramatic semblance of being tempted, preserving his sinlessness only by a *non posse peccave*, he says of the various expositions, "Each must hold the view which seems to him most in accordance with the truth; but the one essential point is that the struggle was powerful, personal, intensely real, — that Christ, for our sakes, met and conquered the tempter's utmost strength." The same largeness of sight, the same tolerance of diverse exegetical conclusions, prevails throughout.

It is not to be understood that these catholic principles imply a feeble faith in the gospel as a whole, or in the authenticity of the writings where it is recorded. They imply rather that the faith is too strong to be dependent upon accidents. One of the lessons that the Christian world learns slowly, but is surely learning, is that the stability of the Christian system is not owing to its human outworks; that men may not the less be believers, or believers to less purpose, because, in the vastness and complicity of mental relations, they are patient of those who believe less; and that personal orthodoxy may rest on firm foundations of both learning and spiritual insight, without raising the subordinate and shifting and possibly perishable fabrics of well-meant interpretation into the rank of primary and eternal verities. Dr. Farrar would scout any imputation that he doubts the supernatural character of Christ's public ministry. But, unlike most English apologists, he appears to believe the miracles because he believes in the person rather than in the person because he believes the miracles. Seeing, he might say, that a soul of such height and depth as the soul of Jesus of Nazareth has lived on the earth, it is not extra-natural but the most natural thing conceivable that the ordinary sequence of events should give way before it, that the customary course of physical events should be at some points broken up, that the apparent limits of the possible should yield and retire, to make room for so majestic and glorious a guest, and to allow the new order of life to settle into its place. That certain disorders, or even regularities, on the natural plane should seem to be upset at such a crisis of the race is what might be expected. The wonder is that anybody should suppose the upsettings are the grandest feature of the occasion. Nothing is plainer than that, all along, the wonder-worker regarded them as quite secondary evidences of his divinity, rather pitying than praising the minds that mistook them for the real and higher marvel.

The author's method, then, is not so much the method of the blind partisan as of the open-eyed, generous, and loving learner. If we could say it without disrespect to theological science, or the organizing idea of the church, we should say it is not so much the method of the theologian or the ecclesiastic as of illuminated common-sense and a divine philosophy. Adopting the four great recitals as genuine, constructing no artificial attempt at a technical "harmony," raising no debate over the main drift of the story, the writer aims to bring out into full light everything that can give that story reality and life. He would make the reader feel, by a power of evidence that is constantly pressing up from within the subject itself, that the story *must* be true. A stamp of verisimilitude is put upon the parts of an irresistible, self-evidencing impression of veracity in the living whole. About forty years ago, Dr. Furness, of Philadelphia, turned attention in this direction very effectively in his Jesus and his Biographers. Many men now no longer young remember the eagerness of delight with which this charming book refreshed their spirits. With singular subtilty of perception and beauty of touch it brought out the truth-to-nature of the familiar incidents that transpired eighteen hundred years ago between Bethlehem and the coasts of Tyre. To not a few youthful students it formed a kind of epoch in their religious and intellectual life. Dr. Furness overshadowed the external evidence with the internal. Dr. Farrar goes far to obliterate the old distinction between the two, altogether making us forget our critical apparatus, informing the history with vital breath, and solving the question of inspiration in our consciousness. Here is the naturalness of the supernatural; or rather, so to speak, the humanness of the superhuman, the divineness possible in man.

With what felicity this is accomplished, the reader must be persuaded by reading. Around the entire course of the biographic current, as it sweeps on unbroken, are grouped and gathered all the resources of a comprehensive culture, of literary art, of archæology and psychology, of Greek fable, German erudition, and English poetry, of knowledge gleaned from libraries, from travel, from the open fields where the great teacher walked. To render himself more sure of his geographical and topographical materials, the author journeyed through Palestine. To leave no nook unexplored where an item of information could possibly be hid, he has gone well aside, right and left, from the beaten paths of research. An Oriental allegory, a Syrian flower, a Homeric allusion, an erudite comment, a fugitive shadow in the mysterious scenery of feeling or imagination, is not too remote to serve his plan. To minds of ordinary compass, the surprises of this sort will be almost as numerous as the pages, and many Biblical scholars will charge themselves with negligence for having overlooked the variety and wealth of illustration capable of being brought to interpret those three-and-thirty years of solitary toil and suffering, which made it a new thing for men to live, and changed the face of the world. Take as a specimen of the manner a single paragraph, correcting a prevalent notion that this unprecedented character had its nurture and its home in an obscure corner of the earth: —

"The scene which lay there [at Nazareth] outspread before the eyes of the youthful Jesus was indeed a central spot in the world which he came to save. It was in the heart of the land of Israel, and yet, — separated from it only by a narrow boundary of hills and streams, — Phœnicia, Syria, Arabia, Babylonia, and Egypt lay close at hand. The isles of the Gentiles and all the glorious regions of Europe were almost visible over the waters of that western sea. The standards of Rome were planted on the plain before him; the language of Greece was spoken in the towns below. And however peaceful it then might look, green as a pavement of emeralds, rich with its gleams of sunlight and the shadows which floated over it from the clouds of the latter rain, it had been for centuries a battle-field of nations. Pharaohs and Ptolemies, Emîrs and Arsacids, Judges and Consuls, had all contended for the mastery of that smiling tract. It had glittered with the lances of the Amalekites; it had trembled under the chariot-wheels of Sesostris; it had echoed the twanging bowstrings of Sennacherib; it had been trodden by the phalanxes of Macedonia; it had clashed with the broadswords of Rome; it was destined hereafter to ring with the battle-cry of the Crusaders and thunder with the artillery of England and France. In that plain of Jezreel, Europe and Asia, Judaism and Heathenism, Barbarism and Civilization, the Old and the New Covenant, the history of the past and the hopes of the present, seemed all to meet. No scene of deeper significance for the des-

tinies of humanity could possibly have arrested the youthful Saviour's gaze."

The value of the work is weightier than the value of fine writing. In the wide warfare of religious thought which wrenches and tosses the mind of Christendom, if there is any one fixed point that promises to be yet a centre of unity for these distracted elements, it is undoubtedly to be found in the living person to whom this Christendom is due. About specific doctrines or statements of doctrine, about ritual and organization, about symbols and discipline, about the inspiration of documents and the shaping of institutions, the contention will be prolonged much beyond our time. The phases of controversy shift, and ancient landmarks vanish. But the interest in what pertains to the Son of man himself gives no token of decline. Who he was, what he did, by what power he wrought, how to account for him, what shall explain his supremacy, are questions which seize and master the strongest thinkers and ripest scholars as inevitably as ever. All the lines that have run out from him converge to him again. Rationalism cannot let him alone. Any church separating itself from him is a church unbuilding and denying itself; and therefore every reform in Christian theology, Christian service, and Christian charity, must begin with the life of Christ.

— Mr. De Vere's Alexander the Great is a poem that one can hardly read without a deepened and widened sense of the best phase of Alexander's character; but we cannot promise the reader that he will be much moved by any part of the drama, or rise from it with a vivid impression of any situation; it is not strongly pervaded with the atmosphere of the time or place; neither its Greeks nor its Persians possess you with a profound feeling of their national or personal traits. The poem is the contemplation and development of Alexander as an intensely proud, only half-conscious force; he is himself aware that he does not wholly grasp the meaning and purpose of himself; he hardly rises above the instinct of conquest, and scarcely wins a glimpse of the truth that his transitory empire is to be succeeded by the eternal Greek dominion of the human mind. The poet is resolved that we shall believe little to Alexander's discredit except his arrogance; he will have nothing to do with the theory that Philotas died unjustly and Alexander died drunk, and as history always leaves one the choice of several stories, he may be very right in this. The fine qualities of Alexander which he continually turns to the light are his prevailing magnanimity, his unselfishness, his wisdom in the treatment of conquered peoples. It was perhaps not his intention to produce strong situations or stirring effects; at any rate he has not done so; one does not easily separate his impressions of the drama from his impressions of the agreeable essay on Alexander's character which introduces the drama. On the large canvas appear Greek, Persian, Indian, Babylonian, Tyrian, Jew; cities fall, empires cease, and all the great aspects of Alexander's conquering march through the East are shown; but all is too dim, too resolutely subdued. If a poem moves, elevates, and possesses the reader, then this drama, which interests him and keeps his curiosity gently alive (and no more than that) to the end, can hardly be called a poem, with all its virtues of sane, pure English, beauty of diction, temperance, and decency of argument. Yet it has passages of subtle poetry in it, which leave a pleasant trace in the brain, as where Ptolemy says of the near-seen hills, that they are Nature's

> "Delphic vein, suggesting meanings
> Which or she cannot or she will not speak,
> Yearnings unutterable, or at least unuttered,
> Vexatious and disquieting."

Something of the delicate grace of such a fancy as this is bestowed upon the idealization of Arsinoe, the daughter of Darius, whose love-affair with Hephæstion, Alexander's friend, is palely traced through the larger story; she has a very maidenly sweetness of soul that fitly expresses itself. The character of Arsinoe is a strain of poetry which we cannot give; but here is a touch of the sort of wisdom which we are losing sight of in these hard days of science and fact: —

Alexander. What thinks of omens Ptolemy, our wisest?

Ptolemy. Sir, than the skeptics I am skeptic more:
They scoff to boast their wit: I scoff at them.
Sir, Reason rules but in her own domain,
Beyond whose limits just, her Yea and Nay
I hold for equal weights in equal scales
That rest in poise. Of things beyond the sense,
As spirits, ghosts, auguries, and mystic warnings,
Reason says naught; their sphere and ours are diverse:
We know not if at points they intersect;
If — casual, or by laws — their inmates touch.
Our world 's a part, and not a whole; its surface
We pierce at points; the depths remain unknown.
Sir, in these labyrinths there be frenzies twain,
Unreasoning each, whereof the proudest errs
From Reason's path most far.

Alexander. Reason but walks
Secure in footprints of Experience old,
Whose testimony is diversely reported.
Ptolemy. The affirmative experience is strong;
The negative is naught, and breeds us nothing.

— We are innocent of any intention of blaming covertly, when we say that A Daughter of Bohemia is a sensational novel. That term is used to bring discredit to a book, very much as the expression of the fact that a man has a good heart is taken for silent condemnation of his head, character, temper, disposition, intentions, and generally everything with which his fellowmen come in contact. In this instance, however, we mean nothing more than that there are some rather unusual incidents in the novel, and that the reader's interest lies with them possibly more than, or at least quite as much as, with the delineation of the characters. There is no harm in this; what the reader wants is to be taken out of himself, and that result we are pretty sure will follow with any one who takes up this novel. The author, Christian Reid, has already written a number of novels, but this one, in our opinion, is much better than any of them. They all seemed to show a certain amount of cleverness nearly hidden under a mass of fine language, of easy writing but hard reading. Those who take up A Daughter of Bohemia will know what we mean if they will look at its illustrations, so-called, which are perfectly in keeping with the previous stories of our author, but which in their sensationalism — we here use the word not in praise — and mock elegance are unworthy of this really interesting novel.

The scene of the novel is laid in the South. The characters are for the most part Southerners — the young woman engaged to the young man, the chattering widow, the peaceful Mr. and Mrs. Middleton: not that there is anything specially Southern about them; they are like well-bred people the world over. The other characters are Captain Max Tyndale and Miss Norah Desmond; the last named is the daughter of Bohemia. We shall give no analysis of the story; it well deserves reading, not only for its plot, but also for the clever manner in which it is told, and, in great measure, for the excellent way in which the characters, and particularly the women, are drawn. Leslie Graham, with her amiable, affectionate, honest nature, is well described, and in excellent contrast is Norah — good, too, but in another way.

The writer has done one thing well which is an important part of the novelist's art: she sets before us a great many threads, keeps them perfectly distinct, and understands when to drop one and begin telling us about another without any confusion. If the adjectives which still abound in Miss Reid's novels could be cut out with an unsparing hand, and Norah could have referred less to Bohemia and to herself as a Bohemian, we should have been glad. We have more cause to be glad, however, in the nearer approach to life which this novel shows. It will repay reading. We shall hope for something still better from a writer who shows such ingenuity in devising and keeping hidden her plot, and such admirable knowledge of character as is to be seen in Leslie and Norah. She has written an interesting book of its kind.

— In the preface to their elaborate volume on The Moon, the authors give the reasons which have led to its preparation, and they modestly say that "a long course of reflective scrutiny of the lunar surface . . . convinced us that there was yet something to be said about the moon that existing works on astronomy did not contain."

When we consider that each of these gentlemen has been employed in observations upon the moon for nearly thirty years (Mr. Nasmyth at his private observatory and Mr. Carpenter at the Royal Observatory at Greenwich), it is indeed credible that they together might say something of importance in regard to the subject of their study.

They have wisely limited the scope of their work, only giving passing references to lunar topography (which has been thoroughly treated by Lohrman, Beer, Mädler, and Schmidt) and to the moon's motions, and devoting almost their entire work to the subject of volcanic energy as exhibited on the lunar surface.

The phenomena of volcanic action they have endeavored to explain by referring to a very few natural laws, all of which are well known, and they have further endeavored to connect the present condition of the satellite with that vast nebula assumed as a starting-point by Laplace in his Exposition de la Système du Monde.

In order to make their arguments conclusive to the general reader, it was necessary that he should *see* with his own eyes the craters, valleys, and mountain forms of which they speak; and this end they have accomplished in the most marvelous way. With extraordinary patience they have

laboriously drawn, over and over again, portions of the lunar surface, selecting always those portions which were most favorably situated for the purpose, and after thirty years of drawing, comparison, redrawing, and renewed comparison, they have arrived at what they consider a just representation of certain portions of the moon's surface. In order to present their sketches in the most advantageous way, these gentlemen have actually constructed models in relief from their drawings, and have photographed them with the real sunlight to make their shadows for them. How marvelously accurate their photographs are only an astronomer can appreciate; it is as if the real crater itself were in the telescope.

The gigantic labor of modeling their patterns once accomplished, their task became easy: and it is no exaggeration to say that the owner of this book sees the lunar craters, with all their complexity, much better than many astronomers. Lunar photography has never been equal to an enlarged photograph of single craters, but the labors of these gentlemen show that any want in that direction can now be filled. It requires just the qualities and abilities which they have shown.

In their Plate III., they give a copy of one of De la Rue's photographs of the full moon: it is to be regretted that they did not obtain one from Rutherford, of New York, such a one, for example, as is given in Proctor's Moon, in order that their illustrations of lunar scenery might all be of equal excellence. It is perhaps characteristic of an English book on any topic, that all American progress in the same direction should be unknown, but we wish simply to call the attention of American readers to the fact that Dr. G. W. Draper, of New York, produced daguerreotypes of the moon some time before De la Rue, "the father of celestial photography," and to remind them that the lunar photographs of Mr. Lewis Rutherford and of Dr. Henry Draper are still entirely unrivaled by English, or indeed by *any* foreign work of like kind.

On page 59 of their work, the authors divide the lunar features into four classes: *craters*, *mountain chains*, *smooth plains*, and *bright radiating streaks*. By the aid of their photographic copies of the models, they are enabled to study these intelligently and in a way easy to be followed by the reader, and they arrive at conclusions in regard to the process of formation of these various classes of lunar scenery which must be acknowledged as rational and consistent, if not absolutely final.

The radiating streaks they have carefully studied by means of glass globes which were subjected to an internal strain, and a photograph of one of these globes exhibits in a very striking way the peculiarities of these bright streaks on the moon.

In all of their reasoning, the authors are careful to fortify themselves by actual experiment where experiment is possible, and to explain in the very fullest way their position by excellently chosen wood-cuts. They discuss carefully the evidences of change in the lunar surface (and incidentally of change in nebulæ), and it is a fact to be noted that these two careful observers are of opinion that no change in the moon's crust has yet been established.

On the whole, this work is one of the best which has ever appeared on a similar subject, and it thoroughly fulfills its object. The reason for its excellence is plain, and it conveys an absolute moral. The authors are thoroughly familiar with their subject by long and valuable study, and therefore their opinions are of the highest value.

— It is not every traveler whose paths lie in so strange and comparatively little known regions as those which Mr. Vincent visited, and which he mysteriously calls the Land of the White Elephant; and no one who has made this journey can fail to have something interesting to say about it, though how near one can come to being an exception to this statement, Mr. Vincent, we regret to say, is not far from showing. Burma, Siam, Cambodia, and Cochin-China form a list at the head of a book which is sure to tempt many readers, but in this case they will find within less to entertain them than is to be wished. Some of the accounts of the author's interviews with the kings of the countries he visited are tolerably interesting, but in general there are too many particulars about the bills of fare, too many *minutiæ* of the journey, and too little is said about the broadly-marked peculiarities of the people among whom he traveled. It reads like a dull diary. The title of the book is rather misleading; it is well known that the Buddhists believe that in a white elephant there may be sojourning the soul of Buddha in one of his countless transmigrations. He is supposed to prefer the purer and rarer white to the ordinary color of the

animal; and hence the kings of Siam and other countries where Buddhism prevails are always on the lookout for the white elephant. Our author saw two at Bangkok. "These are kept," he says, "fastened to stout posts, in large sheds, and covered in the same manner as those I saw at Mandalay, which belonged to the King of Ava. The first animal whose stable we entered was quite small, and possessed few of the peculiar characteristics of a dark cream albino, excepting perhaps the eyes. . . . In another shed we saw a larger and also whiter elephant, its body having the peculiar flesh-colored appearance termed 'white.'" The one referred to at Mandalay he says was "a male of medium size, with *white eyes* and a forehead and ears *spotted* white, appearing as if they had been rubbed with pumice-stone or sand-paper, but the remainder of the body was 'black as a coal.' He was a vicious brute, chained by the forelegs in the centre of a large shed, and was surrounded by the adjuncts of royalty — gold and white cloth umbrellas, an embroidered canopy above, and some bundles of spears in the corners of the room."

Although in a literary point of view the value of the book is but slight, the illustrations are of merit. They are taken with considerable care from photographs, and are numerous enough to make the volume worthy of attention. Especially interesting are the views of the ruins of Angkor.

— Truly, if to have the path well lighted were all, this would be a generation of mighty characters. Dr. Carpenter's treatise on the Principles of Mental Physiology might almost be classed among books of edification, so constantly are the applications of physiological laws to moral culture insisted on by the learned author. But what can good maxims do, when even good resolutions, as we all know, are no equivalent for those *acts* of volition on whose constant repetition the formation of character depends? The actual instants of temptation are the only ones in which that useful work can proceed; they alone, as a German pedagogue has well expressed it, form the fulcrums upon which the lever of the moral will may rest, while the man lifts himself up. Dr. Carpenter, while believing fully in the nervous conditions of mental action, yet holds to the principle of free-will; and one of the main themes of his book is to trace how acts and thoughts originally voluntary become, by the force of habit, automatic, by the aptitude of the organization to *grow* to the modes in which it has been much exercised, and probably to transmit to its offspring the same tendency. This is very fully done. There is also a very good account of various morbid states, based mainly on Braid's researches into hypnotism and "electro-biology," which Dr. Carpenter was, we believe, the first scientific man of repute to estimate at their value. It may be that he overvalues them now, for in the running polemic against Spiritualism which seems to be the second great purpose of the book, he relies on them principally and on Faraday's table-moving-detecting apparatus; which latter, if we are rightly informed, may now be called an obsolete weapon. The student proper either of psychology or of physiology will find nothing that is new in the work. But clergymen and educators will find it a valuable treatise, alike for its multitudinous facts and its practical deductions; while the style merits commendation in this day of slouchy familiarity, for its sustained polish and refinement.

— Colonel Chesney's Essays are of especial interest to us Americans, because he devotes much space to a subject which is of very great importance to us, our last war; and, while he treats this with all the respect it deserves, but which it has not always won from European critics, the value of the praise which both the North and the South get is enhanced by the frequent proofs the author gives of his qualification for the task. He is a military writer who is clear, and owing to the fact that he omits what are merely professional details, he is very entertaining.

There are four essays in this volume devoted to this country; they deal with General Grant's military life, the life of General Lee, the work done by the navy in the war, more especially at the capture of New Orleans, and Colonel's Dahlgren's cavalry raid. All of these subjects, or rather the first three, — the pages on Colonel Dahlgren are few and of a different sort, — are carefully written, enthusiastically but with accuracy. General Grant, for instance, gets full credit for all that he did, and at the same time he is not spared sharp criticism for his obstinacy in the Wilderness, which cost the army so many lives. The testimony of an intelligent foreigner is valuable in this matter because in this country one's opinion on either side of the matter is — or perhaps, more properly, was — nothing more than an announcement

of the speaker's side in politics. Colonel Chesney says: "Grant's mode of assault, made 'along the whole line,' and without any reserve, was contrary to all the tactical rules of theory or practice. There is, indeed, an exception in one important case, when the enemy is decidedly worn out, and shaken by previous events. So Wellington ordered his general charge at Waterloo when the Prussian shock had shattered the French right flank, and made Napoleon's battle a hopeless struggle. So Radetsky, acting on the same instinct of genius, threw all his front line suddenly on the exhausted Italians at Novara, ere Hess, his more methodical chief of staff, could array the reserves for a final assault. Grant had no such motive for his battle. The troops he attacked were not the ill-led swaggerers whose indecision at Fort Donelson had been patent to his observant glance, nor the wearied stragglers whose officers stayed to plunder with them at Pittsburg. They were veterans, war-hardened to suffering and danger, confident in their general, feeling themselves invincible on the defensive, and making up by their priceless value as individual soldiers for their want of discipline and numbers."

General Lee has a great many pages devoted to him; with foreigners he is naturally enough a greater favorite, if not indeed the greatest favorite of all the leaders on either side. His reluctance to leave the army of the United States, a matter which has received a different explanation from that here given, his long success with inferior means, his stout upholding of what was sure to be the beaten side, and his final defeat, all combine to set him in a light which wins from other people more sympathy than he can get nowadays from us. The article gives an admirable exposition of his brilliant career, and makes an interesting pendant to that on Grant.

The chapter on the navy recounts the successes of that branch of the service in the Mississippi, and is most admirable reading. When the history of the whole war is written in that manner by one as familiar with the subject, as fair-minded, as impartial yet as enthusiastic, an admirable work will be done. Those who find the events of the war getting confused in their memory, or those who were too young to get more than vague information at the time, will find this volume an excellent means of instruction. No one, however, will fail to get pleasure from it.

The remainder of the volume is very interesting. The essay on Lord Cornwallis treats of the life of that general after his return from this country, and of his great services in India. That on De Fezensac's diary exposes the condition of the grand army, setting right many of the readily-formed misconceptions of those who are inclined to exaggerate the discipline of the French army under Napoleon. That on Von Brandt does very nearly the same thing: the main difference being that it describes the state of affairs in Spain, though at about the same time, namely, that of the First Empire. Colonel Chesney says of Fezensac's Souvenirs and the memoirs of Von Brandt, that they "throw more light upon the details of the grand army, and upon the working of the system which all but enslaved the world, than had been shed by all the national histories and official biographies with which Europe has been deluged these sixty years past," and the gist of these Colonel Chesney has managed to extract. The volume is, on the whole, most admirable.

— In no department of Mammalogy is there a greater dearth of accurate biographical and general information than in that relating to those species whose home is the oceanic waters and their shores, — the members of the order Pinnipedia and Cetacea, or the seals, whales, porpoises, dolphins, and their numerous allies. Captain Scammon's work on the Marine Mammals of the Northwestern Coast and the American Whale-Fishery is hence a particularly welcome contribution to this department of science, and one whose value cannot be easily overestimated. In this volume of something over three hundred quarto pages we have the results of many years of observation and study by one who brings to his work the experience of a practical whaleman, — whose profession has necessarily given him the best of opportunities for becoming familiar with the objects he describes, — and the enthusiasm, skill, and intelligence of a careful naturalist. He has hence given us not only a very detailed history of all the species of the Pacific waters which are pursued by the adventurous whalemen, but also full descriptions of those of less commercial importance, with biographical notes and lithographic figures from original drawings of nearly all the species described. Numerous tables of measurements further increase the scientific value of the work.

The task here attempted is by no means an easy one, and if there are gaps in the histories of some of the species, we have still to thank Captain Scammon's assiduous labors that they are not more frequent and greater. A moment's reflection is sufficient to recall the difficulties of the undertaking, favorable opportunities for observing the habits of these aquatic monsters being rare and brief. The author says, in referring to this point, that his own experience "has proved that close observation for months and even years may be required before a single new fact in regard to their habits can be obtained." This, he says, has been particularly the case with the dolphins (whose history in many instances he has been able to give but very imperfectly), while "many of the characteristic actions of the whale are so secretly performed that years of ordinary observation may be insufficient for their discovery."

The work is divided into three parts, besides containing a lengthy "Appendix." The first part is devoted exclusively to the Cetaceans, or the whales, porpoises, dolphins, etc., and occupies about one third of the volume, giving very full accounts of the habits, distribution, migrations, and modes of capture of the species (California gray whale, bowhead or great polar whale, the right whale, sperm whale, etc.) which possess the greatest commercial importance. These chapters must possess great interest for the general reader as well as the naturalist; and they show that even these unwieldy creatures indulge in gambols and possess a great degree of sagacity. The whales soon learn the danger they are in from human foes, and display great cunning in eluding pursuit, often obliging their pursuers to adopt new methods of attack, and weapons effective at a greater distance than those previously used. As their game has become scarcer and more wary, the whalemen have had to employ the bomb-gun and bomb-lances in place of the hand-lances and harpoons of earlier days.

The California gray whale is not only one of the most important of the larger whales, but also one of the most dangerous to attack; to which latter fact the name "devil-fish," often applied by the whalers to this animal, is a significant allusion. These whales are said to pass the summer in the Arctic Ocean and Okhotsk Sea. "In October and November," says our author, "the California grays appear off the coast of Oregon and Upper California, on their way back to their tropical haunts, making a quick, low spout at long intervals; showing themselves but very little until they reach the smooth lagoons of the lower coast, where, if not disturbed, they gather in large numbers, passing and repassing into and out of the estuaries, or slowly raising their colossal forms midway above the surface, falling over on their sides as if by accident, and dashing the water into foam and spray about them. At times, in calm weather, they are seen lying on the water quite motionless, keeping one position for an hour or more. The first season in Scammon's Lagoon, coast of Lower California, the boats were lowered several times for them, we thinking that the animals when in that position were dead or sleeping; but before the boats arrived within even shooting distance they were on the move again.

"About the shoals at the mouth of one of the lagoons, in 1860, we saw large numbers of the monsters. It was at the low stage of the tide, and the shoal places were plainly marked by the constantly foaming breakers. To our surprise we saw many of the whales going through the surf where the depth of water was barely sufficient to float them. We could discern in many places, by the white sand that came to the surface, that they must be near or touching the bottom. One, in particular, lay for a half-hour in the breakers, playing, as seals often do in a heavy surf; turning from side to side with half-extended fins, and moved apparently by the heavy ground-swell which was breaking; at times making a playful spring with its bending flukes, throwing its body clear of the water, coming down with a heavy splash, then making two or three spouts, and again settling under water; perhaps the next moment its head would appear, and with the heavy swell the animal would roll over in a listless manner, to all appearance enjoying the sport intensely."

The manner of pursuing and capturing the California gray whale, as well as of the other large species, is described with considerable detail, from which we learn that the method varies with different localities and at different seasons. In making the passage between their northern and southern feeding-grounds the whales have the habit of keeping near the shore. The whaling parties take advantage of this, and lie in wait for them in the thick beds of

kelp, watching for a good chance to shoot the whales as they pass; this method being called "kelp whaling." The first year or two that this method of capture was practiced, says Captain Scammon, "many of the animals passed through or along the edge of the kelp, where the gunners chose their own distance for a shot. This method, however, soon excited the suspicions of these sagacious creatures. At first, the ordinary whale-boat was used, but the keen-eyed 'devil-fish' soon found what would be the consequence of getting too near the long, dark-looking object, as it lay nearly motionless, only rising and falling with the rolling swell. A very small boat — with one man to scull and another to shoot — was then used, instead of the whale-boat. This proved successful for a time, but, after a few successive seasons, the animals passed farther seaward, and at the present time the boats usually anchor outside the kelp. The mottled fish being seen approaching far enough off for the experienced gunner to judge nearly where the animal will 'break water,' the boat is sculled to the place, to await the 'rising.' If the whale 'shows a good chance,' it is frequently killed instantly, and sinks to the bottom, or receives its death-wound by the bursting of the bomb-lance. Consequently, the stationary position or slow movement of the animal enables the whaler to get a harpoon into it before sinking. To the harpoon a line is attached, with a buoy, which indicates the place where the dead creature lies, should it go to the bottom. Then, in the course of twenty-four hours, or in less time, it rises to the surface, and is towed to the shore, the blubber taken off and tried out in pots set for that purpose upon the beach."

After a few years, Captain Scammon tells us, the whales learned to avoid these beds of kelp, which had proved to them such fatal regions, and made wide deviations in their courses in order to practice their favorite sport among the rollers at the mouths of the lagoons they passed in their journeys; but even here they were followed with the deadly harpoon and still more destructive bomb-lance.

Each species seems to have not only its peculiar habits and places of resort, but different methods of pursuit have to be adopted to secure them, the account of which occupies a large portion of the first part of the work.

Part II. is devoted to the Pinnipedia, or seals, and contains very full accounts, including much new matter, of the sea-elephant, walrus, sea-lion, and the fur seal of the Pacific coast, as well as of the sea-otter, which latter seems to have been inadvertently included among the Pinnipedia.

The third part is devoted to a History of the American Whale-Fishery, the author treating the subject statistically and chronologically, as well as describing the modes of capture, the weapons and implements of the chase, and the hardships, dangers, and excitements attending the prosecution of one of the most daring and successful of marine enterprises, and one in which our hardy seamen have taken so conspicuous a part. The chapter on the Life and Characteristics of American Whalemen, though simply written, has all the fascination of a romance, being a record of courage, fortitude, and danger, of reverses and successes. The following, from our author's account of "lagoon whaling," shows the risks connected with this daring enterprise. "A cow with a young calf is usually selected, so that the parent animal may be easily struck; yet the race is sometimes so prolonged as nearly to exhaust the boat's crew; and when at last the creature lags, so that her tired offspring may keep near, thereby presenting the opportunity to the 'harpoonierman' to thrust effectively with his weapon, the murderous blow often causes the animal to recoil in its anguish, and give a swoop of its ponderous flukes, or a toss of its head, which, coming in contact with the boat, produces a general wreck, and more or less injury to the men. In the winter of 1856, we were whaling about the *esteros* of Magdalena Bay, when, in attacking sixteen whales, two boats were entirely destroyed, while the others were staved fifteen times; and out of eighteen men who officered and manned them, six were badly jarred, one had both legs broken, another three ribs fractured, and still another was so much injured internally that he was unable to perform duty during the rest of the voyage. All these serious casualties occurred before a single whale was captured. However, after a few days' rest, while the boats were being repaired and new ones fitted to take the place of those destroyed, the contest with the 'devil-fish' was again renewed and with successful results. Several whales were taken without accident, and no other serious casualty occurred during the season."

The Appendix is taken up largely with

a systematic catalogue of the Cetacea of the North Pacific Ocean, prepared by Mr. W. H. Dall, of the U. S. Coast Survey, with especial reference to Captain Scammon's work. To this Captain Scammon has added a glossary of whalemen's phrases, and a list of "stores and outfits" of a first-class whaleman for a Cape Horn voyage.

While Captain Scammon's work is written with scientific precision and clearness, he has not burdened his pages with discussions of nomenclature and synonomy, neither is there a tendency in his descriptions to sensational effect. The typographical appearance of the work is neat and attractive, and the illustrations are commendably executed.

— Even Goethe could say that the only real and the deepest theme of the world's and of man's history, to which all other subjects are subordinate, is the conflict between faith and unbelief. It is admitted on all hands that since the French Revolution, or within the last fifty or eighty years, there has occurred in the theological circles of Germany a very noticeable reaction against rationalism. The sifting which scholarly faith has undergone in Germany in the last hundred years has undoubtedly been the severest to which it was ever subjected; but the result has been that Christianity in the nineteenth, as in every previous century of its history, has vindicated its intellectual supremacy.

Professor Christlieb's vigorous Apologetic Lectures on Modern Doubt and Christian Belief unquestionably exhibit justly the theological tendencies of the best modern German scholarship; and are thus, for any reader who occupies Goethe's point of view as to history, an interesting contribution to the study of the signs of the times.

If, instead of following the division which this work makes of the causes of the power of rationalism into the historical, the philosophical, the ecclesiastical, the political, the social, and the ethical, we summarize its definite statements of facts on this branch of the topic, we may say that the sources of the power of skepticism in Germany in the last century have been fragmentary presentations of Christianity in the spirit of earnestness without science or of science without earnestness; maladroit organization of the German state church in the use of compulsory confessions of faith at the confirmation legally required of the whole population, whether believing or unbelieving, and in the absence of the familiar American and English distinction between the converted and unconverted, and a consequently stagnant church life; moral, intellectual, and social contagion from France; the demoralization arising in Germany from its having been the principal theatre of European wars; support by the church of popularly odious absolutism in politics; German university life, in its peculiar limitations and stimulations of free discussion; state aid to rationalistic organizations; Roman Catholicism in South Germany; the overthrow of several celebrated German systems of philosophy; and the doctrinal unrest of the age in most, from the organization of new facts in many, departments of thought. In view of these causes it is not surprising, nor to a scholar's faith is it intellectually annoying, that skepticism has had power in Germany, and that it yet retains abundant influence among those slightly educated in respect to Christianity.

As to Professor Christlieb's proof that rationalism is far less powerful now in Germany than fifty or eighty years ago, we shall find his more important facts, though not his order of discussion, if we notice that in the German universities the rationalistic lecture-rooms are now empty and the evangelical crowded, while fifty or eighty years ago the rationalistic were crowded and the evangelical empty; that histories of the rise, progress, and decline of Rationalism in the German universities have been appearing for the last fifteen years in the most learned portions of the literature of Germany; that such teachers as Tholuck, Julius Müller, Dorner, Twesten, Ullmann, Lange, Rothe, and Tischendorf, most of whom began their professorships with great unpopularity in their universities, on account of their opposition to rationalistic views, are now particularly honored on that very account; that the attitude of the general government at Berlin has destroyed the force of many of the political causes of disaffection with the state church; that the victory at Sedan, and the achievement of German unity, diminish the chances of demoralization from European wars and by contagion from France; and that, in the field of exegetical research, while rationalism has caused the dicovery of many new facts and the adoption of a new method, the naturalistic theory by Paulus, the mythical theory by Strauss, the tendency theory by Bauer, and

the legendary by Renan, have been so antagonistic to each other as to be successively outgrown both by Christian and by rationalistic scholarship. Strauss's last work, The Old Faith and the New, was regarded in Germany, even by his friends, as weak; while the mythical theory, as every scholar knows, did not outlive its author; and the Tübingen school itself has now no existence at Tübingen.

"The proposal," says Professor Christlieb, to "implore the divine blessing and assistance on the deliberations of the Frankfort Parliament was received with shouts of derisive laughter." But "for the last thirty years, in spite of all hostilities, a truly Christian science has begun victoriously to lead the way, by new and deeper exegetical researches; by historical investigation; by pointing out the remarkable harmony existing between many new archæological, ethnological, and scientific discoveries. In the pulpits of by far the greater number of the German churches, and in the theological faculties of most of the universities, it has so completely driven unbelief out of the field, that the latter has been compelled to retire in a great measure into the divinity schools of adjacent countries — Switzerland, France, Holland, Hungary. When compared with these and other countries, Germany shows that unbelief has a greater tendency to insinuate itself into and to make its permanent abode among half educated rather than thoroughly educated communities."

As the German language is far richer than the English in connectives formed by inflected words, an involved sentence is far clearer in German than in English, so that a certain awkwardness of style is apt to characterize English imitations of the German literary manner; but this fault, which is the chief one of the present translation, results from its faithful literalness.

— The sixth number of the Journal of the American Social Science Association contains sufficient proof of the need for the existence of a society which shall give its best attention to those serious problems of public interest which demand careful study, as well as proof that there are men and women willing and able to devote themselves to these public matters without looking to political success as their reward. This volume of the reports of their doings shows that their range of interests is wide, and that they do their work with thoroughness is guaranteed by the fact that so profound and careful a thinker as Mr. David A. Wells deals with taxation, that so good an authority as Professor Sumner of Yale College discusses finance, and that so distinguished a scientific man as Professor B. Peirce of Harvard treats the important question of ocean laws for steamers. Mr. Gamaliel Bradford is the author of a paper on financial administration in which he tells once more the familiar story of the misfortunes the country labors under from the inefficiency of Congress, and from the gross incompetence of the secretaries of the treasury. The remedy that he advocates is one that he has before presented to the public, but, so far as we know, it has never received the honor of an opposing argument. It is "the conversion of the nominal into the real head of the finances, the admission of the secretary of the treasury to the floor of Congress with the right and duty of taking part in debate, and subjection to what the French call interpellation." The advantages and practicability of this reform he sets in a strong light.

Professor Sumner has a similar subject, it will be noticed, but without proposing a definite remedy he shows, with the clearness of one who fully understands his subject, the unwisdom of the doctrine of protection, and of the legal tender act. These two essays and that of Mr. Wells are of great importance at present. The association certainly is not what is called behind the times. Mr. Willard C. Flagg's paper on the Farmers' Movement in the Western States takes up a timely subject, but the treatment of it is not conspicuous for clearness. He quotes from Froissart and La Bruyère extracts which show the sufferings of the agricultural classes in former days, when "certain wild animals, both male and female, scattered about the country, livid and wasted by the sun, bend over the soil, which they scratch and dig up with invincible perseverance. . . . At night they retire to their dens, where they feed on black bread, water, and roots," etc., etc. This description even the liveliest imagination would find hard to apply to the prominent members of the granges, even "allowing for differences in civilization." Mr. Flagg finds that the farmers suffer from various causes: "the wealth of the country, although the product of the labor of our industrial classes, in great measure, does not remain in the hands of these classes, but accumulates in the hands of a relatively small number of non-producers;" few farmers are legisla-

tors, and legislation is consequently shaped to further the interests of the legislators; patent rights and protective tariffs do mischief and keep up prices; and owing to vicious legislation an unusually large proportion of the population is engaged in trade and other non-productive employments. The remedy proposed is very vague, but the "fight is to be war to the knife with the semi-legalized but unjust privileges of chartered monopolies." "The time draws nearer when the cunning of the hand shall be directed by the brain of the worker, and not by the beck of the task-master." We hope it may also escape the beck of the demagogue. "And *that* means a more equal division of profits, a more pleasant life for the laborer, and a simpler and more republican life for those who would thrive by others' toil." These generalities do not even glitter, and certainly it will be hard for even the most intelligent leaders of the farmers' movement to get a hearing so long as they indulge in merely such vague threatenings. That even those "who would thrive by others' toil" should be compelled by legislation to "lead a simpler and more republican life" sounds like anything but wisdom, and displays gross ignorance of political economy. The discussion of the paper, though brief, was more sensible.

The other papers are interesting; they treat of different matters. There is one on Pauperism in the City of New York, which shows the injurious tendency of indiscriminate charity; one on the Reformation of Prisoners, which is a subject exciting more and more interest in the public mind; one on the Deaf Mute College in Washington; and one on the Protection of Animals, that deals with those animals eaten by man, and the ill effects of the treatment they receive.

It will be seen that this is a very interesting number, that it treats exactly the sort of subjects in which every one is interested and in which a wise and beneficent government would take the lead. It so happens that our government, from ignorance and selfishness, is behind the best intelligence of the country, and it is to be hoped that the sincerity and faithfulness of the association will overcome the prejudice so commonly felt against men who have knowledge of any specialties, and that the public will learn so much from these and similar efforts that at last some vague knowledge of the real wants of the country will work its way downwards even to the level of the politician's intelligence.

— For a considerable time now, those who are under the fascination of Etruscan mystery have heard, and been saying to each other, "Wait for Corssen's book;" and his translations, only known in private as yet, have received the approbation of some of the most learned Italian *savans*, themselves no careless or ignorant judges of a problem from the solution of which the primitive history of Italy must take its complexion. Mr. Taylor, in a single passage of his opening chapter, sums up the study and its result so far as is now known to the public: "Fortunately we possess ample monumental records written in the Etruscan language, but they have hitherto successfully defied all attempts at interpretation. Now that the Assyrian and Egyptian records have been read, these Etruscan inscriptions present the only considerable philological problem that remains unsolved. But that it remains unsolved has not been from want of pains. A vast amount of ingenuity and of erudition has been wasted in attempts to explain the inscriptions by the aid of various Aryan, Semitic, and Turanian languages; Latin, Greek, Oscan, Hebrew, Phœnician, Arabic, Ethiopic, Chinese, Coptic, and Basque have all been tried in turn. Sir W. Betham believed the Etruscan to be a Keltic dialect. Dr. Donaldson and the Earl of Crawford have attempted to show that it is Gothic. Mr. Robert Ellis has expended much ingenuity and learning in the attempt to prove its Armenian affinities. Dr. Steub maintains that it is a Rhæto-Romansch speech.

"It may safely be affirmed that none of these attempts have been regarded as satisfactory by any person except their authors."

Whether the sentence which our author has pronounced, and which doubtless embodies the verdict of philologists in general, may or may not be extended to his own attempt as well, we shall not be long in knowing from the pen of the recognized master of Etruscan studies, Corssen himself; but that need not prevent us from noting the nature of the difficulties which beset the question, or the important results which an authoritative solution of it will lead to. The discovered Etruscan inscriptions are either monumental or votive; the tomb and the articles consigned to it, either the dedicatory inscription or the isolated characterizing words needed to explain the object of the offering, being almost the only remains of a great civilization which can

guide us to a conclusion as to the origin of it and the ethnic relation of the masters of Italy in the twilight of history. Standing on the threshold of the tolerably-known we look back and find ourselves in presence of a mighty race — wonderful in art and all the evidences of old and ripe civilization; irresistible on the land as at sea; wise in peace as well, with a confederation of powers and freedom from the common ambition of kings which no ancient nation beside seems ever to have been capable of. No foundation for conjecture exists as to the time when they began to be great, but one datum of tolerable value may be given which will show how hopeless chronology is. There have been found on Monte Albano some sepulchral urns, of which Mr. Taylor says, in following his argument on the tumulus as an evidence of ethnic relationship: "Perhaps the most singular and striking proof that the tumulus is only a survival of the tent is supplied by the small cinerary urns which have been found at Albano (close to Tusculum), two of which are in the British Museum. They are of immense antiquity, and are probably older than any other sepulchral remains of Italy." These urns are found, it is said, under volcanic deposit. Now the whole Agro Romano is formed by the action of the group of volcanoes of which Monte Albano is the crown, and the various craters on the mountain are now lakes or their filled-up beds — the lakes of Nemi and Albano still remaining, while that of Aricia has become an enormous fertile plain. A temple of Diana, which stood in ancient times on the shore of the lake of Nemi at the edge of an alluvial flat then filling the upper end of the original lake, is now only some hundreds of feet from the water, while the Lake of Albano, which was tapped by Etruscan miners at the time of the siege of Veii, has scarcely diminished in size by all the washings of these centuries since the making of the tunnel. The topmost crater is a plain which served as the camp of observation for Hannibal in his war against Rome, and has evidently been a lake. No tradition remains even of a time when these volcanoes were active, and the whole civilization of historical and even mythical Italy has been marked on the great plain of volcanic ashes which has displaced the sea about it. If we admit that the position of these urns is what is claimed, how many ages must have elapsed since those ashes fell on them! But even if we cannot maintain this datum we have another equally significant.

Of all the literature of Etruria not a trace remains, save a few words preserved by Roman and Greek writers, while Roman jealousy studiously destroyed all documents and inscriptions that might have commemorated the greatness of the older civilization. The alphabet, too, was derived from the Greek, not directly from the Phœnician, indicating that the language had been without letters until the time, comparatively recent, when communication was had with Greece.

The philological problem involved in the identification of the Etruscans is quite such as might be expected from these indications of antiquity. Corssen, it is claimed by those who have seen his translation, will prove that their language was an Italic dialect, and that therefore their civilization must have been developed on the spot, which is what we should on independent grounds conclude, all the technical peculiarities being such as we have never been able to find except where communication with Etruria was not easy.

But Mr. Taylor has taken comprehensive ground in the examination of the question. Comparative philology is, as he says, "the most powerful, the most precise, and, within its proper limits, the most certain of all methods. But valuable as the method is, it has its limitation and its dangers." Thus we know that in France alone changes have occurred which would, without historical explanation, utterly baffle the comparative philologist. The Roman invaded it and imposed his language; the Northman invaded it and lost his, like the Teutonic invaders on the other side. This theory of Mr. Taylor is based on what he considers a sure ground — that which he designates as "comparative psychology, or comparative phrenology" — the comparison of mental peculiarities and distinctions; and the first important indication of the ethnic affinities of the Etruscans is found in their similarity to certain Turanian tribes in their religious beliefs, and especially in their tomb-building. This point he develops at great length, maintaining that all the great tomb-builders have been Turanian:—

"But there have been three great civilized tomb-building races; one in Africa — the Egyptians; one in Asia — the Lydians and Syrians; and one in Europe — the Etruscans. The question arises, Were these three cultured nations of the same race as

the semi-savage Turanian tribes who form the pre-Aryan substructure of Western Europe, and who constitute the existing population of Northern Asia? This question must, I think, be answered in the affirmative."

If an analogy of this kind could be erected into a positive and unassailable argument, it must be admitted that Mr. Taylor has done more than any one hitherto to suggest a final solution of this vague question; but the value of this analogy is dependent on the truth of the assumption that the Etruscans, Lydians and Syrians, and Egyptians are Turanian, for if they be not, then it is provable that tomb-building need not be an inherited ethnical tendency. The argument is weakest where we want most strength.

The author then goes on to establish the same analogy between the Etruscans and the "Ugric or Altaic — the tribes of Finns, Tartars, Mongols, Samojeds, and Tunguses who people the inhospitable regions of Northern Asia," as to their pontifical system, their law of inheritance, type of body and mind, their art, migratory and warlike character, and religious beliefs. He assumes that, skillful builders as the Etruscans were, "there is not a vestige left of a single Etruscan temple, or of a single Etruscan palace. Their constructive powers, and the resources of their decorative arts, were lavished on their tombs." This is very far from an exact statement of what is known. The Etruscan high-priest was a "pontifex," not a tomb-builder, and we know enough to assert that the Etruscans were, like the Romans after them, eminent engineers, bridge and wall and castle builders, while one of the temple orders in use in Rome was known as the Tuscan, and preserved as derived from Etruria. That there should be no remains of any temple built by the Etruscans is not singular when we know that there is none of Roman construction prior to the conquest of Etruria.

In the character of Etruscan art as compared with the Turanian, Chinese, and Japanese, Mr. Taylor is most fortunate, and a comparison of the religious beliefs certainly brings out some striking and interesting resemblances; and the coincidences in the mythologic nomenclature are certainly very remarkable, while no less can be said of the comparison with the external ethnical characteristics, assuming that we know those of the Etruscans.

The author's general conclusion is that the population of Etruria was composed of two Turanian migrations, one, the earlier (and finally subjugated by the second), from the European or Finnic branch, while the second or conquering was from the Asiatic or Tartaric branch, thus forming two castes, the first including the Sabines, Marsi, etc., and probably the Pelasgi, while the latter was the Raseunic. Apart from the philological affinities, the amount of testimony he brings to bear to prove his hypotheses must make the question still more puzzling and mysterious if they cannot be maintained; but no question of myths or observances — even of national customs — will stand against philological affinities when these are, as with the Etruscan, free from all suspicion of an invading influence.

The same physical causes may possibly develop the same myths, and to a certain extent similar religious beliefs and observances, without any community of origin of those myths or observances, but the roots of a language cannot be controlled by any such casual or natural coincidences; and Mr. Taylor's great erudition and admirably scientific method will not make us less anxious to hear Corssen's solution, to which the leading philologists look as likely to envelop all that can be known from our present material.

French and German.[1]

What will be sure to add to the tardy recognition in Europe of the importance of our late civil war is the publication of the Histoire de la Guerre Civile en Amérique, the work of the Comte de Paris. Two volumes have appeared, and, judging from the completeness with which the author has performed this part of his task, the statement that they are to be followed by six others is very easy of belief. At present, we in this country would perhaps do better to collect and arrange the material at our disposal than to hasten to anticipate the task of posterity, and, while most of the principal actors are still living, to renew half-forgotten dissensions. Some perspective is needed for a fair view. In the present case, however, merely local distance

[1] All books mentioned under this head are to be had at Schoenhof and Moeller's, 40 Winter Street, Boston.

Histoire de la Guerre Civile en Amérique. Par M. le Comte de Paris, ancien Aide de Camp du Général MacClellan. Tomes I., II. Paris: Michel Lévy 1874.

and difference of interests secure greater impartiality than we should be able to give to the war, unless we were absolutely apathetic about it; and if we should write about it in that mood, whom should we get to read our history? The Comte de Paris is not absolutely impartial; it is very easy to see his affection for his former brothers-in-arms, but we fancy that no one of those to whom he was once opposed can feel dissatisfied with the admiration he expresses for their bravery and energy. He condemns their leaders, it is true, but so have events, and he gives a fair statement of the causes that brought about the war, and of the general condition of the country at the time of its outbreak.

The first volume, which brings us down no further than to the time immediately succeeding the first battle of Bull Run, contains a very complete account of what had been done by our army in the war of the Revolution, in that of 1812, in the Mexican war, and in the monotonous struggles with the Indians. He shows clearly the defects of our system, which experience had made so plain to us ten years ago, and gives full credit to the redeeming virtues of West Point, where the seeds of military training were kept alive in the face of the opposition of demagogues who were unwarned by history, of which they were ignorant, to set the proper value on the training which they enviously despised. The Mexican war is treated of at considerable length, since it shows very clearly the character of many of the leaders of the later war, as well as the faults and merits of the rank and file. In addition to this, we have the discussion of the political causes of the war, which the writer justly sees arose from the conflict between slavery and freedom. All the history of the winter before the war is told; we have once more an account of those uneasy days when we were so uncertain of the tragedy awaiting us, or, at the best, making vague preparations against some mysterious evil. Then follows the description of the beginning of the war, with the long treacheries of Buchanan's cabinet leading up to it, and of the consequences it called forth in both North and South. There is, too, a full account of the preparations made by both sections of the country, and, what is so important for understanding some of the peculiarities of the war, a very complete account of the geography of the country. None of this is told in a wearisome way. The author has an exceedingly clear style, and his familiarity with his subject enables him to keep free from obscurity even when he is unraveling the intricacies of the relation borne by the troops raised in different States to the Federal authorities. To us this part of his subject is sufficiently familiar, but for the public for which the book is written it will, of course, be absolutely new. The distinctions he draws between the different qualities of the Northern and Southern armies will be readily assented to; he sees very clearly those faults in our troops which led to the first defeats of the North, and states them plainly; they were, in his view, a lack of the "collective courage" which experienced armies have, and which by no means implies the absence of individual courage; the need of discipline, ignorance of the proper way of marching, etc., etc. A very readable account is given of the battle of Bull Run, and its consequences.

In the second volume the narration goes on almost without interruption. It includes the operations in Missouri, the battle of Ball's Bluff, the capture of Forts Henry and Donelson, the battle of Shiloh, and the operations of the navy against Port Royal and in Burnside's expedition to Roanoke Island. There is also a description of the fight between the Merrimac and the Monitor. The limit of the volume is the account of MacClellan's preparations for the unfortunate campaign of 1862. We shall leave it to professional critics to discuss the questions that are sure to arise about the author's treatment of the differences of opinion between President Lincoln and General MacClellan. There are at the end of this volume some tolerably clear indications of the author's having made up his mind between these two in favor of his former commander, and in the next volume we may perhaps find that his complaints of the interference of the government will be even more frequent. This is a matter in which it is not easy at present for us in this country to form an impartial opinion. It is with the majority a part of their political faith to lay all the blame of the early defeats of the army of the Potomac on the shoulders of the general who commanded it. He is accused of culpable weakness or disgraceful treachery, while his upholders, as is the case with the author of this history, maintain that his plans were rendered abortive by the timidity of the government, the necessity

for unfolding them to non-military officials, and the interference of those in authority. History, however, is not written in the same way that political principles are formed, especially in the way they are formed in times of great excitement, and the Comte de Paris is likely to set in its strongest light whatever can be said on the opposite side. In judging the book the critic will have much to do to keep his previously formed notions from poisoning his opinion of it, if he differs from the author. Leaving this matter, however, for completer discussion when the third or fourth volumes shall have appeared, it is impossible now not to praise the history. It is written in a singularly clear style, and every page shows great care in the preparation of the materials. The account of the different campaigns is remarkably lucid; the dull skirmishes, which those who took no part in them have nearly forgotten, are put down without tiresome pedantry as well as without any attempt merely to provide entertaining reading. To the unprofessional reader this is remarkably well done, but quite as well done is the more difficult task performed of explaining the causes of the war and of giving the reader a fair notion of all those particulars we know so well and which are so little understood by foreigners. The fact that the war was one fought by troops who had had no previous training, that the regular army was but a small part of the vast forces that acquired skill only by severe experience, made the history of what was done read like a something which could have no interest to officers who felt sure of having trained levies to command. The fate of the French armies in the war of 1870, however, has shown that even in Europe it may be the citizens on whom the duty of defense finally rests, as it rested with us in the beginning. Hence the Comte de Paris does well to offer to his countrymen the account of what was done by armies which, like their own, were raised from civil life. To be sure, in our war the opposing troops were equally inexperienced, and each learned lessons from its own defeats, while the unrelaxing grip of the Germans gave the French no breathing-time to repair their errors. We were more equally matched in that respect. That General Von Moltke, that man of few words, should on the rare occasion of opening his mouth have called our armies rabbles, and have said that their experience was unprofitable, would seem to be probably not more than half true. If indeed it was said, which is a very unimportant matter and not sufficient cause for eternal hatred of the German race, we may be tolerably certain that it was corrected by remarks which have not yet found their way into the American daily newspapers. It cannot be denied that there is much to be learned from the history of our war. There is the eternal lesson of the need of trained men to do hard work in life; that is what the war is supposed to have taught us, but such lessons are more readily set than learned; and, besides that, there are to be noticed the incidental advantages of an army like that of the North, composed of skilled men who were able to turn their hands to almost any of the obstacles that stand in their path. The purely military part of the war is full of instruction, and the wonderful deeds of the navy are certainly deserving of record and close study. At the beginning we find a long list of the errors to be avoided, and as we get further on we find the account of the successes which only deserve imitation.

These two volumes deserve to be read by every one; they contain a cool, temperate, and, so far as we can judge, an accurate account of the war. We can certainly warrant them to be fascinating reading, and it is a real joy to lay one's hands on a serious book which bears proof of so patient research and so generous enthusiasm, and which shows so agreeable a union of instruction and entertainment. If we are not mistaken it will be for a long time the classic history of the war. The succeeding volumes will be very welcome, and we can look forward with pleasant expectation to a history of so important a period of our country's experience, from so able a pen. We have always been discontented with the slight appreciation and comprehension the war found in Europe; now we can make that complaint no more.

ART.

To the Editor of The Atlantic Monthly:

Sir, — Many loose statements reflecting upon the conduct of the National Academy of Design have of late appeared in the journals of the day, which on account of their ephemeral and local nature have not been thought worthy of denial; but since these statements have cystallized in a more enduring and more widely circulated form in the columns of The Atlantic, and as the Academy and its officers are thereby injured in the public estimation, a refutal becomes imperative; and I trust that your sense of justice, and your interest in art and in the Academy, will cause you to make the needful correction by the publication of this letter.

The writer of the Art article in your June number states, that "the artists themselves had so long neglected the interests of their own institution, that it was on the very verge of bankruptcy;" that "they had wasted in bickerings the time that should have been used in hard work;" that "there were very few of them who accomplished, in any given year, either all the work they could have done, or work of as good quality as they were able to produce," etc. Now, as a matter of fact and figures, the Academy has never been on "the verge of bankruptcy." Its entire debt is only $35,000, while its real estate and other property are worth at a low valuation at least $400,000. Surely such a condition does not look like bankruptcy.

Of this indebtedness, the sum of $20,000 was contracted in the erection of the building, and the balance, of $15,000, has been incurred for the support of the schools, which are entirely free, and open to all comers, with no distinction on account of age, sex, color, or religion. They have involved an expenditure of nearly $18,000 during the past three years, and the admissions during these years were,

175	students	in	1871–72
196	"	"	1872–73
214	"	"	1873–74.

The business affairs have always been well managed, and I doubt if any other institution in the country, with so little public aid, can show so good a record of public service.

Then I assert that no artist has "wasted in bickerings the time that should have been used in hard work."

A few years ago there were differences of opinion respecting the government of the Academy and the policy that should be pursued; but no more personal feeling was engendered than always accompanies radical changes in the government of all institutions; certainly much less than has been exhibited of late in some religious conventions. During the whole of this time, each individual artist pursued the even tenor of his way, working as earnestly and as diligently in any given year as during that just passed, and, making due allowance for improvement, each one has produced as much and as good work. The mistake consists in supposing that the Academy exhibitions contain all of the pictures, or even all of the good ones, produced during the year. The majority of the pictures painted are sold during the season, and the owners are generally averse to sending them to the Academy to serve as the butts of the small wit of the critics.

Until the present exhibition the public has never regarded the Academy as a place where pictures could be purchased; although as many good works have every year been exhibited and returned unsold, as have been sold during this season. So instead of sending their unsold pictures to the Academy, the artists have generally preferred to retain them in their own studios, or to send them to some dealer's collection, where there were chances of sale, and where they were sure of considerate treatment from the press.

As one instance of this discrimination of the critics, take Benson's picture of The Strayed Maskers, which during its exhibition at the Century and Union League clubs and at Mr. Avery's rooms, some four months since, was universally praised; and now the same picture on the walls of the Academy is as generally condemned.

"What drugs, what charms, what conjurations, and what mighty magic" have the dealers won these critics with?

The idea of the average American art critic in regard to his functions seems to be that he is to write a spicy article, and that a picture is to be used merely as a

warp upon which to weave his woof of wit.

To the ignorant, all art is a sealed book, and the true critic in his relation to the public should stand as the interpreter of the artist's work, teaching not by the faults but by the virtues of the pictures before him.

Artists are not generally either idiots or knaves; and it is not to be presumed that they devote months of earnest work either to idiotic drivelings or to dishonest charlatanry, but that they have something to say that they think worth the telling; and the critic should be qualified both by nature and education to read this meaning and to make it known, and to interest the public in the study of pictures. Merely to point out the imperfections of a work of art is hardly the way to interest the public in its good qualities, which most art work has to a greater or less degree, if one can but see it from the artist's stand-point.

If the critic has the requisite knowledge and wishes to instruct the artist, surely his first and only lesson should not be one of ridicule and abuse, but rather of friendly appreciation. In this way will the critic become the friend of the artist and the instructor of the public.

An Academician.

New York, *July* 1, 1874.

Whoever else may have been guilty of making "loose statements reflecting upon the conduct of the National Academy of Design," we hope to convince the writer of the above letter, and our readers in general, that we at least are innocent of intention to misrepresent the Academy's affairs. We made no statement concerning its pecuniary condition in the article of which our correspondent complains, which was not founded on information derived directly both from members of the Academy and from persons outside — not "dealers," but gentlemen interested in art and in the welfare of the Academy. Nor were our informants, in saying what they did, moved by any desire to harm the Academy, any more than we were in repeating what they said. Yet, while we admit that, supposing the statement of An Academician to be correct, we certainly have been guilty of a technical error, and regret that we should even by so much have misrepresented the facts, we are disposed to believe we have not done the Academy so serious an injury by our misstatement as our correspondent has done it by his truth-telling. The Academy has been in existence nearly fifty years. During that time what has it done for the advancement of the fine arts among us? Leaving out of view the first half of its existence when it was struggling, and when it was no doubt doing all that could fairly be expected of it, if it paid the expenses of its yearly exhibition, let us ask what it has done during the latter half, when, according to An Academician, it has been rich and prosperous. It has held a yearly exhibition which during the last twenty years had steadily declined in interest and value, until at last it had come to be almost entirely neglected by the public. The exhibition of the present year has a history of its own, which our correspondent no doubt knows perfectly well, and which explains its exceptional merit and its exceptional pecuniary success. There can be no doubt, however, that in their zeal to encourage a tardy but welcome repentance, the critics of all the journals went to the limits of complaisance; for the exhibition would hardly have received in cold blood the praises that were bestowed upon it in a mood of enthusiasm. So much for the exhibitions: and now, what else has the Academy done for public education? During the last four years it has put forth for the first time a serious effort to make the schools of art connected with it something more than a mere name. It is only within that time that they have been worth anything to anybody. And even now their continued improvement and progress are put in jeopardy by the foolish face of praise with which their performances are contemplated by the artists and the public. It is only a few days ago that we heard an artist of considerable talent, who was at one time a high officer of the Academy, declare that the drawings of the pupils were fully equal to those of any of the great art schools of Europe, whether it were the École des Beaux Arts in Paris, or the Academy at Dusseldorf, or the Royal Academy in London. When such things are said by people who ought to know better, what wonder that buncombe gets talked by the reporters in the newspapers? Under the intelligent direction of Mr. Wilmarth, the schools are making reasonable progress, but how can they ever equal such a school as that of the Beaux Arts until they have the splendid opportunities it enjoys, in its corps of professors and

teachers, in the coöperation of the best artists of the country, and the criticism of a body of men trained peculiarly for its work? This yearly exhibition, and the foundation laid for good schools, is the sum total of what the Academy has done for the public education in art. Let us now glance at what it might have done. About ten years ago the Academy erected a building of considerable architectural pretension, which has been paid for by the contributions of individuals exchanging their money for the right to certain privileges in the Academy — season tickets to the exhibitions, tickets to the receptions, the right to send pupils to the schools, etc., etc. This building has never been made of any use to the public proportioned to its cost or to its possibilities. The Metropolitan Museum of Fine Arts and Goupil's Gallery have done more for the education of the public than the Academy has done in all its forty-odd years. Yet, if there had been any intelligent understanding of its own capabilities, or of its own duties, any generosity or largeness of view, the National Academy might have done nearly all that has been done by these two institutions (for Goupil's Gallery *is* an institution); nay, it might even have rendered the Metropolitan Museum unnecessary.

An Academician assures us that the Academy is very rich and owes very little money. Yet, with all its means, it has had no money to expend on pictures and statues for the establishment of a permanent gallery; it has no library worth consulting; it gives no lectures that are of any value (the interesting lectures of Mr. Waterhouse Hawkins had merely a superficial relation to art); it has no scholarships, gives no prizes, and does nothing for the support or aid of young students with small means. In short, it does nothing for art but what we stated in the beginning — it keeps up a yearly exhibition, and it has made a beginning of supporting a free school of art.

We submit that, if the statement of An Academician be true, the inertness and inefficiency of the Academy would have justified much harsher language than we employed. But we have no desire to be harsh, nor do we incline to hold the Academy to any greater responsibility than the facts will warrant. The truth is, that, without being "idiots or knaves," the artists here represent, as they do in every country, the average condition of intelligence and education in the community. We shall not blame them for not being geniuses, for not being, in intelligence and farsightedness, head and shoulders above the crowd. Their views have been the views of the society in which they have moved. In New York to be fashionable is to be successful. The artists have desired to be successful, and they have done all that in them lay to be fashionable. As a body, they have taken a mercantile view of their profession, and have used all their influence in a blind hostility to foreign art, merely as such, to subject art and artists in America to the bigotry of protection, to bring into the field of culture the jealousies and rivalries of trade. But in acting thus the artists of New York merely reflected their surroundings, and set in a new light the low-water state of culture in America.

All that we have said on the short-comings of the Academy has been said on the understanding that our correspondent's statements are to pass unchallenged. If the Academy be as rich as he reports it, is it not a shame that it does no more than it does for our art education?

But, in reality, is it so rich? It has a debt of only $35,000, and it has real estate and other property valued at $400,000; a low valuation, it is said. But whence is its income derived? How does it pay the interest on its debt, its taxes, and its current expenses? What interest-bearing capital has it; what rents, what stocks; what productive business? And if an institution has only a property which is a bill of expense while it remains unsold, and which if sold will deprive the institution of its home, — alienate its buildings, shut up its collections, and cause it to become a bank investment and nothing more, — what is the use of quarreling about the terms in which this condition of things is reported?

We repeat it: we are not responsible for the word "bankruptcy;" it had been freely used in conversations by members of the Academy, and was freely used in general talk over its affairs; and after all, was it practically so far from the truth as our correspondent would have it appear?

On the other subjects broached by An Academician we do not greatly care to enter. We agree with him that criticism should be real appreciation, and not mere detraction or fault-finding; but it is pretty certain that artists will never acknowledge the competency of critics except when the

critics praise them, and we long ago learned never to waste words in trying to defend our honesty of intention or our fitness for our work, against unbelievers.

Unfortunately for our correspondent's case, the bickerings, jealousies, and intrigues that have disturbed the harmony of New York studios, and that explain the short-comings of the Academy and the poverty of the exhibitions, are so much a matter of notoriety in art-circles that we need not waste words in establishing our case. Nor do we believe with An Academician that our artists have done every year as much work and as good work as they are capable of. Looking at the exhibition, visiting the studios, frequenting the dealers' galleries, and in general making out to see what is produced in the year, and finding the result so meagre in quantity and thin in quality, we declared that the artists could do much more work, and far better work, if they would improve their time, would work more in seclusion and give up their social and "society" aims altogether. We think our remark more favorable, more complimentary if the reader will, to the artists than that of their would-be defender. At any rate, we said what we did because we believed it to be true.

EDUCATION.

A GERMAN pamphlet containing the text of the new Prussian scheme of common-school instruction furnished the subject for some observations in the May Atlantic, wherein the superiority of the Prussian method of treating the branches of elementary education was pointed out. A translation of this valuable document, in regard to which many inquiries have been made, will soon be published, and it will doubtless attract much attention among American teachers, as being the latest official statement of the objects, aims, and methods of that system of popular education which is generally conceded to be, on the whole, the best in the world. The most interesting, and perhaps the most important part of this scheme is that which relates to the training of teachers. In Prussia, sooner than elsewhere, it was understood that to have good teachers it is necessary to organize special institutions for their professional education. With us it is too often taken for granted that a reformed programme means a reformed system of education. In Prussia, when an improvement is attempted, either in the matter or form of instruction in the schools, the reform begins with the normal schools. Hence, to understand Prussian education it is necessary to study the history of the development of the Prussian normal schools. Professor Stowe and Mr. Mann described the Prussian system of training teachers as it existed forty years ago, when the aim was less to train the future school-master for the technical work of teaching children of from eight to fourteen to read, write, and cipher, than to give him a complete mental culture. The normal school of that period was a university on a small scale, with its single faculty of *Pädagogik*, and the normal teacher was a professor, giving his courses of logic, *Pädagogik*, *Didactik*, *Methodik*, anthropology, or psychology. There was too much theoretical lecturing, and not enough practical teaching of the elementary branches and training in the art of school-keeping. The results of this system proved unsatisfactory, and a sounder educational theory at length proscribed both its aim and its method. The reaction against it, however, being greatly intensified by political considerations, was carried too far. The scientific furniture of the old school was discarded, little attention was paid to general culture, and the forming and development of the understanding were too much ignored. The reactionary *Regulative* of 1854 did not allow the teaching of systematic pedagogy even in a popular form, prescribing in its place "the art of school management," and limiting the matters taught in the lessons very nearly to the standard of the course in the elementary school. The teaching of method as a separate branch was no longer permitted, and as a part of school management it was to be introduced only so far as necessary to explain the connection between the various parts of elementary teaching, and the relation in which each part stands to the objects of the school and to the edu-

cation it is designed to give. Physics, the favorite branch of the old teachers, was turned out of doors, and *Heimathskunde*, or observation of the phenomena of our own neighborhood, was substituted for it, while general history was supplanted by "history of our fatherland." In teaching German, the "so-called classical literature" of Germany was absolutely prohibited, even for private reading, and in its place a select library, chiefly compilations of modern writers, was ordered for the normal school. Learning by rote was largely substituted for the formal exercise of the understanding, and "instead of knowledge the object proposed to the student was the acquisition of the technical facilities which the children were to learn from him." It is easy to imagine the sort of school-master formed by this system of training. He had too little culture and knowledge, and hence too little intellectual independence. With limited power of comprehending principles, he was necessarily confined to a mechanical routine. In technical skill, within a narrow range, no doubt he excelled; but in educating power, in the capacity to form character, and to inspire his pupils with a worthy ambition, he was sadly deficient. The reform evidently went too far, and overshot the mark. But in the history of Prussian education we do not find a repetition of unsuccessful experiments, and out of all this experience wisdom has been learned. The new reform, as presented in the Regulative of the minister of instruction, contained in the pamphlet under consideration, seems to have avoided both the former extremes, and to have hit the golden mean. The new programme is characterized by a wise moderation. It is proportionate in all its parts. It makes due provision for both general culture and technical skill. In theory and practice it is equally balanced. One advantage is as little as possible sacrificed to another.

Every normal school is to have organically connected with it two practice schools, one graded and the other ungraded. The course of instruction continues three years, the pupils of each year constituting a class. It is the object of the lowest class to bring under uniform training and work students whose previous preparation has been different. They are to be taught to arrange and supplement their knowledge, and to reproduce it independently. In this grade, the students have no connection with the practice schools. In the second class, the students receive such extension of their knowledge as they will require in their subsequent work as teachers. In the practice schools, they listen to the exercises of the teachers, in which, at intervals, they render assistance, and make trials independently in teaching. In the first class, where the course is concluded, the pupils are especially instructed with reference to their future self-culture. Besides, they undertake, under the guidance and oversight of the principal and instructors of the practice schools, continuous instruction in the same. In this practice they are to be occupied not less than six nor more than ten hours a week, and the programme must be so arranged that no pupil will leave the training seminary without having had an opportunity to practice the teaching of all the essential branches prescribed for the common schools. In the Prussian seminaries for teachers the practicing school is the point round which the whole of the instruction turns. And herein they are vastly superior to our American normal schools, which are rarely provided with any practicing school at all. Hence our normal schools are too theoretical. Like the Prussian normal schools of forty years ago, they are aiming too exclusively at general culture, and not enough at practical skill. They send out pupils largely imbued with good principles, but lamentably deficient in the technical skill they need in the school-room. Under the head of "Pedagogy," in the new scheme, the following are the requirements: —

"Lowest class, two hours a week. The students are instructed in the essential points with regard to the history of education and instruction, by means of sketches of the most prominent men, of the most agitated periods, of the most interesting and successful improvements in the sphere of the common school. An introduction to the principal works of pedagogical literature, especially those of the period since the Reformation, will serve to supplement and illustrate the above sketches. The reading is to be so arranged that the discussion of some pedagogical question will naturally be suggested by it. And this discussion is to be conducted in such a way that the students will learn to comprehend intelligently and independently the contents of a more or less lengthy treatment.

"Middle class, two hours. In general, on the subjects of education and instruction (Instruction, Form of Instruction, Educa-

tion by Instruction), including what is necessary in logic and psychology.

"Upper class, three hours. In particular, on the mode of teaching (Method). Office of the school. Administration of the school. More extended duties of the teacher and his self-improvement. The students are made acquainted with the general regulations regarding common-school instruction current in the department for which they are being directly prepared. The principal of the school of practice treats of the observations made by himself in reference to the work of the pupils in the same, and such as have been communicated to him by the instructors in the different departments."

Within the limits of this judicious outline the director of each normal school is to arrange a particular programme for instruction in this branch in his institution, which must be submitted for approval to the minister of instruction. And so of all the other required subjects of instruction, namely, religion, German, history, arithmetic, geometry, algebra, natural history, physics, chemistry, geography, drawing, writing, gymnastics, music; the French, English, or Latin language; gardening, and silk-culture. The information which the students receive in all these branches is to be in its form a sample of that which they will later have to impart as teachers. The courses on German and music are especially elaborate and comprehensive. To the former are given five hours a week during the first two years, and two during the third; and to the latter the same in the lower classes, and three hours in the highest. The reason why so much time is devoted to music is that the seminary has to form not only the teacher of singing for the school, but the organist and the precentor for the church. The course in this branch therefore comprises not only singing and harmony, but instruction on the violin, piano, and organ.

This scheme of normal training is preceded by a detailed statement of the qualifications requisite for admission to the normal seminary, with specific directions as to the examination of candidates, and followed by the revised regulations respecting the examination of teachers for the different grades of common schools.

All educational interests centre in the teacher, and the test of every system of education is found in its provisions for securing competent teachers. Here is the weak point in the systems in our several States. Nowhere is there anything like adequate provision either for educating professionally a supply of teachers, or for duly testing their qualifications. In this general lack of the necessary means of securing skillful teachers, is found the chief cause of the unsatisfactory results of our schools, especially those outside the cities and larger villages. In our efforts to supply this deficiency we shall do well to avail ourselves of the results of the experience of that country which has always been foremost in this matter, and especially of the results embodied in this new scheme.

— This edition of a part of Virgil[1] belongs to the new series prepared by Messrs. W. F. and J. H. Allen, and J. B. Greenough. But we believe we are not wrong in attributing the chief share in the work before us to Professor Greenough.

Frequent regrets have been expressed of late that the funds devoted by private and public generosity to the purposes of college education have been frittered away among a large number of small and often weak institutions all over the country, instead of being concentrated in a small number of strong ones. For precisely similar reasons we regret that the advancing scholarship of our country is spending itself on a great variety of school books traversing a limited ground, so that every year sees one or more arithmetics, readers, geographies, Ciceros, coming from the publishing houses of various cities, no one of each kind so transcendently better that it must absorb the whole demand for new text-books on its subject. It is perfectly natural that each publisher should wish to have his "series" outstrip that of his rival. But it is hard to see how he will further this end by turning the attention of the editors he secures to the very same classics which have already been treated with considerable success elsewhere, and which, from the nature of the case, give scope for little more than selection and rearrangement of the investigations of European scholars. If by any conceivable joining of forces, such scholars as Professor Greenough of Cambridge and Professor Chase of Haverford could have supplemented and not conflicted with each other, we believe that Virgil and Cicero would both have been better edited than they are in either the Boston or the Phil-

1 *The Poems of Virgil.* Vol. I. Containing the Pastoral Poems and Six Books of the Æneid. Boston: Ginn Brothers

adelphia "series," — not that Professor Chase ought to be charged with the faults of the Philadelphia Cicero.

If we believed that the multiplication of Virgils would forever banish such farragos as "Cooper," we should hail every new one. But we regret to see how even teachers who aim as high as Mr. Greenough often continue the old practice of furnishing pupils with a translation of the poet's puzzling phrases, without showing the reasons for selecting English so far from the Latin in looks. Hence it comes that boys are jumped, so to speak, over Virgil, and leave it loudly asserting that the last books of the Æneid, over which they were carried two hundred lines a lesson, are easy — easier than Cicero's Orations; when every scholar, the longer he studies them, finds it harder to translate them, or, rather, to account for his translation. We would point to the translations of this edition of Æn. I. 543, II. 85, III. 429, as likely to give more trouble than help in the next case where the same words occurred, though saving dictionary work at the moment. One great, perhaps the greatest, practical use of classical study is now recognized by all good teachers to be the cultivation of the analytical faculty, by compelling boys to melt down, as it were, the vocabulary and idioms of the ancient languages, and recast the matter into those of their own — a process sadly unnerved by a profusion of ready-made translations, even if they are as succinct and elegant as Mr. Greenough's. One case where we seem to see this fault is the second half of his note on Æn. II. 460; the *first* half is a most capital illustration from a real and noted building; it had occurred to us many years ago, but we have never noticed it before in print.

As a case where Mr. Greenough for the first time for a century (since Heyne, 1767) explains a passage rightly, we would point to his note on Æn. VI. 567, which we earnestly commend to teachers who still wallow in the absurdity of calling *castigatque auditque* a *hysteron proteron*.

It was to be expected from Mr. Greenough's Grammar that he would give boys a considerable taste of comparative philology. We own to great fears as to the value of this study. Not that it will not interest young pupils; on the contrary, we know by experience that it often interests them so much to consider what the prehistoric Aryans probably said, that they get hazy on what the historic Mantuan did say. One youth, who was rather a dab at Grimm's law, told his teacher that Horace, Odes I. xvi. 4, referred to the Emperor Hadrian. A somewhat similar remark might be made as to the introduction of recent theories on Roman Antiquities, which are so alien to what Virgil supposed to be true that they may sometimes puzzle students who are in the elements.

We regret that Mr. Greenough has followed Ribbeck's text. On Æn. IV. 436 he confesses the absurdity of Ribbeck's *monte*, — no worse, by the way, than Schrader's *sorte* or Burmann's *forte*, — but why does he recognize, in his note on Æn. III. 705, the preposterous *velis*, which neither Ribbeck nor Mr. Greenough dare to make supersede *ventis* in the text, to which our present editor's excellent note accurately though unconsciously applies? On Æn. II. 445 we think the evidence for *tota* very weak.

The typographical execution is generally excellent; but we notice an awkward blunder in the note to Æn. II. 98.

— The History of Germany[1] is the latest that has appeared in Mr. Freeman's historical course for schools, and it bears a close resemblance to the rest in its merits and in its one possible fault, that of too great compression. Like many text-books these may be better for teachers than for scholars, since they give hardly more than brief outlines; but great pains have been taken to make the outlines correct, and in that respect they excel most of their rivals. They cannot be too warmly praised if they are used by good teachers, who are able to fill up the arid record by copious explanations and illustrations, and it is too much to ask of a text-book that it shall fully take the place of an intelligent teacher. What is particularly good in most of the books of this series is the discreet omission of idle facts which only burden the memory, and the presentation of the history as an organic whole and not a mere succession in time of disconnected incidents. We know none of the same pretensions which are better.

1 *History of Germany.* By James Sime, M. A. Edited by Edward A. Freeman, D. C. L. Edition adapted for American Readers. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1874.

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EUGENE PICKERING.

IN TWO PARTS. PART II.

MADAME BLUMENTHAL seemed, for the time, to have abjured the Kursaal, and I never caught a glimpse of her. Her young friend, apparently, was an interesting study; she wished to pursue it undiverted.

She reappeared, however, at last, one evening at the opera, where from my chair I perceived her in a box, looking extremely pretty. Adelina Patti was singing, and after the rising of the curtain I was occupied with the stage; but on looking round when it fell for the *entr'acte*, I saw that the authoress of Cleopatra had been joined by her young admirer. He was sitting a little behind her, leaning forward, looking over her shoulder and listening, while she, slowly moving her fan to and fro and letting her eye wander over the house, was apparently talking of this person and that. No doubt she was saying sharp things; but Pickering was not laughing; his eyes were following her covert indications; his mouth was half open, as it always was when he was interested; he looked intensely serious. I was glad that, having her back to him, she was unable to see how he looked. It seemed the proper moment to present myself and make her my bow; but just as I was about to leave my place, a gentleman, whom in a moment I perceived to be an old acquaintance, came to occupy the next chair. Recognition and mutual greetings followed, and I was forced to postpone my visit to Madame Blumenthal. I was not sorry, for it very soon occurred to me that Niedermeyer would be just the man to give me a fair prose version of Pickering's lyrical tributes to his friend. He was an Austrian by birth, and had formerly lived about Europe a great deal, in a series of small diplomatic posts. England especially he had often visited, and he spoke the language almost without accent. I had once spent three rainy days with him in the house of an English friend, in the country. He was a sharp observer and a good deal of a gossip; he knew a little something about every one, and about some people everything. His knowledge on social matters generally had the flavor of all German science; it was copious, minute, exhaustive. "Do tell me," I said, as we stood looking round the house, "who and what is the lady in white, with the young man sitting behind her."

"Who?" he answered, dropping his glass. "Madame Blumenthal! What? It would take long to say. Be intro-

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duced; it 's easily done; you 'll find her charming. Then, after a week, you 'll tell me what she is."

"Perhaps I should n't. My friend there has known her a week, and I don't think he is yet able to give an accurate account of her."

He raised his glass again, and after looking awhile, "I 'm afraid your friend is a little — what do you call it? — a little 'soft.' Poor fellow! he 's not the first. I 've never known this lady that she had not some eligible youth hovering about in some such attitude as that, undergoing the softening process. She looks wonderfully well, from here. It 's extraordinary how those women last!"

"You don't mean, I take it, when you talk about 'those women,' that Madame Blumenthal is not embalmed, for duration, in a certain dilution of respectability?"

"Yes and no. The sort of atmosphere that surrounds her is entirely of her own making. There is no reason, in her antecedents, that people should lower their voice when they speak of her. But some women are never at their ease till they have given some odd twist or other to their position before the world. The attitude of upright virtue is unbecoming, like sitting too straight in a *fauteuil*. Don't ask me for opinions, however; content yourself with a few facts, and an anecdote. Madame Blumenthal is Prussian, and very well born. I remember her mother, an old Westphalian Gräfin, with principles marshaled out like Frederick the Great's grenadiers. She was poor, however, and her principles were an insufficient dowry for Anastasia, who was married very young to a shabby Jew, twice her own age. He was supposed to have money, but I 'm afraid he had less than was nominated in the bond, or else that his pretty young wife spent it very fast. She has been a widow these six or eight years, and living, I imagine, in rather a hand to mouth fashion. I suppose she is some thirty four or five years old. In winter one hears of her in Berlin, giving little suppers to the artistic rabble there; in summer one often sees her across the green table at Ems and Wiesbaden. She 's very clever, and her cleverness has spoiled her. A year after her marriage she published a novel, with her views on matrimony, in the George Sand manner, but really out-Heroding Herod. No doubt she was very unhappy; Blumenthal was an old beast. Since then she has published a lot of stuff — novels and poems and pamphlets on every conceivable theme, from the conversion of Lola Montez, to the Hegelian philosophy. Her talk is much better than her writing. Her radical theories on matrimony made people think lightly of her at a time when her rebellion against it was probably theoretic. She had a taste for spinning fine phrases, she drove her shuttle, and when she came to the end of her yarn, she found that society had turned its back. She tossed her head, declared that at last she could breathe the air of freedom, and formally announced her adhesion to an 'intellectual' life. This meant unlimited *camaraderie* with scribblers and daubers, Hegelian philosophers, and Hungarian pianists waiting for engagements. But she has been admired also by a great many really clever men; there was a time, in fact, when she turned a head as well set on its shoulders as this one!" And Niedermeyer tapped his forehead. "She has a great charm, and, literally, I know no harm of her. Yet for all that, I 'm not going to speak to her; I 'm not going near her box. I 'm going to leave her to say, if she does me the honor to observe the omission, that I too have gone over to the Philistines. 'T is not that; it is that there is something sinister about the woman. I 'm too old to have it frighten me, but I 'm good-natured enough to have it pain me. Her quarrel with society has brought her no happiness, and her outward charm is only the mask of a dangerous discontent. Her imagination is lodged where her heart should be! So long as you amuse it, well and good; she 's radiant. But the moment you let it flag, she 's capable of dropping you without a pang. If you land on your feet, you 're so much the

wiser, simply; but there have been two or three, I believe, who have almost broken their necks in the fall."

"You 're reversing your promise," I said, "and giving me an opinion, but not an anecdote."

"This is my anecdote. A year ago a friend of mine made her acquaintance in Berlin, and though he was no longer a young man and had never been what 's called a susceptible one, he took a great fancy to Madame Blumenthal. He 's a major in the Prussian artillery — grizzled, grave, a trifle severe, a man every way firm in the faith of his fathers. It 's a proof of Anastasia's charm that such a man should have got into the way of calling on her every day for a month. But the major was in love, or next door to it! Every day that he called he found her scribbling away at a little ormolu table on a lot of half-sheets of note paper. She used to bid him sit down and hold his tongue for a quarter of an hour, till she had finished her chapter; she was writing a novel, and it was promised to a publisher. Clorinda, she confided to him, was the name of the injured heroine. The major, I imagine, had never read a work of fiction in his life, but he knew by hearsay that Madame Blumenthal's literature, when put forth in pink covers, was subversive of several respectable institutions. Besides, he did n't believe in women knowing how to write at all, and it irritated him to see this prolific being scribbling away under his nose for the press; irritated him the more that, as I say, he was in love with her and that he ventured to believe she had a kindness for his years and his honors. And yet she was not such a woman as he could easily ask to marry him. The result of all this was that he fell into the way of railing at her intellectual pursuits and saying he should like to run his sword through her pile of papers. A woman was clever enough when she could guess her husband's wishes, and learned enough when she could spell out her prayer-book. At last, one day, Madame Blumenthal flung down her pen and announced in triumph that she had finished her novel. Clorinda had danced her dance. The major, by way of congratulating her, declared that her novel was coquetry and vanity and that she propagated vicious paradoxes on purpose to make a noise in the world and look picturesque and impassioned. He added, however, that he loved her in spite of her follies, and that if she would formally abjure them he would as formally offer her his hand. They say that in certain cases women like being frightened and snubbed. I don't know, I 'm sure; I don't know how much pleasure, on this occasion, was mingled with Anastasia's wrath. But her wrath was very quiet, and the major assured me it made her look terribly handsome. 'I have told you before,' she says, 'that I write from an inner need. I write to unburden my heart, to satisfy my conscience. You call my poor efforts coquetry, vanity, the desire to produce a sensation. I can prove to you that it is the quiet labor itself I care for, and not the world's more or less flattering attention to it!' And seizing the manuscript of Clorinda she thrusts it into the fire. The major stands staring, and the first thing he knows she is sweeping him a great courtesy and bidding him farewell forever. Left alone and recovering his wits, he fishes out Clorinda from the embers and then proceeds to thump vigorously at the lady's door. But it never opened, and from that day to the day three months ago when he told me the tale, he had not beheld her again."

"By Jove, it 's a striking story," I said. "But the question is, what does it prove?"

"Several things. First (what I was careful not to tell my friend), that Madame Blumenthal cared for him a trifle more than he supposed; second, that he cares for her more than ever; third, that the performance was a master stroke and that her allowing him to force an interview upon her again is only a question of time."

"And last?" I asked.

"This is another anecdote. The other day, Unter den Linden, I saw on a bookseller's counter a little pink-

covered romance: Sophronia, by Madame Blumenthal. Glancing through it, I observed an extraordinary abuse of asterisks; every two or three pages the narrative was adorned with a portentous blank, crossed with a row of stars."

"Well, but poor Clorinda?" I objected, as Niedermeyer paused.

"Sophronia, my dear fellow, is simply Clorinda renamed by the baptism of fire. The fair author comes back, of course, and finds Clorinda tumbled upon the floor, a good deal scorched, but on the whole more frightened than hurt. She picks her up, brushes her off, and sends her to the printer. Wherever the flames had burnt a hole, she swings a constellation! But if the major is prepared to drop a penitent tear over the ashes of Clorinda, I shan't whisper to him that the urn is empty."

Even Adelina Patti's singing, for the next half-hour, but half availed to divert me from my quickened curiosity to behold Madame Blumenthal face to face. As soon as the curtain had fallen again, I repaired to her box and was ushered in by Pickering with zealous hospitality. His glowing smile seemed to say to me, "Ay, look for yourself, and adore!" Nothing could have been more gracious than the lady's greeting, and I found, somewhat to my surprise, that her prettiness lost nothing on a nearer view. Her eyes indeed were the finest I have ever seen — the softest, the deepest, the most intensely responsive. In spite of something faded and jaded in her physiognomy, her movements, her smile, and the tone of her voice, especially when she laughed, had an almost girlish frankness and spontaneity. She looked at you very hard with her radiant gray eyes, and she indulged in talking in a superabundance of restless, zealous gestures, as if to make you take her meaning in a certain very particular and rather superfine sense. I wondered whether after a while this might not fatigue one's attention; then, meeting her charming eyes, I said, No! not for ages, at least. She was very clever, and, as Pickering had said, she spoke English admirably. I told her, as I took my seat beside her, of the fine things I had heard about her from my friend, and she listened, letting me run on some time, and exaggerate a little, with her fine eyes fixed full upon me. "Really?" she suddenly said, turning short round upon Pickering, who stood behind us, and looking at him in the same way, "is that the way you talk about me?"

He blushed to his eyes, and I repented. She suddenly began to laugh; it was then I observed how sweet her voice was in laughter. We talked after this of various matters, and in a little while I complimented her on her excellent English and asked if she had learned it in England.

"Heaven forbid!" she cried. "I 've never been there and wish never to go. I should never get on with the" — I wondered what she was going to say; the fogs, the smoke, or whist with sixpenny stakes? — "I should never get on," she said, "with the Aristocracy! I 'm a fierce democrat, I 'm not ashamed of it. I hold opinions which would make my ancestors turn in their graves. I was born in the lap of feudalism. I 'm a daughter of the crusaders. But I 'm a revolutionist! I have a passion for freedom — boundless, infinite, ineffable freedom. It 's to your great country I should like to go. I should like to see the wonderful spectacle of a great people free to do everything it chooses, and yet never doing anything wrong!"

I replied, modestly, that, after all, both our freedom and our virtue had their limits, and she turned quickly about and shook her fan with a dramatic gesture at Pickering. "No matter, no matter!" she cried, "I should like to see the country which produced that wonderful young man. I think of it as a sort of Arcadia — a land of the golden age. He 's so delightfully innocent! In this stupid old Germany, if a young man is innocent, he 's a fool; he has no brains; he 's not a bit interesting. But Mr. Pickering says the most naïf things, and after I have laughed five minutes at their simplicity it suddenly occurs to me that they are very wise, and I think them over for a week.

True!" she went on, nodding at him. "I call them inspired solecisms, and I treasure them up. Remember that when I next laugh at you!"

Glancing at Pickering, I was prompted to believe that he was in a state of beatific exaltation which weighed Madame Blumenthal's smiles and frowns in an equal balance. They were equally hers, they were links alike in the golden chain. He looked at me with eyes that seemed to say, "Did you ever hear such wit? Did you ever see such grace?" I imagine he was but vaguely conscious of the meaning of her words; her gestures, her voice and glance, made an irresistible harmony. There is something painful in the spectacle of absolute inthrallment, even to an excellent cause. I gave no response to Pickering's challenge, but embarked upon some formal tribute to the merits of Adelina Patti's singing. Madame Blumenthal, as became a "revolutionist," was obliged to confess that she could see no charm in it; it was meagre, it was trivial, it lacked soul. "You must know that in music, too," she said, "I think for myself!" And she began with a great many flourishes of her fan to expound what it was she thought. Remarkable things, doubtless; but I cannot answer for it, for in the midst of the exposition, the curtain rose again. "You can't be a great artist without a great passion!" Madame Blumenthal was affirming. Before I had time to assent, Madame Patti's voice rose wheeling like a skylark, and rained down its silver notes. "Ah, give me that art," I whispered, "and I'll leave you your passion!" and I departed for my own place in the orchestra. I wondered afterwards whether the speech had seemed rude, and inferred that it had not, on receiving a friendly nod from the lady, in the lobby, as the theatre was emptying itself. She was on Pickering's arm, and he was taking her to her carriage. Distances are short at Homburg, but the night was rainy, and Madame Blumenthal exhibited a very pretty satin-shod foot as a reason why, though but a penniless creature, she should not walk home. Pickering left us together a moment while he went to hail the vehicle, and my companion seized the opportunity, as she said, to beg me to be so very kind as to come and see her. It was for a particular reason! It was reason enough for me, of course I answered, that I could grasp at the shadow of a permission. She looked at me a moment with that extraordinary gaze of hers, which seemed so absolutely audacious in its candor, and answered that I paid more compliments than our young friend there, but that she was sure I was not half so sincere. "But it 's about him I want to talk," she said. "I want to ask you many things; I want you to tell me all about him. He interests me, but you see my sympathies are so intense, my imagination is so lively, that I don't trust my own impressions. They 've misled me more than once!" And she gave a little tragic shudder.

I promised to come and compare notes with her, and we bade her farewell at her carriage door. Pickering and I remained a while, walking up and down the long glazed gallery of the Kursaal. I had not taken many steps before I became aware that I was beside a man in the very extremity of love. "Is n't she wonderful?" he asked, with an implicit confidence in my sympathy which it cost me some ingenuity to elude. If he was really in love, well and good! For although, now that I had seen her, I stood ready to confess to large possibilities of fascination on Madame Blumenthal's part, and even to certain possibilities of sincerity of which I reserved the precise admeasurement, yet it seemed to me less ominous to have him give the reins to his imagination than it would have been to see him stand off and cultivate an "admiration" which should pique itself on being discriminating. It was on his fundamental simplicity that I counted for a happy termination of his experiment, and the former of these alternatives seemed to me to prove most in its favor. I resolved to hold my tongue and let him run his course. He had a great deal to say about his happiness, about the days passing like hours, the

hours like minutes, and about Madame Blumenthal being a "revelation." "She was nothing to-night," he said, "nothing to what she sometimes is in the way of brilliancy — in the way of repartee. If you could only hear her when she tells her adventures!"

"Adventures?" I inquired. "Has she had adventures?"

"Of the most wonderful sort!" cried Pickering, with rapture. "She has n't vegetated, like me! She has lived in the tumult of life. When I listen to her reminiscences, it 's like hearing the mingled shadowy suggestions of conflict and trouble in one of Beethoven's symphonies, as they lose themselves in a triumphant harmony of faith and strength!"

I could only bow, but I desired to know before we separated what he had done with that troublesome conscience of his. "I suppose you know, my dear fellow," I said, "that you 're simply in love. That 's what they call your state of mind."

He replied with a brightening eye, as if he were delighted to hear it. "So Madame Blumenthal told me," he cried, "only this morning!" And seeing, I suppose, that I was slightly puzzled, "I went to drive with her," he continued; "we drove to Königstein, to see the old castle. We scrambled up into the heart of the ruin and sat for an hour in one of the crumbling old courts. Something in the solemn stillness of the place unloosed my tongue, and while she sat on an ivied stone, on the edge of the plunging wall, I stood there and made a speech. She listened to me, looking at me, breaking off little bits of stone and letting them drop down into the valley. At last she got up and nodded at me two or three times silently, with a smile, as if she were applauding me for a solo on the violin. 'You 're in love,' she said. 'It 's a perfect case!' And for some time she said nothing more. But before we left the place she told me that she owed me an answer to my speech. She thanked me heartily, but she was afraid that if she took me at my word she would be taking advantage of my inexperience. I had known few women, I was too easily pleased, I thought her better than she really was. She had great faults; I must know her longer and find them out; I must compare her with other women — women younger, simpler, more innocent, more ignorant; 'and then if I still did her the honor to think well of her, she would listen to me again. I told her that I was not afraid of preferring any woman in the world to her, and then she repeated, 'Happy man, happy man! you 're in love, you 're in love!'"

I called upon Madame Blumenthal a couple of days later, in some agitation of thought. It has been proved that there are, here and there, in the world, such people as sincere attitudinizers; certain characters cultivate fictitious emotions in perfect good faith. Even if this clever lady enjoyed poor Pickering's bedazzlement, it was conceivable that, taking vanity and charity together, she should care more for his welfare than for her own entertainment, and her offer to abide by the result of hazardous comparisons with other women was a finer stroke than her fame — and indeed than probability — had seemed to foreshadow. She received me in a shabby little sitting-room, littered with uncut books and newspapers, many of which I saw at a glance were French. One side of it was occupied by an open piano, surmounted by a jar full of white roses. They perfumed the air; they seemed to me to exhale the pure aroma of Pickering's devotion. Buried in an armchair, the object of this devotion was reading the Revue des Deux Mondes. The purpose of my visit was not to admire Madame Blumenthal on my own account, but to ascertain how far I might safely leave her to work her will upon my friend. She had impugned my sincerity the evening of the opera, and I was careful on this occasion to abstain from compliments and not to place her on her guard against my penetration. It is needless to narrate our interview in detail; indeed, to tell the perfect truth, I was punished for my ambition to read

her too clearly by a temporary eclipse of my own perspicacity. She sat there so questioning, so perceptive, so genial, so generous, and so pretty withal, that I was quite ready at the end of half an hour to shake hands with Pickering on her being a wonderful woman. I have never liked to linger, in memory, on that half-hour. The result of it was to prove that there were many more things in the composition of a woman who, as Niedermeyer said, had lodged her imagination in the place of her heart, than were dreamt of in my philosophy. Yet, as I sat there stroking my hat and balancing the account between nature and art in my affable hostess, I felt like a very competent philosopher. She had said she wished me to tell her everything about our friend, and she questioned me, categorically, as to his family, his fortune, his antecedents, and his character. All this was natural in a woman who had received a passionate declaration of love, and it was expressed with an air of charmed solicitude, a radiant confidence that there was really no mistake about his being a supremely fine fellow, and that if I chose to be explicit, I might deepen her conviction to disinterested ecstasy, which might have almost inspired me to invent a good opinion, if I had not had one at hand. I told her that she really knew Pickering better than I did, and that until we met at Homburg, I had not seen him since he was a boy.

"But he talks to you freely," she answered; "I know you're his confidant. He has told me certainly a great many things, but I always feel as if he were keeping something back — as if he were holding something behind him, and showing me only one hand at once. He seems often to be hovering on the edge of a secret. I have had several friendships in my life — thank Heaven! but I have had none more dear to me than this one. Yet in the midst of it I have the painful sense of my friend being half afraid me — of his thinking me terrible, strange, perhaps a trifle out of my wits. Poor me! If he only knew what a plain good soul I am, and how I only want to know him and befriend him!"

These words were full of a plaintive magnanimity which made mistrust seem cruel. How much better I might play providence over Pickering's experiments with life, if I could engage the fine instincts of this charming woman on the providential side! Pickering's secret was, of course, his engagement to Miss Vernor; it was natural enough that he should have been unable to bring himself to talk of it to Madame Blumenthal. The simple sweetness of this young girl's face had not faded from my memory; I could n't rid myself of the fancy that in going further Pickering might fare much worse. Madame Blumenthal's professions seemed a virtual promise to agree with me, and after a momentary hesitation I said that my friend had, in fact, a substantial secret, and that it appeared to me enlightened friendship to put her into possession of it. In as few words as possible I told her that Pickering stood pledged by filial piety to marry a young lady at Smyrna. She listened intently to my story; when I had finished it there was a faint flush of excitement in each of her cheeks. She broke out into a dozen exclamations of admiration and compassion. "What a wonderful tale — what a romantic situation! No wonder poor Mr. Pickering seemed restless and unsatisfied — no wonder he wished to put off the day of submission. And the poor little girl at Smyrna — waiting there for the young Western prince like the heroine of an Eastern tale! She would give the world to see her photograph; did I think Mr. Pickering would show it to her? But never fear; she would ask nothing indiscreet! Yes, it was a marvellous story, and if she had invented it herself, people would have said it was absurdly improbable." She left her seat and took several turns about the room, smiling to herself and uttering little German cries of wonderment. Suddenly she stopped before the piano and broke into a little laugh; the next moment she buried her face in the great bouquet of roses. It was time

I should go, but I was indisposed to leave her without obtaining some definite assurance that, as far as pity was concerned, she pitied the young girl at Smyrna more than the young man at Homburg. "Of course you appreciate," I said, rising, "my hopes in telling you all this."

She had taken one of the roses from the vase and was arranging it in the front of her dress. Suddenly, looking up, "Leave it to me, leave it to me!" she cried. "I'm interested!" And with her little blue-gemmed hand she tapped her forehead. "I'm interested — don't interfere!"

And with this I had to content myself. But more than once, for the day following, I repented of my zeal, and wondered whether a providence with a white rose in her bosom might not turn out a trifle too human. In the evening, at the Kursaal, I looked for Pickering, but he was not visible, and I reflected that my revelation had not as yet, at any rate, seemed to Madame Blumenthal a reason for prescribing a cooling-term to his passion. Very late, as I was turning away, I saw him arrive — with no small satisfaction, for I had determined to let him know immediately in what way I had attempted to serve him. But he straightway passed his arm through my own and led me off toward the gardens. I saw that he was too excited to allow me prior speech.

"I've burnt my ships!" he cried, when we were out of earshot of the crowd. "I've told her everything. I've insisted that it's simple torture for me to wait, with this idle view of loving her less. It's well enough for her to ask it, but I feel strong enough now to override her reluctance. I've cast off the mill-stone from round my neck. I care for nothing, I know nothing but that I love her with every pulse of my being — and that everything else has been a hideous dream, from which she may wake me into blissful morning with a single word!"

I held him off at arms-length and looked at him gravely. "You have told her, you mean, of your engagement to Miss Vernor?"

"The whole story! I've given it up — I've thrown it to the winds. I've broken utterly with the past. It may rise in its grave and give me its curse, but it can't frighten me now. I've a right to be happy, I've a right to be free, I've a right not to bury myself alive. It was n't *I* who promised! I was n't born then. I myself, my soul, my mind, my option — all this is but a month old! Ah," he went on, "if you knew the difference it makes — this having chosen and broken and spoken! I'm twice the man I was yesterday! Yesterday I was afraid of her; there was a kind of mocking mystery of knowledge and cleverness about her, which oppressed me in the midst of my love. But now I'm afraid of nothing but of being too happy."

I stood silent, to let him spend his eloquence. But he paused a moment, and took off his hat and fanned himself. "Let me perfectly understand," I said at last. "You've asked Madame Blumenthal to be your wife?"

"The wife of my intelligent choice."

"And does she consent?"

"She asks three days to decide."

"Call it four! She has known your secret since this morning. I'm bound to let you know I told her."

"So much the better!" cried Pickering, without apparent resentment or surprise. "It's not a brilliant offer for such a woman, and in spite of what I have at stake I feel that it would be brutal to press her."

"What does she say," I asked in a moment, "to your breaking your promise?"

Pickering was too much in love for false shame. "She tells me," he answered bravely, "that she loves me too much to find courage to condemn me. She agrees with me that I have a right to be happy. I ask no exemption from the common law. What I claim is simply freedom to try to be!"

Of course I was puzzled; it was not in that fashion that I had expected Madame Blumenthal to make use of my

information. But the matter now was quite out of my hands, and all I could do was to bid my companion not work himself into a fever over either fortune.

The next day I had a visit from Niedermeyer, on whom, after our talk at the opera, I had left a card. We gossiped a while, and at last he said suddenly: "By the way, I have a sequel to the history of Clorinda. The major is in Homburg!"

"Indeed!" said I. "Since when?"

"These three days."

"And what is he doing?"

"He seems," said Niedermeyer with a laugh, "to be chiefly occupied in sending flowers to Madame Blumenthal. That is, I went with him the morning of his arrival to choose a nosegay, and nothing would suit him but a small haystack of white roses. I hope it was received."

"I can assure you it was," I cried. "I saw the lady fairly nestling her head in it. But I advise the major not to build upon that. He has a rival."

"Do you mean the soft young man of the other night?"

"Pickering is soft, if you will, but his softness seems to have served him. He has offered her everything, and she has not yet refused it." I had handed my visitor a cigar and he was puffing it in silence. At last he abruptly asked if I had been introduced to Madame Blumenthal; and, on my affirmative, inquired what I thought of her. "I 'll not tell you," I said, "or you 'll call *me* soft."

He knocked away his ashes, eying me askance. "I 've noticed your friend about," he said, "and even if you had not told me, I should have known he was in love. After he has left his adored, his face wears for the rest of the day the expression with which he has risen from her feet, and more than once I 've felt like touching his elbow, as you would that of a man who has inadvertently come into a drawing-room in his overshoes. You say he has offered our friend everything; but, my dear fellow, he has n't everything to offer her. He 's as amiable, evidently, as the morning, but madame has no taste for daylight."

"I assure you," said I, "Pickering is a very interesting fellow."

"Ah, there it is! Has n't he some story or other? is n't he an orphan, or natural child, or consumptive, or contingent heir to great estates? She 'll read his little story to the end, and close the book very tenderly and smooth down the cover, and then, when he least expects it, she 'll toss it into the dusty limbo of all her old romances. She 'll let him dangle, but she 'll let him drop!"

"Upon my word," I cried with heat, "if she does, she 'll be a very unprincipled little creature!"

Niedermeyer shrugged his shoulders. "I never said she was a saint!"

Shrewd as I felt Niedermeyer to be, I was not prepared to take his simple word for this consummation, and in the evening I received a communication which fortified my doubts. It was a note from Pickering, and it ran as follows: —

"My dear Friend, — I have every hope of being happy, but I am to go to Wiesbaden to learn my fate. Madame Blumenthal goes thither this afternoon to spend a few days, and she allows me to accompany her. Give me your good wishes; you shall hear of the event. E. P."

One of the diversions of Homburg for new-comers is to dine in rotation at the different *tables d'hôtes*. It so happened that, a couple of days later, Niedermeyer took pot-luck at my hotel and secured a seat beside my own. As we took our places I found a letter on my plate, and, as it was postmarked Wiesbaden, I lost no time in opening it. It contained but three lines: —

"I 'm happy — I 'm accepted — an hour ago. I can hardly believe it 's your poor old E. P."

I placed the note before Niedermeyer: not exactly in triumph, but with the

alacrity of all privileged confutation. He looked at it much longer than was needful to read it, stroking down his beard gravely, and I felt it was not so easy to confute an ex-disciple of Metternich. At last, folding the note and handing it back, "Has your friend mentioned," he asked, "Madame Blumenthal's errand at Wiesbaden?"

"You look very wise. I give it up!" said I.

"She 's gone there to make the major follow her. He went by the next train."

"And has the major, on his side, dropped you a line?"

"He 's not a letter-writer."

"Well," said I, pocketing my letter, "with this document in my hand I 'm bound to reserve my judgment. We 'll have a bottle of Johannisberg, and drink to the triumph of virtue."

For a whole week more I heard nothing from Pickering — somewhat to my surprise, and, as the days went by, not a little to my discomposure. I had expected that his bliss would continue to overflow in an occasional brief bulletin, and his silence was possibly an indication that it had been clouded. At last I wrote to his hotel at Wiesbaden, but received no answer; whereupon, as my next resource, I repaired to his former lodging at Homburg, where I thought it possible he had left property which he would sooner or later send for. There I learned that he had indeed just telegraphed from Cologne for his baggage. To Cologne I immediately dispatched a line of inquiry as to his prosperity and the cause of his silence. The next day I received three words in answer — a simple, uncommented request that I would come to him. I lost no time, and reached him in the course of a few hours. It was dark when I arrived, and the city was sheeted in a cold, autumnal rain. Pickering had stumbled, with an indifference which was itself a symptom of distress, on a certain musty old Mainzerhof, and I found him sitting over a smoldering fire in a vast, dingy chamber, which looked as if it had grown gray with watching the *ennui* of ten generations of travelers. Looking at him, as he rose on my entrance, I saw that he was in extreme tribulation. He was pale and haggard; his face was five years older. Now, at least, in all conscience, he had tasted of the cup of life. I was anxious to know what had turned it so suddenly to bitterness; but I spared him all importunate curiosity, and let him take his time. I assented, tacitly, to the symptoms of his trouble, and we made for a while a feeble effort to discuss the picturesqueness of Cologne. At last he rose and stood a long time looking into the fire, while I slowly paced the length of the dusky room.

"Well!" he said as I came back; "I wanted knowledge, and I certainly know something I did n't a month ago." And herewith, calmly and succinctly enough, as if dismay had worn itself out, he related the history of the foregoing days. He touched lightly on details; he evidently never was to be as eloquent again as he had been during the prosperity of his suit. He had been accepted one evening, as explicitly as his imagination could desire, and had gone forth in his rapture and roamed about till nearly morning in the gardens of the Conversation-House, taking the stars and the perfumes of the summer night into his confidence. "It 's worth it all, almost," he said, "to have been wound up for an hour to that celestial pitch. No man, I'm sure, can ever know it but once." The next morning he had repaired to Madame Blumenthal's lodging and had been met, to his amazement, by a naked refusal to see him. He had strode about for a couple of hours — in another mood — and then had returned to the charge. The servant handed him a three-cornered note; it contained these words: "Leave me alone to-day; I 'll give you ten minutes to-morrow evening." Of the next thirty-six hours he could give no coherent account, but at the appointed time Madame Blumenthal had received him. Almost before she spoke there had come to him a sense of the depth of his folly in supposing he knew her. "One has heard all one's days," he said, "of

people removing the mask; it's one of the stock phrases of romance. Well, there she stood with her mask in her hand. Her face," he went on, gravely, after a pause, "her face was horrible!" "I give you ten minutes," she had said, pointing to the clock. "Make your scene, tear your hair, brandish your dagger!" And she had sat down and folded her arms. "It's not a joke," she cried, "it's dead earnest; let's get through with it. You're dismissed! Have you nothing to say?" He had stammered some frantic demand for an explanation; and she had risen and come near him, looking at him from head to feet, very pale, and evidently more excited than she wished to have him see. "I've done with you!" she said with a smile; "you ought to have done with me! It has all been delightful, but there are excellent reasons why it should come to an end." "You've been playing a part, then," he had gasped out; "you never cared for me?" "Yes; till I knew you; till I saw how far you'd go. But now the story's finished; we've reached the *dénouement*. We'll close the book and be good friends." "To see how far I would go?" he had repeated. "You led me on, meaning all the while to do *this?*" "I led you on, if you will. I received your visits in season and out! Sometimes they were very entertaining; sometimes they bored me fearfully. But you were such a very curious case of — what shall I call it? — of enthusiasm, that I determined to take good and bad together. I wanted to make you commit yourself unmistakably. I should have preferred not to bring you to this place: but that too was necessary. Of course I can't marry you; I can do better. Thank your fate for it. You've thought wonders of me for a month, but your good-humor would n't last. I'm too old and too wise; you're too young and too foolish. It seems to me that I've been very good to you; I've entertained you to the top of your bent, and, except perhaps that I'm a little *brusque* just now, you've nothing to complain of. I would have let you down more gently if I could have taken another month to it; but circumstances have forced my hand. Abuse me, revile me, if you like. I'll make every allowance!" Pickering listened to all this intently enough to perceive that, as if by some sudden natural cataclysm, the ground had broken away at his feet, and that he must recoil. He turned away in dumb amazement. "I don't know how I seemed to be taking it," he said, "but she seemed really to desire — I don't know why — something in the way of reproach and vituperation. But I could n't, in that way, have uttered a syllable. I was sickened; I wanted to get away into the air — to shake her off and come to my senses. 'Have you nothing, nothing, nothing to say?' she cried, as I stood with my hand on the door. 'Have n't I treated you to talk enough?' I believe I answered. 'You'll write to me then, when you get home?' 'I think not,' said I. 'Six months hence, I fancy, you'll come and see me!' 'Never!' said I. 'That's a confession of stupidity,' she answered. 'It means that, even on reflection, you'll never understand the philosophy of my conduct.' The word 'philosophy' seemed so strange that I verily believe I smiled. 'I've given you,' she went on, 'all that you gave me. Your passion was an affair of the head.' 'I only wish you had told me sooner,' I exclaimed, 'that you considered it so!' And I went my way. The next day I came down the Rhine. I sat all day on the boat, not knowing where I was going, where to get off. I was in a kind of ague of terror; it seemed to me I had seen something infernal. At last I saw the cathedral towers here looming over the city. They seemed to say something to me, and when the boat stopped, I came ashore. I've been here a week: I have n't slept at night — and yet it has been a week of rest!"

It seemed to me that he was in a fair way to recover, and that his own philosophy, if left to take its time, was adequate to the occasion. After his story was told I recurred to his grievance but once — that evening, later, as we were

about to separate for the night. "Suffer me to say," I said, "that there was some truth in *her* account of your relations. You were using her, intellectually, and all the while, without your knowing it, she was using you. It was diamond cut diamond. Her needs were the more superficial and she came to an end first." He frowned and turned uneasily away, but he offered no denial. I waited a few moments, to see if he would remember, before we parted, that he had a claim to make upon me. But he seemed to have forgotten it.

The next day we strolled about the picturesque old city, and of course, before long, went into the cathedral. Pickering said little; he seemed intent upon his own thoughts. He sat down beside a pillar near a chapel, in front of a gorgeous window, and, leaving him to his meditations, I wandered through the church. When I came back I saw he had something to say. But before he had spoken, I laid my hand on his shoulder and looked at him with a significant smile. He slowly bent his head and dropped his eyes, with a mixture of assent and humility. I drew forth his letter from where it had lain untouched for a month, placed it silently on his knee, and left him to deal with it alone.

Half an hour later I returned to the same place, but he had gone, and one of the sacristans, hovering about and seeing me looking for Pickering, said he thought he had left the church. I found him in his gloomy chamber at the inn, pacing slowly up and down. I should doubtless have been at a loss to say just what effect I expected his letter to produce; but his actual aspect surprised me. He was flushed, excited, a trifle irritated.

"Evidently," I said, "you 've read your letter."

"I owe you a report of it," he answered. "When I gave it to you a month ago, I did my friends injustice."

"You called it a 'summons,' I remember."

"I was a great fool! It 's a release!"

"From your engagement?"

"From everything! The letter, of course, is from Mr. Vernor. He desires to let me know at the earliest moment, that his daughter, informed for the first time a week before of what was expected of her, positively refuses to be bound by the contract or to assent to my being bound. She had been given a week to reflect and had spent it in inconsolable tears. She had resisted every form of persuasion; from compulsion, writes Mr. Vernor, he naturally shrinks. The young lady considers the arrangement 'horrible.' After accepting her duties cut and dried all her life, she presumes at last to have a taste of her own. I confess I 'm surprised; I had been given to believe that she was idiotically passive and would remain so to the end of the chapter. Not a bit! She has insisted on my being formally dismissed, and her father intimates that in case of non-compliance she threatens him with an attack of brain fever. Mr. Vernor condoles with me handsomely, and lets me know that the young lady's attitude has been a great shock to his own nerves. He adds that he will not aggravate such regret as I may do him the honor to entertain, by any allusion to his daughter's charms and to the magnitude of my loss, and he concludes with the hope that, for the comfort of all concerned, I may already have amused my fancy with other 'views.' He reminds me in a postscript that, in spite of this painful occurrence, the son of his most valued friend will always be a welcome visitor at his house. I am free, he observes; I have my life before me; he recommends an extensive course of travel. Should my wanderings lead me to the East, he hopes that no false embarrassment will deter me from presenting myself at Smyrna. He will insure me at least a friendly reception. It 's a very polite letter."

Polite as the letter was, Pickering seemed to find no great exhilaration in having this famous burden so handsomely lifted from his conscience. He fell a-brooding over his liberation in a manner which you might have deemed proper to a renewed sense of bondage.

"Bad news" he had called his letter originally, and yet, now that its contents proved to be in flat contradiction to his foreboding, there was no impulsive voice to reverse the formula and declare the news was good. The wings of impulse in the poor fellow had of late been terribly clipped. It was an obvious reflection, of course, that if he had not been so doggedly sure of the matter a month before, and had gone through the form of breaking Mr. Vernor's seal, he might have escaped the purgatory of Madame Blumenthal's blandishments. But I left him to moralize in private; I had no desire, as the phrase is, to rub it in. My thoughts, moreover, were following another train; I was saying to myself that if to those gentle graces of which her young visage had offered to my fancy the blooming promise, Miss Vernor added in this striking measure the capacity for magnanimous action, the amendment to my friend's career had been less happy than the rough draught. Presently, turning about, I saw him looking at the young lady's photograph. "Of course, now," he said, "I have no right to keep it!" And before I could ask for another glimpse of it, he had thrust it into the fire.

"I am sorry to be saying it just now," I observed after a while, "but I shouldn't wonder if Miss Vernor were a lovely creature."

"Go and find out," he answered gloomily. "The coast is clear. My part," he presently added, "is to forget her. It ought n't to be hard. But don't you think," he went on suddenly, "that for a poor fellow who asked nothing of fortune but leave to sit down in a quiet corner, it has been rather a cruel pushing about?"

Cruel indeed, I declared, and he certainly had the right to demand a clean page on the book of fate, and a fresh start. Mr. Vernor's advice was sound; he should seek diversion in the grand tour of Europe. If he would allow it to the zeal of my sympathy, I would go with him on his way. Pickering assented without enthusiasm; he had the discomfited look of a man who, having gone to some cost to make a good appearance in a drawing-room, should find the door suddenly slammed in his face. We started on our journey, however, and little by little his enthusiasm returned. He was too capable of enjoying fine things to remain permanently irresponsive, and after a fortnight spent among pictures and monuments and antiquities, I felt that I was seeing him for the first time in his best and healthiest mood. He had had a fever and then he had had a chill; the pendulum had swung right and left in a manner rather trying to the machine; but now, at last, it was working back to an even, natural beat. He recovered in a measure the ample speech with which he had fanned his flame at Homburg, and talked about things with something of the same passionate freshness. One day when I was laid up at the inn at Bruges with a lame foot, he came home and treated me to a rhapsody about a certain meek-faced virgin of Hans Memling, which seemed to me sounder sense than his compliments to Madame Blumenthal. He had his dull days and his sombre moods — hours of irresistible retrospect; but I let them come and go without remonstrance, because I fancied they always left him a trifle more alert and resolute. One evening, however, he sat, hanging his head in so doleful a fashion that I took the bull by the horns and told him he had by this time surely paid his debt to penitence, and owed it to himself to banish that woman forever from his thoughts.

He looked up, staring; and then with a deep blush: "That woman?" he said. "I was not thinking of Madame Blumenthal!"

After this I gave another construction to his melancholy. Taking him with his hopes and fears, at the end of six weeks of active observation and keen sensation, Pickering was as fine a fellow as need be. We made our way down to Italy and spent a fortnight at Venice. There something happened which I had been confidently expecting; I had said to myself that it was merely

a question of time. We had passed the day at Torcello, and came floating back in the glow of the sunset, with measured oar-strokes. "I'm well on the way," Pickering said, "I think I'll go!"

We had not spoken for an hour, and I naturally asked him, Where? His answer was delayed by our getting in to the Piazzetta. I stepped ashore first and then turned to help him. As he took my hand he met my eyes, consciously, and it came: "To Smyrna!"

A couple of days later he started. I had risked the conjecture that Miss Vernor was a lovely creature, and six months afterwards he wrote me that I was right.

H. James, Jr.

LIFE'S YEAR.

WHAT do the changing seasons bring?
Full nests the storms will render mute,
And blossoms over-thick for fruit;
Too soft a breeze, too blue a sky,
A day the morrow shall deny:
The fickle, fair, delusive Spring!

What do the flying seasons bring?
The tumult of the thronging sense;
The leaping blood, untamed, intense;
A fire that strikes through heart and brain;
A fierce delight that grows to pain,
And Summer bloom that hides a sting!

What do the passing seasons bring?
Ripe fruit that withers in its prime;
Strong grain that drops at harvest-time;
The splendid colors of decay;
The fever-wasted Autumn day
In its gay mantle shivering!

What do the fleeting seasons bring?
A lifeless desert, pale and vast,
With frozen silence overcast;
Forgotten dreams of long-ago
Buried beneath the Winter snow —
And, far beyond, a hope of Spring!

Kate Putnam Osgood.

BEHIND THE SCENES.

We were billed for the evening at a small mountain town some twenty miles distant: before us, in a substantial wagon, with our "call-boy" as driver, rode the entire orchestra; there were eight of us, ladies and gentlemen, in the second division of our caravan, and the "dramatic combination" concluded with a clumsy affair overloaded with trunks and baskets of all sizes, the whole being surmounted by three of the most unpromising votaries of the art that it has been my lot to meet.

Perhaps there never was a merrier company of strolling players than ours: some of us sang well; we were for the most part amiable and long-suffering, as indeed all good actors should be; the weather was fair, and business profitable.

We played a night or two in a place, entering with a blast of trumpets from the occupants of the first ambulance, and departing with many a hand-shake from new-found friends who professed the warmest admiration, and in some cases eternal fidelity, after an experience of twelve or twenty hours.

We were perpetual lions, and found life very sweet as we scoured the country; there was always something fresh to interest us; there were no rehearsals, for we repeated the same plays in each succeeding town. We were fêted of men, favored of women and the weather, and I began to relish that life exceedingly, after having worn patience threadbare over the continuous study and rehearsal at the Blank Theatre in S——.

I had tried to chum it with various members of the company, this sort of thing being one of the dire necessities of my nature. I fastened upon the low comedian, and found him a lachrymose fellow, exceedingly careful of his dignity, which, by the way, I never knew him to compromise in the slightest degree.

I made modest overtures to the leading man, whom I found in time to be a creature of infinite "study;" he could acquire a thousand lines in no time; but his brain was dull, and his temperament phlegmatic and wearisome.

The light comedian was cynical; the old man little better than an old fool: in short, a "super" who had taken to the stage for a love of adventure seemed to be the most interesting and agreeable of them all, when I took their measure for a possible intimacy; super and I consequently became the best of friends, and sympathized with each other to a tremendous extent.

The women were all agreeable, which indeed, with very few exceptions, I have found to be the rule with actresses: we chatted, sang, or were silent by turns, and according to our mood; we seemed to be floating upon the top wave of life; nothing fretted us for long; it was a kind of protracted picnic, and a very gracious and grateful relief from the drudgery of stock work in the first-class theatre in town, as we each said to the other at least twenty times a day.

That was pleasant time-killing, riding through a fertile though rather thinly-settled country; pausing at wayside inns for rest and refreshment, and usually astonishing the natives with a bit of innocent fooling that we could scarcely repress, we were all in such capital spirits; then as we drew near to the next town, we saw our familiar placards nearly covering the barn doors, and decorating every sort of public-house of whatever quality, and about most of them gathered a little group of villagers, whose eyes were not much accustomed to such splendid lettering, for we brought our posters from an office in town.

We enjoyed a brief exploration of the various theatres, town halls, and barns that we were to perform in; we thoroughly relished a walk among the queer,

winding streets, after our long ride; and the little shopping, now and then, in search of such articles as we might be in need of, — for the shopmen were as confused and happy as possible, and in some few cases knocked off the profit on the ware, "seeing we were strangers in town," etc., which was an unexpected kindness that of course charmed us.

Then how jolly were our late suppers, after the play, at which we were pretty sure to be joined by the landlord and his lady, if he were so happy as to have one; and what queer, innocent questions were put to us by all sorts of people, who might have seen with a glance that we were subject to all the ills that any man is subject to, and that we bore no charmed life!

Sometimes notes of congratulation came to us; sometimes letters of a more fervent nature; once or twice gifts were sent to certain members of our company, a ring, a silver brick, or an appropriate token of the time and place. Sex had little to do with the interest awakened in the heart of the public; a good-looking and smooth-spoken actor was sure to hold his own against the prettiest lady of the company.

It happened that my own chum was fair to see; the fact might have had something to do with our chumship, for I confess that my five senses are alive and hungry, and that the five must be satisfied before I go very deeply into a friendship. In a short time — two days is short enough in the measurement of a man's life — this chum deserted me for the superior attractiveness of some straggler who fastened upon us in a subordinate capacity, and I was thrown over for this occasion.

Now, perhaps I would have done the same thing myself, under similar aggravating circumstances; I don't assert my fidelity to any one in particular; I simply state my case, and give it as an example in this article, which treats wholly of actors among actors, behind the scenes.

The manager fancied our latest acquisition, and promised to advance him as speedily as possible; my friend at once transferred to the manager's favorite the sum total of the affection which to date had been centred in me. On the strength of that experience, I felt like saying to myself that I had never seen an actor who was a genuine actor, one born and bred to the stage, who permitted sentiment to modify his professional career. I may add that probably no man in any line of business would do so. It is an actor's ambition to rise, and to rise as rapidly as convenient; the actor, however, is not singular in this respect; but the actor who rises in his profession does so at the expense of the subordinates who play at his feet, and whose best office is to kiss the hem of his garment in as graceful a manner as possible. This I believe to be the truth. I have tested it in several cases, and found the laws of the stage to be inexorable; the inferiors, the subordinates, can no more affiliate with those above or out of their sphere, than can the stars of various magnitudes leave their orbits to approach the centre around which they revolve. There is, out of the atmosphere of the stage, a kind of condescension among actors that might pass for familiarity with any one less sensitive than myself on this particular point, but to me it savors of the art by which they gain their reputation; a simulation of friendship that is not over deep; a playing at affability with a grace that sooner or later becomes a second nature.

I have begun by saying the worst I have to say of these very important members of the human family, and if I do myself and them justice, something vastly more agreeable will follow before this paper is concluded. Much as I longed to throw open the doors of my heart, and receive some soul worthy of entertainment, I found that I had betrayed myself, and was a loser rather than a gainer in the estimation of my comrades.

It is natural that the actor should strive to receive the hearty applause of the public, the respect of the various members of the company, and a remunerative salary; all these worldly joys go together, and to a certain extent each

hangs upon the other; but they are not gained without a hot race, and the heart of him who is distanced burns with the bitterest envy.

There is not only a prize to be gained on the one hand, but there is a kind of disgrace to be avoided on the other; if I am to play the lackey, who struts in an ill-fitting costume, the property of the theatre, and announces to "my lord" that "the carriage waits," I may possess a soul as proud and as sensitive as the "star" who would consider it beneath his dignity to recognize me out of my stage dress; the public has no regard for such a person, forgetful of the fact that few, if any, stars are born luminaries, but must begin their careers in characters as ungrateful as the one I have referred to.

This is the shady side of the drama, and what deep shadows it has! for only by long and arduous study, by self-mortification and repeated disappointments, by long-suffering and unfaltering devotion to the art, are the laurels gained; and once gained, unless kind nature calls the successful actor to account at some brilliant climax in his career, he feels his hard-earned garlands withering upon his brow, or sees them plucked away by the new idol of the hour who has taken the ear and the eye of the public, — for the most part an uncertain and inconstant patron. Yet as the public is the source of all profit, the public must be pandered to, and therefore the public is at the root of all social disorder in the profession. For instance: the low comedian sees an opportunity for throwing the juvenile into a most laughable and embarrassing predicament; the situation in the play is favorable to begin with, and with the sole thought of making a point, even at the expense of the unlucky juvenile, he exaggerates the situation and sacrifices his victim, who is driven in confusion from the stage, much to the amusement of the audience. Comedian and juvenile are not warm friends from that day; the latter hopes in his heart to get even with comedian, and the result is a continual spirit of antagonism that betrays itself in a thousand ways and aggravates both parties.

The villainous practice of "gagging" is a fruitful source of annoyance, and so common that it may be considered the actor's original sin. It is a cheap bid for applause, and can be made the instrument of torture when there is a spirit cruel enough to employ it. I remember a night when I was forced to assume a subordinate character at exceedingly short notice, in consequence of the sudden and unexpected departure of the young man who was cast for it. I had one brief and pointless scene with a man who professed a patriarchal interest in my development, for he had been some years on the stage; but when he at last had opportunity to show his friendship by helping me to make something of a scene that was in itself nothing but words, he saw how he might bully me to a certain extent before the public upon whose plaudits we were both depending, and he did so with some spirit; had I suffered myself to submit to his indignities I should have left the stage with the audience convulsed at my discomfiture; as it was I held my own, returned his gagging to the best of my ability, and succeeded in frustrating his ungenerous design. At the wings, a few moments later, we had some conversation that savored little of the romance that is supposed to hang over the accessories of the theatre. I saved myself in this case by refusing to be dismissed from the scene with the very superior air that moderately good actors are sure to assume whenever they are brought in contact with amateurs, whom, for the most part, they detest.

No actor can long sustain himself under the embarrassment of a wait, or interruption of the play; it is the most provoking and confusing situation I know of in connection with the profession, and under this head I include the delays occasioned by the sudden forgetting of a part, or any break in the smooth progress of the play occasioned by the stupidity or embarrassment of the actors.

By replying to the gag of the unmerciful man who was about to make a point at my expense, I threw him off his guard and created a lull in the business of the scene, during which I quietly withdrew into the wings and had the satisfaction of seeing the bully a little nonplused and a good deal vexed at the unpromising turn in affairs.

I have seen a young and inexperienced actor unmercifully hooted from the stage in consequence of his inability to hold his own against the gags of the actors, who might have taken to themselves Hamlet's advice to the player about saying no more than is set down to them, and blushed for very shame.

I have seen an actor and actress, both notable people, but on the shady slope of their careers, crowding one another up the stage, each hoping to gain the mean advantage of a few feet, for thus the victor could face the audience and compel the vanquished one to stand with back to the foot-lights; of course they had to face one another, an exceedingly awkward and ungrateful predicament. There was no love lost between these two, save in the play, yet by a casual observer the professional spite that betrayed itself during the evening was entirely unobserved.

On one occasion a star actress, who was to wear a rich dress of a very delicate color, requested the ladies of the company to wear such dresses as would harmonize with it; but the leading lady, who was crowded out of her legitimate *rôle* by the advent of the star, and whose pride was a little piqued at the splendid success of the new favorite, resolved to avenge herself, and at night the star was horrified to see the lady in question enter the scene in a dress of such gorgeous tint that the beauty and delicacy of her own was utterly killed.

I was continually surprised to find how few actors spoke well of the various members of the company they were associated with, — this was of course amongst us, and not town talk, — and sometimes wondered if indeed there was any genuine fellowship amongst them. Of course there is! once separated from the alluring glow of the foot-lights, over which they flutter like moths, with an eye single to their own martyrdom, they reach out to one another a generous hand; and some never weary of recounting the good and ill luck of days gone by, when they shared their fortunes with various members of the craft, whose memory they cherish and whose eccentricities they picture with a lively yet loving touch. They are ever ready to volunteer for the benefit of some luckless comrade, and their professional services are always current, being as good as gold, if not better. I know of no class of people more thoroughly charming socially; and actors amongst actors, when they are not playing and pleading for the favorable verdict of the public, are incomparable companions. What experiences may they not relate, what mysteries reveal! and always in an artistic fashion which is the result of long training. They seem to be familiar with all classes of people ; they are at home in any latitude; to them the ends of the earth are as yesterday, and the vicissitudes of the future promise the variety necessary to the proper spicing of their highly seasoned lives.

The actor is essentially homeless; he may affect certain localities, but his fellowship is with the world at large; and though he plays a long and successful engagement in one city or another, he is likely to strike his tent at the end of the season and seek new pastures. Wherever he goes he is pretty sure to meet old friends, friends who greet him with a cordiality that would be more welcome could he identify the warm-hearted fellow who is extending the hospitality of the town to the newly arrived star, with a prodigality worthy of an Eastern prince. Somewhere in the highways of the world they have met and exchanged civilities, and fate has again brought them face to face. Well, it is all the same in the course of a week, and by that time the actor has met more people than he can hope to cultivate seriously, and his round of experiences begins. The various members of the stock company make him ac

quainted with their friends, and he is speedily introduced to the several social clubs of the city. He bows to the reporters and to a score of people who meet him with an insinuating smile of recognition, which he has not the heart to return coldly.

He plays Hamlet in shoes that are still warm from the feet of the last Hamlet, who by the way was the favorite of the hour. Romeo and Richelieu follow, and Richard III. and every part that has been enacted by anybody for the last generation or two, and the wonder is that the public does n't weary of Hamlets, fat and lean, blonde and brunette, sentimental and erratic.

When the golden age wheels round again, perhaps the ideal will not be so unceremoniously violated! How can a man play ten or twenty parts with equal excellence? It is good reading, I grant you, but it is not a genuine impersonation in each case; nor does it seem to me so desirable for a man to do several parts well, as for him to identify himself with a single character and raise that beyond criticism.

In the desirable hereafter we shall have a Booth for Hamlet, a Jefferson for Rip Van Winkle, a Forrest for Richelieu, a Kean for Richard, a Fechter for Romeo, and every man shall live his part and it shall become his second nature. Then the reputation of a player will be assured, for the man whose disposition, temperament, and physique fit him for such a rôle as Hamlet shall take it by storm, as it were, and there shall be no experimental and variegated Danes after that; nor, until his melancholy mantle has fallen from his shoulders with the sear, the yellow leaf, and is again the enigma of the championship, will his sole right and title to the same be questioned.

In our triumphant march through the interior towns we struck hands with resident Hamlets who willingly, and I may add very properly, dropped into the rôle of Guildenstern in order to strengthen our cast. These vicissitudes in the career of the actor appalled me; I was never certain of my own position, and knew not at what hour I might be called upon to leap from the modest station of the juvenile to support the star of the evening whose main prop had failed him through sudden sickness, or who, by reason of some misunderstanding with the management, had deserted at an hour's notice.

It was not all sunshine in our summer's campaign; by and by came bad business; we were working, or playing, our way into the smaller towns that hang upon the very edge of our Western civilization. Legitimate dramas were too tame for them; they clove to the sooty-faced minstrel and surrendered at once to the allurements of sawdust and spangles. We were obliged to lower the tone of our entertainments, and it was thought best to conclude with a walk-around, for the audience seemed unsatisfied with anything less whimsical. My education was not equal to the emergency. I am no "cloggist," and my song does not chime with the twang of the banjo, as a general thing. I did not belong to the utility-corps, and there was trouble in the business-office when I pleaded with the manager for a reprieve. The horizon darkened with the approaching storm, and much of our time was passed in wondering what we were to do next. The eagle-eyed manager saw a silver lining in the cloud ahead of us, and announced with unfeigned joy the advent of the Blonde Sisters; but their ways were not our ways, and we rebelled!

This was a predicament which resulted in the utter annihilation of our company and the organization of a new troupe from such fragments as lay within reach. The Blonde Sisters tossed their silver heels and shook their golden locks to the tune of an overflowing treasury, and we, of the legitimate, who regard the nude drama as a highly demoralizing innovation that pays better than almost any other form of entertainment; who look with pity and forgiveness on the four-and-twenty blackbirds sitting in a row, and likely at any moment to break into the very midst of Shoo Fly and disappear with a howl of Ethiopian

harmony that leaves the audience in a delicious state of wonder and delight; who patronize the circus, while we deny that it is in any way connected with our profession — and in truth it is not — we, *we* went our several ways and never expected to meet again in this vale of tears and transformations.

Well, we have not, to any extent! The low comedian, who was a genius in his line, and could play anything funny, of any color under the theatrical heaven, went into the "nigger business" with a transient troupe of "burnt cork artists;" I think he was announced on the bill as the only surviving Christy. Our star pawned his valuables and went East like a wise man, where he had little difficulty in securing an engagement. The heavy man and his wife, or lady, perhaps I should say, did the descriptive and musical elements in a sensational panorama of the Chicago fire, and thus worked their way back to civilization and profitable respectability.

An ambitious walking lady and myself gave moral readings before innumerable Christian and heathen associations, and had some difficulty in collecting our hire. My former chum, he of the attractive physique and gracious manner, sank at once into obscurity, and to this hour I am ignorant of his fate. I fear that he went to the bad, simply because it is so easy to go there, and he was over-fond of his ease.

A few of the old company have drifted back to the town from which we started, but we shall probably never all come together again at one roll-call.

One, an amiable and modest girl, who played Jessica in The Merchant of Venice shortly after her *début*, and to whose Jessica I played Lorenzo, told me after a six months' experience that she had resolved to end the year on the stage; but if at the end of the year she was no better satisfied than at present, she would leave it forever. There was a pitiful weariness in her voice and a weariness in her face that betrayed something of the unceasing fatigue of professional life. I had by this time withdrawn into literary obscurity, and I did not envy her. Nor do I now; though she has turned blonde and is traveling with a capital husband, and starring it to remunerative business from Maine to Oregon.

Most of the subordinates of our company have either withdrawn from the foot-lights or are occupying the self-same positions in the profession to which so many feel themselves called and so few find themselves chosen. They do not look to the end, and perhaps it is well that they do not; for there would be fewer ventures and fewer successes if it were possible to do that sort of thing with any degree of accuracy.

I have met in the warm and sleepy suburbs of Honolulu a seedy individual who paced, alone, the dusty lanes by day, a large white cotton umbrella his only consolation; but at night, when the soft air of the evening passed through the town dispensing the odor of absolution, he would seat himself in a deep veranda and pick the melancholy banjo in memory of old times. I believe Home, Sweet Home never sounded so homely as it used to when that forsaken soul clutched the trembling strings in his agony. He had been a first-class minstrel in his day; but his day was over and gone, and all the foot-lights in the world seemed to burn low in his tear-dimmed eyes. The banjo *is* a tearful instrument when well fingered in the tropical moonlight.

I have met at the antipodes, where we were both vagabondizing, the accomplished Madame D——, who in her time was accounted the best Jack Sheppard on the stage. She is never weary of relating her experiences, and never wearisome, for she seems to have lived whole volumes of the strangest and most fascinating adventure. She has made fortunes, and lost them, in speculations that promised well; but like life in the mining districts of New Zealand and Australia, her luck ended with the day and she is now almost penniless. Having passed her whole life in the atmosphere of the stage, she finds retirement insupportable, and, though her dra-

matic fire still flashes with something of its former vigor, she has been crowded out by the constant accessions to the stage, and lives in the forlorn hope of meeting some manager who will engage her services upon the strength of her once brilliant reputation.

One of the noblest and dearest friends I have is an actor whose varied accomplishments fit him for almost any sphere in life. A distinguished entomologist, a devoted and appreciative student, a man of vast experience, the grace and sweetness of his manner and his large humanity endear him to every one who is brought in contact with him. He has the advantage of the majority of his professional brethren, who are usually foreign to any other walk in life; there is a kind of hospitality in his smile and a magnetism in his very presence that make his absence almost a bereavement.

You meet the world face to face when you meet an actor of repute; he has met his fate and conquered it; he has outlived ten thousand uncommon experiences, and nightly awakens the profoundest emotions in the breast of multitudes who seem to see life and death weighed in the balance. One of the pleasantest theatrical episodes that I recall at this moment is an evening when a truly great actor was playing The Marble Heart to a dense and enthusiastic audience; he could not have played ill under any circumstances, but was naturally doing his best on this occasion. As the play progressed and Raphael became more and more involved through the arts of the marble-hearted Mademoiselle Marco, his frame quivered with genuine emotion and the house was deathly still. But in the wings, we who were supporting him crowded together that we might watch his masterly impersonation, and through all his sorrows we wept manfully, for there was an inspiration in every syllable he uttered that affected us as sorely as reality. "What's Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba, that he should weep for her?" Possibly something more than we are acquainted with. It is seldom that the companions of Mary Stuart and Marie Antoinette, though they be players, escape from the scene with dry eyes, and there is a reaction after these emotional dramas that leaves the participants sometimes quite exhausted.

You who picture the happy leisure of the actor who awaits his cue in the wings, smoking his cigarette the while, or flirting with a pretty ballet-girl, have something to learn of the serious side of the actor's life, and when you have once learned it perhaps you will be more considerate of occasional failures.

The actor is not uncommonly calumniated; personal experience has taught me how hard it is to please the hypercritical, and how easy is fault-finding. I have respect and love and sympathy for actors; the memory of my association with some members of the profession is such as I cherish among the most agreeable of my life. I believe there are few, if any, professions that will bear the critical examination the theatrical profession is subjected to with a better grace; and I know that the best of us are subject to some sort of weakness. And in this connection let me add that there is a suggestive little text that has something to say of the possible beam in one's own eye, and that it will do us all good to consider, when we feel the old prejudices beginning to discolor our vision.

Charles Warren Stoddard.

VESTA.

O CHRIST of God! whose life and death
Our own have reconciled,
Most quietly, most tenderly
Take home thy star-named child!

Thy grace is in her patient eyes,
Thy words are on her tongue;
The very silence round her seems
As if the angels sung.

Her smile is as a listening child's
That hears its mother's call;
The lilies of thy perfect peace
About her pillow fall.

She leans from out our clinging arms
To rest herself in thine;
Alone to thee, dear Lord, can we
Our well-beloved resign.

Oh, less for her than for ourselves
We bow our heads and pray:
Her setting star, like Bethlehem's,
To thee shall lead the way.

John G. Whittier.

A FOREGONE CONCLUSION.

XIII.

THE ladies were sitting on the terrace when Don Ippolito came next morning to say that he could not read with Miss Vervain that day nor for several days after, alleging in excuse some priestly duties proper to the time. Mrs. Vervain began to lament that she had not been able to go to the procession of the day before. "I meant to have kept a sharp lookout for you; Florida saw you, and so did Mr. Ferris. But it is n't at all the same thing, you know. Florida has no faculty for describing things; and now I shall probably go away from Venice without seeing you in your real character once."

Don Ippolito suffered this and more in meek silence. He waited his opportunity with unfailing politeness, and then with gentle punctilio took his leave.

"Well, come again as soon as your duties will let you, Don Ippolito," cried Mrs. Vervain. "We shall miss you dreadfully, and I begrudge every one of your readings that Florida loses."

The priest passed, with the sliding step which his impeding drapery imposed, down the garden walk, and was half-way to the gate, when Florida, who had stood watching him, said to her mother, "I must speak to him again," and lightly descended the steps and swiftly glided in pursuit.

"Don Ippolito!" she called.

He already had his hand upon the gate, but he turned, and rapidly went back to meet her.

She stood in the walk where she had stopped when her voice arrested him, breathing quickly. Their eyes met; a painful shadow overcast the face of the young girl, who seemed to be trying in vain to speak.

Mrs. Vervain put on her glasses and peered down at the two with good-natured curiosity.

"Well, madamigella," said the priest at last, "what do you command me?" He gave a faint, patient sigh.

The tears came into her eyes. "Oh," she began vehemently, "I wish there was some one who had the right to speak to you!"

"No one," answered Don Ippolito, "has so much the right as you."

"I saw you yesterday," she began again, "and I thought of what you had told me, Don Ippolito."

"Yes, I thought of it, too," answered the priest; "I have thought of it ever since."

"But haven't you thought of any hope for yourself? Must you still go on as before? How can you go back now to those things, and pretend to think them holy, and all the time have no heart or faith in them? It's terrible!"

"What would you, madamigella?" demanded Don Ippolito, with a moody shrug. "It is my profession, my trade, you know. You might say to the prisoner," he added bitterly, "'It is terrible to see you chained here.' Yes, it is terrible. Oh, I don't reject your compassion! But what can I do?"

"Sit down with me here," said Florida in her blunt, child-like way, and sank upon the stone seat beside the walk. She clasped her hands together in her lap with some strong, bashful emotion, while Don Ippolito, obeying her command, waited for her to speak. Her voice was scarcely more than a hoarse whisper when she began.

"I don't know how to begin what I want to say. I am not fit to advise any one. I am so young, and so very ignorant of the world."

"I too know little of the world," said the priest, as much to himself as to her.

"It may be all wrong, all wrong. Besides," she said abruptly, "how do I know that you are a good man, Don Ippolito? How do I know that you've been telling me the truth? It may be all a kind of trap" —

He looked blankly at her.

"This is in Venice; and you may be leading me on to say things to you that will make trouble for my mother and me. You may be a spy" —

"Oh no, no, no!" cried the priest, springing to his feet with a kind of moan, and a shudder, "God forbid!" He swiftly touched her hand with the tips of his fingers, and then kissed them: an action of inexpressible humility. "Madamigella, I swear to you by everything you believe good that I would rather die than be false to you in a single breath or thought."

"Oh, I know it, I know it," she murmured. "I don't see how I could say such a cruel thing."

"Not cruel; no, madamigella, not cruel," softly pleaded Don Ippolito.

"But — but is there *no* escape for you?"

They looked steadfastly at each other for a moment, and then Don Ippolito spoke.

"Yes," he said very gravely, "there is one way of escape. I have often thought of it, and once I thought I had taken the first step towards it; but it is beset with many great obstacles, and to be a priest makes one timid and insecure."

He lapsed into his musing melancholy with the last words; but she would not suffer him to lose whatever heart he had begun to speak with. "That's nothing," she said, "you must think again of that way of escape, and never turn from it till you have tried it. Only take the first step and you can go on. Friends will rise up everywhere, and make it easy for you. Come," she

implored him fervently, "you must promise."

He bent his dreamy eyes upon her.

"If I should take this only way of escape, and it seemed desperate to all others, would you still be my friend?"

"I should be your friend if the whole world turned against you."

"Would you be my friend," he asked eagerly in lower tones, and with signs of an inward struggle, "if this way of escape were for me to be no longer a priest?"

"Oh yes, yes! Why not?" cried the girl; and her face glowed with heroic sympathy and defiance. It is from this heaven-born ignorance in women of the insuperable difficulties of doing right that men take fire and accomplish the sublime impossibilities. Our sense of details, our fatal habits of reasoning, paralyze us; we need the impulse of the pure ideal which we can get only from them. These two were alike children as regarded the world, but he had a man's dark prevision of the means, and she a heavenly scorn of everything but the end to be achieved.

He drew a long breath. "Then it does not seem terrible to you?"

"Terrible? No! I don't see how you can rest till it is done!"

"Is it true, then, that you urge me to this step, which indeed I have so long desired to take?"

"Yes, it is true! Listen, Don Ippolito: it is the very thing that I hoped you would do, but I wanted to speak of it first. You must have all the honor of it, and I am glad you thought of it before. You will never regret it!"

She smiled radiantly upon him, and he kindled at her enthusiasm. In another moment his face darkened again. "But it will cost much," he murmured.

"No matter," cried Florida. "Such a man as you ought to leave the priesthood at any risk or hazard. You should cease to be a priest, if it cost you kindred, friends, good fame, country, everything!" She blushed with irrelevant consciousness. "Why need you be downhearted? With your genius once free, you can make country and fame and friends everywhere. Leave Venice! There are other places. Think how inventors succeed in America" —

"In America!" exclaimed the priest. "Ah, how long I have desired to be there!"

"You must go. You will soon be famous and honored there, and you shall not be a stranger, even at the first. Do you know that we are going home very soon? Yes, my mother and I have been talking of it to-day. We are both homesick, and you see that she is not well. You shall come to us there, and make our house your home till you have formed some plans of your own. Everything will be easy. God *is* good," she said in a breaking voice, "and you may be sure he will befriend you."

"Some one," answered Don Ippolito, with tears in his eyes, "has already been very good to me. I thought it was you, but I will call it God!"

"Hush! You must n't say such things. But you must go, now. Take time to think, but not too much time. Do right — be true to yourself."

They rose, and she laid her hand on his arm with an instinctive gesture of appeal. He stood bewildered. Then, "Thanks, madamigella, thanks!" he said, and caught her fragrant hand to his lips. He loosed it and lifted both his arms by a blind impulse in which he arrested himself with a burning blush, and turned away. He did not take leave of her with his wonted formalities, but hurried abruptly toward the gate.

A panic seemed to seize her as she saw him open it. She ran after him. "Don Ippolito, Don Ippolito," she said, coming up to him, and stammered and faltered. "I don't know; I am frightened. You must do nothing from me; I cannot let you; I 'm not fit to advise you. It must be wholly from your own conscience. Oh no, don't look so! I *will* be your friend, whatever happens. But if what you think of doing has seemed so terrible to you, perhaps it *is* more terrible than I can understand. If it is the only way, it is right. But is there no other? What I mean is, have you no one to talk all this over with? I

mean, can't you speak of it to — to Mr. Ferris? He is so true and honest and just."

"I was going to him," said Don Ippolito, with a dim trouble in his face.

"Oh, I am so glad of that! Remember, I don't take anything back. No matter what happens, I will be your friend. But he will tell you just what to do."

Don Ippolito bowed and opened the gate.

Florida went back to her mother, who asked her, "What in the world have you and Don Ippolito been talking about so earnestly? What makes you so pale and out of breath?"

"I have been wanting to tell you, mother," said Florida. She drew her chair in front of the elder lady, and sat down.

XIV.

Don Ippolito did not go directly to the painter's. He walked toward his house at first, and then turned aside, and wandered out through the noisy and populous district of Canaregio to the Campo di Marte. A squad of cavalry which had been going through some exercises there was moving off the parade ground; a few infantry soldiers were strolling about under the trees. Don Ippolito walked across the field to the border of the lagoon, where he began to pace to and fro, with his head sunk in deep thought. He moved rapidly, but sometimes he stopped and stood still in the sun, whose heat he did not seem to feel, though a perspiration bathed his pale face and stood in drops on his forehead under the shadow of his nicchio. Some little dirty children of the poor, with which this region swarms, looked at him from the sloping shore of the Campo di Giustizia, where the executions used to take place, and a small boy began to mock his movements and pauses, but was arrested by one of the girls, who shook him and gesticulated warningly.

At this point the long railroad bridge which connects Venice with the mainland is in full sight, and now from the reverie in which he continued, whether he walked or stood still, Don Ippolito was roused by the whistle of an outward train. He followed it with his eye as it streamed along over the far-stretching arches, and struck out into the flat, salt marshes beyond. When the distance hid it, he put on his hat, which he had unconsciously removed, and turned his rapid steps toward the railroad station. Arrived there, he lingered in the vestibule for half an hour, watching the people as they bought their tickets for departure, and had their baggage examined by the customs officers, and weighed and registered by the railroad porters, who passed it through the wicket shutting out the train, while the passengers gathered up their smaller parcels and took their way to the waiting-rooms. He followed a group of English people some paces in this direction, and then returned to the wicket, through which he looked long and wistfully at the train. The baggage was all passed through; the doors of the waiting-rooms were thrown open with harsh proclamation by the guards, and the passengers flocked into the carriages. Whistles and bells were sounded, and the train crept out of the station.

A man in the company's uniform approached the unconscious priest, and striking his hands softly together, said with a pleasant smile, "Your servant, Don Ippolito. Are you expecting some one?"

"Ah, good day!" answered the priest, with a little start. "No," he added, "I was not looking for any one."

"I see," said the other. "Diverting yourself as usual with the machinery. Excuse the freedom, Don Ippolito; but you ought to have been of our profession, — ha, ha! When you have the leisure, I should like to show you the drawing of an American locomotive which a friend of mine has sent me from Nuova York. It is very different from ours, very curious. But monstrous in size, you know, prodigious! May I come with it to your house, some evening?"

"You will do me a great pleasure," said Don Ippolito. He gazed dreamily in the direction of the vanished train. "Was that the train for Milan?" he asked presently.

"Exactly," said the man.

"Does it go all the way to Milan?"

"Oh, no! It stops at Peschiera, where the passengers have their passports examined; and then another train backs down from Desenzano and takes them on to Milan. And after that," continued the man with animation, "if you are on the way to England, for example, another train carries you to Susa, and there you get the diligence over the mountain to St. Michel, where you take railroad again, and so on up through Paris to Boulogne-sur-Mer, and then by steamer to Folkestone, and then by railroad to London and to Liverpool. It is at Liverpool that you go on board the steamer for America, and piff! in ten days you are in Nuova York. My friend has written me all about it."

"Ah yes, your friend. Does he like it there in America?"

"Passably, passably. The Americans have no manners; but they are good devils. They are governed by the Irish. And the wine is dear. But he likes America; yes, he likes it. Nuova York is a fine city. But immense, you know! Eight times as large as Venice!"

"Is your friend prosperous there?"

"Ah heigh! That is the prettiest part of the story. He has made himself rich. He is employed by a large house to make designs for mantelpieces, and marble tables, and tombs; and he has — listen! — six hundred francs a month!"

"Oh per Bacco!" cried Don Ippolito.

"Honestly. But you spend a great deal there. Still, it is magnificent, is it not? If it were not for that blessed war there, now, that would be the place for you, Don Ippolito. He tells me the Americans are actually mad for inventions. Your servant. Excuse the freedom, you know," said the man, bowing and moving away.

"Nothing, dear, nothing," answered the priest. He walked out of the station with a light step, and went to his own house, where he sought the room in which his inventions were stored. He had not touched them for weeks. They were all dusty and many were cobwebbed. He blew the dust from some, and bringing them to the light, examined them critically, finding them mostly disabled in one way or other, except the models of the portable furniture, which he polished with his handkerchief and set apart, surveying them from a distance with a look of hope. He took up the breech-loading cannon, and then suddenly put it down again with a little shiver, and went to the threshold of the perverted oratory and glanced in at his forge. Veneranda had carelessly left the window open, and the draught had carried the ashes about the floor. On the cinder-heap lay the tools which he had used in mending the broken pipe of the fountain at Casa Vervain, and had not used since. The place seemed chilly even on that summer's day. He stood in the doorway with clenched hands. Then he called Veneranda, chid her for leaving the window open, and bade her close it, and so quitted the house and left her muttering.

Ferris seemed surprised to see him when he appeared at the consulate near the middle of the afternoon, and seated himself in the place where he was wont to pose for the painter.

"Were you going to give me a sitting?" asked the latter, hesitating. "The light is horrible, just now, with this glare from the canal. Not that I manage much better when it 's good. I don't get on with you, Don Ippolito. There are too many of you. I should n't have known you in the procession yesterday."

Don Ippolito did not respond. He rose and went toward his portrait on the easel, and examined it long, with a curious minuteness. Then he returned to his chair, and continued to look at it. "I suppose that it resembles me a great deal," he said, "but I think you have misconceived the character somewhat.

You have put too much into it, and yet scarcely enough."

"I know it 's not good," said the painter. "It *is* conventional, in spite of everything. But here 's that first sketch I made of you."

He took up a canvas facing the wall, and set it on the easel. The character in this charcoal sketch was vastly sincerer, kinder, sweeter.

"Ah!" said Don Ippolito, with a sigh and smile of relief, "that is immeasurably better. I wish I could speak to you, dear friend, in a mood of yours as sympathetic as this picture records, of some matters that concern me very nearly. I have just come from the railroad station."

"Seeing some friends off?" asked the painter, indifferently, hovering near the sketch with a bit of charcoal in his hand, and hesitating whether to give it a certain touch. He glanced with half-shut eyes at the priest.

Don Ippolito sighed again. "I hardly know. I was seeing off my hopes, my desires, my prayers, that followed the train to America!"

The painter put down his charcoal, dusted his fingers, and looked at the priest without saying anything.

"Do you remember when I first came to you?" asked the priest.

"Certainly," said Ferris. "Is it of that matter you want to speak to me? I 'm very sorry to hear it, for I don't think it practical."

"Practical, practical!" cried the priest hotly. "Nothing is practical till it has been tried. And why should I not go to America?"

"Because you can't get your passport, for one thing," answered the painter dryly.

"I have thought of that," rejoined Don Ippolito more patiently. "I can get a passport for France from the Austrian authorities here, and at Milan there must be ways in which I could change it for one from my own king" — it was by this title that patriotic Venetians of those days spoke of Victor Emmanuel — "that would carry me out of France into England."

Ferris pondered a moment. "That is quite true," he said. "Why had n't you thought of that when you first came to me?"

"I cannot tell. I did n't know that I could even get a passport for France till the other day."

Both were silent for a time, while the painter filled his pipe. "Well," he said presently, "I 'm very sorry. I 'm afraid you 're dooming yourself to many bitter disappointments in going to America. What do you expect to do there?"

"Why, with my inventions" —

"I suppose," interrupted the other, putting a lighted match to his pipe, "that a painter must be a very poor sort of American: *his* first thought is of coming to Italy. So I know very little directly about the fortunes of my inventive fellow-countrymen, or whether an inventor has any prospect of making a living. But once when I was at Washington I went into the Patent Office, where the models of the inventions are deposited; the building is about as large as the Ducal Palace, and it is full of them. The people there told me nothing was commoner than for the same invention to be repeated over and over again by different inventors. Some few succeed, and then they have lawsuits with the infringers of their patents; some sell out their inventions for a trifle to companies that have capital, and that grow rich upon them; the great number can never bring their ideas to the public notice at all. You can judge for yourself what your chances would be. You have asked me why you should not go to America. Well, because I think you would starve there."

"I am used to that," said Don Ippolito; "and besides, until some of my inventions became known, I could give lessons in Italian."

"Oh, bravo!" said Ferris, "you prefer instant death, then?"

"But madamigella seemed to believe that my success as an inventor would be assured, there."

Ferris gave a very ironical laugh. "Miss Vervain must have been about

twelve years old when she left America. Even a lady's knowledge of business, at that age, is limited. When did you talk with her about it? You had not spoken of it to me, of late, and I thought you were more contented than you used to be."

"It is true," said the priest. "Sometimes within the last two months I have almost forgotten it."

"And what has brought it so forcibly to your mind again?"

"That is what I so greatly desire to tell you," replied Don Ippolito, with an appealing look at the painter's face. He moistened his parched lips a little, waiting for further question from the painter, to whom he seemed a man fevered by some strong emotion and at that moment not quite wholesome. Ferris did not speak, and Don Ippolito began again: "Even though I have not said so in words to you, dear friend, has it not appeared to you that I have no heart in my vocation?"

"Yes, I have sometimes fancied that. I had no right to ask you why."

"Some day I will tell you, when I have the courage to go all over it again. It is partly my own fault, but it is more my miserable fortune. But wherever the wrong lies, it has at last become intolerable to me. I cannot endure it any longer and live. I must go away, I must fly from it."

Ferris shrank from him a little, as men instinctively do from one who has set himself upon some desperate attempt. "Do you mean, Don Ippolito, that you are going to renounce your priesthood?"

Don Ippolito opened his hands and let his priesthood, as it were, drop to the ground.

"You never spoke of this before, when you talked of going to America. Though to be sure" —

"Yes, yes!" replied Don Ippolito with vehemence, "but since then an angel has appeared and shown me the blackness of my life!"

Ferris began to wonder if he or Don Ippolito were not perhaps mad.

"An angel, yes," the priest went on, rising from his chair, "an angel whose immaculate truth has mirrored my falsehood in all its vileness and distortion — to whom, if it destroys me, I cannot devote less than a truthfulness like hers!"

"Hers — hers?" cried the painter, with a sudden pang. "Whose? Don't speak in these riddles. Whom do you mean?"

"Whom can I mean but only one? — madamigella!"

"Miss Vervain? Do you mean to say that Miss Vervain has advised you to renounce your priesthood?"

"In as many words she has bidden me forsake it at any risk, — at the cost of kindred, friends, good fame, country, everything."

The painter passed his hand over his bewildered face. These were his own words, the words he had used in speaking with Florida of the supposed skeptical priest. He grew very pale. "May I ask," he demanded in a hard, dry voice, "how she came to advise such a step?"

"I can hardly tell. Something had already moved her to learn from me the story of my life — to know that I was a man with neither faith nor hope. Her pure heart was torn by the thought of my wrong and of my error. I had never seen myself in such deformity as she saw me even when she used me with that divine compassion. I was almost glad to be what I was because of her angelic pity for me!"

The tears sprang to Don Ippolito's eyes, but Ferris asked in the same tone as before, "Was it then that she bade you be no longer a priest?"

"No, not then," patiently replied the other; "she was too greatly overwhelmed with my calamity to think of any cure for it. To-day it was that she uttered those words — words which I shall never forget, which will support and comfort me, whatever happens!"

The painter was biting hard upon the stem of his pipe. He turned away and began ordering the color-tubes and pencils on a table against the wall, putting them close together in very neat, straight rows. Presently he said:

"Perhaps Miss Vervain also advised you to go to America?"

"Yes," answered the priest reverently. "She had thought of everything. She has promised me a refuge under her mother's roof there, until I can make my inventions known; and I shall follow them at once."

"Follow them?"

"They are going, she told me. Madama does not grow better. They are homesick. They — but you must know all this already?"

"Oh, not at all, not at all," said the painter with a very bitter smile. "You are telling me news. Pray go on."

"There is no more. She made me promise to come to you and listen to your advice before I took any step. I must not trust to her alone, she said; but if I took this step, then through whatever happened she would be my friend. Ah, dear friend, may I speak in you of the hope that these words gave me? You have seen — have you not? — you must have seen that" —

The priest faltered, and Ferris stared at him helpless. When the next words came he could not find any strangeness in the fact which yet gave him so great a shock. He found that to his nether consciousness it had been long familiar — ever since that day when he had first jestingly proposed Don Ippolito as Miss Vervain's teacher. Grotesque, tragic, impossible — it had still been the undercurrent of all his reveries; or so now it seemed to have been.

Don Ippolito anxiously drew nearer to him and laid an imploring touch upon his arm, — "I love her!"

"What!" gasped the painter. "You? You! A priest?"

"Priest! priest!" cried Don Ippolito, violently. "From this day I am no longer a priest! From this hour I am a man, and I can offer her the honorable love of a man, the truth of a most sacred marriage, and fidelity to death!"

Ferris made no answer. He began to look very coldly and haughtily at Don Ippolito, whose heat died away under his stare, and who at last met it with a glance of tremulous perplexity. His hand had dropped from Ferris's arm, and he now moved some steps from him. "What is it, dear friend?" he besought him. "Is there something that offends you? I came to you for counsel, and you meet me with a repulse little short of enmity. I do not understand. Do I intend anything wrong without knowing it? Oh, I conjure you to speak plainly!"

"Wait! Wait a minute," said Ferris, waving his hand like a man tormented by a passing pain. "I am trying to think. What you say is . . . I cannot imagine it!"

"Not imagine it? Not imagine it? And why? Is she not beautiful?"

"Yes."

"And good?"

"Without doubt."

"And young, and yet wise beyond her years? And true, and yet angelically kind?"

"It is all as you say, God knows. But . . . a priest" —

"Oh! Always that accursed word! And at heart, what is a priest, then, but a man? — a wretched, masked, imprisoned, banished man! Has he not blood and nerves like you? Has he not eyes to see what is fair, and ears to hear what is sweet? Can he live near so divine a flower and not know her grace, not inhale the fragrance of her soul, not adore her beauty? Oh, great God! And if at last he would tear off his stifling mask, escape from his prison, return from his exile, would you gainsay him?"

"Heaven forbid!" said the painter with a kind of groan. He sat down in a tall, carven gothic chair, — the furniture of one of his pictures, — and rested his head against its high back and looked at the priest across the room. "Excuse me," he continued languidly. "I am ready to befriend you to the utmost of my power. What was it you wanted to ask me? I have told you truly what I thought of your scheme of going to America; but I may very well be mistaken. Was it about that Miss Vervain desired you to consult me?" His voice and manner hardened again in

spite of him. "Or did she wish me to advise you about the renunciation of your priesthood? You must have thought that carefully over for yourself."

"Yes, I do not think you could make me see that as a greater difficulty than it has appeared to me." He paused with a confused and daunted air, as if some important point had slipped his mind. "But I must take the step; the burden of the double part I play is unendurable, is it not?"

"You know better than I."

"But if you were such a man as I, with neither love for your vocation nor faith in it, should you not cease to be a priest?"

"If you ask me in that way, yes," answered the painter. "But I advise you nothing. I could not counsel another in such a case."

"But you think and feel as I do," said the priest, "and I am right, then."

"I do not say you are wrong."

Ferris was silent while Don Ippolito moved up and down the room, with his sliding step, like some tall, gaunt, unhappy girl. Neither could put an end to this interview, so full of intangible, inconclusive misery. Ferris drew a long breath, and then said with an effort, "Don Ippolito, I suppose you did not speak idly to me of your — your feeling for Miss Vervain, and that I may speak plainly to you in return."

"Surely," answered the priest, pausing in his walk and fixing his eyes upon the painter. "It was to you as the friend of both that I spoke of my love, and my hope — which is oftener my despair."

"Then you have not much reason to believe that she returns your — feeling?"

"Ah, how could she consciously return it? I have been hitherto a priest to her, and the thought of me would have been impurity. But hereafter, if I can prove myself a man, if I can win my place in the world . . . No, even now, why should she care so much for my escape from these bonds, if she did not care for me more than she knew?"

"Have you ever thought of that extravagant generosity of Miss Vervain's character?"

"It is divine!"

"Has it seemed to you that if such a woman knew herself to have once wrongly given you pain, her atonement might be as headlong and excessive as her offense? That she could have no reserves in her reparation?"

Don Ippolito looked at Ferris, but did not interpose.

"Miss Vervain is very religious in her way, and she is truth itself. Are you sure that it is not concern for what seems to her your terrible position, that has made her show so much anxiety on your account?"

"Do I not know that well? Have I not felt the balm of her most heavenly pity?"

"And may she not be only trying to appeal to something in you as high as the impulse of her own heart?"

"As high!" cried Don Ippolito, almost angrily. "Can there be any higher thing in heaven or on earth than love for such a woman?"

"Yes; both in heaven and on earth," answered Ferris.

"I do not understand you," said Don Ippolito with a puzzled stare.

Ferris did not reply. He fell into a dull reverie in which he seemed to forget Don Ippolito and the whole affair. At last the priest spoke again: "Have you nothing to say to me, signore?"

"I? What is there to say?" returned the other blankly.

"Do you know any reason why I should not love her, save that I am — have been — a priest?"

"No, I know none," said the painter, wearily.

"Ah," exclaimed Don Ippolito, "there is something on your mind that you will not speak. I beseech you not to let me go wrong. I love her so well that I would rather die than let my love offend her. I am a man with the passions and hopes of a man, but without a man's experience, or a man's knowledge of what is just and right in these relations. If you can be my friend in this

so far as to advise or warn me; if you can be her friend " —

Ferris abruptly rose and went to his balcony, and looked out upon the Grand Canal. The time-stained palace opposite had not changed in the last half-hour. As on many another summer day, he saw the black boats going by. A heavy, high-pointed barge from the Sile, with the captain's family at dinner in the shade of a matting on the roof, moved sluggishly down the middle current. A party of Americans in a gondola, with their opera-glasses and guide-books in their hands, pointed out to each other the eagle on the consular arms. They were all like sights in a mirror, or things in a world turned upside down.

Ferris came back and looked dizzily at the priest, trying to believe that this unhuman, sacerdotal phantasm had been telling him that it loved a beautiful young girl of his own race, faith, and language.

" Will you not answer me, signore?" meekly demanded Don Ippolito.

" In this matter," replied the painter, " I cannot advise or warn you. The whole affair is beyond my conception. I mean no unkindness, but I cannot consult with you about it. There are reasons why I should not. The mother of Miss Vervain is here with her, and I do not feel that her interests in such a matter are in my hands. If they come to me for help, that is different. What do you wish? You tell me that you are resolved to renounce the priesthood and go to America; and I have answered you to the best of my power. You tell me that you are in love with Miss Vervain. What can I have to say about that?"

Don Ippolito stood listening with a patient, and then a wounded air. " Nothing," he answered proudly. " I ask your pardon for troubling you with my affairs. Your former kindness emboldened me too much. I shall not trespass again. It was my ignorance, which I pray you to excuse. I take my leave, signore."

He bowed, and moved out of the room, and a dull remorse filled the painter, as he heard the outer door close after him. But he could do nothing. If he had given a wound to the heart that trusted him, it was in an anguish which he had not been able to master, and whose causes he could not yet define. It was all a shapeless torment; it held him like the memory of some hideous nightmare prolonging its horror beyond sleep. It seemed impossible that what had happened should have happened.

It was long, as he sat in the chair from which he had talked with Don Ippolito, before he could reason about what had been said; and then the worst phase presented itself first. He could not help seeing that the priest might have found cause for hope in the girl's behavior toward him. Her violent resentments, and her equally violent repentances; her fervent interest in his unhappy fortunes, and her anxiety that he should at once forsake the priesthood; her urging him to go to America, and her promising him a home under her mother's roof there: why might it not all be in fact a proof of her tenderness for him? She might have found it necessary to be thus coarsely explicit with him, for a man in Don Ippolito's relation to her could not otherwise have imagined her interest in him. But her making use of Ferris to confirm her own purposes by his words, her repeating them so that they should come back to him from Don Ippolito's lips, her letting another man go with her to look upon the procession in which her priestly lover was to appear in his sacerdotal panoply; these things could not be accounted for except by that strain of insolent, passionate defiance which he had noted in her from the beginning. Why should she first tell Don Ippolito of their going away? " Well, I wish him joy of his bargain," said Ferris aloud, and rising, shrugged his shoulders, and tried to cast off all care of a matter that did not concern him. But one does not so easily cast off a matter that does not concern one. He found himself haunted by certain tones and looks and attitudes

of the young girl, utterly alien to the character he had just constructed for her. They were child-like, trusting, unconscious, far beyond anything he had yet known in women, and they appealed to him now with a maddening pathos. She was standing there before Don Ippolito's picture as on that morning when she came to Ferris, looking anxiously at him, her innocent beauty, troubled with some hidden care, hallowing the place. Ferris thought of the young fellow who told him that he had spent three months in a dull German town because he had the room there that was once occupied by the girl who had refused him; the painter remembered that the young fellow said he had just read of her marriage in an American newspaper.

Why did Miss Vervain send Don Ippolito to him? Was it some scheme of her secret love for the priest; or mere coarse resentment of the cautions Ferris had once hinted, a piece of vulgar bravado? But if she had acted throughout in pure simplicity, in unwise goodness of heart? If Don Ippolito were altogether self-deceived, and nothing but her unknowing pity had given him grounds of hope? He himself had suggested this to the priest, and now with a different motive he looked at it in his own behalf. A great load began slowly to lift itself from Ferris's heart, which could ache now for this most unhappy priest. But if his conjecture were just, his duty would be different. He must not coldly acquiesce and let things take their course. He had introduced Don Ippolito to the Vervains; he was in some sort responsible for him; he must save them if possible from the painful consequences of the priest's hallucination. But how to do this was by no means clear. He blamed himself for not having been franker with Don Ippolito and tried to make him see that the Vervains might regard his passion as a presumption upon their kindness to him, an abuse of their hospitable friendship; and yet how could he have done this without outrage to a sensitive and right-meaning soul? For a moment it seemed to him that he must seek Don Ippolito, and repair his fault; but they had hardly parted as friends, and his action might be easily misconstrued. If he shrank from the thought of speaking to him of the matter again, it appeared yet more impossible to bring it before the Vervains. Like a man of the imaginative temperament as he was, he exaggerated the probable effect, and pictured their dismay in colors that made his interference seem a ludicrous enormity; in fact, it would have been an awkward business enough for one not hampered by his intricate obligations. He felt bound to the Vervains, the ignorant young girl, and the addle-pated mother; but if he ought to go to them and tell them what he knew, to which of them ought he to speak, and how? In an anguish of perplexity that made the sweat stand in drops upon his forehead, he smiled to think it just possible that Mrs. Vervain might take the matter seriously, and wish to consider the propriety of Florida's accepting Don Ippolito. But if he spoke to the daughter, how should he approach the subject? "Don Ippolito tells me he loves you, and he goes to America with the expectation that when he has made his fortune with a patent back-action apple-corer, you will marry him." Should he say something to this purport? And in Heaven's name what right had he, Ferris, to say anything at all? The horrible absurdity, the inexorable delicacy of his position made him laugh.

On the other hand, besides, he was bound to Don Ippolito, who had come to him as the nearest friend of both, and confided in him. He remembered with a tardy, poignant intelligence how in their first talk of the Vervains Don Ippolito had taken pains to inform himself that Ferris was not in love with Florida. Could he be less manly and generous than this poor priest, and violate the sanctity of his confidence? Ferris groaned aloud. No, contrive it as he would, call it by what fair name he chose, he could not commit this treachery. It was the more impossible to him because, in this agony of doubt as to what he should do, he now at least

read his own heart clearly, and had no longer a doubt what was in it. He pitied her for the pain she must suffer. He saw how her simple goodness, her blind sympathy with Don Ippolito, and only this, must have led the priest to the mistaken pass at which he stood. But Ferris felt that the whole affair had been fatally carried beyond his reach; he could do nothing now but wait and endure. There are cases in which a man must not protect the woman he loves. This was one.

The afternoon wore away. In the evening he went to the Piazza, and drank a cup of coffee at Florian's. Then he walked to the Public Gardens, where he watched the crowd till it thinned in the twilight and left him alone. He hung upon the parapet, looking off over the lagoon that at last he perceived to be flooded with moonlight. He desperately called a gondola, and bade the man row him to the public landing nearest the Vervains', and so walked up the calle, and entered the palace from the campo, through the court that on one side opened into the garden.

Mrs. Vervain was alone in the room where he had always been accustomed to find her daughter with her, and a chill as of the impending change fell upon him. He felt how pleasant it had been to find them together; with a vain, piercing regret he felt how much like home the place had been to him. Mrs. Vervain, indeed, was not changed; she was even more than ever herself, though all that she said imported change. She seemed to observe nothing unwonted in him, and she began to talk in her way of things that she could not know were so near his heart.

"Now, Mr. Ferris, I have a little surprise for you. Guess what it is!"

"I 'm not good at guessing. I 'd rather not know what it is than have to guess it," said Ferris, trying to be light, under his heavy trouble.

"You won't try once, even? Well, you 're going to be rid of us soon! We are going away."

"Yes, I knew that," said Ferris quietly. "Don Ippolito told me so to-day."

"And is that all you have to say? Is n't it rather sad? Is n't it sudden? Come, Mr. Ferris, do be a little complimentary, for once!"

"It 's sudden, and I can assure you it 's sad enough for me," replied the painter, in a tone which could not leave any doubt of his sincerity.

"Well, so it is for us," quavered Mrs. Vervain. "You have been very, very good to us," she went on more collectedly, "and we shall never forget it. Florida has been speaking of it, too, and she 's extremely grateful, and thinks we 've quite imposed upon you."

"Thanks."

"I suppose we have, but as I always say, you 're the representative of the country here. However, that 's neither here nor there. We have no relatives on the face of the earth, you know; but I have a good many old friends in Providence, and we 're going back there. We both think I shall be better at home; for I 'm sorry to say, Mr. Ferris, that though I don't complain of Venice, — it 's really a beautiful place, and all that; not the least exaggerated, — still I don't think it 's done my health much good; or at least I don't seem to gain, don't you know, I don't seem to gain."

"I 'm very sorry to hear it, Mrs. Vervain."

"Yes, I 'm sure you are; but you see, don't you, that we must go? We are going next week. When we 've once made up our minds, there 's no object in prolonging the agony."

Mrs. Vervain adjusted her glasses with the thumb and finger of her right hand, and peered into Ferris's face with a gay smile. "But the greatest part of the surprise is," she resumed, lowering her voice a little, "that Don Ippolito is going with us."

"Ah!" cried Ferris sharply.

"I *knew* I should surprise you, laughed Mrs. Vervain. "We 've been having a regular confab — *clave*, I mean — about it here, and he 's all on fire to go to America; though it must be kept a great secret on his account, poor fel-

low. He 's to join us in France, and then he can easily get into England, with us. You know he 's to give up being a priest, and is going to devote himself to invention when he gets to America. Now, what *do* you think of it, Mr. Ferris? Quite strikes you dumb, does n't it?" triumphed Mrs. Vervain. "I suppose it 's what you would call a wild goose chase, — I used to pick up all those phrases, — but we shall carry it through."

Ferris gasped, as though about to speak, but said nothing.

"Don Ippolito 's been here the whole afternoon," continued Mrs. Vervain, "or rather ever since about five o'clock. He took dinner with us, and we 've been talking it over and over. He 's *so* enthusiastic about it, and yet he breaks down every little while, and seems quite to despair of the undertaking. But Florida won't let him do that; and really it 's funny, the way he defers to her judgment — you know *I* always regard Florida as such a mere child — and seems to take every word she says for gospel. But, shedding tears, now: it 's dreadful in a man, is n't it? I wish Don Ippolito would n't do that. It makes one creep. I can't feel that it 's manly; can you?"

Ferris found voice to say something about those things being different with the Latin races.

"Well, at any rate," said Mrs. Vervain, "I 'm glad that *Americans* don't shed tears, as a general *rule*. Now, Florida: you 'd think she was the man all through this business, she 's so perfectly heroic about it; that is, outwardly: for I can see — women can, in each other, Mr. Ferris — just where she 's on the point of breaking down, all the while. Has she ever spoken to you about Don Ippolito? She does think so highly of your opinion, Mr. Ferris."

"She does me too much honor," said Ferris, with ghastly irony.

"Oh, I don't think so," returned Mrs. Vervain. "She told me this morning that she 'd made Don Ippolito promise to speak to you about it; but he did n't mention having done so, and — I hated, don't you know, to ask him. . . . In fact, Florida had told me beforehand that I must n't. She said he must be left entirely to himself in the matter, and" — Mrs. Vervain looked suggestively at Ferris.

"He spoke to me about it," said Ferris.

"Then why in the world did you let me run on? I suppose you advised him against it."

"I certainly did."

"Well, there 's where I think woman's intuition is better than man's reason."

The painter silently bowed his head.

"Yes, I 'm quite woman's rights in that respect," said Mrs. Vervain.

"Oh, without doubt," answered Ferris, aimlessly.

"I 'm perfectly delighted," she went on, "at the idea of Don Ippolito's giving up the priesthood, and I 've told him he must get married to some good American girl. You ought to have seen how the poor fellow blushed! But really, you know, there are lots of nice girls that would *jump* at him — so handsome and sad-looking, and a genius."

Ferris could only stare helplessly at Mrs. Vervain, who continued: —

"Yes, *I* think he 's a genius, and I 'm determined that he shall have a chance. I suppose we 've got a job on our hands; but I 'm not sorry. I 'll introduce him into society, and if he needs money he shall have it. What does God give us money for, Mr. Ferris, but to help our fellow-creatures?"

So miserable, as he was, from head to foot, that it seemed impossible he could endure more, Ferris could not forbear laughing at this burst of piety.

"What are you laughing at?" asked Mrs. Vervain, who had cheerfully joined him. "Something I 've been saying. Well, you won't have me to laugh at much longer. I do wonder whom you 'll have next."

Ferris's merriment died away in something like a groan, and when Mrs. Vervain again spoke, it was in a tone of sudden querulousness. "I *wish* Florida would come! She went to bolt the

land-gate after Don Ippolito, — I wanted her to, — but she ought to have been back long ago. It 's odd you did n't meet them, coming in. She must be in the garden somewhere; I suppose she 's sorry to be leaving it. But I need her. Would you be so very kind, Mr. Ferris, as to go and ask her to come to me? "

Ferris rose heavily from the chair in which he seemed to have grown ten years older. He had hardly heard anything that he did not know already, but the clear vision of the affair with which he had come to the Vervains was hopelessly confused and darkened. He could make nothing of any phase of it. He did not know whether he cared to see Florida or not. He mechanically obeyed Mrs. Vervain, and stepping out upon the terrace, slowly descended the stairway.

The moon was shining brightly into the garden.

XV.

Florida and Don Ippolito had paused in the pathway which parted at the fountain and led in one direction to the water-gate, and in the other out through the palace-court into the campo.

" Now, you must not give way to despair again," she said to him. " You will succeed, I am sure, for you will deserve success."

" It is all your goodness, madamigella," sighed the priest, " and at the bottom of my heart I am afraid that all the hope and courage I have are also yours."

" You shall never want for hope and courage then. We believe in you, and we honor your purpose, and we will be your steadfast friends. But now you must think only of the present — of how you are to get away from Venice. Oh, I can understand how you must hate to leave it! What a beautiful night! You must n't expect such moonlight as this in America, Don Ippolito."

" It *is* beautiful, is it not? " said the priest, kindling from her. " But I think we Venetians are never so conscious of the beauty of Venice as you strangers are."

" I don't know. I only know that now, since we have made up our minds to go, and fixed the day and hour, it is more like leaving my own country than anything else I 've ever felt. This garden, I seem to have spent my whole life in it; and when we are settled in Providence, I 'm going to have mother send back for some of these statues. I suppose Signor Cavaletti would n't mind our robbing his place of them if he were paid enough. At any rate we must have this one that belongs to the fountain. You shall be the first to set the fountain playing over there, Don Ippolito, and then we 'll sit down on this stone bench before it, and imagine ourselves in the garden of Casa Vervain at Venice."

" No, no; let me be the last to set it playing here," said the priest, quickly stooping to the pipe at the foot of the figure, " and then we will sit down here, and imagine ourselves in the garden of Casa Vervain at Providence."

Florida put her hand on his shoulder. " You must n't do it," she said simply. " The padrone does n't like to waste the water."

" Oh, we 'll pray the saints to rain it back on him some day," cried Don Ippolito with willful levity, and the stream leaped into the moonlight and seemed to hang there like a tangled skein of silver.

" But how shall I shut it off when you are gone? " asked the young girl, looking ruefully at the floating threads of splendor.

" Oh, I will shut it off before I go," answered Don Ippolito. " Let it play a moment," he continued, gazing rapturously upon it, while the moon painted his lifted face with a pallor that his black robes heightened. He fetched a long, sighing breath, as if he inhaled with that respiration the rich odors of the flowers, blanched like his own visage in the strong unluminous brightness; as if he absorbed into his heart at once the wide glory of the summer night, and the beauty of the young girl at his side.

It seemed a supreme moment with him; he looked as a man might look who has climbed out of life-long defeat into a single instant of release and triumph.

Florida sank upon the bench before the fountain, indulging his caprice with that sacred, motherly tolerance, some touch of which is in all womanly yielding to men's will, and which was perhaps present in greater degree in her feeling towards a man more than ordinarily orphaned and unfriended.

"Is Providence your native city?" asked Don Ippolito, abruptly, after a little silence.

"Oh no; I was born at St. Augustine in Florida."

"Ah yes, I forgot; madama has told me about it; Providence is *her* city. But the two are near together?"

"No," said Florida, compassionately, "they are a thousand miles apart."

"A thousand miles? What a vast country!"

"Yes, it 's a whole world."

"Ah, a world, indeed!" cried the priest, softly. "I shall never comprehend it."

"You never will," answered the young girl gravely, "if you do not think about it more practically."

"Practically, practically!" lightly retorted the priest. "What a word with you Americans! That is the consul's word: *practical.*"

"Then you have been to see him today?" asked Florida, with eagerness. "I wanted to ask you" —

"Yes, I went to consult the oracle, as you bade me."

"Don Ippolito" —

"And he was averse to my going to America. He said it was not practical."

"Oh!" murmured the girl.

"I think," continued the priest with vehemence, "that Signor Ferris is no longer my friend."

"Did he treat you coldly — harshly?" she asked, with a note of indignation in her voice. "Did he know that I — that you came" —

"Perhaps he was right. Perhaps I shall indeed go to ruin there. Ruin, ruin! Do I not *live* ruin here?"

"What did he say — what did he tell you?"

"No, no; not now, madamigella! I do not want to think of that man, now. I want you to help me once more to realize myself in America, where I shall never have been a priest, where I shall at least battle even-handed with the world. Come, let us forget him; the thought of him palsies all my hope. He could not see me save in this robe, in this figure that I abhor."

"Oh, it was strange, it was not like him, it was cruel! What did he say?"

"In everything but words, he bade me despair; he bade me look upon all that makes life dear and noble as impossible to me!"

"Oh, how? Perhaps he did not understand you. No, he did not understand you. What did you say to him, Don Ippolito? Tell me!" She leaned towards him, in anxious emotion, as she spoke.

The priest rose, and stretched out his arms, as if he would gather something of courage from the infinite space. In his visage were the sublimity and the terror of a man who puts everything to the risk.

"How will it really be with me, yonder?" he demanded. "As it is with other men, whom their past life, if it has been guiltless, does not follow to that new world of freedom and justice?"

"Why should it not be so?" demanded Florida. "Did *he* say it would not?"

"Need it be known there that I have been a priest? Or if I tell it, will it make me appear a kind of monster, different from other men?"

"No, no!" she answered fervently. "Your story would gain friends and honor for you everywhere in America. Did *he* " —

"A moment, a moment!" cried Don Ippolito, catching his breath. "Will it ever be possible for me to win something more than honor and friendship there?"

She looked up at him askingly, confusedly.

"If I am a man, and the time should ever come that a face, a look, a voice,

shall be to me what they are to other men, will *she* remember it against me that I have been a priest, when I tell her — say to her, madamigella — how dear she is to me, offer her my life's devotion, ask her to be my wife" . . .

Florida rose from the seat, and stood confronting him, in a helpless silence, which he seemed not to notice.

Suddenly he clasped his hands together, and desperately stretched them towards her.

"Oh, my hope, my trust, my life, if it were *you* that I loved?" . . .

"What!" shuddered the girl, recoiling, with almost a shriek. "*You?* A *priest!*"

Don Ippolito gave a low cry, half laugh, half sob: —

"His words, his words! It is true, I cannot escape, I am doomed, I must die as I have lived!"

He dropped his face into his hands, and stood with his head bowed before her; neither spoke for a long time, or moved.

Then Florida said absently, in the husky murmur to which her voice fell when she was strongly moved, "Yes, I see it all, how it has been," and was silent again, staring, as if a procession of the events and scenes of the past months were passing before her; and presently she moaned to herself, "Oh, oh, oh!" and wrung her hands.

The foolish fountain kept capering and babbling on. All at once, now, as a flame flashes up and then expires, it leaped and dropped extinct at the foot of the statue.

Its going out seemed somehow to leave them in darkness, and under cover of that gloom she drew nearer the priest, and by such approaches as one makes toward a fancied apparition, when his fear will not let him fly, but it seems better to suffer the worst from it at once than to live in terror of it ever after, she lifted her hands to his, and gently taking them away from his face, looked into his hopeless eyes.

"Oh, Don Ippolito," she grieved. "What shall I say to you, what can I do for you, now?"

But there was nothing to do. The whole edifice of his dreams, his wild imaginations, had fallen into dust at a word; no magic could rebuild it; the end that never seems the end had come. He let her keep his cold hands, and presently he returned the entreaty of her tears with his wan, patient smile.

"You cannot help me; there is no help for an error like mine. Sometime, if ever the thought of me is a greater pain than it is at this moment, you can forgive me. Yes, you can do that for me."

"But who, *who* will ever forgive *me*," she cried, "for my blindness! Oh, you must believe that I never thought, I never dreamt" —

"I know it well. It was your fatal truth that did it; truth too high and fine for me to have discerned save through such agony as — You too loved my soul, like the rest, and you would have had me no priest for the reason that they would have had me a priest — I see it. But you had no right to love my soul and not me — you, a woman. A woman must not love only the soul of a man."

"Yes, yes!" piteously explained the girl, "but you were a priest to me!"

"That is true, madamigella. I was always a priest to you; and now I see that I never could be otherwise. Ah, the wrong began many years before we met. I was trying to blame you a little" —

"Blame me, blame me; do!"

— "but there is no blame. Think that it was another way of asking your forgiveness. . . . O my God, my God, my God!"

He released his hands from her, and uttered this cry under his breath, with his face lifted towards the heavens. When he looked at her again, he said: "Madamigella, if my share of this misery gives me the right to ask of you" —

"Oh ask anything of me! I will give everything, do everything!"

He faltered, and then, "You do not love me," he said abruptly; "is there some one else that you love?"

She did not answer.

"Is it . . . he?"

She hid her face.

"I knew it," groaned the priest, "I knew that, too!" and he turned away.

"Don Ippolito, Don Ippolito — oh, poor, poor Don Ippolito!" cried the girl, springing towards him. "Is *this* the way you leave me? Where are you going? What will you do now?"

"Did I not say? I am going to die a priest."

"Is there nothing that you will let me be to you, hope for you?"

"Nothing," said Don Ippolito, after a moment. "What could there be?" He seized the hands imploringly extended towards him, and clasped them together and kissed them both. "Adieu!" he whispered; then he opened them, and passionately kissed either palm; "adieu, adieu!"

A great wave of sorrow and compassion and despair for him swept through her. She flung her arms about his neck, and pulled his head down upon her heart, and held it tight there, weeping and moaning over him as over some hapless, harmless thing that she had unpurposely bruised or killed. Then she suddenly put her hand against his breast, and thrust him away, and turned and ran.

Ferris stepped back again into the shadow of the tree from which he had just emerged, and clung to its trunk lest he should fall. Another seemed to creep out of the court in his person, and totter across the white glare of the campo and down the blackness of the calle. In the intersected spaces where the moonlight fell, this alien, miserable man saw the figure of a priest gliding on before him.

W. D. Howells.

REMONSTRANCE.

"Come out and hear the birds sing! Oh, wherefore sit you there
At the western window watching, dreamy-pale and still and fair,
While the warm summer wind disparts your tresses' clustering gold?
What is it on the dim sea line your eyes would fain behold?"
"I seek a sail that never looms from out the purple haze
At rosy dawn, or fading eve, or in the noontide's blaze."

"A sail? Lo, many a column of white canvas far and near!
All day they glide across the blue, appear and disappear;
See, how they crowd the offing, flocking from the sultry South!
Why stirs a smile more sad than tears the patience of your mouth?"
"They lean before the freshening breeze, they cross the ocean floor,
But the ship that brings me tidings of my love comes nevermore."

"Come out into the garden where the crimson phloxes burn,
And every slender lily-stem upbears a lustrous urn;
A thousand greetings float to you from bud and bell and star,
Their sweetness freights the breathing wind; how beautiful they are!"
"Their brilliant color blinds me; I sicken at their breath;
The whisper of this mournful wind is sad to me as death."

"And must you sit so white and cold while all the world is bright?
Ah, come with me and see how all is brimming with delight!

On the beach the emerald breaker murmurs o'er the tawny sand;
The white spray from the rock is tossed, by melting rainbows spanned."
"Nay, mock me not! I have no heart for nature's happiness;
One sound alone my soul can fill, one shape my sight can bless."

"And are your fetters forged so fast, though you were free and strong,
By the old, mysterious madness, told in story and in song
Since burdened with the human race the world began to roll?
Can you not thrust the weight away, so heavy on your soul?"
"There is no power in earth or heaven such madness to destroy,
And I would not part with sorrow that is sweeter far than joy."

"Oh marvelous content, that from such still despair is born!
Nay, I would wrestle with my fate till love were slain with scorn!
Oh, mournful Mariana! I would never sit so pale,
Watching, with eyes grown dim with dreams, the coming of a sail!"
"Peace, peace! How can you measure a depth you never knew?
My chains to me are dearer than your freedom is to you."

Celia Thaxter.

ATHENIAN AND AMERICAN LIFE.

In a very interesting essay on British and Foreign Characteristics, published a few years ago, Mr. W. R. Greg quotes the famous letter of the Turkish cadi to Mr. Layard, with the comment that "it contains the germ and element of a wisdom to which our busy and bustling existence is a stranger;" and he uses it as a text for an instructive sermon on the "gospel of leisure." He urges, with justice, that the too eager and restless modern man, absorbed in problems of industrial development, may learn a wholesome lesson from the contemplation of his Oriental brother, who cares not to say, "Behold, this star spinneth round that star, and this other star with a tail cometh and goeth in so many years;" who aspires not after a "double stomach," nor hopes to attain to Paradise by "seeking with his eyes." If any one may be thought to stand in need of some such lesson, it is the American of to-day. Just as far as the Turk carries his apathy to excess, does the American carry to excess his restlessness. But just because the incurious idleness of the Turk is excessive, so as to be detrimental to completeness of living, it is unfit to supply us with the hints we need concerning the causes, character, and effects of our over-activity. A sermon of leisure, if it is to be of practical use to us, must not be a sermon of laziness. The Oriental state of mind is incompatible with progressive improvement of any sort, physical, intellectual, or moral. It is one of the phenomena attendant upon the arrival of a community at a stationary condition before it has acquired a complex civilization. And it appears serviceable rather as a background upon which to exhibit in relief our modern turmoil, than by reason of any lesson which it is itself likely to convey. Let us in preference study one of the most eminently progressive of all the communities that have existed. Let us take an example quite different from any that can be drawn from Oriental life, but almost equally contrasted with any that can be found among ourselves; and let us, with the aid of it, examine the respective effects of leisure and of hurry upon the culture of the community.

What do modern critics mean by the

"healthy completeness" of ancient life, which they are so fond of contrasting with the "heated," "discontented," or imperfect and one-sided existence of modern communities? Is this a mere set of phrases, suited to some imaginary want of the literary critic, but answering to nothing real? Are they to be summarily disposed of as resting upon some tacit assumption of that old-grannyism which delights in asseverating that times are not what they used to be? Is the contrast an imaginary one, due to the softened, cheerful light with which we are wont to contemplate classic antiquity through the charmed medium of its incomparable literature? Or is it a real contrast, worthy of the attention and analysis of the historical inquirer? The answer to these queries will lead us far into the discussion of the subject which we have propounded, and we shall best reach it by considering some aspects of the social condition of ancient Greece. The lessons to be learned from that wonderful country are not yet exhausted. Each time that we return to that richest of historic mines, and delve faithfully and carefully, we shall be sure to dig up some jewel worth carrying away.

And in considering ancient Greece, we shall do well to confine our attention, for the sake of definiteness of conception, to a single city. Comparatively homogeneous as Greek civilization was, there was nevertheless a great deal of difference between the social circumstances of sundry of its civic communities. What was true of Athens was frequently not true of Sparta or Thebes, and general assertions about ancient Greece are often likely to be correct only in a loose and general way. In speaking, therefore, of Greece, I must be understood in the main as referring to Athens, the eye and light of Greece, the nucleus and centre of Hellenic culture.

Let us note first that Athens was a large city surrounded by pleasant village-suburbs — the *demes* of Attika — very much as Boston is closely girdled by rural places like Brookline, Jamaica Plain, and the rest, village after village rather thickly covering a circuit of from ten to twenty miles radius. The population of Athens with its suburbs may perhaps have exceeded half a million; but the number of adult freemen bearing arms did not exceed twenty-five thousand.[1] For every one of these freemen there were four or five slaves; not ignorant, degraded laborers, belonging to an inferior type of humanity, and bearing the marks of a lower caste in their very personal formation and in the color of their skin, like our lately-enslaved negroes; but intelligent, skilled laborers, belonging usually to the Hellenic, and at any rate to the Aryan race, as fair and perhaps as handsome as their masters, and not subjected to especial ignominy or hardship. These slaves, of whom there were at least one hundred thousand adult males,[2] relieved the twenty-five thousand freemen of nearly all the severe drudgery of life; and the result was an amount of leisure perhaps never since known on an equal scale in history.

The relations of master and slave in ancient Athens constituted, of course, a very different phenomenon from anything which the history of our own Southern States has to offer us. Our Southern slave-holders lived in an age of industrial development; they were money-makers; they had their full share of business in managing the operations for which their laborers supplied the crude physical force. It was not so in Athens. The era of civilization founded upon organized industry had not begun; money-making had not come to be, with the Greeks, the one all-important end of life; and mere subsistence, which is now difficult, was then easy. The Athenian lived in a mild, genial, healthy climate, in a country which has always been notable for the activity and longevity of its inhabitants. He was frugal in his habits — a wine-drinker and an eater of meat, but rarely addicted to gluttony or intemperance. His dress was inex-

[1] See Herod. V. 97; Aristoph. Eccl. 432; Thukyd. II. 13; Plutarch, Perikl. 37.

[2] Boeckh, Die Staatshaushaltung der Athener.

pensive, for the Greek climate made but little protection necessary, and the gymnastic habits of the Greeks led them to esteem more highly the beauty of the body than that of its covering. His house was simple, not being intended for social purposes, while of what we should call home-life the Greeks had none. The house was a shelter at night, a place where the frugal meal might be taken, a place where the wife might stay, and look after the household slaves or attend to the children. And this brings us to another notable feature of Athenian life. The wife having no position in society, being nothing, indeed, but a sort of household utensil, how greatly was life simplified! What a door for expenditure was there, as yet securely closed, and which no one had thought of opening! No milliner's or dress-maker's bills, no evening parties, no Protean fashions, no elegant furniture, no imperious necessity for Kleanthes to outshine Kleon, no coaches, no Château Margaux, no journeys to Arkadia in the summer! In such a state of society, as one may easily see, the labor of one man would support half a dozen. It cost the Athenian but a few cents daily to live, and even these few cents might be earned by his slaves. We need not, therefore, be surprised to learn that in ancient Athens there were no paupers or beggars. There might be poverty; but indigence was unknown; and because of the absence of fashion, style, and display, even poverty entailed no uncomfortable loss of social position. The Athenians valued wealth highly, no doubt, as a source of contributions to public festivals and to the necessities of the state. But as far as the circumstances of daily life go, the difference between the rich man and the poor man was immeasurably less than in any modern community, and the incentives to the acquirement of wealth were, as a consequence, comparatively slight.

I do not mean to say that the Athenians did not engage in business. Their city was a commercial city, and their ships covered the Mediterranean. They had agencies and factories at Marseilles, on the remote coasts of Spain, and along the shores of the Black Sea. They were in many respects the greatest commercial people of antiquity, and doubtless knew, as well as other people, the keen delights of acquisition. But my point is that with them the acquiring of property had not become the chief or only end of life. Production was carried on almost entirely by slave-labor; interchange of commodities was the business of the masters, and commerce was in those days simple. Banks, insurance companies, brokers' boards — all these complex instruments of Mammon were as yet unthought of. There was no Wall Street in ancient Athens; there were no great failures, no commercial panics, no over-issues of stock. Commerce, in short, was a quite subordinate matter, and the art of money-making was in its infancy.

The twenty-five thousand Athenian freemen thus enjoyed, on the whole, more undisturbed leisure, more freedom from petty, harassing cares, than any other community known to history. Nowhere else can we find, on careful study, so little of the hurry and anxiety which destroys the even tenor of modern life — nowhere else so few of the circumstances which tend to make men insane, inebriate, or phthisical, or prematurely old.

This being granted, it remains only to state and illustrate the obverse fact. It is not only true that Athens has produced and educated a relatively larger number of men of the highest calibre and most complete culture than any other community of like dimensions which has ever existed; but it is also true that there has been no other community, of which the members have, as a general rule, been so highly cultivated, or have attained individually such completeness of life. In proof of the first assertion it will be enough to mention such names as those of Solon, Themistokles, Perikles, and Demosthenes; Isokrates and Lysias; Aristophanes and Menander; Æschylos, Sophokles, and Euripides; Pheidias and Praxiteles; Sokra-

tes and Plato; Thukydides and Xenophon; remembering that these men, distinguished for such different kinds of achievement, but like each other in consummateness of culture, were all produced within one town in the course of three centuries. At no other time and place in human history has there been even an approach to such a fact as this.

My other assertion, about the general culture of the community in which such men were reared, will need a more detailed explanation. When I say that the Athenian public was, on the whole, the most highly cultivated public that has ever existed, I refer of course to something more than what is now known as literary culture. Of this there was relatively little in the days of Athenian greatness; and this was because there was not yet need for it or room for it. Greece did not until a later time begin to produce scholars and *savants;* for the function of scholarship does not begin until there has been an accumulation of bygone literature to be interpreted for the benefit of those who live in a later time. Grecian greatness was already becoming a thing of the past, when scholarship and literary culture of the modern type began at Rome and Alexandria. The culture of the ancient Athenians was largely derived from direct intercourse with facts of nature and of life, and with the thoughts of rich and powerful minds orally expressed. The value of this must not be underrated. We moderns are accustomed to get so large a portion of our knowledge and of our theories of life out of books, our taste and judgment are so largely educated by intercourse with the printed page, that we are apt to confound culture with book-knowledge ; we are apt to forget the innumerable ways in which the highest intellectual faculties may be disciplined without the aid of literature. We must study antiquity to realize how thoroughly this could be done. But even in our day, how much more fruitful is the direct influence of an original mind over us, in the rare cases when it can be enjoyed, than any indirect influence which the same mind may exert through the medium of printed books! What fellow of a college, placed amid the most abundant and efficient implements of study, ever gets such a stimulus to the highest and richest intellectual life as was afforded to Eckermann by his daily intercourse with Goethe? The breadth of culture and the perfection of training exhibited by John Stuart Mill need not surprise us when we recollect that his earlier days were spent in the society of James Mill and Jeremy Bentham. And the remarkable extent of view, the command of facts, and the astonishing productiveness of such modern Frenchmen as Sainte-Beuve and Littré become explicable when we reflect upon the circumstance that so many able and brilliant men are collected in one city, where their minds may continually and directly react upon each other. It is from the lack of such personal stimulus that it is difficult or indeed well-nigh impossible, even for those whose resources are such as to give them an extensive command of books, to keep up to the highest level of contemporary culture while living in a village or provincial town. And it is mainly because of the personal stimulus which it affords to its students, that a great university, as a seat of culture, is immeasurably superior to a small one.

Nevertheless, the small community in any age possesses one signal advantage over the large one, in its greater simplicity of life and its consequent relative leisure. It was the prerogative of ancient Athens that it united the advantages of the large to those of the small community. In relative simplicity of life it was not unlike the modern village, while at the same time it was the metropolis where the foremost minds of the time were enabled to react directly upon one another. In yet another respect these opposite advantages were combined. The twenty-five thousand free inhabitants probably all knew more or less of each other. In this respect Athens was doubtless much like a New England country town, with the all-im-

portant difference that the sordid tone due to continual struggle for money was absent. It was like the small town in the chance which it afforded for publicity and community of pursuits among its inhabitants. Continuous and unrestrained social intercourse was accordingly a distinctive feature of Athenian life. And, as already hinted, this intercourse did not consist in evening flirtations, with the eating of indigestible food at unseasonable hours, and the dancing of "the German." It was carried on out-of-doors in the brightest sunlight; it brooked no effeminacy; its amusements were athletic games, or dramatic entertainments, such as have hardly since been equaled. Its arena was a town whose streets were filled with statues and adorned with buildings, merely to behold which was in itself an education. The participators in it were not men with minds so dwarfed by exclusive devotion to special pursuits that after "talking shop" they could find nothing else save wine and cookery to converse about. They were men with minds fresh and open for the discussion of topics which are not for a day only.

A man like Sokrates, living in such a community, did not need to write down his wisdom. He had no such vast public as the modern philosopher has to reach. He could hail any one he happened to pass in the street, begin an argument with him forthwith, and set a whole crowd thinking and inquiring about subjects the mere contemplation of which would raise them for the moment above matters of transient concern. For more than half a century any citizen might have gratis the benefit of oral instruction from such a man as he. And I sometimes think, by the way, that — curtailed as it is to literary proportions in the dialogues of Plato, bereft of all that personal potency which it had when it flowed, instinct with earnestness, from the lips of the teacher — even to this day the wit of man has perhaps devised no better general gymnastics for the understanding than the Sokratic dialectic. I am far from saying that all Athens listened to Sokrates or understood him: had it been so, the caricature of Aristophanes would have been pointless, and the sublime yet mournful trilogy of dialogues which portray the closing scenes of the greatest life of antiquity would never have been written. But the mere fact that such a man lived and taught in the way that he did goes far in proof of the deep culture of the Athenian public. Further confirmation is to be found in the fact that such tragedies as the Antigone, the Oidipous, and the Prometheus were written to suit the popular taste of the time; not to be read by literary people, or to be performed before select audiences such as in our day listen to Ristori or Janauschek, but to hold spell-bound that vast concourse of all kinds of people which assembled at the Dionysiac festivals.

Still further proof is furnished by the exquisite literary perfection of Greek writings. One of the common arguments in favor of the study of Greek at the present day is based upon the opinion that in the best works extant in that language the art of literary expression has reached well-nigh absolute perfection. I fully concur in this opinion, so far as to doubt if even the greatest modern writers, even a Pascal or a Voltaire, can fairly sustain a comparison with such Athenians as Plato or Lysias. This excellence of the ancient books is in part immediately due to the fact that they were not written in a hurry, or amid the anxieties of an over-busy existence; but it is in greater part due to the indirect consequences of a leisurely life. These books were written for a public which knew well how to appreciate the finer beauties of expression; and, what is still more to the point, their authors lived in a community where an elegant style was habitual. Before a matchless style can be written, there must be a good style "in the air," as the French say. Probably the most finished talking and writing of modern times has been done in and about the French court in the seventeenth century; and it is accordingly there that we find men

like Pascal and Bossuet writing a prose which for precision, purity, and dignity has never since been surpassed. It is thus that the unapproachable literary excellence of ancient Greek books speaks for the genuine culture of the people who were expected to read them, or to hear them read. For one of the surest indices of true culture, whether professedly literary or not, is the power to express one's self in precise, rhythmical, and dignified language. We hardly need a better evidence than this of the superiority of the ancient community in the general elevation of its tastes and perceptions. Recollecting how Herodotos read his history at the Olympic games, let us try to imagine even so picturesque a writer as Mr. Parkman reading a few chapters of his Jesuits in North America before the spectators assembled at the Jerome Park races, and we shall the better realize how deep-seated was Hellenic culture.

As yet, however, I have referred to but one side of Athenian life. Though "seekers after wisdom," the cultivated people of Athens did not spend all their valuable leisure in dialectics or in connoisseurship. They were not a set of *dilettanti* or dreamy philosophers, and they were far from subordinating the material side of life to the intellectual. Also, though they dealt not in money-making after the eager fashion of modern men, they had still concerns of immediate practical interest with which to busy themselves. Each one of these twenty-five thousand free Athenians was not only a free voter, but an office-holder, a legislator, a judge. They did not control the government through a representative body, but they were the government. They were, one and all, in turn liable to be called upon to make laws, and to execute them after they were made, as well as to administer justice in civil and criminal suits. The affairs and interests, not only of their own city, but of a score or two of scattered dependencies, were more or less closely to be looked after by them. It lay with them to declare war, to carry it on after declaring it, and to pay the expenses of it. Actually and not by deputy they administered the government of their own city, both in its local and in its imperial relations. All this implies a more thorough, more constant, and more vital political training than that which is implied by the modern duties of casting a ballot and serving on a jury. The life of the Athenian was emphatically a political life. From early manhood onward, it was part of his duty to hear legal questions argued by powerful advocates, and to utter a decision upon law and fact; or to mix in debate upon questions of public policy, arguing, listening, and pondering. It is customary to compare the political talent of the Greeks unfavorably with that displayed by the Romans, and I have no wish to dispute this estimate. But on a careful study it will appear that the Athenians, at least, in a higher degree than any other community of ancient times, exhibited parliamentary ability, or the ability to sit still while both sides of a question are getting discussed, — that sort of political talent for which the English races are distinguished, and to the lack of which so many of the political failures of the French are egregiously due. One would suppose that a judicature of the whole town would be likely to execute a sorry parody of justice; yet justice was by no means ill-administered at Athens. Even the most unfortunate and disgraceful scenes, — as where the proposed massacre of the Mytilenæans was discussed, and where summary retribution was dealt out to the generals who had neglected their duty at Arginousai, — even these scenes furnish, when thoroughly examined, as by Mr. Grote, only the more convincing proof that the Athenian was usually swayed by sound reason and good sense to an extraordinary degree. All great points, in fact, were settled rather by sober appeals to reason than by intrigue or lobbying; and one cannot help thinking that an Athenian of the time of Perikles would have regarded with pitying contempt the trick of the "previous ques-

tion." And this explains the undoubted preëminence of Athenian oratory. This accounts for the fact that we find in the forensic annals of a single city, and within the compass of a single century, such names as Lysias, Isokrates, Andokides, Hypereides, Aischines, and Demosthenes. The art of oratory, like the art of sculpture, shone forth more brilliantly then than ever since, because then the conditions favoring its development were more perfectly combined than they have since been. Now, a condition of society in which the multitude can always be made to stand quietly and listen to a logical discourse is a condition of high culture. Readers of Xenophon's Anabasis will remember the frequency of the speeches in that charming book. Whenever some terrible emergency arose, or some alarming quarrel or disheartening panic occurred, in the course of the retreat of the Ten Thousand, an oration from one of the commanders — not a demagogue's appeal to the lower passions, but a calm exposition of circumstances addressed to the sober judgment — usually sufficed to set all things in order. To my mind this is one of the most impressive historical lessons conveyed in Xenophon's book. And this peculiar kind of self-control, indicative of intellectual sobriety and high moral training, which was more or less characteristic of all Greeks, was especially characteristic of the Athenians.

These illustrations will, I hope, suffice to show that there is nothing extravagant in the high estimate which I have made of Athenian culture. I have barely indicated the causes of this singular perfection of individual training in the social circumstances amid which the Athenians lived. I have alleged it as an instance of what may be accomplished by a well-directed leisure, and in the absence or very scanty development of such a complex industrial life as that which surrounds us to-day. But I have not yet quite done with the Athenians. Before leaving this part of the subject, I must mention one further circumstance which tends to make ancient life appear in our eyes more sunny and healthy, and less distressed, than the life of modern times. And in this instance, too, though we are not dealing with any immediate or remote effects of leisureliness, we still have to note the peculiar advantage gained by the absence of a great complexity of interests in the ancient community.

With respect to religion, the Athenians were peculiarly situated. They had for the most part outgrown the primitive terrorism of fetishistic belief. Save in cases of public distress, as in the mutilation of the Hermai, or in the refusal of Nikias to retreat from Syracuse because of an eclipse of the moon, they were no longer, like savages, afraid of the dark. Their keen æsthetic sense had prevailed to turn the horrors of a primeval nature-worship into beauties. Their springs and groves were peopled by their fancy with naiads and dryads, not with trolls and grotesque goblins. Their feelings towards the unseen powers at work about them were in the main pleasant; as witness the little story about Pheidippides meeting the god Pan as he was making with hot haste toward Sparta to announce the arrival of the Persians. Now, while this original source of mental discomfort, which afflicts the uncivilized man, had ceased materially to affect the Athenians, they on the other hand lived at a time when the vague sense of sin and self-reproof which was characteristic of the early ages of Christianity, had not yet invaded society. The vast complication of life brought about by the extension of the Roman Empire led to a great development of human sympathies, unknown in earlier times, and called forth unquiet yearnings, desire for amelioration, a sense of short-coming, and a morbid self-consciousness. It is accordingly under Roman sway that we first come across characters approximating to the modern type, like Cicero, Seneca, Epictetus, and Marcus Aurelius. It is then that we find the idea of social progress first clearly expressed, that we discover some glimmerings of a conscious philanthropy, and that we detect the

earliest symptoms of that unhealthy tendency to subordinate too entirely the physical to the moral life, which reached its culmination in the Middle Ages. In the palmy days of the Athenians it was different. When we hint that they were not consciously philanthropists, we do not mean that they were not humane; when we accredit them with no idea of progress, we do not forget how much they did to render both the idea and the reality possible; when we say that they had not a distressing sense of spiritual unworthiness, we do not mean that they had no conscience. We mean that their moral and religious life sat easily on them, like their own graceful drapery, — did not gall and worry them, like the hair-cloth garment of the monk. They were free from that dark conception of a devil which lent terror to life in the Middle Ages; and the morbid self-consciousness which led mediæval women to immure themselves in convents would have been to an Athenian quite inexplicable. They had, in short, an open and child-like conception of religion; and, as such, it was a sunny conception. Any one who will take the trouble to compare an idyl of Theokritos with a modern pastoral, or the poem of Kleanthes with a modern hymn, or the Venus of Milo with a modern Madonna, will realize most effectually what I mean.

And, finally, the religion of the Athenians was in the main symbolized in a fluctuating mythology, and had never been hardened into dogmas. The Athenian was subject to no priest, nor was he obliged to pin his faith to any formulated creed. His hospitable polytheism left little room for theological persecution, and none for any heresy short of virtual atheism. The feverish doubts which rack the modern mind left him undisturbed. Though he might sink to any depth of skepticism in philosophy, yet the eternal welfare of his soul was not supposed to hang upon the issue of his doubts. Accordingly Athenian society was not only characterized in the main by freedom of opinions, in spite of the exceptional cases of Anaxagoras and Sokrates; but there was also none of that Gothic gloom with which the deep-seated Christian sense of infinite responsibility for opinion has saddened modern religious life.

In these reflections I have wandered a little way from my principal theme, in order more fully to show why the old Greek life impresses us as so cheerful. Returning now to the key-note with which we started, let us state succinctly the net result of what has been said about the Athenians. As a people we have seen that they enjoyed an unparalleled amount of leisure, living through life with but little turmoil and clatter. Their life was more spontaneous and unrestrained, less rigorously marked out by uncontrollable circumstances, than the life of moderns. They did not run so much in grooves. And along with this we have seen reason to believe that they were the most profoundly cultivated of all peoples; that a larger proportion of men lived complete, well-rounded, harmonious lives in ancient Athens than in any other known community. Keen, nimble-minded, and self-possessed, audacious speculators, but temperate and averse to extravagance, emotionally healthy, and endowed with an unequaled sense of beauty and propriety, how admirable and wonderful they seem when looked at across the gulf of ages intervening, and what a priceless possession to humanity, of what noble augury for the distant future, is the fact that such a society has once existed!

The lesson to be drawn from the study of this antique life will impress itself more deeply upon us after we have briefly contemplated the striking contrast to it which is afforded by the phase of civilization amid which we live today. Ever since Greek civilization was merged in Roman imperialism, there has been a slowly growing tendency towards complexity of social life, — toward the widening of sympathies, the multiplying of interests, the increase of the number of things to be done. Through the later Middle Ages, after Roman civilization had absorbed and disciplined the incoming barbarism which had threatened to destroy it, there was a stead-

ily increasing complication of society, a multiplication of the wants of life, and a consequent enhancement of the difficulty of self-maintenance. The ultimate causes of this phenomenon lie so far beneath the surface that they could be satisfactorily discussed only in a technical essay on the evolution of society. It will be enough for us here to observe that the great geographical discoveries of the sixteenth century and the somewhat later achievements of physical science have, during the past two hundred years, aided powerfully in determining the entrance of the Western world upon an industrial epoch — an epoch which has for its final object the complete subjection of the powers of nature to purposes of individual comfort and happiness. We have now to trace some of the effects of this lately-begun industrial development upon social life and individual culture. And as we studied the leisureliness of antiquity where its effects were most conspicuous, in the city of Athens, we shall now do well to study the opposite characteristics of modern society where they are most conspicuously exemplified, in our own country. The attributes of American life which it will be necessary to signalize will be seen to be only the attributes of modern life in their most exaggerated phase.

To begin with, in studying the United States, we are no longer dealing with a single city, or with small groups of cities. The city as a political unit, in the antique sense, has never existed among us, and indeed can hardly be said now to exist anywhere. The modern city is hardly more than a great emporium of trade, or a place where large numbers of people find it convenient to live huddled together; not a sacred fatherland to which its inhabitants owe their highest allegiance, and by the requirements of which their political activity is limited. What strikes us here is that our modern life is diffused or spread out, not concentrated like the ancient civic life. If the Athenian had been the member of an integral community, comprising all peninsular Greece and the mainland of Asia Minor, he could not have taken life so easily as he did.

Now our country is not only a very large one, but compared to its vast territorial extent it contains a very small population. If we go on increasing at the present rate, so that a century hence we number four or five hundred millions, our country will be hardly more crowded than China is to-day. Or if our whole population were now to be brought east of Niagara Falls, and confined on the south by the Potomac, we should still have as much elbow-room as they have in France. Political economists can show the effects of this high ratio of land to inhabitants, in increasing wages, raising the interest of money, and stimulating production. We are thus living amid circumstances which are goading the industrial activity characteristic of the last two centuries, and notably of the English race, into an almost feverish energy. The vast extent of our unwrought territory is constantly draining fresh life from our older districts, to aid in the establishment of new frontier communities of a somewhat lower or less highly organized type. And these younger communities, daily springing up, are constantly striving to take on the higher structure, — to become as highly civilized and to enjoy as many of the prerogatives of civilization as the rest. All this calls forth an enormous quantity of activity, and causes American life to assume the aspect of a life-and-death struggle for mastery over the material forces of that part of the earth's surface upon which it thrives.

It is thus that we are traversing what may properly be called the *barbarous* epoch of our history, — the epoch at which the predominant intellectual activity is employed in achievements which are mainly of a material character. Military barbarism, or the inability of communities to live together without frequent warfare, has been nearly outgrown by the whole Western world. Private wars, long since made everywhere illegal, have nearly ceased; and public wars, once continual, have be-

come infrequent. But industrial barbarism, by which I mean the inability of a community to direct a portion of its time to purposes of spiritual life, after providing for its physical maintenance, — this kind of barbarism the modern world has by no means outgrown. To-day, the great work of life is to live; while the amount of labor consumed in living has throughout the present century been rapidly increasing. Nearly the whole of this American community toils from youth to old age in merely procuring the means for satisfying the transient wants of life. Our time and energies, our spirit and buoyancy, are quite used up in what is called "getting on."

Another point of difference between the structure of American and of Athenian society must not be left out of the account. The time has gone by in which the energies of a hundred thousand men and women could be employed in ministering to the individual perfection of twenty-five thousand. Slavery, in the antique sense, — an absolute command of brain as well as of muscle, a slave-system of skilled labor, — we have never had. In our day it is for each man to earn his own bread; so that the struggle for existence has become universal. The work of one class does not furnish leisure for another class. The exceptional circumstances which freed the Athenian from industrial barbarism, and enabled him to become the great teacher and model of culture for the human race, have disappeared forever.

Then the general standard of comfortable living, as already hinted, has been greatly raised, and is still rising. What would have satisfied the ancient would seem to us like penury. We have a domestic life of which the Greek knew nothing. We live during a large part of the year in the house. Our social life goes on under the roof. Our houses are not mere places for eating and sleeping, like the houses of the ancients. It therefore costs us a large amount of toil to get what is called shelter for our heads. The sum which a young married man, in "good society," has to pay for his house and the furniture contained in it, would have enabled an Athenian to live in princely leisure from youth to old age. The sum which he has to pay out each year, to meet the complicated expense of living in such a house, would have more than sufficed to bring up an Athenian family. If worthy Strepsiades could have got an Asmodean glimpse of Fifth Avenue, or even of some unpretending street in Cambridge, he might have gone back to his aristocratic wife a sadder but a more contented man.

Wealth — or at least what would until lately have been called wealth — has become essential to comfort; while the opportunities for acquiring it have in recent times been immensely multiplied. To get money is, therefore, the chief end of life in our time and country. "Success in life" has become synonymous with "becoming wealthy." A man who is successful in what he undertakes is a man who makes his employment pay him in money. Our normal type of character is that of the shrewd, circumspect business man; as in the Middle Ages it was that of the hardy warrior. And as in those days when fighting was a constant necessity, and when the only honorable way for a gentleman of high rank to make money was by freebooting, fighting came to be regarded as an end desirable in itself; so in these days the mere effort to accumulate has become a source of enjoyment rather than a means to it. The same truth is to be witnessed in aberrant types of character. The infatuated speculator and the close-fisted millionnaire are our substitutes for the mediæval berserkir — the man who loved the pell-mell of a contest so well that he would make war on his neighbor, just to keep his hand in. In like manner, while such crimes as murder and violent robbery have diminished in frequency during the past century, on the other hand such crimes as embezzlement, gambling in stocks, adulteration of goods, and using of false weights and measures, have probably increased. If Dick Turpin were now to be brought back to life, he would find the New York Custom-House a more

congenial and profitable working place than the king's highway.

The result of this universal quest for money is that we are always in a hurry. Our lives pass by in a whirl. It is all labor and no fruition. We work till we are weary; we carry our work home with us; it haunts our evenings, and disturbs our sleep as well as our digestion. Our minds are so burdened with it that our conversation, when serious, can dwell upon little else. If we step into a railway-car, or the smoking-room of a hotel, or any other place where a dozen or two of men are gathered together, we shall hear them talking of stocks, of investments, of commercial paper, as if there were really nothing in this universe worth thinking of, save only the interchange of dollars and commodities. So constant and unremitted is our forced application, that our minds are dwarfed for everything except the prosecution of the one universal pursuit.

Are we now prepared for the completing of the contrast? Must we say that, as Athens was the most leisurely and the United States is the most hurried community known in history, so the Americans are, as a consequence of their hurry, lacking in thoroughness of culture? Or, since it is difficult to bring our modern culture directly into contrast with that of an ancient community, let me state the case after a different but equivalent fashion. Since the United States present only an exaggerated type of the modern industrial community, since the turmoil of incessant money-getting, which affects all modern communities in large measure, affects us most seriously of all, shall it be said that we are, on the whole, less highly cultivated than our contemporaries in Western Europe? To a certain extent we must confess that this is the case. In the higher culture — in the culture of the whole man, according to the antique idea — we are undoubtedly behind all other nations with which it would be fair to compare ourselves. It will not do to decide a question like this merely by counting literary celebrities, although even thus we should by no means get a verdict in our favor. Since the beginning of this century, England has produced as many great writers and thinkers as France or Germany; yet the general status of culture in England is said — perhaps with truth — to be lower than it is in these countries. It is said that the average Englishman has his mind less generally and soundly developed than the average German or Frenchman; he is less ready to sympathize with ideas which have no obvious market-value. Yet in England there is an amount of high culture among those not professionally scholars, which it would be vain to seek among ourselves. The purposes of my argument, however, require that the comparison should be made between our own country and Western Europe in general. Compare, then, our best magazines — not solely with regard to their intrinsic excellence, but also with regard to the way in which they are sustained — with the Revue des Deux Mondes or the Journal des Débats. Or compare our leading politicians with men like Gladstone, Disraeli, or Sir G. C. Lewis; or even with such men as Brougham or Thiers. Or compare the slovenly style of our newspaper articles, I will not say with the exquisite prose of the lamented Prévost-Paradol, but with the ordinary prose of the French or English newspaper. But a far better illustration — for it goes down to the root of things — is suggested by the recent work of Matthew Arnold on the schools of the continent of Europe. The country of our time where the general culture is unquestionably the highest is Prussia. Now, in Prussia, they are able to have a Minister of Education, who is a member of the Cabinet. They are sure that this minister will not appoint or remove even an assistant professor for political reasons. Only once, as Arnold tells us, has such a thing been done; and then public opinion expressed itself in such an emphatic tone of disapproval that the displaced teacher was instantly appointed to another position. Nothing of this sort, says Arnold, could have occurred in England; but still less could it occur in America. Had we such an educa-

tional system, there would presently be an "Education Ring" to control it. Nor can this difference be ascribed to the less eager political activity of Germany. The Prussian state of things would have been possible in ancient Athens, where political life was as absorbing and nearly as turbulent as in the United States. The difference is due to our lack of faith in culture, a lack of faith in that of which we have not had adequate experience.

We lack culture because we live in a hurry, and because our attention is given up to pursuits which call into activity and develop but one side of us. On the one hand contemplate Sokrates quietly entertaining a crowd in the Athenian market-place, and on the other hand consider Broadway with its eternal clatter, and its throngs of hurrying people elbowing and treading on each other's heels, and you will get a lively notion of the difference between the extreme phases of ancient and modern life. By the time we have thus rushed through our day, we have no strength left to devote to things spiritual. To-day finds us no nearer fruition than yesterday. And if perhaps the time at last arrives when fruition is practicable, our minds have run so long in the ruts that they cannot be twisted out.

As it is impossible for any person living in a given state of society to keep himself exempt from its influences, detrimental as well as beneficial, we find that even those who strive to make a literary occupation subservient to purposes of culture are not, save in rare cases, spared by the general turmoil. Those who have at once the ability, the taste, and the wealth needful for training themselves to the accomplishment of some many-sided and permanent work are of course very few. Nor have our universities yet provided themselves with the means for securing to literary talent the leisure which is essential to complete mental development, or to a high order of productiveness. Although in most industrial enterprises we know how to work together so successfully, in literature we have as yet no coöperation. We have not only no Paris, but we have not even a Tübingen, a Leipsic, or a Jena, or anything corresponding to the fellowships in the English universities. Our literary workers have no choice but to fall into the ranks, and make merchandise of their half-formed ideas. They must work without coöperation, they must write in a hurry, and they must write for those who have no leisure for aught but hasty and superficial reading.

Bursting boilers and custom-house frauds may have at first sight nothing to do with each other or with my subject. It is indisputable, however, that the horrible massacres perpetrated every few weeks or months by our common carriers, and the disgraceful peculation in which we allow our public servants to indulge with hardly ever an effective word of protest, are alike to be ascribed to the same causes which interfere with our higher culture. It is by no means a mere accidental coincidence that for every dollar stolen by government officials in Prussia, at least fifty or a hundred are stolen in the United States. This does not show that the Germans are our superiors in average honesty, but it shows that they are our superiors in thoroughness. It is with them an imperative demand that any official whatever shall be qualified for his post; a principle of public economy which in our country is not simply ignored in practice, but often openly laughed at. But in a country where high intelligence and thorough training are imperatively demanded, it follows of necessity that these qualifications must insure for their possessors a permanent career in which the temptations to malfeasance or dishonesty are reduced to the minimum. On the other hand, in a country where intelligence and training have no surety that they are to carry the day against stupidity and inefficiency, the incentives to dishonorable conduct are overpowering. The result in our own political life is that the best men are driven in disgust from politics, and thus one of the noblest fields for the culture of the whole man is given over to be worked by

swindlers and charlatans. To an Athenian such a severance of the highest culture from political life would have been utterly inconceivable. Obviously the deepest explanation of all this lies in our lack of belief in the necessity for high and thorough training. We do not value culture enough to keep it in our employ or to pay it for its services; and what is this short-sighted negligence but the outcome of the universal shiftlessness begotten of the habit of doing everything in a hurry? On every hand we may see the fruits of this shiftlessness, from buildings that tumble in, switches that are misplaced, furnaces that are ill-protected, fire-brigades that are without discipline, up to unauthorized meddlings with the currency, and revenue laws which defeat their own purpose.

I said above that the attributes of American life which we should find it necessary for our purpose to signalize are simply the attributes of modern life in their most exaggerated phase. Is there not a certain sense in which all modern handiwork is hastily and imperfectly done? To begin with common household arts, does not every one know that old things are more durable than new things? Our grandfathers wore better shoes than we wear, because there was leisure enough to cure the leather properly. In old times a chair was made of seasoned wood, and its joints carefully fitted; its maker had leisure to see that it was well put together. Now a thousand are turned off at once by machinery, out of green wood, and, with their backs glued on, are hurried off to their evil fate, — destined to drop in pieces if they happen to stand near the fire-place, and liable to collapse under the weight of a heavy man. Some of us still preserve, as heirlooms, old tables and bedsteads of Cromwellian times: in the twenty-first century what will have become of our machine-made bedsteads and tables?

Perhaps it may seem odd to talk about tanning and joinery in connection with culture, but indeed there is a subtle bond of union holding together all these things. Any phase of life can be understood only by associating with it some different phase. Sokrates himself has taught us how the homely things illustrate the grand things. If we turn to the art of musical composition, and inquire into some of the differences between our recent music and that of Händel's time, we shall alight upon the very criticism which Mr. Mill somewhere makes in comparing ancient with modern literature: the substance has improved, but the form has deteriorated. The modern music expresses the results of a richer and more varied emotional experience, and in wealth of harmonic resources, to say nothing of increased skill in orchestration, it is notably superior to the old music. Along with this advance, however, there is a perceptible falling off in symmetry and completeness of design, and in what I would call spontaneousness of composition. I believe that this is because modern composers, as a rule, do not drudge patiently enough upon counterpoint. They do not get that absolute mastery over technical difficulties of figuration which was the great secret of the incredible facility and spontaneity of composition displayed by Händel and Bach. Among recent musicians Mendelssohn is the most thoroughly disciplined in the technical rules of counterpoint; and it is this perfect mastery of the tools of his art which has enabled him to outrank Schubert and Schumann, neither of whom would one venture to pronounce inferior to him in native wealth of musical ideas. May we not partly attribute to rudimentary deficiency in counterpoint the irregularity of structure which so often disfigures the works of the great Wagner and the lesser Liszt, and which the more ardent admirers of these composers are inclined to regard as a symptom of progress?

I am told that a similar illustration might be drawn from the modern history of painting; that, however noble the conceptions of the great painters of the present century, there are none who have gained such a complete mastery over the technicalities of drawing and the handling of the brush as was re-

quired in the times of Raphael, Titian, and Rubens. But on this point I can only speak from hearsay, and am quite willing to end here my series of illustrations, fearing that I may already have been wrongly set down as a *laudator temporis acti*. Not the idle praising of times gone by, but the getting a lesson from them which may be of use to us, has been my object. And I believe enough has been said to show that the great complexity of modern life, with its multiplicity of demands upon our energy, has got us into a state of chronic hurry, the results of which are everywhere to be seen in the shape of less thorough workmanship and less rounded culture.

For one moment let me stop to note a further source of the relative imperfection of modern culture, which is best illustrated in the case of literature. I allude to the immense, unorganized mass of literature in all departments, representing the accumulated acquisitions of past ages, which must form the basis of our own achievement, but with which our present methods of education seem inadequate to deal properly. Speaking roughly, modern literature may be said to be getting into the state which Roman jurisprudence was in before it was reformed by Justinian. Philosophic criticism has not yet reached the point at which it may serve as a natural codifier. We must read laboriously and expend a disproportionate amount of time and pains in winnowing the chaff from the wheat. This tends to make us "digs" or literary drudges; but I doubt if the "dig" is a thoroughly developed man. Goethe, with all his boundless knowledge, his universal curiosity, and his admirable capacity for work, was not a "dig." But this matter can only be hinted at: it is too large to be well discussed at the fag end of an essay while other points are pressing for consideration.

A state of chronic hurry not only directly hinders the performance of thorough work, but it has an indirect tendency to blunt the enjoyment of life. Let us consider for a moment one of the psychological consequences entailed by the strain of a too complex and rapid activity. Every one must have observed that in going off for a vacation of two or three weeks, or in getting freed in any way from the ruts of every-day life, time slackens its gait somewhat, and the events which occur are apt a few years later to cover a disproportionately large area in our recollections. This is because the human organism is a natural time-piece in which the ticks are conscious sensations. The greater the number of sensations which occupy the foreground of consciousness during the day, the longer the day seems in the retrospect. But the various groups of sensations which accompany our daily work tend to become automatic from continual repetition, and to sink into the background of consciousness; and in a very complex and busied life the number of sensations or states of consciousness which can struggle up to the front and get attended to, is comparatively small. It is thus that the days seem so short when we are busy about every-day matters, and that they get blurred together, and as it were individually annihilated in recollection. When we travel, a comparatively large number of fresh sensations occupy attention, there is a maximum of consciousness, and a distinct image is left to loom up in memory. For the same reason the weeks and years are much longer to the child than to the grown man. The life is simpler and less hurried, so that there is time to attend to a great many sensations. Now this fact lies at the bottom of that keen enjoyment of existence which is the prerogative of childhood and early youth. The day is not rushed through by the automatic discharge of certain psychical functions, but each sensation stays long enough to make itself recognized. Now when once we understand the psychology of this matter, it becomes evident that the same contrast that holds between the child and the man must hold also between the ancient and the modern. The number of elements entering into ancient life were so few relatively, that there must have

been far more than there is now of that intense realization of life which we can observe in children and remember of our own childhood. Space permitting, it would be easy to show from Greek literature how intense was this realization of life. But my point will already have been sufficiently apprehended. Already we cannot fail to see how difficult it is to get more than a minimum of conscious fruition out of a too complex and rapid activity.

One other point is worth noticing before we close. How is this turmoil of modern existence impressing itself upon the physical constitutions of modern men and women? When an individual man engages in furious productive activity, his friends warn him that he will break down. Does the collective man of our time need some such friendly warning? Let us first get a hint from what foreigners think of us ultra-modernized Americans. Wandering journalists, of an ethnological turn of mind, who visit these shores, profess to be struck with the slenderness, the apparent lack of toughness, the dyspeptic look, of the American physique. And from such observations it has been seriously argued that the stalwart English race is suffering inevitable degeneracy in this foreign climate. I have even seen it doubted whether a race of men can ever become thoroughly naturalized in a locality to which it is not indigenous. To such vagaries it is a sufficient answer that the English are no more indigenous to England than to America. They are indigenous to Central Asia, and as they have survived the first transplantation, they may be safely counted on to survive the second. A more careful survey will teach us that the slow alteration of physique which is going on in this country is only an exaggeration of that which modern civilization is tending to bring about everywhere. It is caused by the premature and excessive strain upon the mental powers requisite to meet the emergencies of our complex life. The progress of events has thrown the work of sustaining life so largely upon the brain that we are beginning to sacrifice the physical to the intellectual. We are growing *spirituelle* in appearance at the expense of robustness. Compare any typical Greek face, with its firm muscles, its symmetry of feature, and its serenity of expression, to a typical modern portrait, with its more delicate contour, its exaggerated forehead, its thoughtful, perhaps jaded look. Or consider in what respects the grand faces of the Plantagenet monarchs differ from the refined countenances of the leading English statesmen of to-day. Or again, consider the familiar pictures of the Oxford and Harvard crews which rowed a race on the Thames in 1870, and observe how much less youthful are the faces of the Americans. By contrast they almost look careworn. The summing up of countless such facts is that modern civilization is making us nervous. Our most formidable diseases are of nervous origin. We seem to have got rid of the mediæval plague and many of its typhoid congeners; but instead we have an increased amount of insanity, methomania, consumption, dyspepsia, and paralysis. In this fact it is plainly written that we are suffering physically from the over-work and over-excitement entailed by excessive hurry.

In view of these various but nearly related points of difference between ancient and modern life as studied in their extreme manifestations, it cannot be denied that while we have gained much, we have also lost a good deal that is valuable, in our progress. We cannot but suspect that we are not in all points more highly favored than the ancients. And it becomes probable that Athens, at all events, which I have chosen as my example, may have exhibited an adumbration of a state of things which, for the world at large, is still in the future, — still to be remotely hoped for. The rich complexity of modern social achievement is attained at the cost of individual many-sidedness. As Tennyson puts it, "the individual withers and the world is more and more." Yet the individual does not exist for the sake of

society, as the positivists would have us believe, but society exists for the sake of the individual. And the test of complete social life is the opportunity which it affords for complete individual life. Tried by this test, our contemporary civilization will appear seriously defective, — excellent only as a preparation for something better.

This is the true light in which to regard it. This incessant turmoil, this rage for accumulation of wealth, this crowding, jostling, and trampling upon each other, cannot be regarded as permanent, or as anything more than the accompaniment of a transitional stage of civilization. There must be a limit to the extent to which the standard of comfortable living can be raised. The industrial organization of society, which is now but beginning, must culminate in a state of things in which the means of expense will exceed the demand for expense, in which the human race will have some surplus capital. The incessant manual labor which the ancients relegated to slaves will in course of time be more and more largely performed by inanimate machinery. Unskilled labor will for the most part disappear. Skilled labor will consist in the guiding of implements contrived with versatile cunning for the relief of human nerve and muscle. Ultimately there will be no unsettled land to fill, no frontier life, no savage races to be assimilated or extirpated, no extensive migration. Thus life will again become comparatively stationary. The chances for making great fortunes quickly will be diminished, while the facilities for acquiring a competence by steady labor will be increased. When every one is able to reach the normal standard of comfortable living, we must suppose that the exaggerated appetite for wealth and display will gradually disappear. We shall be more easily satisfied, and thus enjoy more leisure. It may be that there will ultimately exist, over the civilized world, conditions as favorable to the complete fruition of life as those which formerly existed within the narrow circuit of Attika; save that the part once played by enslaved human brain and muscle will finally be played by the enslaved forces of insentient nature. Society will at last bear the test of providing for the complete development of its individual members.

So, at least, we may hope; such is the probability which the progress of events, when carefully questioned, sketches out for us. "Need we fear," asks Mr. Greg, "that the world would stagnate under such a change? Need we guard ourselves against the misconstruction of being held to recommend a life of complacent and inglorious inaction? We think not. We would only substitute a nobler for a meaner strife — a rational for an excessive toil — an enjoyment that springs from serenity, for one that springs from excitement only. . . . To each time its own preacher, to each excess its own counteraction. In an age of dissipation, languor, and stagnation, we should join with Mr. Carlyle in preaching the 'Evangel of Work,' and say with him, 'Blessed is the man who has found his work — let him ask no other blessedness.' In an age of strenuous, frenzied, . . . and often utterly irrational and objectless exertion, we join Mr. Mill in preaching the milder and more needed 'Evangel of Leisure.'"

Bearing all these things in mind, we may understand the remark of the supremely cultivated Goethe, when asked who were his masters: "*Die Griechen, die Griechen, und immer die Griechen.*" We may appreciate the significance of Mr. Mill's argument in favor of the study of antiquity, that it preserves the tradition of an era of individual completeness. There is a disposition growing among us to remodel our methods of education in conformity with the temporary requirements of the age in which we live. In this endeavor there is much that is wise and practical; but in so far as it tends to the neglect of antiquity, I cannot think it well-timed. Our education should not only enhance the value of what we possess; it should also supply the consciousness of what we lack. And while, for generations to come, we pass toilfully through an era

of exorbitant industrialism, some fragment of our time will not be misspent in keeping alive the tradition of a state of things which was once briefly enjoyed by a little community, but which, in the distant future, will, as it is hoped, become the permanent possession of all mankind.

John Fiske.

STILL TENANTED.

Old house, how desolate thy life!
Nay, life and death alike have fled;
Nor thrift, nor any song within,
Nor daily thought for daily bread.

The dew is nightly on thy hearth,
Yet something sweeter to thee clings,
And some who enter think they hear
The murmur of departing wings.

No doubt within the chambers there, —
Not by the wall nor through the gate, —
Uncounted tenants come, to whom
The house is not so desolate.

To them the walls are white and warm,
The chimneys lure the laughing flame,
The bride and groom take happy hands,
The new-born babe awaits a name.

Who knows what far-off journeyers
At night return with wingèd feet,
To cool their fever in the brook,
Or haunt the meadow, clover-sweet?

And yet the morning mowers find
No foot-print in the grass they mow,
The water's clear, unwritten song
Is not of things that come or go.

'T is not forsaken rooms alone
That unseen people love to tread,
Nor in the moments only when
The day's eluded cares are dead.

To every home, or high or low,
Some unimagined guests repair,
Who come unseen to break and bless
The bread and oil they never share.

Hiram Rich.

MISS GEORGINE'S HUSBAND.

Did I ever see a ghost? I don't know just what you mean by a ghost, Miss Bessy, but if you mean the appearance of a person after I had seen him die with my own eyes, and laid him out with my own hands . . .

I don't exactly know about telling you the story. You see, it 's a true story, and a very solemn one, and I should n't like to have it laughed at, or to have any one tell me I did n't see what I did see. But you was always a pretty-behaved young lady, and you know I can't refuse you anything, so if you will sit down quiet and take your work, I 'll tell you all about it, my dear.

You know, honey, I 'm a very old woman, and when I was young I was a slave to old Judge Cleaveland, over on the Flats. There were slaves in York State then. I was born down in Maryland, but the Judge moved up to these parts when I was very small, and brought his servants with him. We were well enough treated. Judge Cleaveland was a hard, high-tempered man, and used to have awful ugly fits sometimes, but, like most folks of that kind, he could keep his temper well enough when it suited him, and he knew it was easy enough for his servants to run away if they did n't like their treatment. When I was eighteen I married Zack Davis, the coachman, and after that we lived mostly in a house of our own. We were free by that time, and we bought a nice little log-house and some land for a garden, but we worked up at the house all the same.

The old Judge was a widower when he moved up here, but very soon he married a pretty young lady from the Mohawk Valley. She was only eighteen, and a sweet child as ever I saw. The Judge meant to be good to her, I guess, but she never seemed very happy. When the second little girl was born the Judge was dreadfully disappointed. I suppose he wanted a son, to inherit his great estate and keep up the family name. He never was the same to his wife after that. He was polite to her, especially before company, but he had a kind of cold, sneering way with her, that I could see cut her to the heart. Her health failed, and she went home to her father's house for a change, and there she died. The Judge seemed a good deal cast down by her death — more than I should have expected. I dare say some things came back to him when it was too late. After the funeral he shut up the house and went abroad. He was in foreign parts or down in New York for ten years and more. The young ladies, Miss Anna and Miss Georgine, stayed with their grandma some years, and then they were put to school in New York. All that time Zack and I lived in the old house, to take care of it. It was lonesome enough sometimes, especially in winter, but though I used to go all over the great rooms alone by day and by night, I never saw anything then — not a thing.

Well, when the young ladies were sixteen and seventeen, the Judge wrote and told me to clean up the rooms, and have everything ready, for he was coming home. His wild land was growing very valuable, and there was no one to see to it properly, and for that and other reasons he had decided to come home to the Flats to live. So at the time set they came, with loads of new furniture and carpets and what not, and a very nice widow lady for housekeeper. She had a son, an officer in the army and a very fine man, who would willingly have supported her, but she preferred to do for herself.

I expected to see Miss Anna the favorite, as she was the elder, and Miss Georgine had so disappointed her pa by not being a boy; but I soon found out it was the other way. Miss Anna was not pretty. She looked like her ma, and had just such a quiet, gentle way with

her. She was afraid of her father, too, as her mother had been, and with some reason — and she was afraid of her sister. She did n't care much for company, but liked best to sit down and sew or read. Miss Georgine was like her father, and had just his free, bold way. She was n't afraid of anything at all except that she should not be first in everything. She was very handsome, with regular features, and beautiful wavy black hair, and long curled eyelashes. I don't know that I ever saw a handsomer girl, but for real goodness and truth she was no more to be compared to Miss Anna than a great red woodpecker is to a little sweet bluebird. She always contrived to get the best of everything, and if she got into any trouble or mischief, she generally made her father believe it was Miss Anna's fault. She made a great show of openness and saying what she thought, but she did n't think all she said, by a great deal.

When Miss Anna was about eighteen, Mrs. Gracie's son came to visit his mother, and a very fine, sober, nice young man he was. Every one liked him, especially the Judge, who could not make enough of him till he found that the captain and Miss Anna were taking to each other; then he began to cool off. Captain Gracie stayed at the tavern in the village, and called most every day to see his mother, and before he left he asked the Judge for Miss Anna. Then there was a time. The Judge went into one of his furious rages, ordered both mother and son out of the house, and shut Miss Anna up in her room. Miss Georgine was as bad as her father, and the way they treated that poor girl was shameful. But Miss Anna had got her spunk up, and she contrived — I never knew how — to send word to Captain Gracie. A few days after, when the Judge was out about his land, Captain Gracie drove up to the door, and asked for Miss Anna. She must have expected him, for she came down in her traveling-dress, and with her bag in her hand. Miss Georgine stormed and scolded and sent all ways for her father, but nobody could find him, and in fact I don't think anybody tried. Miss Anna bade her sister a kind farewell and got into the carriage, and that was the last we saw of her for many a year. They were married that same day in the city, and went away wherever his regiment was. Captain Gracie sent her father his address and a copy of his marriage lines, but the Judge never took any notice; only he handed me the paper and told me to pack up her clothes and things and send them to her. I don't approve of runaway matches as a general thing, but I can't say I blamed Miss Anna one bit.

About this time Judge Cleaveland found out that he needed a clerk, or secretary as he called it; so he sent for Mr. Bogardus, a cousin of his wife's, to come and live in his house and attend to his business. Mr. Bogardus was a fine, handsome man, about thirty, very grave and sober; but with beautiful manners — a real fine gentleman. The Judge made much of him in his pompous, condescending way. Miss Georgine began by being very cold and scornful, but she soon changed her tone when she found her cousin did not take any particular notice of it or of her, and began to be very polite to him. He had a fine voice, and played beautifully on the violin, and she used to ask him to sing and play with her, especially when they had company; but he almost always excused himself and would often stay in the library till midnight, writing or reading. He seemed like a smart man, and yet he never accomplished anything for himself. He was one of the unlucky ones, poor fellow.

But the more Mr. Bogardus kept out of Miss Georgine's way, the more she courted him. That was her fashion. If there were ten men in the room and she had nine of them around her, she did n't care anything about it till she got the tenth. She always had plenty of sweethearts, being such a beauty and a great heiress besides. Mr. Bogardus resisted a good while, but by and by I saw a change. He began to be more

attentive to his cousin — to sing with her evenings, and sometimes to go out riding and walking with her. Miss Georgine was altered too. I never saw her so gentle and so — "lovable?" yes, that 's just the word, my dear! as she was that summer; and I thinks to myself, "My beauty, you 're caught at last, but I wonder what your father will say." For you see he looked on Mr. Bogardus only as a kind of upper servant, for all he was Mrs. Cleaveland's own cousin.

The Judge did n't seem to notice for a while, but by and by I think he got his eyes open. He went down to New York for a week or two, and when he came back, he called Mr. Bogardus and told him he had found him a fine position with a gentleman who was going out to Brazil to set up some kind of manufactures, — a place of great trust, and where he would make a fortune in no time. Mr. Bogardus was much pleased. He was always ready to take up any new notion, and he thought he should make himself rich directly. But Miss Georgine had a bad headache that day, and she was n't well for a week afterward.

The very day Mr. Bogardus left, I was sitting in my own door, and as I looked up I saw Miss Georgine walking across the field toward my house. I was rather surprised, for she was n't fond of walking, and almost always rode her pony wherever she wanted to go. She walked in a weary kind of way too, and when she came near, I saw she looked very pale. I got out the rocking-chair for her, and made much of her, but she sat down on a little stool and put her beautiful head in my lap, as her poor mother had done many a time, and says she, bursting out crying, —

"Oh, Aunt Dolly! My husband 's gone!"

Honey, you might have knocked me down with a feather. I could n't think what she meant at first, and thought she had got light-headed from being out in the sun.

"Child!" says I, "you don't know what you are saying!"

"Yes I do — too well!" says she; and then she told me between her sobs that she and Mr. Bogardus had been privately married while her father was away, the day that they went down to the city together, and that they meant to keep it quiet till Mr. Bogardus made his fortune.

"I never meant to tell anybody," says she, "but, Aunt Dolly, I *could n't* bear it all alone, and I knew I could trust you!"

Well, I could have wished she had chosen some one else, but I tried to comfort her as well as I could. Presently I said, "Ah, child, you can feel for your poor sister now!"

"That was very different!" says she, lifting up her head as proud as could be; "I have n't disgraced myself as Anna did. *My* husband is a gentleman — not a servant's son!"

When she said that, Miss Bessy, I knew she had more yet to suffer.

Says I, "Miss Georgine, I shall never betray you, you may be sure, but you ought to tell your pa. Suppose he finds it out: what will he say, and what will you do?"

"He won't find it out!" says she, "and if he does, I shall know what to do." But then she put her head down in my lap again, and oh, how she did cry! I could n't but pity her, though she showed such a wrong spirit; and I tried to tell her of a better comfort than mine, but she would n't hear a word of that. She did n't want any cant, she said. By and by I made her some tea and coaxed her to drink it and to eat a little, and when the sun got low, I walked home with her. She was always gentler with me after that, and whenever she got a letter from Mr. Bogardus she would come and tell me about it. I was on thorns for a while, and watched her as a cat watches a mouse; but everything went on as usual, and nobody but our two selves knew or mistrusted anything about the matter.

Miss Georgine got her letters pretty regular for about six months, and then they stopped, and she never had another. At first she pined a good deal, and I was afraid she was going into a de-

cline; but presently I saw a change. Her old proud self came back, only harder and colder than before. She was handsomer than ever, and more fond of company and admiration. One day I ventured to ask her if she had heard any more of Mr. Bogardus.

Oh, how her eyes flashed as she said, "Never mention that man's name to me again! He has shamed and deserted me!" says she.

"You don't know that," says I; "he may be dead."

"He is n't dead!" she answered. "My father heard he was married to a rich Spanish widow up at the mines."

"I don't believe it!" says I boldly. "It is n't a bit like him." For you see I had come to know him pretty well. I had nursed him in his sick turns, of which he had a good many, and though I did n't approve of the secret marriage, I liked him and felt like standing up for him.

"Never mention his name to me again, Dolly!" says she, and I did n't for a long time, till the day came that I had to do it.

Well, the time went on, year after year in much the same way. Our folks spent the summers on their own estate, and the winters in New York or at the South with the Judge's family, spending a deal of money and seeing a deal of fine company. It was nine years that very spring since Mr. Bogardus went away, when, after they had been home a couple of days, Miss Georgine rode over to see me. She brought me a fine gown and some other things from New York, and after she had showed them to me, says she, speaking proud and careless like, —

"Aunt Dolly, I want you to come up to the house next week, to make my wedding cake and keep house a while, because I am going to be married."

Miss Bessy, I could n't believe my ears; and says I, "Miss Georgine, I don't know as I quite understand you."

"You are growing stupid, Dolly!" says she pettishly. "I 'm going to be married to Mr. Philip Livingstone, and I want you to make the cake."

I don't know what made me, but I spoke right out. "*Mrs. Bogardus*," says I, "have you told your pa and Mr. Livingstone about your first marriage?"

"How dare you call me by that name?" says she, and her eyes fairly blazed. "No, I have not told them and I shall not. *You* can, if you choose!" says she. "How much do you mean to ask me as the price of keeping the secret I was fool enough to tell you?"

Then *I* flared up. "Mrs. Bogardus," says I, "there 's the door. Please walk out of it, and don't come insulting a woman in her own house that thinks as much of herself as you do, if she *is* black! If that 's what you think of me, you may get some one else to make your cake!" says I.

Well, she saw she had gone too far. Like her father, she could command her temper well enough when she chose, and she knew she could n't get any one to make such cake as mine, if she went down on her knees to them. Besides, I knew all the ways of the house, and they could n't do without me. So she came down and said she was sorry, and she did not mean anything, and so on, till she coaxed me round, and I promised to do all she wanted.

"But if it was the last word I ever spoke, I do say you ought to tell Mr. Livingstone," says I. "What if Mr. Bogardus should come back some day?"

I knew I was doing right, but I felt sorry for her when I saw how pale she turned. "That unhappy man is dead long ago," says she, "and if he were not, it is nearly nine years since I heard from him, and that is enough to release me. But you 'll be glad to hear," says she, "that I have coaxed my father to write to sister Anna, and ask her and her son to the wedding. You know she is a widow now, and there is no use in keeping up the quarrel any longer."

So then I agreed to make the cake, and keep house for her father while she was away. They were coming back to spend the summer at home. But I did n't feel happy. I knew she was doing wrong, and that harm would come of it.

The wedding went off nicely. Mr. Livingstone was a fine, handsome man, a good deal older than Miss Georgine. He looked good and sensible, and it was easy to see that he fairly worshiped his wife. My heart ached for both of them, because I knew as things were they never could be happy. You see I felt sure Mr. Bogardus was n't dead.

How did I feel sure? Well, it was just like this. Whenever any of my folks had died away from me, I had always seen them in my dreams that same night. I saw my own brother, who was drowned in the lake, and my aunt with her baby, and Miss Georgine's mother. Now Mr. Bogardus was fond of me. He said once that I was more like a mother than any one had ever been to him, and I knew he would n't die without coming to let me know.

Miss Anna, that was, and her boy were at the wedding and stayed a fortnight after. She wore her deep widow's weeds, and looked thin and worn, but she had a sweet, placid, happy look, worth more than all her sister's beauty. She told me that through all her trials, in sickness and loneliness, and losing her husband and her children, she had never regretted her marriage, not one minute.

The boy was a fine, manly fellow, the image of his father. The Judge took to him greatly, and wanted Mrs. Gracie to come home to live; but she excused herself and said she must take care of her husband's mother, who was feeble and needed her. She told me privately that she did n't think such a life would be good for her boy, and I dare say she was right.

The bride and bridegroom came home after a month and settled down with us for the summer, and the day she came home, I noticed a scared look in Miss Georgine's face that I never saw there before.

That night I was sitting in my own house (and glad enough I was to get back to it), when some one knocked softly at the door. Zack opened it, and the minute he did so, he cried out, "Lord 'a' mercy!" I jumped up, and then I thought surely I saw a ghost, but I did n't. It was Mr. Bogardus himself, but oh how thin and pale, and with his beautiful hair white as snow!

"Will you take me in, Dolly?" says he. "I am sick to death, old friend, and I have come to die with you."

In a minute all the consequences rushed on my mind, but I could n't help that. We took him and put him to bed in our best room, and as soon as the light fell on his face, I saw it was marked for death. I sat up with him all night. He did n't sleep much, and seemed to want to talk, and I knew it could not make much difference, so I let him have his way. He told me he had written home by every mail for more than a year after he stopped getting any letters in return. From all I could make out he had gone on just in his old way, trying first one thing and then another, always thinking he was just going to make a great fortune.

"But I never was unfaithful to Georgine, not for one moment," said he. "I always loved her and I never distrusted her. When my health failed, and I knew I must die, I felt I must see Georgine once more. I landed in New York, and there I heard she was married, and saw her walking with her husband."

And then he begged me to ask Miss Georgine to come and see him if only for a moment, before he died.

"I will never betray her!" said he. "No one will think it strange that she should come to see me. But oh, mammy," — he used to call me mammy, — "I can't leave the world till I see her once more."

The next morning at breakfast-time I went up to the house, and told the Judge and Miss Georgine that Mr. Bogardus was at my house; that he had n't many hours to live, and would take it kind if they would come and see him.

"Poor young man, is he so low?" says the Judge. "He should have come to us; but he was always fond of you, Dolly. I will certainly come over, and you must take anything he needs

from the house." And then he turns to his daughter and says, "You will go to see your poor cousin, Georgine?"

"Why no, I think not!" says she, pouring out her coffee as unconcerned as could be. "I never took any special interest in your clerk, papa, and I am not fond of doleful scenes. I don't think I could endure to be in the house with a dying person."

I saw Mr. Livingstone look at her as she said these last words, and he answered her very gravely: —

"Sometime, Georgine, you will have to be in the room with a dying person."

"Time enough when it comes!" said she lightly. "Of course I am sorry for the poor man, but it is quite out of the question that I should go to see him. He is nothing to me!"

I was n't going to be put off like that. I followed her to her room, and says I to her, "Mrs. Livingstone, what answer am I to carry to that dying man?"

"Tell him I will not see him!" said she, speaking hard and slow. "He is nothing to me, nor I to him."

"Won't you send him your forgiveness?" I asked her.

"No!" she cried passionately. "I will never forgive him — never. Tell him that, if you like."

"Mrs. Livingstone," said I, "you will bring down the judgment of Heaven on your head!" And with that I left her. I was n't afraid of her, whoever else was.

It was hard to go back to Mr. Bogardus with such a message, but he would have me tell him her very words. He groaned, and was silent for a few minutes, and then says he, —

"Dolly, tell her she *shall* see me, alive or dead!" And then he fainted, and I had hard work to bring him to. Later in the day Judge Cleaveland and Mr. Livingstone came down. Mr. Bogardus did n't say much to them, only thanked the Judge for his goodness to him, and begged forgiveness if he had ever injured him. The Judge said everything that was kind — he was a good deal softened in those days. Then Mr. Livingstone asked Mr. Bogardus if he should read and pray with him, and Mr. Bogardus said yes. So Mr. Livingstone read a chapter, and made a beautiful prayer. He was a very religious man in his quiet way, which made it the more strange that he should be taken with Miss Georgine. When he got up from his knees, Mr. Bogardus stretched out his hand to him.

"Thank you, Livingstone; you have done me good!" said he, squeezing his hand hard. "I want to tell you that there is no bitterness in my heart toward any human being. It is all washed away. God bless you!"

Honey, it did me good to hear him speak in that way to the man who was, as you might say, standing in his shoes. The minute they were gone Mr. Bogardus fainted once more. I thought he would never breathe again, but he did, and seemed to brighten up a good deal. Zack thought he was better, but I did n't. I had seen too many people die, not to know the lighting up for death. About midnight, when we were both sitting by him, he asked to be raised up and have his head laid on my breast, and then he asked Zack to get him some fresh water from the spring. When we were alone together, he looked up in my face and says he, —

"Mammy, tell Georgine that I have never been unfaithful to her, and I shall be faithful still. She must see me, alive or dead."

Says I, "Oh, Mr. Bogardus, my dear boy, you must n't bear malice now."

"I don't!" said he. "I told Livingstone true when I said that all bitterness was washed away. But it is borne in on my mind, that for her own sake, alive or dead, Georgine must see me, and you must tell her so. Will you?"

"I will!" says I. I never mistrusted that he meant anything but that she should come and look at him after he was dead.

"That 's all!" said he. "Kiss me, mammy. You 've been more like a mother to me than any woman was before, and you won't lose by it, I know."

Then I kissed him, and he just laid

his head on my breast and with one sigh he was gone.

Never mind me, Miss Bessy, honey! You see I loved him dearly, with all his faults, and dying on my breast and all . . .

We laid him out, Zack and I, and though I 've done the same for many a one, I never saw a sweeter smile on the face of man, woman, or child, than rested on his. As soon as it was time in the morning, I went up to the house and told them as they sat at breakfast.

"So he is gone, poor soul!" says the Judge, wiping his eyes. "Take no trouble about the funeral, Dolly; I will arrange it all. Georgine, can you find some mourning for Dolly? I dare say she will like to wear it."

"I should be much obliged if you would, Mrs. Livingstone," says I.

She told me to come to her room and she would see. So I went up after breakfast, and she pulled out a couple of nice black dresses and a black bonnet and crape veil which she had worn a year before in mourning for her grandma.

"There, you may have those!" said she, in a careless, contemptuous way, "though I don't see why you should wear mourning. But I suppose you think it 's genteel."

She always riled me when she spoke in that way, but I kept myself down, and after I had thanked her for the things, I told her Mr. Bogardus' message. She winced a little in spite of herself, and the scared look came into her eyes again, but it was gone in a minute, and she said coldly, —

"Dolly, there has been enough of this! If you mention that person's name to me again we shall quarrel!"

I had no call to mention it again, for I had cleared my conscience, and that was enough. Mr. Bogardus was buried next day from the church, the weather being warm and our house small. Mr. Livingstone sent the carriage for Zack and me, and Zack and Mr. Livingstone, and some gentlemen from the village, were the bearers. It was quite a large funeral, and the coffin and everything was as nice as one could wish to see.

The next morning Judge Cleaveland and Mr. Livingstone went down to the city to some convention, expecting to be gone a week. That very day the cook they had brought from New York took offense at something, and she and the other woman packed up and went over to the village, leaving Miss Georgine alone. So she sent down to ask if Zack and I would come up and stay, because she was expecting company; so we went, of course. I found everything at sixes and sevens — no cake in the house fit to look at, all the summer fruit spoiling to be done up, and so on. I sent for my niece Car'line to come and help, and we soon got things in order.

The second night, I sent Zack and Car'line off to bed, and sat up till late, attending to some plum cake I had in the great oven. It was a fancy of mine when I had any special baking, to do it late in the evening, when I had the kitchen to myself. Well, I got my cake done to my liking — I little knew what kind of party I was baking for — and then I thought I would take a look through the house and see that all was right, as I used to do when I lived there before.

The house was an odd one in its shape. A long, wide hall ran through the front part. When it got to the back it turned in an L, as they say now, and went on to a side door, and in this side hall were the stairs. At the top of them was Miss Georgine's own room, and at the foot a door leading by a passage to the kitchen. Half-way from this door to the front was the library door, with a narrow glass window over it.

I had opened the passage door, and had just turned down the lamp that always burned at the foot of the stairs, when I saw that there was a light in the library. Thinks I, "What in the world is Miss Georgine doing in the library at this time of night?" Before I could move I heard some one's hand on the lock, and stood still to see who it should be.

Miss Bessy, as sure as you sit there, I saw the appearance of Mr. Bogardus, just as he used to look when he was a

young man and worked in that library for Judge Cleaveland. I was n't scared, that I know of, but I could n't move. He came straight toward me, but did n't look at me, and passing as close to me as I am to you he walked rather slowly up the stairs to Miss Georgine's room. When he reached it, he turned and looked at me, holding up his hand in a warning kind of way, and then he opened the door and went in.

I could n't go up-stairs — something held me back. I sat down on the bottom stair and listened a long time, but I did n't hear a sound, and by and by I crept away to bed, my teeth chattering as if I had an ague fit.

The next morning I was in the dining-room when Miss Georgine came down. Child, I should n't have known her! She was gray as ashes, only with a purple spot in each cheek, and her face was all drawn and sunken. She looked thirty years older than when she went to bed.

Says I, "Mrs. Livingstone, are you sick?"

"I have a headache, but the air will drive it off," says she, proud to the last. "I think, Dolly, that as our friends have written to put off their visit, I will go down to the city to Mr. Livingstone. I need a little change, and I suppose you won't mind staying here a few days with Car'line for company," says she. "You won't be afraid without your husband, will you?"

Well, I *was*, — a little, — after what I had seen, there is no denying it; but I felt that somehow she ought to be with her husband; so I said, "Oh no, I was n't afraid, I had Carline for company, and the gardener could sleep in the house." I helped Miss Georgine put up her things, and dressed her. She was quiet and gentle-like for her, but when I said, "Mrs. Livingstone, I 'm afraid you an't well enough for such a long ride all by yourself," she just laughed that hard laugh I hated so to hear.

"You 're nervous yourself, Dolly!" says she. "I have only a headache, but you know that always makes me look ghastly. It will all be gone in an hour."

I did n't say any more, but I knew better. On the steps she turned to me and held out her hand.

"Good-by, Dolly," said she. "You 've always been good to me, and I 'm afraid I have sometimes been cross to you, but don't remember it against me."

Child, I was always glad she said that. I watched the carriage away, and then I went back to her room and put it all in nice order with my own hands. I felt full of anxiety, and I kept myself as busy as I could. Zack did n't come back the next day, nor the next; but the morning of the fourth day, Car'line looked out of the window when she got up, and says she, "Aunt Dolly, Uncle Zack 's coming on horseback as hard as he can drive. Something must have happened!"

Something had happened, sure enough. Zack had been riding ever since midnight, and he could hardly speak, he was so tired; but at last he got it out. Miss Georgine had died in a fit the night before, and the body was to be brought home that day.

"What time did she die?" I asked presently.

"It was just half-past eleven when she took the first fit," said he; "and she died at the same hour last night." Then I knew.

Well, they brought her home in her coffin and laid her in the front parlor, and when all was done, I went to the Judge and told him I was going to watch myself, and nobody else would be needed. You see, I did n't know what might happen, and I did n't want stories going all over the country. I told Zack he might take a blanket and lie down on the sofa in the back parlor, and I would sit up.

About half-past eleven, I went into the room where the corpse lay. I had half a mind to call Zack to go with me, but I knew how tired he was, and I let him sleep. There was a shaded lamp in the room, and I had a candle in my hand that I set down on a table near by, and stood a few minutes looking

at her. She was n't a pleasant corpse to look at. Those same purple spots were on her cheeks, and a dark frown on her forehead; but the worst was that her eyes would n't stay shut. I had tried every way to close them, and the doctor had tried, but they would n't stay shut!

I turned away and went to the window, when something, I don't know what, made me look round. Then I saw him for the second time — saw Mr. Bogardus looking into his wife's coffin, with just the same sad, sweet smile that was on his face when he bade me good-by. As I stood looking — for I had no power to move — the appearance stooped down, and seemed to kiss the corpse, and then it vanished away, and I saw it no more.

I was like one turned to stone for a few minutes. When I came to myself, Miss Bessy, there was a change! *Her eyes were shut* — closed as naturally as a sleeping babe's, with the long curled lashes resting on her cheeks. The ugly purple spots had faded away; the face was like fine marble, and the pale lips had a meek, peaceful look, such as I had never seen them wear since the days that she and Mr. Bogardus were lovers.

That 's all the story. Poor Miss Georgine was buried next day, alongside the only man she ever really loved. I can't but hope it was well with both of them, poor unlucky children. The doctor, he talked learnedly about contraction of muscles and what not, but doctors don't know everything, and he had n't seen what I had. My own opinion is that she was n't free to go till it was made up, and that they made it up then.[1]

Lucy Ellen Guernsey.

[1] This story rests upon a better foundation than most such legends. The ghostly part of the story was told me by the ghost-seer, a very intelligent and good woman, and I have adhered as closely to her narration as propriety would allow.

MARGARET.

I.

THROUGH the fields with morning wet,
Gayly wandered Margaret,
Not a shadow darkening yet
Eyes new-filled with violet;
Just a blithesome lass,
Light of heart and light of tread,
Following where the pathway led,
Spinning out its little thread
In the meadow-grass.

As she lightly tripped along,
Humming to herself a song
From a heart unstung by wrong, —
Gossamer fancies free to throng
Through her cloudless breast, —
Troops of daisies, left and right,
Answering back her fresh delight,
Closer swung their fringes white
Around their rosy guest.

She plucked one idly as she went;
And half for jest, and half intent,
All her simple lore she spent,
Trying what her fortune meant
On its snowy ring;
With the charm each maiden tries,
Ever with a new surprise,
Listening to those soft replies
That the daisies bring.

First, *He loves me*, whispered low;
Then, *He loves me not*, and so
Back and forth, and to and fro,
All around the milk-white row,
The fairy wheel of fate.
Wide the airy leaflets blew,
While her fingers swiftly flew,
Raveling out the slender clew
To her heart's estate.

Ending thus the little spell,
On *He loves me not* it fell;
But merry as a marriage-bell
Rang her voice: "Dear flower, pray tell,
Why so cruel art?"
Careless fancies lightly blow,
Spread their wings, and come and go,
When the door stands open so,
In the happy heart.

II.

Twelve long months the year swung round,
All its little buds unbound
Sleeping in the meadow-ground,
All its pretty blossoms found,
Sweetly fresh and true.
Bright was the bloom on hill and dale,
But Margaret's lovely bloom was pale,
And 'neath her eyelid's drooping veil
Were clouds upon the blue.

A secret thorn within the breast
Closer to her heart she prest;
And moods of longing and unrest
Drew to the fields all newly drest
Her half-reluctant feet.
But oh, the soul of all was slain!
And hers was pain's exceeding pain, —
To see the outer charm remain,
And mock what once was sweet.

The grain was rippling broad and free,
Singing there was on every tree,
Perfumes there were on every lea,
And life was warm and brave, — but she
Felt like a wayside stone.
The joy of birds, and the brook that purled,
The tender balm that the year unfurled,
All the song and breath of the world,
Left her the more alone.

She let the summer-bloom drift by,
But on the path her downcast eye
Saw a daisy withering lie,
As it, too, were fain to die —
Nay, the flower was dead!
"Would that all dying were as brief,"
She sighed, in weariness of grief,
And slowly sundering leaf from leaf,
The little charm she said.

Alas! alas! the ghostly spell!
Still on *He loves me not* it fell!
She dropped the flower in dumb farewell;
For some dead joy, she might not tell,
Lay hushed within her heart.
Ah! what can idle fancies do,
When once the door is fastened to,
But fold the wings that lightly flew,
And nevermore depart!

Louisa Bushnell.

HOW I CAME TO STUDY SPIRITUAL PHENOMENA.

A CHAPTER OF AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

It was a quarter of a century after the time when I had shocked the orthodoxy of New York by preaching Secularism, and had dreamed dreams, and published them, of national industrial schools that were to dissipate poverty and to regenerate a superstitious world. I had been representative in the State legislature, member of Congress, delegate to the Constitutional Convention of Indiana; and had finally been appointed to represent my adopted country at a foreign court.

During all that period, though my thoughts had been chiefly engrossed by public affairs, they had turned, from time to time, to religion; and the theoretical opinions of earlier years had insensibly undergone some change. I had gradually reached the conclusion that our consciousness enables us to conceive of a great Originating Mind; that such a Supreme Intelligence must be benevolent, and that it would be well for man if he could obtain certain proof of a life to come. Then I began to hope that there might be such proof; though, so far, I had failed to find it in historical documents, sacred or profane.

I had been two years and a half resi-

dent in picturesque and stand-still Naples, where, except to the privileged foreigner, all spiritual studies were forbidden. I had heard of the "Rochester Knockings," wondering what supreme folly would come up next; and though, in passing through London on the way to Italy, my good father, recently convinced that spiritual manifestations were a reality, had taken me to two or three sittings, I saw nothing there to change my opinion that it was all imposture or self-delusion.

Then it was — in my fifty-fifth year, at about the same age when Swedenborg turned from science to Spiritualism — that there came to me, by what men are wont to call chance, one of those experiences, trivial at first sight, which sometimes suffice to change the whole tenor of a life.

I was spending a quiet evening at the house of the Russian minister, M. Kakoschkine. Some one spoke of automatic writing whereby one could obtain answers to questions to which the reply was unknown to the writer. It was proposed to test this; and, as the wife of the Tuscan minister, a bright and cultivated English lady, who happened to be present, had expressed incredulity, she was asked to put some question the answer to which she was *certain* that no one present knew. Having consulted in the anteroom with her husband, she asked, referring to three large gold-headed pins that fastened her dress in front, "Who gave me these gold pins?"

After a time the hand of one of the ladies present, one who had barely heard of Spiritualism and was much prejudiced against it, wrote, in a strange, cramped hand, the words: "The one that gives you a maid and cook" — the last two words being written backwards.[1]

Every one thought the answer quite irrelevant, till the lady whose question had called forth this strange reply, after carefully examining the paper, turned pale and confessed that it was not only relevant but strictly true. The pins had been given to her by her cousin Elizabeth, then living in Florence; and that lady, at her request, had recently sent to her, from that city, two servants: namely, a lady's maid who had been in her service ten days, and a cook who had arrived two days before.

It is a strange, soul-stirring emotion — and one which, till of late years, few persons have ever known — the feeling which, like a lightning-flash, comes over an earnest and hopeful mind, when it has the first glimpse of the possibility that there may be experimental evidence of another world. I sat for hours that evening in silent reflection; and, ere I slept, I had registered in my heart a vow, since religiously kept, that I would not rest or falter till I had proved this possibility to be a probability, or a certainty, or a delusion. At last, at last (that was my exultant thought) I *may* be approaching a phenomenal solution of the world's most momentous, most mysterious problem!

Feeling thus, it amazed me to observe with what light indifference the other assistants at this astounding experience looked upon the matter. They went away wondering, perplexed, indeed; but wonder and perplexity appeared to fade out without practical result, in a week or two. I doubt whether, after the lapse of a month, any of them adverted to the incident at all, except, perhaps, in the way of relating, to incredulous listeners of a winter evening, that very odd coincidence about three gold-headed pins and a maid and cook. A numerous class of men, illogical or indifferent, seem incapable of realizing the relative importance of new and unexpected things, as they come to light.

Was it a chance coincidence? As soon as I had satisfied myself, past all doubt, that everything had occurred in good faith, that query suggested itself. If the written answer had been "Elizabeth," such a solution might have been accepted; since, among a dozen of the most common female names, that of Elizabeth would probably be included;

[1] For fac-simile of writing and other particulars, see Debatable Land between this World and the Next, pp. 282–286.

and if so, the chances against a correct answer were only twelve to one. But who or what was it that went out of its way to give such a roundabout answer to a simple question? How incredible, how difficult even to imagine, that any agency other than a thinking entity could have selected so unexpected a form of reply! And if there *was* an external intelligence involved, how intensely interesting the field of inquiry thus disclosed!

Excited but unconvinced, I went to work in good earnest, devoting my entire leisure to the study that had opened before me. We had, of course, no professional mediums; nor, though I found among our acquaintances three ladies and two gentlemen who had more or less of the mediumistic gift, — the lady who had written at the Russian minister's having the most, — were any of them of much force; not approaching, in power, others whom I have met since. And, all inexperienced, we had to grope our way.

However, in sixteen months I had held two hundred sittings, of which I kept a minute and scrupulous record extending over more than a thousand foolscap pages. These I had bound up in three volumes, labeled Personal Observations; and, at the close of each, I entered a careful digest of the evidence obtained, and a summary of apparent results.

The first volume was devoted chiefly to experiments in automatic writing in reply to *mental* questions.[1] The result, satisfactory in some respects, was a puzzle to me in others.

I verified the reality of the phenomenon so far as this, that out of *seventy-three* mental questions, one half of the answers (37) were strictly relevant; while of the remainder, one third (12) were doubtful, and two thirds (24) were irrelevant; irrelevant answers being most frequent in dull, wet weather.

The questions put usually referred to the phenomena themselves, and their character. The replies, many of them ingenious and some philosophical, were adverse to the spiritual hypothesis, as witness these extracts: —

"The phenomena of table-moving, rapping, and the like, are not supernatural, not spiritual; they are electrical, and magnetic. . . . Involuntary writing is a phenomenon growing out of magnetic affinity, and similar in character to somnambulism: it exhibits the electrical action of mind on mind. . . . There is, in certain individuals, such a wonderful electric and magnetic force, and so peculiar a combination of elements, that, in their presence, inexplicable results occur. But we must not therefore suppose that we can hold communion with the spirits of the departed; for such power does not belong to man."

Soon after getting this reply, I learned through Mr. Kinney, formerly our minister to Turin, and through Powers, the sculptor, that they had verified the phenomena of unmistakable spirit-hands, musical instruments when suspended in the air played on without visible agency, communications from deceased relatives, and the like. Reciting these allegations in one of my (mental) questions, and asking an explanation, I got nothing more satisfactory than this: —

"It is not possible now to know whence come these phenomena. . . . But we cannot communicate with the spirit-world. To push inquiries in that direction is unavailing, and productive of confusion without utility."

The question called up by this phenomenon was: "What intelligence gave these replies?" All the more important answers were obtained through a lady of an ordinary, practical turn of mind, to whose cast of thought philosophical inquiry was absolutely foreign. Yet through her there came to me such allegations as these: —

Question (mental). — Is it of any consequence in what language I write out my questions, even if it be in a language

[1] These questions were written out, usually before the sitting began, folded up, and laid on the table, with the simple request: "Please answer this written question." To insure a pertinent reply, I had, as a general rule, to keep my mind fixed on the substance of the question, until the table began to move.

which the person who answers does not understand?

Answer. — Coming to a knowledge of the distinction between the positive state and that which is partial only, in the one it is probable that the language is not material; in the other, unless the magnetizer's thought be in a language known, there may be only confused results.

Question (mental). — What is the difference between the positive state and that which is partial only?

Answer. — It is not the same influence. The concentration of magnetic force which is used for the one is not requisite for the other. The ordinary individuality is lost in one, while in the other both powers act at once.

When I conversed with the writer on such subjects as these, in her normal condition, I found that they were not only without interest, but quite unintelligible to her. But I knew it was claimed by writers on vital magnetism that, under magnetic influence, the patient often obtains clearer perceptions and higher knowledge. I had read what one of the most modest and cautious of these writers has said, namely: "The *somnambule* acquires new perceptions, furnished by interior organs; and the succession of these perceptions constitutes a new life, differing from that which we habitually enjoy: in that new life come to light phases of knowledge other than those which our ordinary sensations convey to us." [1]

I concluded that this might be the true explanation; and that the answers I received might be due to the action of the writer's mind in what Andrew Jackson Davis calls its "superior condition." Whether the writer's own ideas were occasionally mixed in I sought to ascertain, asking: —

Question (mental). — Are the opinions which you have expressed in writing in part the opinions of your ordinary individuality?

Answer. — It is so to a certain extent.

[1] Traité du Somnambulisme, by Bertrand, member of the Faculty of Medicine in Paris; Paris, 1823, pp. 469, 470.

As the lady who wrote was an utter skeptic in the spiritual theory, I set down the opinion expressed that communion with the spirits of the departed was impossible, as due to that state of unbelief.

Thus, after sixty sittings, running through three months and a half, I had made but little progress toward the solution of the great problem. I was the rather disposed to set down what I had witnessed so far as merely a mesmeric phenomenon, because an intimate and valued friend and colleague, the Viscount de St. Amaro, then Brazilian Minister at the Neapolitan court, had brought to my notice many of the wonders of what has been called animal magnetism, together with cognate subjects of study.

As these opened on me I found it expedient to enlarge my sphere of research and to consult the best professional works on physiology, especially in its connection with mental phenomena; on psychology in general, on sleep, on hallucination, on insanity, on the mental epidemics of Europe and America; together with treatises on the imponderables, including Reichenbach's curious observations, and the records of interesting researches then recently made in Prussia, in Italy, in England, and elsewhere, in connection with the influence of human electricity on the nervous system and the muscular tissues.

I collected, too, from London and Paris, the most noted works containing narratives of apparitions, hauntings, second sight, presentiments, and the like, and toiled through formidable piles of chaff to reach a few gleanings of sound grain.

Gradually I reached the conclusion that what had been regarded by many as new and unexampled phenomena are but modern phases of what has always existed. And I finally became convinced that for a proper understanding of much that had perplexed the public mind under the name of spiritual manifestations, historical research should precede every other inquiry; that we

ought to look throughout the past for classes of phenomena, and seek to arrange these, each in its proper niche.

Nor meanwhile did I neglect my Personal Observations. In the second volume of these I find recorded the results of fifty sittings, running through five months. These were chiefly devoted to the obtaining of communications through table-tipping, and occasionally by means of raps. And here I came upon certain manifestations, often (as at the Russian minister's) incidental and at first blush unimportant; yet, when more closely scrutinized, of startling and suggestive character.

Take this one, as example. August 23, 1856, we had a sitting at the house of an English physician resident in Naples; all present being English or American, yet familiar with the Italian language. The table was boisterous and unmanageable, tilting violently from side to side. At the word of command it waltzed, beat time to the polka, went into the next room, returned, and would hardly remain still. Unable to get any communication, we asked: "Is there any one in the circle who ought to go out?"

Answer. — Sophia Iggulden.

She left the table accordingly, and as soon as she did so the manifestations were quiet.

Question. — Why did you object to Miss Iggulden?

Answer. — She is antipatic his simat—

Here I remarked that it was spelling nonsense. Soon after, we suspended our sitting. Later in the evening a lady who was present for the first time at a spiritual *séance*, looking over my minutes, said: "I understand that sentence; it means: 'She is *antipatichissima* t—' and the *t* is probably the beginning of another word."

When the table was then asked to complete the sentence, it did so, thus: "She is antipatichissima to-night."

It was quite accidentally that we discovered the meaning here; but, once discovered, it was unmistakable. The Italian word *antipatico*, of which the above is the superlative, feminine gender, is much in use, corresponding to "not sympathetic;" so that the meaning was: "She is very unsympathetic to-night."

It was evident that such an answer, thus obtained, could not be explained on the theory of the reflection of ideas, or that of expectant attention: to us all it was utterly unexpected.

Again, October 19, 1856, at a sitting in my own parlor, present the medium, Mrs. Owen, and myself. The evening before an alleged spirit, purporting to be a deceased sister of the medium, named Maria, had announced herself, and had promised to return this evening. Her sister (the medium), beginning to have faith in the spiritual theory, asked, when the table began to move: "What spirit is here to-night?"

Myself (skeptical). — Oh, don't put it in that way. Ask what force moves the table.

Medium (persisting). — Please tell us your name.

Of course we all expected the name Maria: instead of which we got *Do fo:* and when we asked if that was right, it answered, "Yes."

The medium was much disappointed, and I said: "That can't be right. There's no name beginning Dofo; but let us see what it *will* say."

It went on to spell *r c e s* and then the word *speak*. It had spelt as far as *s p e* before any of us had the least idea what was coming. Then suddenly it flashed on me: I had said, "Ask what force moves the table." And the table replies by another question: "*Do forces speak?*"

I stood self-convicted; forces do *not* speak: I had been properly rebuked for asking an absurd question. But who, thus tersely, thus logically, was showing up its absurdity? What intelligence had undertaken thus to reason the matter with me? reminding me that if a mere force moved the table, it was ridiculous to ask it a question or to expect an answer. I gave it up, for there was not a word to say in reply.

Yet again, November 1, 1856; place

and assistants the same as before; spelling steady and regular.

The name Maria announced. The medium, taking it for granted that it was her sister, asked several questions, but got no reply. Then Mrs. Owen spoke, and obtained several answers. The medium was surprised and hurt at this apparent preference. Conjecturing that she might be misled, I asked: "Is it Maria N——?" (the sister's name.)

Answer. — No.

Myself. — What name, then?

Answer. — W——.

Myself. — Was that your married name?

Answer. — No; it was F——.

A lady intimately known to us, more than thirty years ago, at New Harmony, but since deceased. As a test I asked her (mentally) what was her favorite song; thinking of Fairy-like Music, which I had often heard her sing. But the reply was Long, Long Ago; and then Mrs. Owen and I both recalled the fact that that *was* her chief favorite. Then I put this mental question: —

"But was there not another song that you used often to sing at our house?"

No reply for a time. In the interval occurred the following conversation: —

Mrs. Owen. — Poor Maria! How much she suffered in life!

Medium. — Was she unhappily married?

Mrs. Owen. — Very unhappily. She was of a warm, frank, impulsive disposition; while he was cold and bitter. He treated her with great and persistent cruelty.

Medium. — How did she happen to marry such a man?

Mrs. Owen. — They had only known each other about a month, but Maria was to blame in that affair.

Shortly after came five raps (the conventional call for the alphabet) and there was spelled out: —

"*Feeling drives pride away.*"

Mrs. Owen asked whether that was a reply to my mental question or to her remark, and got for answer: "Remark."

The reply itself (very unexpected, since I was looking for the name of a song) puzzled me, till Mrs. Owen recalled, what I had partially forgotten, the circumstances of Maria's marriage, as follows: —

When Mr. F—— first came to New Harmony, he lodged at the house of Maria's father, seemed much pleased with the daughter, asked her in marriage, and was accepted. A day or two, however, before that set for the nuptials, he wished to break off the match, alleging that he did not love Maria as much as he ought, to make her his wife. But she, doubtless much attached to him (as she proved afterwards by a life's devotion), held him to his engagement, saying she was sure John would love her when she came to be his wife. So the marriage took place on the day appointed.

It was with reference to all this that Mrs. Owen had remarked: "Maria was to blame in that affair." Then how touching, at once, and appropriate the apology: —

"Feeling drives pride away."

It would be difficult, in the same number of words, to reply more pertinently, or probably more truly, to the imputation in question.

I think that brief sentence converted Mrs. Owen — a woman of strong logical mind — to the spiritual theory. It staggered my life-long skepticism. I could not but think of poor Maria as actually making to us, from her home in another world, this excuse for a natural weakness; and I recalled those tender words, spoken of a far greater sinner than she: "To her shall much be forgiven, because she loved much."

I think I should have surrendered my unbelief, as my wife did, seeing that I was wholly unable, on the apneumatic theory, to explain the sudden and startling presentation of these four words, but for the fact that, shortly before, we had received, through the table and purporting to come from three several

spirits, detailed information touching the death of two friends of the medium, every word of which proved false. And in that case we had tried the (alleged) communicating spirits by asking sundry test questions, which were correctly answered; the true answers, however, all being known to us. It had not then occurred to me that spirits from the other world might deceive, as so many men and women do here; and that while some communications, truly spiritual, might be a mere giving back to us of what had been read in our own minds, others might be strictly truthful and wholly independent of our thoughts or knowledge.

But there was something more to come, appealing to the heart as well as to the reason.

I have already, at the close of my last paper, spoken of Violet, and of my grief at her early death. When I first began to receive, through the table, communications purporting to come from the spirits of the deceased, the thought did cross my mind that if those who once took an interest in us were able still to commune with us from another world, Violet's spirit, of all others, might announce itself to me; but when month after month passed without sign, I had quite ceased to expect it, or even to dwell on such a possibility. Great was my surprise and my emotion when, at last, the silence was broken.

The place and persons were the same as in the last two examples. The name of Violet was suddenly spelt out. When my astonishment had somewhat subsided, I asked mentally with what intent a name so well remembered had been announced.

Answer. — Gave pro—

There the spelling stopped. Invitations to proceed were unavailing. At last it occurred to me to ask: "Are the letters *p r o* correct?"

Answer. — No.

Question. — Is the word "gave" correct?

Answer. — Yes.

"Then," said I, "please begin the word after 'gave' over again;" whereupon it spelled out, —

"*Gave a written promise to remember you even after death.*"

Few will be able to realize the feeling which came over me as these words slowly connected themselves. If there was one memento of my youth valued above all others, it was a letter written by Violet in the prospect of death, and containing, to the very words, the promise which now, after half a life-time, came back to me from beyond the bourn. I have the letter still, but it has never been seen by any one else.

Though many results similar to this have been obtained by others, few reach the public. It needs, as prompting motive to overcome a natural reluctance, the earnest wish by such disclosure to serve truth and benefit mankind.

The circumstances were peculiar. What came was utterly unforeseen. When long-slumbering associations were called up by the sudden appearance of a name, it was in response to no thought or will or hope of mine. And if not traceable to me, it was still less so to either of the others. They knew nothing of my question, for it was mentally propounded; nor of the letter; not even that it existed.

Let us take note of this also. When, at the first attempt to reply to my question, the unlooked-for sentence had been partly spelled out, — "Gave p r o," — it did occur to me that the unfinished word might be "promise;" and it did suggest itself that the reference might be to the pledge made to me, long years before, by Violet. Observe what happened. The letters *p r o* were declared to be incorrect; and I remember well my surprise and disappointment as I erased them. But how was that surprise increased when I found that the correction had been insisted on only to make way for a fuller and more definite wording. It is certain that my mind could have had nothing to do in working out this result. If a spirit-hand had visibly appeared, had erased the three letters, had inserted the word "written," and had then completed the sentence, it

would have been more wonderful, certainly; but would the evidence have been more perfect that some occult will was at work to bring about all this?

The above incident impressed me deeply, yet it needed strong additional evidence, cumulative throughout after years and elsewhere recorded,[1] thoroughly to assure me that it was Violet who had given me this proof of her identity. At the close of the minutes of the sitting, part of which I have here given, I find recorded this scruple: —

"There is, however, in such results as the above, no proof of an occult intelligence which can distinguish and repeat to us *things not in our minds;* but further experiments may disclose a greater power than has yet shown itself." It was some years, however, before this occurred.

Leaving out a few sittings, as to which I had doubts whether the results were fairly obtained, the character of the sittings for communications through the table recorded in this volume was, as nearly as they could be classified, as follows: —

Serious.	Frivolous.	False.	Boisterous.	Total.
30	3	3	2	38

One example of profanity — the *only* one throughout my experience of eighteen years — occurred October 11, 1856; and for that I was prepared. For, two months before, the Baroness Suckow, of Bavaria, then on a visit to Naples and having brought a letter of introduction to me, related to me some of her spiritual experiences; this among the rest: On one occasion, while sitting in a circle with several young ladies of rank, cultivated and refined, the table gave some answer so evidently absurd that one of them said, "That 's not true!" Whereupon the table, by the alphabet, spelled out such shocking oaths that the ladies, ashamed and terrified, broke up the sitting. The character and demeanor of the baroness, stamped with German earnestness and with a touch of enthusiasm, was to me sufficient voucher for this narrative.

Our experience was similar. At our private circle an (alleged) spirit, assuming to be Mrs. Owen's mother, made several replies so irrelevant and inconsequent that Mrs. Owen said: —

"You have been deceiving us all the time. You are not my mother."

Whereupon there came this: "Mary lies, dam you" (thus spelled).

I may add, as to the sittings classified as "frivolous" and "boisterous," that these occurred, as a rule, when the assistants were numerous and were chiefly young people, or others, who had come together for an evening's amusement.

In a summing up, at the close of this volume, I find my conclusions, so far, thus recorded: —

"As to the great question touching the alleged agency of spirits in framing communications through involuntary writing, or through the table, I regard it, after eight months' patient experiments, as still undecided, either in the affirmative or negative. If the proofs for are numerous and striking, the difficulties against are serious and unexplained."[2]

Of these difficulties the chief were: false intelligence given; occasional failure, by tests, to detect a spirit afterwards discovered to have assumed a false name; occasional giving back of our own ideas, even when these proved afterwards incorrect; promises to execute certain tests not fulfilled; but chiefly the failure to communicate anything not known to us at the time, and of which we afterwards verified the truth.

But if, on the one hand, I withheld assent from the spiritual theory until further investigation; on the other, my reason rejected the speculations which were put forward, in those days, to disparage the phenomena, or to sustain the apneumatic hypothesis. Of these the most accredited were by two French authors of repute: the Marquis de Mirville[3] and the Count de Gasparin.[4]

1 In The Debatable Land, pp. 437-450.

2 Personal Observations, MS. page 293.

3 Des Esprits et de leurs Manifestations fluidiques. Paris, 3d ed. 1854. This work reached its fifth edition in 1859.

4 Des Tables tournantes, du Surnaturel en géné-

They attracted much attention, and obtained a wide circulation. Both writers admitted the reality of the phenomena, as I did; both traced them to the agency of a mysterious fluid; but at that point their conclusions diverged.

De Mirville, a Roman Catholic, admitted an ultramundane agency, but asserted that, except when under ecclesiastical sanction and within the limits of one privileged church, these "fluidic manifestations" (as he called them) were demoniac only. As I never believed in the doctrine of human depravity, so neither could my mind admit the idea that if, under cosmical law, there was influx or intervention from another world, such influence could be accursed in its nature, be controlled by a vagrant devil, seeking whom he might devour.

De Gasparin, on the contrary, rejected all intermundane agency, as cause; assenting to a theory which had previously been set forth by Monsieur de Mousseaux,[1] and thus expressed: "That spirit which you have the generosity to attribute to the table is nothing more than your own spirit replying to your own questions. The act is accomplished by the operation of a fluid which escapes from you, which moves the table unconsciously to you, and which governs it in conformity with your sentiments."

I took pains to make clear to myself the objections to this opinion; and these I recorded at the close of the manuscript volume from which I have been extracting. As they have never been published, I here reproduce them: —

"Let us look narrowly to this theory, and examine what it is that it takes for granted. First, a fluid escapes from our bodies and enters the table; and when we will or request the table to move, *that fluid moves it.*

"I do not assert that, so far, the theory is necessarily incorrect. But yet this, of itself, would be wonderful, beyond any natural phenomenon with which I am acquainted.[2] What other example have we, in the whole circle of physical experiments ever made by man, of the human will passing out of the living frame of which it determines so mysteriously the movements, and acting on an inert, inanimate mass which it causes to obey each varying command that may be given?

"The advocates of this theory remind us, in explanation,[3] that every day — each moment almost — we transmit motion to external inanimate matter by mechanical action; then why not in some other way? Mechanical action is not the only mode of action in the world: caloric expands bodies; the lodestone draws toward itself the distant iron.

"But the analogy does not hold good. If the fluid, passing from our bodies into the table, uniformly caused it (let us suppose) to split into pieces; or if, in every case, it acted upon it so as to produce rotary or oscillatory motion; then, indeed, we might liken its action to that of heat or mineral magnetism, as being determinate and constant. But, on the contrary, its manifestations are as various as the commands which human caprice can issue. I bid the table lift the leg next to me, it lifts it; the opposite leg, it obeys. I request it to beat polka time or to dance a jig; it conforms, with efforts grotesque and ludicrous, to each requirement. Did the command of any mortal creature ever cause the thermometer to rise one degree beyond the point to which the temperature pervading the surrounding atmosphere had contracted or expanded it? Could the combined will of thousands determine the action of the magnet in a direction at right angles to a straight line drawn from the iron to itself?

"But, secondly, supposing it possible to explain these phenomena on physical

ral et des Esprits. Paris, 1855. This work was translated into English, and obtained, both from the English and the French periodical press, many favorable notices.

[1] Mœurs et Pratiques, pp. 294, 295. But M. de Mousseaux himself dissents from this opinion.

[2] Except, perhaps, the deflection, under certain circumstances, of a delicate electrometer. But M. de Gasparin succeeded in getting a table, loaded with one hundred and fifty-two pounds, to raise each leg successively; and at last the weight broke the table. (Des Tables tournantes, vol. i. p. 46.)

[3] Des Tables tournantes, vol. i. pp. 93, 94.

principles, we have but touched the threshold of the mystery, disposing but of the first and least difficulty. Others far greater are yet to be met.

"A fluid (according to De Gasparin), passing from our bodies into inert matter, not only moves that matter at our bidding, but, from its inanimate abode, it enters into intellectual correspondence with us; it answers, with pertinence, our various questions; it joins in the conversation, and replies, assentingly or dissentingly, to incidental remarks made (as I suppose we must express it) in its hearing. Sometimes, even, it comments on these remarks. Its conversation, though at times carried on with apparent hesitation, as if under the difficulty of a novel attempt, is, in a general way, reasonable and consistent; seldom exhibiting contradictions.

"Let us consider what all this involves. Do we engage in conversation with a fluid? Does one portion of ourselves talk to another portion and receive an answer from it? Is the nervous fluid (if it be a nervous fluid) endowed with intelligence? And does that portion of this intelligent fluid which has passed out of our bodies, to lodge in the table, comment upon what the portion which remains within us thinks and says?

"And yet, even this is not the entire case. A second installment of difficulties remains to be encountered still.

"The fluid gives many indications of being an independent entity. Like any living thing, it shows personal preferences, and, still more strange! it exhibits changeful moods. Usually quiet and earnest, it is yet sometimes boisterous and rollicking; to-day frivolous or petulant, to-morrow mischievous or abusive. And these moods do not uniformly correspond to the state of mind of the assistants.

"More extraordinary yet is the fact that the replies given by this fluid, and the comments and suggestions made by it, are frequently far from being echoes of the opinions or expectations of the questioners. It makes, unexpectedly to all present, original suggestions, and these of a rational character.[1] It sometimes calls up, from the recesses where they have slumbered for half a life-time, the secret images of the past; and presents these to us in a sudden and startling manner. Occasionally, even, the answers and allegations are contrary to the expectations or belief of the individuals from whose persons the fluid is alleged to have gone out.

"It does more yet. The fluid within the table originates an argument with the fluid within us, objecting to a chance expression which the other has employed. On another occasion, instead of replying, as we expected, to a question asked, it goes out of its way to defend the individual whom it impersonates against an unfavorable opinion casually expressed by one of the assistants; thus, as it were, reproving for undue severity that bodily portion of the fluid of which, but an hour before, it had been a constituent part.

"Then here is not only a duality of intelligence caused by the alleged division into two portions (the internal and the external) of the nervous fluid of the human system, but there is not even harmony between the two. Not only does the external portion, rummaging in the store-house of the mind, drag forth thence unlooked-for thoughts and recollections, but it still more evidently exhibits the attributes of a distinct, reflecting existence. It takes that portion of itself from which it had recently parted by surprise. It begins a controversy with it. It conveys a reproof to it. Finally one portion of this dualized fluid occasionally tells the other portion of it what that other portion knows to be a lie!

"Where, in all human experience, within the entire range of natural science, have we hitherto encountered phenomena bearing any analogy to these?"

[1] As, for example, that by dipping our hands in water, we should facilitate the spelling; which, in effect, proved to be so. (Personal Observations, vol. ii. p. 244.) The difference was immediate and remarkable.

It seems to me, as I copy this argument, that I had already obtained what should have sufficed to convince me of the reality of an outside thinking entity, not mundane : a conviction which virtually involves the spiritual theory. The recollection of the fact that I still held back, awaiting further evidence, has taught me charity for persistent doubters who must have proof on proof ere they believe. I think my hesitation was chiefly induced by this, that I had not yet become reconciled to the idea that in the next phase of existence there are the same varieties of intelligence and of power as we find in this world; and that, there as here, success in a novel experiment is achieved only by practice and persevering effort.

But I had already abandoned one error; seeing clearly that, whatever else this phenomenon might be, it was not a reflex of one's own opinions.

It needs not, and might be tedious, to go through my third volume of Observations. They corroborate substantially former results, with a few further proofs, toward the spiritual theory, added. Of these last one or two may be worth citing; the first touching that difcult question, identification of spirits.

January 21, 1857, at a private circle, my brother William, who died in 1842, unexpectedly announced himself. He had lived with us, being a widower, during the last few years of his life, and thus Mrs. Owen was intimately acquainted with his habitual feelings. She asked: "If this is really you, William, will you spell out something to assure us of it?"

Answer. — *I am cured: death cured me.*

Mrs. Owen. — I do believe it is William himself.

For five or six years before his death, William Owen was a perfect martyr to dyspepsia; he suffered cruelly, and the care of his health was his constant and absorbing thought. If spirits, when they return to earth, recur to what were their ruling passions and hopes ere they left the body, Mrs. Owen might well accept this congratulatory statement touching an escape from daily suffering to perfect health, as one of the strongest tests which her brother-in-law could have given in proof of his personal identity.

July 9, 1857, again our own circle. We had ascertained by repeated experiments, that while the table could spell out any word which I thought of, it never, in any instance, seemed able to read a word in Mrs. Owen's mind; and, if urged to persevere in the attempt, would reply: "All dark," or "No light," or employ some similar expression. On one occasion she had thought of the word *soap;* and it declared, as usual, that it could see nothing. Then Mrs. Owen said: "I 'll go into my bed-chamber and touch what I thought of." She did so, the room being quite dark; then returned and asked: "What did I touch?" [1]

Answer. — No—

Mrs. Owen. — It 's going to spell "no light."

I said: "Let us make sure of it. Please go on:" and it spelled *s e.* I urged it in vain to finish the word; I could get nothing more. "Is that all?" I asked. "Yes." "Does it mean that you cannot see?" "No." Then first it occurred to me that it had spelled the word *nose.*

When I suggested this, Mrs. Owen, after reflecting a little, burst into a hearty laugh and asked: "What did I touch it with?"

Answer. — Soap.

Thereupon she explained to us that when she entered the dark room, groping about, she had laid her hands on a cake of scented soap and smelled it; and that she distinctly recollected (but not until the table recalled the fact) that she *did* touch her nose with it. After telling us this, she relapsed into thoughtful gravity. "The THING,"

[1] We followed up this clew, and ascertained, after repeated trials, that while the table remained unable to spell out the name of any object of which Mrs. Owen thought, yet if she touched the object (either in the room in which we sat or elsewhere), or if she wrote the word and showed it (even if only under the table), or if she whispered it to me — in each and all of these cases it was spelled out at once. *Something* saw and heard.

she exclaimed at last, "must have followed me in the dark, and seen everything I did!"

The Rev. Mr. Godfrey, an English clergyman experimenting in table-moving, recognized the *Thing* as we did; but he, somewhat hastily, concluded that it was Satan himself. The reason he assigns for this belief is that his table remained stationary as often as he laid the Bible upon it, but went on moving under any other book. The experiment may have been suggested to him by a perusal of Saint Anthony's biography, in which we read that the devil appeared to him as "a spirit very tall, with a great show, who vanished at the Saviour's name." As the reverend gentleman's work,[1] then recently published, had obtained a notice from the London Quarterly Review, we decided to spend a few minutes in verifying or disproving his theory. Having put a volume of Tennyson's poems on the table, we asked for three tips, and got them. When we replaced this book by the Bible, the tips came just as freely. A second time we placed Tennyson on the table, and asked to have it shaken: the table obeyed. Again we replaced it by the Bible, and the table was shaken as distinctly as before.

So our table, unlike Mr. Godfrey's, exhibited no inkling of the diabolical.

I find the sittings in this volume thus classified: —

Serious, apparently truthful and exhibiting good feeling . .	75
Frivolous	3
During which false intelligence was communicated . . .	11
In which a spirit evinced revengeful sentiments	1
Total sittings	90

Thus, five sixths of our sittings were of a serious and satisfactory character: a considerable improvement on last volume.

Also I find recorded that, out of more than two hundred mental questions (216), ninety-three per cent. (202) received strictly relevant answers: a very satisfactory proportion. These were important not only as experiments in thought-reading, but as enabling me to eliminate all expectation except my own, as influence in determining or modifying the replies.

The above may suffice as a sketch of my early studies in this field, then little explored. The point of progress which I had reached is indicated by a document recorded at the close of my third volume, and which I here reproduce.

SUGGESTED THEORY.

"A theory for which I have not yet found sufficient proof, but which harmonizes with the phenomena, so far as observed, is the following: —

"1. There is a phase of life after the death-change, in which identity is retained; the same diversity of character being exhibited among spirits, as here on earth, among men.

"2. Under certain conditions the spirits of the dead have the power to communicate with the living.

"3. Spirits, when in communication with earth, have the power of moving considerable weights, and of producing certain sounds: also the power of reading in the minds of some men and women, but perhaps not of all. They experience many difficulties in communicating; and partly because of this, but partly also for other reasons, their communications are often uncertain and unreliable.

"4. Spirits communicate more readily when the communications happen to coincide with the thoughts or expectations of the questioner: yet they do, in many instances, declare what is unthought of and unexpected by those to whom the communications are made.

"5. One of the conditions of spiritual communion is the presence of one or more of a class of persons peculiarly gifted, and who are usually called *mediums*.

"6. This communion occurs, not through any suspension of the laws of nature, but in accordance with certain

[1] Table-Turning the Devil's Modern Masterpiece, by the Rev. N. S. Godfrey; London, 1854, pp. 38, 39.

constant laws, with the operation of which we are very imperfectly acquainted."

To this document I find appended the following

"NOTE. Under the above theory all the chief phenomena we have observed find ready explanation. I have heard of no anti-spiritual hypothesis of which the same can be said. It remains to be seen whether further experiments will confirm or disprove this theory; or whether any other theory can be suggested, involving less of marvel than the above, yet adequate to the explanation of the phenomena in question."

No further than this, and with hesitation, had I made my way, after two hundred sittings, running through sixteen months! Yet I have heard certain persons — cautious and sensible in other things — unscrupulously assume, as the result of a few weeks' experience, that they had probed this matter to the bottom, and ascertained, beyond possible doubt, that it was all mere imposture or delusion!

I purpose, in my next paper, briefly to set forth some general results from my spiritual experience; proposing simply to state these and to glance at their connection with civilization and cosmical progress, not to argue their truth. The arguments for and against modern Spiritualism swell to volumes, and can be found elsewhere.

Robert Dale Owen.

NOCTURNE.

MAIDEN! while thy fairy fingers
Free those prisoned harmonies,
While thy left hand gravely lingers,
And thy right skims o'er the keys,
Darting as hussars manœuvre,
Skirmishing in mazy drill,
Swift to scatter and recover
Order, at their leader's will;

Dreamily I hear two voices:
One in fervent tones of prayer,
One that sparkles and rejoices
As a skylark in the air,
With so wild a jubilation
That its carol seems a taunt,
Till a sterner modulation
Drops it to the dominant.

Then a dialogue more tender,
'Twixt the wooer and the wooed,
Where the latter vows to mend her
Wayward petulance of mood;
And the manly voice responding
Breathes a rapture of content,
As through chords with joy resounding
Both in unison are blent.

Through the moonlit fir-trees, playing
Murmurously, the roving breeze
Kisses the white fingers swaying
Pensively, the ivory keys;
Cools my brow and soothes the beating
Of this scarred and crippled heart,
Still, despite experience, cheating
Me with fond delusion's art.

Me it cheats with phantoms thronging
Dimly up from days of yore,
Shapes of loveliness and longing,
Dead and gone forever more;
And as wizards, from the ashes
Of the rose, evoke its grace,
I recall the spectral flashes
Of a once all radiant face!

S. W.

Rossie, *August*, 1874.

A TRUE STORY, REPEATED WORD FOR WORD AS I HEARD IT.

It was summer time, and twilight. We were sitting on the porch of the farm-house, on the summit of the hill, and "Aunt Rachel" was sitting respectfully below our level, on the steps, — for she was our servant, and colored. She was of mighty frame and stature; she was sixty years old, but her eye was undimmed and her strength unabated. She was a cheerful, hearty soul, and it was no more trouble for her to laugh than it is for a bird to sing. She was under fire, now, as usual when the day was done. That is to say, she was being chaffed without mercy, and was enjoying it. She would let off peal after peal of laughter, and then sit with her face in her hands and shake with throes of enjoyment which she could no longer get breath enough to express. At such a moment as this a thought occurred to me, and I said: —

"Aunt Rachel, how is it that you 've lived sixty years and never had any trouble?"

She stopped quaking. She paused, and there was a moment of silence. She turned her face over her shoulder toward me, and said, without even a smile in her voice: —

"Misto C——, is you in 'arnest?"

It surprised me a good deal; and it sobered my manner and my speech, too. I said: —

"Why, I thought — that is, I meant — why, you *can't* have had any trouble. I 've never heard you sigh, and never seen your eye when there was n't a laugh in it."

She faced fairly around, now, and was full of earnestness.

"Has I had any trouble? Misto C——, I 's gwyne to tell you, den I leave it to you. I was bawn down 'mongst de slaves; I knows all 'bout slavery, 'case I ben one of 'em my own se'f. Well, sah, my ole man — dat 's my husban' — he was lovin' an' kind to me, jist as kind as you is to yo' own wife. An' we had chil'en — seven chil'en — an' we loved dem chil'en jist de same as you loves yo' chil'en. Dey was black, but de Lord can't make no chil'en so black but what dey mother loves

'em an' would n't give 'em up, no, not for anything dat 's in dis whole world.

"Well, sah, I was raised in ole Fo'-ginny, but my mother she was raised in Maryland; an' my *souls!* she was turrible when she 'd git started! My *lan'!* but she 'd make de fur fly! When she 'd git into dem tantrums, she always had one word dat she said. She 'd straighten herse'f up an' put her fists in her hips an' say, 'I want you to understan' dat I wa' n't bawn in de mash to be fool' by trash! I 's one o' de ole Blue Hen's Chickens, *I* is!' 'Ca'se, you see, dat 's what folks dat 's bawn in Maryland calls deyselves, an' dey 's proud of it. Well, dat was her word. I don't ever forgit it, beca'se she said it so much, an' beca'se she said it one day when my little Henry tore his wris' awful, an' most busted his head, right up at de top of his forehead, an' de niggers did n't fly aroun' fas' enough to 'tend to him. An' when dey talk' back at her, she up an' she says, 'Look-a-heah!' she says, 'I want you niggers to understan' dat I wa' n't bawn in de mash to be fool' by trash! I 's one o' de ole Blue Hen's Chickens, *I* is!' an' den she clar' dat kitchen an' bandage' up de chile herse'f. So I says dat word, too, when I 's riled.

"Well, bymeby my ole mistis say she 's broke, an' she got to sell all de niggers on de place. An' when I heah dat dey gwyne to sell us all off at oction in Richmon', oh de good gracious! I know what dat mean!"

Aunt Rachel had gradually risen, while she warmed to her subject, and now she towered above us, black against the stars.

"Dey put chains on us an' put us on a stan' as high as dis po'ch, — twenty foot high, — an' all de people stood aroun', crowds an' crowds. An' dey 'd come up dah an' look at us all roun', an' squeeze our arm, an' make us git up an' walk, an' den say, 'Dis one too ole,' or 'Dis one lame,' or 'Dis one don't 'mount to much.' An' dey sole my ole man, an' took him away, an' dey begin to sell my chil'en an' take *dem* away, an' I begin to cry; an' de man say, 'Shet up yo' dam blubberin',' an' hit me on de mouf wid his han'. An' when de las' one was gone but my little Henry, I grab' *him* clost up to my breas' so, an' I ris up an' says, 'You shan't take him away,' I says; 'I 'll kill de man dat tetches him!' I says. But my little Henry whisper an' say, 'I gwyne to run away, an' den I work an' buy yo' freedom.' Oh, bless de chile, he always so good! But dey got him — dey got him, de men did; but I took and tear de clo'es mos' off of 'em, an' beat 'em over de head wid my chain; an' *dey* give it to *me*, too, but I did n't mine dat.

"Well, dah was my ole man gone, an' all my chil'en, all my seven chil'en — an' six of 'em I hain't set eyes on ag'in to dis day, an' dat 's twenty-two year ago las' Easter. De man dat bought me b'long' in Newbern, an' he took me dah. Well, bymeby de years roll on an' de waw come. My marster he was a Confedrit colonel, an' I was his family's cook. So when de Unions took dat town, dey all run away an' lef' me all by myse'f wid de other niggers in dat mons'us big house. So de big Union officers move in dah, an' dey ask me would I cook for *dem*. 'Lord bless you,' says I, 'dat 's what I 's *for*.'

"Dey wa' n't no small-fry officers, mine you, dey was de biggest dey *is;* an' de way dey made dem sojers mosey roun'! De Gen'l he tole me to boss dat kitchen; an' he say, 'If anybody come meddlin' wid you, you jist make 'em walk chalk; don't you be afeard,' he say; 'you 's 'mong frens, now.'

"Well, I thinks to myse'f, if my little Henry ever got a chance to run away, he 'd make to de Norf, o' course. So one day I comes in dah whah de big officers was, in de parlor, an' I drops a kurtchy, so, an' I up an' tole 'em 'bout my Henry, dey a-listenin' to my troubles jist de same as if I was white folks; an' I says, 'What I come for is beca'se if he got away and got up Norf whah you gemmen comes from, you might 'a' seen him, maybe, an' could tell me so as I could fine him ag'in; he was very little, an' he had a sk-yar on his lef' wris', an'

at de top of his forehead.' Den dey look mournful, an' de Gen'l say, 'How long sence you los' him?' an' I say, 'Thirteen year.' Den de Gen'l say, 'He would n't be little no mo', now — he 's a man!'

"I never thought o' dat befo'! He was only dat little feller to *me*, yit. I never thought 'bout him growin' up an' bein' big. But I see it den. None o' de gemmen had run acrost him, so dey could n't do nothin' for me. But all dat time, do' *I* did n't know it, my Henry *was* run off to de Norf, years an' years, an' he was a barber, too, an' worked for hisse'f. An' bymeby, when de waw come, he ups an' he says, 'I 's done barberin',' he says; 'I 's gwyne to fine my ole mammy, less'n she 's dead.' So he sole out an' went to whah dey was recruitin', an' hired hisse'f out to de colonel for his servant; an' den he went all froo de battles everywhah, huntin' for his ole mammy; yes indeedy, he 'd hire to fust one officer an' den another, tell he 'd ransacked de whole Souf; but you see *I* did n't know nuffin 'bout *dis*. How was *I* gwyne to know it?

"Well, one night we had a big sojer ball; de sojers dah at Newbern was always havin' balls an' carryin' on. Dey had 'em in my kitchen, heaps o' times, 'ca'se it was so big. Mine you, I was *down* on sich doin's; beca'se my place was wid de officers, an' it rasp' me to have dem common sojers cavortin' roun' my kitchen like dat. But I alway' stood aroun' an' kep' things straight, I did; an' sometimes dey 'd git my dander up, an' den I'd make 'em clar dat kitchen, mine I *tell* you!

"Well, one night — it was a Friday night — dey comes a whole plattoon f'm a *nigger* ridgment dat was on guard at de house, — de house was head-quarters, you know, — an' den I was jist a-*bilin'!* Mad? I was jist a-*boomin'!* I swelled aroun', an' swelled aroun'; I jist was a-itchin' for 'em to do somefin for to start me. *An'* dey was a-waltzin' an a-dancin'! *my!* but dey was havin' a time! an' I jist a-swellin' an' a-swellin' up! Pooty soon, 'long comes *sich* a spruce young nigger a-sailin' down de room wid a yaller wench roun' de wais'; an' roun' an' roun' an' roun' dey went, enough to make a body drunk to look at 'em; an' when dey got abreas' o' me, dey went to kin' o' balancin' aroun', fust on one leg an' den on t'other, an' smilin' at my big red turban, an' makin' fun, an' I ups an' says, '*Git* along wid you! — rubbage!' De young man's face kin' o' changed, all of a sudden, for 'bout a second, but den he went to smilin' ag'in, same as he was befo'. Well, 'bout dis time, in comes some niggers dat played music an' b'long' to de ban', an' dey *never* could git along widout puttin' on airs. An' de very fust air dey put on dat night, I lit into 'em! Dey laughed, an' dat made me wuss. De res' o' de niggers got to laughin', an' den my soul *alive* but I was hot! My eye was jist a-blazin'! I jist straightened myself up, so, — jist as I is now, plum to de ceilin', mos', — an' I digs my fists into my hips, an' I says, 'Look-a-heah!' I says, 'I want you niggers to understan' dat I wa' n't bawn in de mash to be fool' by trash! I 's one o' de ole Blue Hen's Chickens, *I* is!' an' den I see dat young man stan' a-starin' an' stiff, lookin' kin' o' up at de ceilin' like he fo'got somefin, an' could n't 'member it no mo'. Well, I jist march' on dem niggers, — so, lookin' like a gen'l, — an' dey jist cave' away befo' me an' out at de do'. An' as dis young man was a-goin' out, I heah him say to another nigger, 'Jim,' he says, 'you go 'long an' tell de cap'n I be on han' 'bout eight o'clock in de mawnin'; dey 's somefin on my mine,' he says; 'I don't sleep no mo' dis night. You go 'long,' he says, 'an' leave me by my own se'f.'

"Dis was 'bout one o'clock in de mawnin'. Well, 'bout seven, I was up an' on han', gittin' de officers' breakfast. I was a-stoopin' down by de stove, — jist so, same as if yo' foot was de stove, — an' I 'd opened de stove do wid my right han', — so, pushin' it back, jist as I pushes yo' foot, — an' I 'd jist got de pan o' hot biscuits in my han' an' was 'bout to raise up, when I see a black face come aroun' under mine, an' de eyes a-lookin' up into mine, jist

as I 's a-lookin' up clost under yo' face now; an' I jist stopped *right dah*, an' never budged! jist gazed, an' gazed, so; an' de pan begin to tremble, an' all of a sudden I *knowed!* De pan drop' on de flo' an' I grab his lef' han' an' shove back his sleeve, — jist so, as I 's doin' to you, — an' den I goes for his forehead an' push de hair back, so, an' 'Boy!' I says, 'if you an't my Henry, what is you doin' wid dis welt on yo' wris' an' dat sk-yar on yo' forehead? De Lord God ob heaven be praise', I got my own ag'in!'

"Oh, no, Misto C——, *I* hain't had no trouble. An' no *joy!*"

Mark Twain.

A REBEL'S RECOLLECTIONS.

VI.

A LITTLE BRIEF AUTHORITY.

THE history of the Confederacy, when it shall be fully and fairly written, will appear the story of a dream to those who shall read it, and there are parts of it at least which already seem a nightmare to those of us who helped make it. Founded upon a constitution which jealously withheld from it nearly all the powers of government, without even the poor privilege of existing beyond the moment when some one of the States composing it should see fit to put it to death, the Richmond government nevertheless grew speedily into a despotism, and for four years wielded absolute power over an obedient and uncomplaining people. It tolerated no questioning, brooked no resistance, listened to no remonstrance. It levied taxes of an extraordinary kind upon a people already impoverished almost to the point of starvation. It made of every man a soldier, and extended indefinitely every man's term of enlistment. Under pretense of enforcing the conscription law it instituted an oppressive system of domiciliary visits. To preserve order and prevent desertion it instituted and maintained a system of guards and passports, not less oppressive, certainly, than the worst thing of the sort ever devised by the most paternal of despotisms. In short, a government constitutionally weak beyond all precedent was able for four years to exercise in a particularly offensive way all the powers of absolutism, and that, too, over a people who had been living under republican rule for generations. That such a thing was possible seems at the first glance a marvel, but the reasons for it are not far to seek. Despotisms usually ground themselves upon the theories of extreme democracy, for one thing, and in this case the consciousness of the power to dissolve and destroy the government at will made the people tolerant of its encroachments upon personal and State rights; the more especially, as the presiding genius of the despotism was the man who had refused a promotion to the rank of brigadier-general of volunteers during the Mexican war, on the ground that the general government could not grant such a commission without violating the rights of a State. The despotism of a general government presided over by a man so devoted as he to State rights seemed less dangerous than it might otherwise have appeared. His theory was so excellent that people pardoned his practice. It is of some parts of that practice that we shall speak in the present paper.

Nothing could possibly be idler than speculation upon what might have been accomplished with the resources of the South if they had been properly economized and wisely used. And yet every Southern man must feel tempted to indulge in some such speculation whenever he thinks of the subject at all, and remem-

bers, as he must, how shamefully those resources were wasted and how clumsily they were handled in every attempt to use them in the prosecution of the war. The army was composed, as we have seen in a previous paper, of excellent material; and under the influence of field service it soon became a very efficient body of well-drilled and well-disciplined men. The skill of its leaders is matter of history, too well known to need comment here. But the government controlling army and leaders was both passively and actively incompetent in a surprising degree. It did, as nearly as possible, *all* those things which it ought not to have done, at the same time developing a really marvelous genius for leaving undone those things which it ought to have done. The story of its incompetence and its presumption, if it could be adequately told, would read like a romance. Its weakness paralyzed the army and people, but its weakness was the less hurtful side of its character. Its full capacity for ill was best seen in the extraordinary strength it developed whenever action of a wrong-headed sort could work disaster, and the only wonder is that with such an administration at its back the Confederate army was able to keep the field at all. I have already had occasion to explain that the sentiment of the South made it the duty of every man who could bear arms to go straight to the front and to stay there. The acceptance of any less actively military position than that of a soldier in the field was held to be little less than a confession of cowardice, and cowardice, in the eyes of the Southerners, is the one sin which may not be pardoned, either in this world or the next. The strength of this sentiment it is difficult, for anybody who did not live in its midst, to conceive, and its effect was to make worthy men spurn everything like civic position. To go where the bullets were whistling was the one course open to gentlemen who held their honor sacred and their reputation dear. And so the offices in Richmond and elsewhere, the bureaus of every sort, on the proper conduct of which so much depended, were filled with men willing to be sneered at as dwellers in "bomb-proofs" and holders of "life insurance policies."

Nor were the petty clerkships the only positions which brought odium upon their incumbents. If an able-bodied man accepted even a seat in Congress, he did so at peril of his reputation for patriotism and courage, and very many of the men whose wisdom was most needed in that body positively refused to go there at the risk of losing a chance to be present with their regiments in battle. Under the circumstances, no great degree of strength or wisdom was to be looked for at the hands of Congress, and certainly that assemblage of gentlemen has never been suspected of showing much of either; while the administrative machinery presided over by the small officials and clerks who crowded Richmond was at once a wonder of complication and a marvel of inefficiency.

But, if we may believe the testimony of those who were in position to know the facts, the grand master of incapacity, whose hand was felt everywhere, was President Davis himself. Not content with perpetually meddling in the smallest matters of detail, and prescribing the petty routine of office work in the bureau, he interfered, either directly or through his personal subordinates, with military operations which no man, not present with the army, could be competent to control, and which he, probably, was incapable of justly comprehending in any case. With the history of his quarrels with the generals in the field, and the paralyzing effect they had upon military operations, the public is already familiar. Leaving things of that nature to the historian, I confine myself to smaller matters, my purpose being merely to give the reader an idea of the experiences of a Confederate soldier, and to show him Confederate affairs as they looked when seen from the inside.

I can hardly hope to make the ex-soldier of the Union understand fully how we on the other side were fed in the field. He fought and marched with a

skilled commissariat at his back, and, for his further staff of comfort, had the Christian and Sanitary commissions, whose handy tin cups and other camp conveniences came to us only through the uncertain and irregular channel of abandonment and capture; and unless his imagination be a vivid one, he will not easily conceive the state of our commissariat or the privations we suffered as a consequence of its singularly bad management. The first trouble was, that we had for a commissary-general a crotchety doctor, some of whose acquaintances had for years believed him insane. Aside from his suspected mental aberration, and the crotchets which had made his life already a failure, he knew nothing whatever of the business belonging to the department under his control, his whole military experience having consisted of a few years' service as a lieutenant of cavalry in one of the Territories, many years before the date of his appointment as chief of subsistence in the Confederacy. Wholly without experience to guide him, he was forced to evolve from his own badly balanced intellect whatever system he should adopt, and from the beginning of the war until the early part of the year 1865, the Confederate armies were forced to lean upon this broken reed in the all-important matter of a food supply. The generals commanding in the field, we are told on the very highest authority, protested, suggested, remonstrated almost daily, but their remonstrances were unheeded and their suggestions set at naught. At Manassas, where the army was well-nigh starved out in the very beginning of the war, food might have been abundant but for the obstinacy of this one man. On our left lay a country unsurpassed, and almost unequaled, in productiveness. It was rich in grain and meat, these being its special products. A railroad, with next to nothing to do, penetrated it, and its stores of food were nearly certain to be exposed to the enemy before any other part of the country should be conquered. The obvious duty of the commissary-general, therefore, was to draw upon that section for the supplies which were both convenient and abundant. The chief of subsistence ruled otherwise, however, thinking it better to let that source of supply lie exposed to the first advance of the enemy, while he drew upon the Richmond *depôts* for a daily ration, and shipped it by the overtasked line of railway leading from the capital to Manassas. It was nothing to him that he was thus exhausting the rear and crippling the resources of the country for the future. It was nothing to him that in the midst of plenty the army was upon a short allowance of food. It was nothing that the shipments of provisions from Richmond by this railroad seriously interfered with other important interests. System was everything, and this was a part of his system. The worst of it was, that in this all-important branch of the service experience and organization wrought little if any improvement as the war went on, so that as the supplies and the means of transportation grew smaller, the undiminished inefficiency of the department produced disastrous results. The army, suffering for food, was disheartened by the thought that the scarcity was due to the exhaustion of the country's resources. Red tape was supreme, and no sword was permitted to cut it. I remember one little circumstance, which will serve to illustrate the absoluteness with which system was suffered to override sense in the administration of the affairs of the subsistence department. I served for a time on the coast of South Carolina, a country which produces rice in great abundance, and in which fresh pork and mutton might then be had almost for the asking, while the climate is wholly unsuited to the making of flour or bacon. Just at that time, however, the officials of the commissary department saw fit to feed the whole army on bacon and flour, articles which, if given to troops in that quarter of the country at all, must be brought several hundred miles by rail. The local commissary officers made various suggestions looking to the use of the provisions of which the country round about was full, but, so far as I

could learn, no attention whatever was paid to them. At the request of one of these post commissaries, I wrote an elaborate and respectful letter on the subject, setting forth the fact that rice, sweet potatoes, corn meal, hominy, grits, mutton, and pork existed in great abundance in the immediate neighborhood of the troops, and could be bought for less than one third the cost of the flour and bacon we were eating. The letter was signed by the post commissary, and forwarded through the regular channels, with the most favorable indorsements possible, but it resulted in nothing. The department presently found it impossible to give us full rations of bacon and flour, but it still refused to think of the remedy suggested. It cut down the ration instead, thus reducing the men to a state of semi-starvation in a country full of food. Relief came at last in the shape of a technicality, else it would not have been allowed to come at all. A vigilant captain discovered that the men were entitled by law to commutation in money for their rations, at fixed rates, and acting upon this the men were able to buy, with the money paid them in lieu of rations, an abundance of fresh meats and vegetables; and most of the companies managed at the same time to save a considerable fund for future use out of the surplus. so great was the disparity between the cost of the food they bought and that which the government wished to furnish them.

The indirect effect of all this stupidity — for it can be called by no softer name — was almost as bad as its direct results. The people at home, finding that the men in the field were suffering for food, undertook to assist in supplying them. With characteristic profusion they packed boxes and sent them to their soldier friends and acquaintances, particularly during the first year of the war. Sometimes these supplies were permitted to reach their destination, and sometimes they were allowed to decay in a depot because of some failure on the part of the sender to comply with the mysterious canons of official etiquette. In either case they were wasted. If they got to the army they were used wastefully by the men, who could not carry them and had no place of storage for them. If they were detained anywhere, they remained there until some change of front made it necessary to destroy them. There seemed to be nobody invested with sufficient authority to turn them to practical account. I remember a box of my own, packed with cooked meats, vegetables, fruits, — all perishable, — which got within three miles of my tent, but could get no farther, although I hired a farmer's wagon with which to bring it to camp, where my company was at that moment in sore need of its contents. There was some informality, — the officer having it in charge could not tell me what, — about the box itself, or its transmission, or its arrival, or something else, and so it could not be delivered to me, though I had the warrant of my colonel in writing, for receiving it. Dismissing my wagoner, I told the officer in charge that the contents of the box were of a perishable character, and that rather than have them wasted, I should be glad to have him accept the whole as a present to his mess; but he declined, on the ground that to accept the present would be a gross irregularity so long as there was an embargo upon the package. I received the box three months later, after its contents had become entirely worthless. Now this is but one of a hundred cases within my own knowledge, and it will serve to show the reader how the inefficiency of the subsistence department led to a wasteful expenditure of those private stores of food which constituted our only reserve for the future.

And there was never any improvement. From the beginning to the end of the war the commissariat was just sufficiently well managed to keep the troops in a state of semi-starvation. On one occasion the company of artillery to which I was attached lived for thirteen days, *in winter quarters*, on a daily dole of half a pound of corn meal per man, while food in abundance was stored within five miles of its camp — a railroad connecting the two points, and the wagons

of the battery lying idle all the while. This happened because the subsistence department had not been officially informed of our transfer from one battalion to another, though the fact of the transfer was under their eyes, and the order of the chief of artillery making it was offered them in evidence. These officers were not to blame. They knew the temper of their chief, and had been taught the omnipotence of routine.

But it was in Richmond that routine was carried to its absurdest extremities. There, everything was done by rule except those things to which system of some sort would have been of advantage, and they were left at loose ends. Among other things a provost system was devised and brought to perfection during the time of martial law. Having once tasted the sweets of despotic rule, its chief refused to resign any part of his absolute sovereignty over the city, even when the reign of martial law ceased by limitation of time. His system of guards and passports was a very marvel of annoying inefficiency. It effectually blocked the way of every man who was intent upon doing his duty, while it gave unconscious but sure protection to spies, blockade-runners, deserters, and absentees without leave from the armies. It was omnipotent for the annoyance of soldier and citizen, but utterly worthless for any good purpose. If a soldier on furlough or even on detached duty arrived in Richmond, he was taken in charge by the provost guards at the railway station, marched to the soldiers' home or some other vile prison house, and kept there in durance during the whole time of his stay. It mattered not how legitimate his papers were, or how evident his correctness of purpose. The system required that he should be locked up, and locked up he was, in every case, until one plucky fellow made fight by appeal to the courts, and so compelled the abandonment of a practice for which there was never any warrant in law or necessity in fact.

Richmond being the railroad centre from which the various lines radiated, nearly every furloughed soldier and officer on leave was obliged to pass through the city, going home and returning. Now to any ordinary intelligence it would seem that a man bearing a full description of himself, and a furlough signed by his captain, colonel, brigadier, division-commander, lieutenant-general, and finally by Robert E. Lee as general-in-chief, might have been allowed to go peaceably to his home by the nearest route. But that was no ordinary intelligence which ruled Richmond. Its ability to find places in which to interfere was unlimited, and it decreed that no soldier should leave Richmond, either to go home or to return direct to the army, without a brown paper passport, signed by an officer appointed for that purpose, and countersigned by certain other persons whose authority to sign or countersign anything nobody was ever able to trace to its source. If any such precaution had been necessary, it would not have been so bad, or even being unnecessary, if there had been the slightest disposition on the part of these passport people to facilitate obedience to their own requirements, the long-suffering officers and men of the army would have uttered no word of complaint. But the facts were exactly the reverse. The passport officials rigidly maintained the integrity of their office hours, and neither entreaty nor persuasion would induce them in any case to anticipate by a single minute the hour for beginning, or to postpone the time of ending their daily duties. I stood one day in their office in a crowd of fellow soldiers and officers, some on furlough going home, some returning after a brief visit, and still others, like myself, going from one place to another under orders and on duty. The two trains by which most of us had to go were both to leave within an hour, and if we should lose them we must remain twenty-four hours longer in Richmond, where the hotel rate was then sixty dollars a day. In full view of these facts, the passport men, daintily dressed, sat there behind their railing, chatting and laughing for a full

hour, suffering both trains to depart and all these men to be left over rather than do thirty minutes' work in advance of the improperly fixed office hour. It resulted from this system that many men on three or five days' leave, lost nearly the whole of it in delays, going and returning. Many others were kept in Richmond for want of a passport until their furloughs expired, when they were arrested for absence without leave, kept three or four days in the guard-house, and then taken as prisoners to their commands, to which they had tried hard to go of their own motion at the proper time. Finally the abuse became so outrageous that General Lee, in his capacity of general-in-chief, issued a peremptory order forbidding anybody to interfere in any way with officers or soldiers traveling under his written authority.

But the complications of the passport system, before the issuing of that order, were endless. I went once with a friend in search of passports. As I had passed through Richmond a few weeks before, I fancied I knew all about the business of getting the necessary papers. Armed with our furloughs we went straight from the train to the passport office, and presenting our papers to the young man in charge, we asked for the brown paper permits which we must show upon leaving town. The young man prepared them and gave them to us, but this was no longer the end of the matter. These passports must be countersigned, and, strangely enough, my friend's required the sign-manual of Lieutenant X., whose office was in the lower part of the city, while mine must be signed by Lieutenant Y., who made his head-quarters some distance farther up town. As my friend and I were of precisely the same rank, came from the same command, were going to the same place, and held furloughs in exactly the same words, I shall not be deemed unreasonable when I declare my conviction that no imbecility, less fully developed than that which then governed Richmond, could possibly have discovered any reason for requiring that our passports should be countersigned by different people.

But with all the trouble it gave to men intent upon doing their duty, this cumbrous passport system was well-nigh worthless for any of the purposes whose accomplishment might have excused its existence. Indeed, in some cases it served to assist the very people it was intended to arrest. In one instance within my own knowledge, a soldier who wished to visit his home, some hundreds of miles away, failing to get a furlough, shouldered his musket and set out with no scrip for his journey, depending upon his familiarity with the passport system for the accomplishment of his purpose. Going to a railroad station, he planted himself at one of the entrances as a sentinel, and proceeded to demand passports of every comer. Then he got upon the train, and between stations he passed through the cars, again inspecting people's traveling papers. Nobody was surprised at the performance. It was not at all an unusual thing for a sentinel to go out with a train in this way, and nobody doubted that the man had been sent upon this errand.

On another occasion two officers of my acquaintance were going from a southern post to Virginia on some temporary duty, and in their orders there was a clause directing them to "arrest and lodge in the nearest guard-house or jail" all soldiers they might encounter who were absent without leave from their commands. As the train upon which they traveled approached Weldon, N. C., a trio of guards passed through the cars, inspecting passports. This was the third inspection inflicted upon the passengers within a few hours, and, weary of it, one of the two officers met the demand for his passport with a counter demand for the guards' authority to examine it. The poor fellows were there honestly enough, doubtless, doing a duty which was certainly not altogether pleasant, but they had been sent out on their mission with no attendant officer, and no scrap of paper to attest their authority, or even to avouch their right to be on the train at all;

wherefore the journeying officer, exhibiting his own orders, proceeded to arrest them. Upon their arrival at Weldon, where their quarters were, he released them, but not without a lesson which provost guards in that vicinity remembered. I tell the story for the sake of showing how great a degree of laxity and carelessness prevailed in the department which was organized especially to enforce discipline by putting everybody under surveillance.

But this was not all. In Richmond, where the passport system had its birth, and where its annoying requirements were most sternly enforced against people having a manifest right to travel, there were still greater abuses. Will the reader believe that while soldiers, provided with the very best possible evidence of their right to enter and leave Richmond, were badgered and delayed as I have explained, in the passport office, the bits of brown paper over which so great an ado was made might be, and were, bought and sold by dealers? That such was the case I have the very best evidence, namely, that of my own senses. If the system was worth anything at all, if it was designed to accomplish any worthy end, its function was to prevent the escape of spies, blockade-runners, and deserters; and yet these were precisely the people who were least annoyed by it. By a system of logic peculiar to themselves, the provost marshal's people seem to have arrived at the conclusion that men deserting the army, acting as spies, or "running the blockade" to the North, were to be found only in Confederate uniforms, and against men wearing these the efforts of the department were especially directed. Non-military men had little difficulty in getting passports at will, and failing this there were brokers' shops in which they could buy them at a comparatively small cost. I knew one case in which an army officer in full uniform, hurrying through Richmond before the expiration of his leave, in order that he might be with his command in a battle then impending, was ordered about from one official to another in a vain search for the necessary passport, until he became discouraged and impatient. He finally went in despair to a Jew and bought an illicit permit to go to his post of duty.

But even as against soldiers, except those who were manifestly entitled to visit Richmond, the system was by no means effective. More than one deserter, to my own knowledge, passed through Richmond in full uniform, though by what means they avoided arrest, when there were guards and passport inspectors at nearly every corner, I cannot guess.

At one time, when General Stuart, with his cavalry, was encamped within a few miles of the city, he discovered that his men were visiting Richmond by dozens, without leave, which, for some reason or other known only to the provost marshal's office, they were able to do without molestation. General Stuart, finding that this was the case, resolved to take the matter into his own hands, and accordingly with a troop of cavalry he made a descent upon the theatre one night, and arrested those of his men whom he found there. The provost marshal, who it would seem was more deeply concerned for the preservation of his own dignity than for the maintenance of discipline, sent a message to the great cavalier, threatening him with arrest if he should again presume to enter Richmond for the purpose of making arrests. Nothing could have pleased Stuart better. He replied that he should visit Richmond again the next night, with thirty horsemen; that he should patrol the streets in search of absentees from his command; and that General Winder might arrest him if he could. The jingling of spurs was loud in the streets that night, but the provost marshal made no attempt to arrest the defiant horseman.

Throughout the management of affairs in Richmond a cumbrous inefficiency was everywhere manifest. From the president, who insulted his premier for presuming to offer some advice about the conduct of the war, and quarreled with his generals because they failed to

see the wisdom of a military movement suggested by himself, down to the pettiest clerk in a bureau, there was everywhere a morbid sensitiveness on the subject of personal dignity, and an exaggerated regard for routine, which seriously impaired the efficiency of the government and greatly annoyed the army. Under all the circumstances the reader will not be surprised to learn that the government at Richmond was by no means idolized by the men in the field.

The wretchedness of its management began to bear fruit early in the war, and the fruit was bitter in the mouths of the soldiers. Mr. Davis's evident hostility to Generals Beauregard and Johnston, which showed itself in his persistent refusals to let them concentrate their men, in his obstinate thwarting of all their plans, and in his interference with the details of army organization on which they were agreed, — a hostility born, as General Thomas Jordan gives us to understand, of their failure to see the wisdom of his plan of campaign after Bull Run, which was to take the army across the lower Potomac at a point where it could never hope to recross, for the purpose of capturing a small force lying there under General Sickles, — was not easily concealed; and the army was too intelligent not to know that a meddlesome and dictatorial president, on bad terms with his generals in the field, and bent upon thwarting their plans, was a very heavy load to carry. The generals held their peace, as a matter of course, but the principal facts were well known to officers and men, and when the time came, in the fall of 1861, for the election of a president under the permanent constitution (Mr. Davis having held office provisionally only, up to that time), there was a very decided disposition on the part of the troops to vote against him. They were told, however, that as there was no candidate opposed to him, he must be elected at any rate, and that the moral effect of showing a divided front to the enemy would be very bad indeed; and in this way only was the undivided vote of the army secured for him. The troops voted for Mr. Davis thus under stress of circumstances, in the hope that all would yet be well; but his subsequent course was not calculated to reinstate him in their confidence, and the wish that General Lee might see fit to usurp all the powers of government was a commonly expressed one, both in the army and in private life, during the last two years of the war.

The favoritism which governed nearly every one of the president's appointments was the leading, though not the only, ground of complaint. And truly the army had reason to murmur, when one of the president's pets was promoted all the way from lieutenant-colonel to lieutenant-general, having been but once in battle, — and then only constructively so, — on his way up, while colonels by the hundred, and brigadier and major generals by the score, who had been fighting hard and successfully all the time, were left as they were. And when this suddenly created general, almost without a show of resistance, surrendered one of the most important strongholds in the country, together with a veteran army of considerable size, is it any wonder that we questioned the wisdom of the president whose blind favoritism had dealt the cause so severe a blow? But not content with this, as soon as the surrendered general was exchanged the president tried to place him in command of the defenses of Richmond, then hard pressed by General Grant, and was only prevented from doing so by the man's own discovery that the troops would not willingly serve under him.

The extent to which presidential partiality and presidential intermeddling with affairs in the field were carried may be guessed, perhaps, from the fact that the Richmond Examiner, the newspaper which most truly reflected the sentiment of the people, found consolation for the loss of Vicksburg and New Orleans, in the thought that the consequent cutting of the Confederacy in two freed the trans-Mississippi armies from paralyzing dictation. In its leading ar-

ticle for October 5, 1864, the Examiner said: —

"The fall of New Orleans and the surrender of Vicksburg proved blessings to the cause beyond the Mississippi. It terminated the *régime* of pet generals. It put a stop to official piddling in the conduct of the armies and the plan of campaigns. The moment when it became impossible to send orders by telegraph to court officers, at the head of troops who despised them, was the moment of the turning tide."

So marked was the popular discontent, not with Mr. Davis only, but with the entire government and Congress as well, that a Richmond newspaper at one time dared to suggest a counter revolution as the only means left of saving the cause from the strangling it was receiving at the hands of its guardians in Richmond. And the suggestion seemed so very reasonable and timely that it startled nobody, except perhaps a congressman or two who had no stomach for field service.

The approach of the end wrought no change in the temper of the government, and one of its last acts puts in the strongest light its disposition to sacrifice the interests of the army to the convenience of the court. When the evacuation of Richmond was begun, a train load of provisions was sent by General Lee's order from one of the interior dépôts to Amelia Court House, for the use of the retreating army, which was without food and must march to that point before it could receive a supply. But the president and his followers were in haste to leave the capital, and needed the train, wherefore it was not allowed to remain at Amelia Court House long enough to be unloaded, but was hurried on to Richmond, where its cargo was thrown out to facilitate the flight of the president and his personal followers, while the starving army was left to suffer in an utterly exhausted country, with no source of supply anywhere within its reach. The surrender of the army was already inevitable, it is true, but that fact in no way justified this last, crowning act of selfishness and cruelty.

George Cary Eggleston.

MR. PARKMAN'S HISTORIES.[1]

It is now nearly twenty-five years since The Conspiracy of Pontiac was first published; The Pioneers of France in the New World followed fifteen years later; in 1867 The Jesuits in North America appeared; in 1869 The Discovery of the Great West; and now in 1874 we have Canada under the Old Régime, in furtherance of the author's design to present an unbroken series of historical narratives of France and England in North America. This design, though fully formed before the publication of The Conspiracy of Pontiac, began to be realized in The Pioneers of France in the New World, which should be read first in the series of narratives by such as still have before them the great pleasure of reading the entire work. The Jesuits in North America follows; then the present volume of Canada under the Old Régime, and one on the rule of Frontenac, to succeed it; then The Discovery of the Great West, and finally The Conspiracy of Pontiac. Each of these narratives, however, is complete in itself, and in spite of their irregular and unsequent production, there is a perfect unity of intention in them, and from first to last the author is more and more fortunate in fulfilling his purpose of giving a full view of the French dominion in North America. One moral is traced from beginning to

[1] The Conspiracy of Pontiac. Two volumes. The Pioneers of France in the New World. The Jesuits in North America. The Discovery of the Great West. Canada under the Old Régime. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

end, — that spiritual and political despotism is so bad for men that no zeal, or self-devotion, or heroism can overcome its evil effects; one lesson enforces itself throughout, — that the state which persistently meddles with the religious, domestic, and commercial affairs of its people, dooms itself to extinction. In Canada the Jesuit realized his dream of a church untroubled by a heretic, obedient, faithful, devoted; in Canada the monarchist realized his dream of subjects paternally governed even to the intimate details of social and family life; and these dreams were such long nightmares to the colonists that the English conquest, and the perpetual separation of the colony from the mother-country, was a blessing instinct with life, freedom, and prosperity.

It is in Mr. Parkman's last volume that these facts, tacitly or explicitly presented in all his books on Canada, are most vividly stated; and we do not know where else one should find any part of the past more thoroughly restored in history. In all this fullness of striking and significant detail, one is never conscious of the literary attitude, and of the literary intent to amuse and impress; Mr. Parkman soberly and simply portrays the conditions of that strange colony of priests, lawyers, and soldiers, without artificial grouping, and reserves his own sense of the artistic charm which the reader will be sure to feel in the work.

The first part of Canada under the Old Régime is a study of the interesting period in which the colony grew from a church to a state, or in which it passed from the Jesuits who founded it, to the prince who caressed it into a kind of sickly secularity. It would be supposing altogether too much to suppose that the power of the priests in things spiritual was broken by the change: indeed, they fought hard for the control of the colony in all things, and kept a good share of it; but they were no longer supreme. The reader of The Atlantic has already seen such chapters of this section as treat of the Jesuit mission at Onondaga, and of the early heroes and martyrs of Montreal. After these comes a chapter telling of the brief struggle between the Jesuits and the Sulpitians for the Bishopric of Quebec, in which the latter were defeated, and Laval, the favorite of the Jesuit party, achieved the triumph which he enjoyed so many years while governors and intendants came and went. He was of noble family, and he was a man of such distinguished virtue and piety that he is revered as little short of a saint; the Laval University of Quebec is named after him, and throughout French Canada his memory is devoutly cherished. In Mr. Parkman's history he appears a stern, self-sacrificing zealot, clinging to power as to a special charge from God, and crushing opposition without pity, or artfully circumventing it without compunction.

"On his first arrival in Canada, Mother Marie de l'Incarnation, Superior of the Ursulines . . . describes his austerity of life; how he had but two servants, a gardener — whom he lent on occasion to his needy neighbors — and a valet; how he lived in a small hired house, saying that he would not have one of his own if he could build it for only five sous; and how, in his table, furniture, and bed, he showed the spirit of poverty, even, as she thinks, to excess. His servant, a lay brother named Houssart, testified, after his death, that he slept on a hard bed, and would not suffer it to be changed even when it became full of fleas; and, what is more to the purpose, that he gave fifteen hundred or two thousand francs to the poor every year. Houssart also gives the following specimen of his austerities: 'I have seen him keep cooked meat five, six, seven, or eight days in the heat of summer, and when it was all moldy and wormy he washed it in warm water and ate it, and told me that it was very good.' . . .

"Several portraits of Laval are extant. A drooping nose of portentous size; a well-formed forehead; a brow strongly arched; a bright, clear eye; scanty hair, half hidden by a black skull-cap; thin lips, compressed and

rigid, betraying a spirit not easy to move or convince; features of that indescribable cast which marks the priestly type: such is Laval, as he looks grimly down on us from the dingy canvas of two centuries ago."

As soon as he reached Quebec, about the middle of the seventeenth century, his quarrels with the governor began on such points as whether the soldiers should offer the bishop a military salute or kneel to him; whether the priests of the choir should receive incense before the governor; whether the bishop or the governor should first be saluted by the children at "solemn catechism;" and the representative of the king presently found the discomforts of his place so many that he gave it up and went home. A stiff old soldier succeeded him, and proved so unmanageable concerning matters of precedence and power, as well as the brandy traffic with the Indians, which the Jesuits were resolved to break up, that Laval went to France to procure his recall, and he was recalled. Meanwhile a terrible earthquake throughout Canada had testified the disgust of Heaven with the colonists, who bitterly repented their disobedience to the Jesuits, and ceased to sell brandy to the Indians — for some days or weeks, perhaps. By and by, Laval returned with a governor after his own heart, a certain Saffray de Mézy, major of the town and citadel of Caen, and a chief member of the band of religious zealots to which Laval had himself belonged. These believers were leagued together for the extirpation of Jansenism, for the glory of God, and for the mortification of the flesh, under the guidance of a pious Monsieur de Bernières, who had retired from the world to a house attached to the Ursuline Convent at Caen, called the Hermitage. Doubtless they were good people, but they do not seem to have been very wise or of very savory observances, if we are to believe the anecdotes that Mr. Parkman quotes concerning them.

Major de Mézy was unquestionably all the better follower of Bernières, from having been rather a bad subject in his youth, and even a Huguenot. "Among the merits of Mézy, his humility and charity were especially admired; and the people of Caen had more than once seen the town major staggering across the street with a beggar mounted on his back, whom he was bearing dry-shod through the mud in the exercise of those virtues. Laval imagined that he knew him well. Above all others, Mézy was the man of his choice; and so eagerly did he plead for him, that the king himself paid certain debts which the pious major had contracted, and thus left him free to sail for Canada. His deportment on the voyage was edifying, and the first days of his accession were passed in harmony."

But at so great a distance from the Hermitage, and in a new climate, the governor lost his head, and when Laval confidently proposed to gather the reins of power entirely into his own hands, Mézy resisted with such scandalous obstinacy, that the bishop threatened to deny him the sacraments. He went for comfort to the Jesuits, but he did not find it; in his madness at some episcopal usurpation he appealed to the people. That sufficed. As soon as the news of this sin against the king's majesty could be carried to France, Mézy was peremptorily recalled, and tormented by his religious fears and his political chagrins, he died before he could leave the colony. It is pleasant to know that he died repentant, and that Laval himself confessed and absolved him.

Laval had hitherto been vicar-apostolic and titular Bishop of Petræa. He now urged at Rome and at Paris his recognition as Bishop of Quebec, and he gained his point. He proposed the establishment of a seminary at Quebec for the education of Canadian priests, and the king sanctioned and confirmed it. He wished to have all curés removable at the pleasure of the bishop, and in spite of the king's instructions to the contrary, he had his way also in this. He was really the civil as well as the spiritual head of the colony; he made and unmade governors, and sooner or later his will was law in everything.

"This father of the Canadian church, who has left so deep an impress on one of the communities which form the vast population of North America, belonged to a type of character to which an even justice is rarely done. . . . Tried by the Romanist standard, his merits were great; though the extraordinary influence which he exercised in the affairs of the colony was, as already observed, by no means due to his spiritual graces alone. To a saint sprung from the *haute noblesse*, earth and heaven were alike propitious. . . . Nor is there any reasonable doubt that, had the bishop stood in the place of Brebeuf or Charles Lalemant, he would have suffered torture and death like them. But it was his lot to strive, not against infidel savages, but against countrymen and Catholics, who had no disposition to burn him, and would rather have done him reverence than wrong. . . . To comprehend his actions and motives, it is necessary to know his ideas in regard to the relations of church and state. They were those of the extreme ultramontanes. . . . Christ was to rule in Canada through his deputy the bishop, and God's law was to triumph over the laws of man. As in the halcyon days of Champlain and Montmagny, the governor was to be the right hand of the church, to wield the earthly sword at her bidding, and the council was to be the agent of her high behests."

But it was at this moment of the bishop's confirmed supremacy that Louis XIV. took the fancy to become a father to New France, and to establish there the most intimate system of paternal government that perhaps ever was. The serio-comic history of the experiment forms the second part of Mr. Parkman's book, which opens with a graphic sketch of the situation in France when in 1661 the young king held his court at Fontainebleau, released from the tutelage of Mazarin, advised and obeyed by Colbert, with feudalism abject before him, and a parliament meekly prompt to register his decrees. "As king by divine right he felt himself raised immeasurably above the highest of his subjects; but while vindicating with unparalleled haughtiness his claims to supreme authority, he was, at the outset, filled with a sense of the duties of his high place, and fired by an ambition to make his reign beneficent to France, as well as glorious to himself."

Unhappily for Canada, he chose that colony, always the favorite of the devout, as the field of a peculiar beneficence. He resolved that Canada should be safe from savage invasion, that it should be populous, that it should be prosperous, that it should know all the blessings which the genius of an absolute, fondly paternal government can bestow upon its subjects. It should of course continue religious and obedient; remain ignorant alike of heresy and of political freedom. It should do nothing for itself, except such things as it had first had done for it and had been taught and bidden to do. It should have a complete feudal system, seigneurs and vassals, but a feudal system, *bien entendu*, with teeth drawn, barons without franchises, and tenants without obligations. Trade should flourish — the king would see that commerce took the right direction, and did nothing wrong; industries should spring up — the king would befriend the smallest industry that showed itself; there should be a ready market for all the natural products of the country — the king would compel the various companies dealing in them to take everything offered at a fixed price.

The government was to be administered by a governor and an intendant, the main business of the latter being the espionage and circumvention of the former; the governor was always a noble, the intendant always a lawyer; they always hated one another and quarreled continually. Before the first governor came out, the Marquis de Tracy arrived with one of the finest of the king's regiments for the purpose of reducing the Iroquois, and on the 13th of June, 1665, landed at Quebec.

"The broad, white standard, blazoned with the arms of France, proclaimed the representative of royalty;

and Point Levi and Cape Diamond and the distant Cape Tourmente roared back the sound of the saluting cannon. All Quebec was on the ramparts or at the landing-place, and all eyes were strained at the two vessels as they slowly emptied their crowded decks into the boats alongside. . . .

"Tracy was a veteran of sixty-two, portly and tall, 'one of the largest men I ever saw,' writes Mother Mary; but he was sallow with disease, for fever had seized him, and it had fared ill with him on the long voyage. The Chevalier de Chaumont walked at his side, and young nobles surrounded him, gorgeous in lace and ribbons and majestic in leonine wigs. Twenty-four guards in the king's livery led the way, followed by four pages and six valets; and thus, while the Frenchmen shouted and the Indians stared, the august procession threaded the streets of the Lower Town, and climbed the steep pathway that scaled the cliffs above, . . . and soon reached the square betwixt the Jesuit college and the cathedral. The bells were ringing in a frenzy of welcome.

"A *prie-dieu* had been placed for him (the marquis). He declined it. They offered him a cushion, but he would not have it; and, fevered as he was, he knelt on the bare pavement with a devotion that edified every beholder. *Te Deum* was sung, and a day of rejoicing followed."

With the governor and the intendant came more nobles, and more soldiers a little later. The marquis and his troops set about conquering the Iroquois, which they did very promptly, marching down into New York, destroying the fortified towns of the savages, and for the time humbling them thoroughly. Then the marquis went back to France, and most of the young nobles went with him; but the regiment was disbanded in Canada, the soldiers were granted lands and settled in the colony, and it was intimated to the officers that if they wished to please the king they also would remain. The next thing to do was to supply these colonists with wives, and the king had the requisite brides sent out from France at once. "Girls for the colony were taken from the hospitals of Paris and of Lyons, which were not so much hospitals for the sick as houses of refuge for the poor. . . . Complaints, however, were soon heard that women from cities made indifferent partners; and peasant girls, healthy, strong, and accustomed to field work, were demanded in their place. Peasant girls were therefore sent, but this was not all. Officers as well as men wanted wives; and Talon asked for a consignment of young ladies. His request was promptly answered. In 1667, he writes: 'They send us eighty-four girls from Dieppe and twenty-five from Rochelle; among them are fifteen or twenty of pretty good birth; several of them are really *demoiselles*, and tolerably well brought up.'

"Three years later we find him asking for three or four more in behalf of certain bachelor officers. The response surpassed his utmost wishes; and he wrote again: 'It is not expedient to send more *demoiselles*. I have had this year fifteen of them, instead of the four I asked for.' . . .

"The character of these candidates for matrimony has not escaped the pen of slander. The caustic La Hontan, writing fifteen or twenty years after, draws the following sketch of the mothers of Canada: 'After the regiment of Carignan was disbanded, ships were sent out freighted with girls of indifferent virtue, under the direction of a few pious old duennas, who divided them into three classes. These vestals were, so to speak, piled one on the other in three different halls, where the bridegrooms chose their brides as a butcher chooses his sheep out of the midst of the flock. . . . At the end of a fortnight not one was left. I am told that the plumpest were taken first, because it was thought that, being less active, they were more likely to keep at home, and that they could resist the winter cold better. Those who wanted a wife applied to the directresses, to whom they were obliged to make known their possessions and means of livelihood before taking from one of the three classes the girl whom they found

most to their liking. The marriage was concluded forthwith, with the help of a priest and a notary, and the next day the governor-general caused the couple to be presented with an ox, a cow, a pair of swine, a pair of fowls, two barrels of salted meat, and eleven crowns in money.'

"So far as regards the character of the girls, there can be little doubt that this amusing sketch is for the most part untrue. Since the colony began, it had been the practice to send back to France women of the class alluded to by La Hontan, as soon as they became notorious. . . . Mistakes nevertheless occurred. 'Along with the honest people,' complains Mother Mary, 'comes a great deal of *canaille* of both sexes, who cause a great deal of scandal.' After some of the young women had been married at Quebec, it was found that they had husbands at home. The priests became cautious in tying the matrimonial knot, and Colbert thereupon ordered that each girl should provide herself with a certificate from the curé or magistrate of her parish to the effect that she was free to marry. Nor was the practical intendant unmindful of other precautions to smooth the path to the desired goal. 'The girls destined for this country,' he writes, 'besides being strong and healthy, ought to be entirely free from any natural blemish or anything personally repulsive.'" . . .

These paternally united pairs were encouraged by rewards from the king to multiply the number of his subjects as rapidly as possible. Premiums were offered for early marriages, and for large families. One summer a shipment of young women takes place, and the next year the intendant writes home that nearly all are in a forward way to gratify the king's wishes; that year seven hundred children are born. The whole chapter devoted to marriage and population is very curious and amusing, and it is lamentable to know that after all the king's cares and pains the population only increased twenty-five thousand in fifty years. Many children died of the cruel climate and the hard life; of those that grew up, vast numbers found the perfection of church and state intolerable, and escaping into the wilderness became *coureurs de bois*. But, the impulse once given, the habit of having large families still continues in Canada, where ten, twelve, or fifteen children from one marriage are common, while a meagre three or four constitute a family south of the border.

In his notices of that picturesque offshoot of the Canadian civilization, the coureur de bois, Mr. Parkman has given a picture of the wilderness which affects us like a vigorous sketch made by some quick-eyed, sure-handed painter in the presence of the scene; the desert breathes from it; the canvas has the very light and darkness of the primeval woods on it: "Perhaps he could sometimes feel, without knowing that he felt them, the charms of the savage nature that had adopted him. Rude as he was, her voice may not always have been meaningless for one who knew her haunts so well: deep recesses where, veiled in foliage, some wild shy rivulet steals with timid music through breathless caves of verdure; gulfs where feathered crags rise like castle walls, where the noonday sun pierces with keen rays athwart the torrent, and the mossed arms of fallen pines cast wavering shadows on the illumined foam; pools of liquid crystal turned emerald in the reflected green of impending woods; rocks on whose rugged front the gleam of sunlit waters dances in quivering light; ancient trees hurled headlong by the storm to dam the raging stream with their forlorn and savage ruin; or the stern depths of immemorial forests, dim and silent as a cavern, columned with innumerable trunks, each like an Atlas upholding its world of leaves, and sweating perpetual moisture down its dark and channeled rind; some strong in youth, some grisly with decrepit age, nightmares of strange distortion, gnarled and knotted with wens and goitres; roots intertwined beneath like serpents petrified in an agony of contorted strife; green and glistening mosses carpeting the rough ground, mantling the rocks,

turning pulpy stumps to mounds of verdure, and swathing fallen trunks as, bent in the impotence of rottenness, they lie outstretched over knoll and hollow, like moldering reptiles of the primeval world, while around and on and through them, springs the young growth that battens on their decay, — the forest devouring its own dead."

Mr. Parkman gives with the greatest fullness the particulars of that fond despotism which made life in the colony insufferable to all free and generous spirits. The government concerned itself with everything: when the marriages were made and the population produced under its patronage, it took absolute charge of the people. "If the population does not increase in proportion to the pains I take," writes the king to one of the intendants, "you are to lay the blame on yourself for not having executed one of my principal orders," and the intendants acted up to the spirit of the king's orders. Early in the eighteenth century the intendant Randot conceived that the Montreal farmers were raising too many horses; he ordered them to raise more sheep and cattle, and to kill off the next year all beyond a certain number of horses. The intendant Bigot forbade farmers to remove to Quebec under pain of the confiscation of their goods, and he forbade the towns-people to let lodgings to them under pain of a hundred livres fine. The king, to prevent subdivision of farms, ordered that no buildings should be put up on lands of less than a certain extent, and that all buildings then standing on such lands should be torn down.

"The due subordination of households had its share of attention. Servants who deserted their masters were to be set in the pillory for the first offense, and whipped and branded for the second; while any person harboring them was to pay a fine of twenty francs. On the other hand, nobody was allowed to employ a servant without a license."

"Public meetings were jealously restricted. Even those held by parishioners under the eye of the curé, to estimate the cost of a new church, seem to have required a special license from the intendant. During a number of years a meeting of the principal inhabitants of Quebec was called in spring and autumn by the council to discuss the price and quality of bread, the supply of fire-wood, and other similar matters. Such assemblies, so controlled, could scarcely, one would think, wound the tenderest susceptibilities of authority; yet there was evident distrust of them, and after a few years this modest shred of self-government is seen no more. The syndic, too, that functionary whom the people of the towns were at first allowed to choose, under the eye of the authorities, was conjured out of existence by a word from the king. Seignior, *censitaire*, and citizen were prostrate alike in flat subjection to the royal will. They were not free even to go home to France. No inhabitant of Canada, man or woman, could do so without leave; and several intendants express their belief that without this precaution there would soon be a falling off in the population."

If the government was annoying and vexatious in its interference with social and family life, it was calamitous in its patronage of trade. None of the enterprises which the king encouraged came to anything; the natural commerce of the colony in furs was made ruinous to the merchants by his meddling. A change in the fashion of hats reduced the demand for beaver; but the king had ordered that the monopolists of the fur-trade should take every beaver-skin brought them at a certain price, and more than once the hapless merchants, to rid themselves of their unsalable stock, were obliged to burn hundreds of thousands of pounds of furs. At the same time the colony was flooded with worthless currency invented to prevent the return of money to France. The only trade that flourished was the brandy trade with the Indians, and this the Jesuits, the first prohibitionists on our continent, strove unceasingly to destroy. The king would perhaps have been glad to join hands with them in the work, but it was represented to the government that if the French did not sell the Indians brandy, these savage allies

would give their friendship to the Dutch and English, and would not even come near enough to be converted by the Jesuits. Besides, the traders were beyond the king's power, which they evaded or defied. Indeed, under this government, which possessed itself so perfectly of every fact of life that it knew as well as the neighborhood gossips when a wife was about to bless her husband with offspring, peculation and dishonesty of all sorts were rife. Nothing was impossible but decent privacy, free opinion, and independent industry.

We regret that we have not space for comment on the chapters relating to the feudal system in Canada, which we commend specially to the reader's notice. There is also a most delightful chapter on the morals and manners of the colonists, in which we find this sketch by the Swedish botanist Kalm, who visited Canada in the early half of the last century.

"The men here (at Montreal) are extremely civil, and take their hats off to every person indifferently whom they meet in the streets. The women in general are handsome; they are well bred and virtuous, with an innocent and becoming freedom. They dress out very fine on Sundays, and though on the other days they do not take much pains with the other parts of their dress, yet they are very fond of adorning their heads, the hair of which is always curled and powdered and ornamented with glittering bodkins and aigrettes. They are not averse to taking part in all the business of housekeeping. . . . Those of Quebec are not very industrious. The young ladies, especially those of a higher rank, get up at seven and dress till nine, drinking their coffee at the same time. When they are dressed they place themselves near a window that opens into the street, take up some needle-work, and sew a stitch now and then, but turn their eyes into the street most of the time. When a young fellow comes in, whether they are acquainted with him or not, they immediately lay aside their work, sit down by him, and begin to chat, laugh, joke, and invent *double-entendres*, and this is reckoned being very witty. In this manner they frequently pass the whole day, leaving their mothers to do the business of the house. The girls at Montreal are very much displeased that those at Quebec get husbands sooner than they. The reason of this is that many young gentlemen who come over from France with the ships are captivated by the ladies at Quebec and marry them; but, as these gentlemen seldom go up to Montreal, the girls there are not often so happy as those of the former place."

The final chapter is mainly a comparison of the fortunes of Canada with those of the Puritan colonies to the south of her; and this is not, as one can easily believe, to the disadvantage of New England. It fitly closes a work which, freely as we have quoted from it, we have scarcely represented in the fullness with which it pictures the old colonial life of Canada. We may safely say that it leaves untouched no point of interest or significance in that life, and we must again praise the excellent taste of the whole work. If one will think with what good sense and discretion the rich material is managed, in a time when there has been so much meretricious historical writing, disfigured by the wretched egotisms of the writers, and falsified by their literary posturing and their disposition to color whole epochs from a single picturesque event, — in a time when, to say it briefly, Hepworth Dixon has descended directly, however illegitimately, from Thomas Carlyle, — one will be the more grateful to the author who has given us this valuable and charming book. There is material enough in it for innumerable romances, for many volumes of historical sketching, eked out as such things are with plausible conjecture and conscious comment. Mr. Parkman — one readily sees it — does not lack at any moment due sense of the strangeness of the situation he depicts; a lurking smile lights up the gravity of his narrative at times; and it all glows from an imagination which the sublime and poetic facts never fail to kindle. But he addresses himself with direct simplicity to the business of

making the reader understand him and discern the characters and events; this accomplished, he leaves the story to the possession of the delighted fancy.

Mr. Parkman has been most fortunate, of course, in his subject. The period which he presents lies comparatively near at hand; its outlines are distinctly marked; its characteristic traits are broad and clear. If his researches have not exhausted the whole material, they have explored everything that was attainable in Canada and France, and they have developed so much fact that the reader may feel full security that nothing essential is lacking. It seems to us that it must be the last word on the subject — except, of course, from those Catholic critics who will disagree with Mr. Parkman's opinions and inferences, and from whom he will probably not soon hear the last word. But here — we comfort ourselves in a world which is continually rebuilding — seems really to be work that need not be done over again.

We have this feeling in regard to Mr. Parkman's other histories. He would probably be the last to allow that his efforts had left nothing for future workers in the same field to do; but we believe that whatever may be added to his labors, they will remain undisturbed as thorough, beautiful, and true. He has, no doubt, worked from a purpose inspired by the charm of his theme, and sustained under manifold discouragements and fatigues by a sense of its importance — an importance to us whose race has inherited Canada, and whose polity has shaped its present national existence, far surpassing that of the Spanish American conquests. The story of these conquests will always fascinate us, but their interest is a vulgar one compared with that of the story of the French dominion in North America. Here is no tale of lawless and cruel adventure, but the annals of an attempt so grand and generous that its most comical and most ruinous consequences are never less than heroic. Setting aside such vague episodes as that of the Huguenots in Florida, and beginning with Champlain at Quebec, in 1606, — or with Jacques Cartier nearly a century earlier, — we have an unbroken chain of magnificent errors in colonization, illustrated by every virtue, except tolerance and forbearance, that can ennoble success. The history of the Jesuit martyrdoms and sacrifices, as Mr. Parkman tells it, abounds in testimony to their unselfish and saintly zeal in the attempt to found in the New World a church which should be the state of the whole red race religiously civilized under them. The history of Louis XIV.'s persistent purpose to plant in the frozen wilderness a regenerate monarchical France, free from the seeds of heresy or independent political life, is the record of an ambition almost unexampled in sincere benevolence. The priest was not more determined or well-meaning than the king; it is hard to say which was the more disastrously mistaken, or which did more to prepare the colony, on which so much blood and treasure had been lavished, for conquest by the enemies of both. The time came, with Wolfe, when France was almost glad to be rid of her helpless offspring; but meanwhile there was a long interval, in which such achievements as La Salle's Discovery of the Great West added to the glory of the French name, and of which Mr. Parkman promises the full narrative. The time came after Wolfe, when the French power, which could alone have preserved the native tribes on the continent, forsook them, and left them to make under their chief Pontiac a last general stand against the English; left them to be driven from place to place, to be trodden out, to linger at this day a feeble and vicious remnant on the Western plains, the scourge of the settlers, the prey of the Indian rings.

If we have objected to nothing in these histories, it is because we have no fault to find with them. They appear to us the fruit of an altogether admirable motive directing indefatigable industry, and they present the evidences of thorough research and thoughtful philosophization. We find their style delightful always.

W. D. Howells.

PROFESSOR JEFFRIES WYMAN.

A MEMORIAL OUTLINE.

THE visitor who has passed through the halls of the Museum of Comparative Zoölogy at Cambridge, and surveyed with astonishment those vast collections brought together and built up under the eye of the great master whom the Old World bred and educated for us and lent us, may perhaps be reminded that there is another collection not far distant which it will be worth his while to visit. He has just seen what can be done by a man of extraordinary genius, trained by the most distinguished teachers of Europe, aided by large private munificence and public appropriations, and assisted by a numerous corps of skilful and enthusiastic fellow-workers. The result, fragment as it yet is of a colossal plan, is worthy of the man and the agencies which by the force of his will, the influence of his example, the renown of his name, the seductions of his eloquence, the charms of his companionship, and above all the devotion of his life, he obtained the mastery of, and wielded for his one grand purpose, that of building up a museum such as the country of his adoption might be proud to show the land of his birth and the world of science. After what the visitor has just passed in review, the grand achievement of so many co-laborers under such guidance, it may seem like asking too much to call on him again for his admiration in showing him another collection, not wholly unlike the last in many of its features, the work almost entirely of a single hand.

We enter the modest edifice known as Boylston Hall, and going up a flight of stairs find a door at the right, through which we pass into a hall extending the whole depth of the building. The tables in the centre of the floor, the cases surrounding the apartment, and the similar cases in the gallery over these, are chiefly devoted to comparative anatomy. Above the first gallery is a second, devoted to the archæological and ethnological objects which make up the Peabody Museum.

The fine effect of the hall and its arrangements will at once strike the observer. In the centre of the floor stands the huge skeleton of a mastodon found in Warren County, New Jersey, in 1844. Full-sized casts of the "fighting gladiator," as it was formerly called, and the Venus of Milo stand at the two extremities of the hall, and one of the Venus de Medici opposite the door. Stretched out at length in glass cases are the anatomical wax figures, male and female, which used of old to be so wondered over by the awe-struck visitors who had gained admission into little Holden Chapel. The skeletons of a large alligator, and of an overgrown ant-eater; a rattlesnake of fearful size and aspect, and a youthful saw-fish, both in alcohol; a slab with fossil foot-prints from the Connecticut River valley, and cases of separate bones from the four animal kingdoms, are the other principal objects grouped about the mastodon.

In the cases around the room are great numbers of fine skeletons, of man and of various animals, — among them of the jaguar, the ostrich, the boa-constrictor, and of immense sea-turtles. Most interesting of all are the skull and other bones of a mighty gorilla. His head and pelvis are far from human in their aspect, but his arm-bone is so like that of his cousin Darwinian, that it looks as if it might have belonged to Goliath of Gath, or Og, king of Bashan. The skeleton of a young chimpanzee, by the side of that of a child, has a strongly marked effect of similar significance. There are also whole series of special preparations to show the parts of the skeleton concerned in locomotion in different classes of animals.

The cases in the gallery contain a vast number of wet and dry preparations, of which a very few may be indicated. One of Professor Wyman's last labors was to refill the jars of the wet preparations with alcohol, and they are in excellent condition. Among these are many careful dissections of the nervous centres and the organs of sense, and a series of embryological specimens which cannot fail to arrest the most careless observer. There are the Surinam toads with their ova on their backs, like potatoes in their hills; there are the strange fishes with their mouths full of eggs; there is the infant skate with a broad laugh on his face as if he thought it a good joke to have been hatched, and forthwith drowned in proof-spirit, like Clarence in his butt of malmsey. Then come monstrosities of various kind and degree, wonders and nothing more to the vulgar, keys to some of nature's deepest secrets to the man of science. We pass next to the nests of wasps and hornets, and the combs of bees, with casts of the cells, from some of which, it may be mentioned, Professor Wyman took impressions directly upon paper, thus insuring that accuracy for which he was almost unrivalled. The nests of the great ants will next attract the eyes of the curious, and near these, the wonderful carpentry of the beavers, as shown in the sticks they have cut into lengths as if with tools of human workmanship. The great chisels of the rodents, those enamel-faced incisors which are so contrived as to keep their sharp bevel by the mere wear of use, grin in the crania ranged in rows above. And so we might go on through almost innumerable specimens filling the shelves, not with the rubbish of cheap collections, but with objects each of which has an idea behind it, and each important series of which has been illustrated by a paper well known to the scientific world.

If the view of this anatomical and physiological collection has excited wonder and admiration, the sight of the archæological and ethnological collections in the gallery above the last, constituting the Peabody Museum, will be sure to give a not less admiring delight. Would the visitor see how his ancestors lived when they fought for the cave they wanted as a dwelling with the bear and the hyena; when the disposal of their dead was not a question of sepulture or cremation, but a simple matter of digestion: there are the bones of their loved ones, cracked for the marrow they held, or broken in pieces for easier culinary management, or marked by the well-developed canine teeth of the weeping but hungry mourners. There are the idols, the implements of war and peace, the utensils, of races of all grades of humanity; the flint tools and weapons from all quarters of the globe, startling us with the evidences of savage primeval Adams everywhere; relics of extinct tribes exhumed from shell-heaps in Denmark, in Florida, in Massachusetts; mummied remains from Egypt and Peru, images that Mexicans worshipped, pestles with which our Indians pounded their maize, bowls from which Alaskans drank their train-oil, helmets worn by chiefs of Pacific islands, bracelets and breastpins which once adorned the beauties of the lacustrine dwellings. No miscellaneous collection of "curiosities," but a well-ordered display of classified objects to illustrate the earlier stages of those processes by which a naked and defenceless biped, living in a hole like the foxes of the earth, has, in his descendants, subdued the hostile forces of nature to his will, and developed at length into a being of that luminous intelligence, those commanding powers, those benign graces, those far-reaching aspirations, that empire over the instincts and passions, which show him, in his best estate, as but a little lower than the angels. Before us are the relics of the troglodyte's unhallowed feast; what a mental and moral space between him who left his tooth-mark on the bone and him who wrote its label!

There is not one object among these many thousands which was not placed just where we see it by one and the same careful hand. On every label is seen the same delicate handwriting, slender, vertical, uniform, perfectly legible, and

of a characteristically elegant neatness. Of the multitude of skilful and exquisite preparations, there are few that do not betray the workmanship of the master who planned the whole arrangement of these long series of specimens for the illustration of nature in her uncounted variety of forms and functions, and of human existence in its unwritten records.

It is the history of a life which is spread out on these well-filled shelves. Its years might have been counted by their growing rows, as that of a tree is counted by its rings. There is the frog's skeleton the boy made when he was a student in college. Here are the relics he took with his own hands from a Florida shell-heap when threescore years had passed over his head; the last of which found him as full of zeal and of work as the first.

No one can look at this beautiful monument of science, skill, and industry, without wishing to know how it was constructed, what to record, and for whom it was so painfully and patiently reared. He will learn, as we already know, that the genius and the industry of a single lover and student of nature conceived its plan and carried it to completion. He can see that on its walls is engraved a chapter of the new revelation to which the world is listening, for those who come after its founder to study and interpret. And after all this he will search for some tablet that shall teach him something of the man who had dared single-handed to attempt such a task, and left it so nobly accomplished. Here is what such an inscription might tell him, prefaced with a few words of introduction.

In preparing the following brief account of the man at the work of whose hands we have been looking, wondering how they could have wrought so much and done it so well, the writer has been assisted by a full and most interesting communication from one who knew him and loved him very dearly, not only as a brother, but as a friend whose life he shared as if they had always remained under the same roof. Professor Samuel Kneeland and Mr. Alexander Agassiz have also written in the terms of affection and respect which the mention of his name was always sure to call forth from those who knew him. It matters little from whom we borrow, for all the friends who speak of him are alike eloquent with the unmistakaable accents of sincerity and warmth of feeling. It is the man himself, and not the phrases in which he is pictured, of which we must all be thinking.

Jeffries Wyman was born in the town of Chelmsford, Massachusetts, a few miles from what is now the city of Lowell, on the 11th of August, 1814. His father, Dr. Rufus Wyman, was the first physician of the Maclean Asylum for the Insane, the earliest institution of this kind in New England. He was held in the highest esteem as a man of wisdom and of character, and gave that standing to the institution, over which he presided many years with great success, which it has maintained up to the present time. Jeffries, his third son, named after his father's instructor, Dr. John Jeffries, was fitted for college at Phillips Academy, Exeter, entered Harvard College in 1829, and graduated in regular course in 1833. He studied medicine with the late Dr. John Call Dalton and with his own father, and took his medical degree in 1837. Though he must have been well qualified for practice, and had enjoyed the great advantage of having served as house-physician at the Massachusetts General Hospital, he does not appear to have ever become largely engaged in professional business.

Dr. Wyman's first appointment after graduation was as Demonstrator to Dr. John Collins Warren, the Hersey Professor of Anatomy and Surgery in Harvard University. He was unwilling to tax the limited resources of a father to whom he was fondly attached, and was living at this time with an economy which it would be painful to think of, if we did not remember how many of the heroes of knowledge have eaten the bread of poverty, and found in it the nourishment of steady endeavor and se-

rene self-possession. Soon afterwards he received the appointment of Curator of the Lowell Institute from Mr. John Amory Lowell, who has long administered its important trust in the interest of the able teachers, as well as the intelligent students of every form of knowledge. In 1841 he delivered a course of lectures before the Institute, and with the money received for this service he was enabled to visit Europe for the purpose of pursuing his favorite branches of study. It became evident enough in what direction his choice lay. He gave his time chiefly to the study of human and comparative anatomy, and of natural history and physiology, attending the lectures of Flourens, Magendie, Longet, De Blainville, Valenciennes, Duméril, Isidore St. Hilaire, and Milne-Edwards. Going thence to London he studied the collections of the Hunterian Museum, and was thus busied when the news of his father's death summoned him back to his own country.

In 1843 he was appointed Professor of Anatomy and Physiology in the Medical Department of Hampden Sidney College, Richmond, Virginia. He resigned this office in 1847, at which time he was chosen Hersey Professor of Anatomy in Harvard University. To illustrate his lectures he began the formation of that Museum of Comparative Anatomy at which the reader has taken at second-hand a rapid glance. He made several voyages, partly, at least, with the object of making additions to his collections; one in 1849 to Labrador, where he came into relation with the Esquimaux and learned something of their modes of living.

In the spring of 1833, while a senior in college, he had suffered from a dangerous attack of pneumonia, which seems to have laid the foundation of the pulmonary affection that kept him an invalid, and ended by causing his death. The state of his health made it necessary for him to seek a warmer climate, and in 1852 he went to Florida, which he continued to visit during many subsequent years; for the last time during the spring of the present year. Besides these annual migrations he revisited Europe in 1854 and 1870, and made a voyage to Surinam in 1856, and one to La Plata in 1858.

All these excursions and seasons of exile, rendered necessary by illness, were made tributary to his scientific enterprise. His museum kept on steadily growing, and the students who worked under his direction or listened to his lectures, the associations with which he was connected, and the scientific journals, reaped the rich fruit of his observations and his investigations during these frequent and long periods of absence.

So he went on working for about twenty years, quietly, happily, not stimulated by loud applause, not striking the public eye with any glitter to be seen afar off, but with a mild halo about him which was as real to those with whom he had his daily walk and conversation, as the nimbus round a saint's head in an altar-piece. It was near the end of these twenty years, in 1866, that Mr. George Peabody, of London, laid the foundation, by the gift of a large sum of money, of an archæological and ethnological museum, having particular reference to the antiquities illustrating the history of the aboriginal inhabitants of this continent. No professorship was yet provided for, and the modest title of Curator was all that was offered to Wyman when his services were called for in this new capacity. He entered with the enthusiasm of youth upon the duties of the office. What he accomplished in the way of personal contributions, obtaining donations, making judicious purchases, classifying, distributing, arranging, describing, repairing, labelling, the visitor whom we have supposed to have walked around the gallery would not expect to be told within the limited compass of these pages. How many skulls broken so as to be past praying for he has made whole, how many Dagons or other divinities shattered past praying to he has restored entire to their pedestals, let the myope who can find the cracks where his cunning hand has joined the fragments tell us. His ma-

nipulation of a fractured bone from a barrow or a shell-heap was as wonderful in its way as the dealing of Angelo Mai with the scraps of a tattered palimpsest.

The two offices, that of Hersey Professor of Anatomy and that of Curator of the Peabody Museum, he held until the time of his death. He was one of the four members in addition to Professor Agassiz himself who constituted the Faculty of the Museum of Comparative Zoölogy. He entered with the most unselfish interest into all the large designs and complex operations of his illustrious colleague, who regarded him as standing on an equal footing with the greatest living comparative anatomists. From 1856 until 1870, when his health forced him to resign, he held the office of President of the Boston Society of Natural History. In 1857 he was chosen President of the American Association for the Promotion of Science. He neither courted nor was in need of any such honors, but they came to him unsought.

During the few months preceding his death he was well enough to work as usual, and had the satisfaction of placing both his museums in perfect order before leaving Cambridge in the month of August, on a visit to the White Mountains. He was subject to the periodical catarrh of which his brother, Dr. Morrill Wyman, has written the history, and for which he has pointed out the cities of refuge to be found among the hills of New Hampshire. Shortly before the usual time of the return of the complaint he had gone for a brief residence to the little town of Bethlehem. He had experienced several slight attacks of bleeding, when on the night of Friday, the 4th of September, a sudden and copious hemorrhage came on and proved almost immediately fatal.

Funeral services were held on the Tuesday following at the Appleton Chapel in Cambridge, and at the place of interment at Mount Auburn. Sir Henry Wotton's noble hymn,

> "How happy is he born or taught
> Who serveth not another's will,"

was felt by all who heard it read as a part of the service to be a true picture of the pure, simple-hearted, high-souled man upon whose calm features we had looked for the last time.

Professor Wyman was twice married, and leaves three children heirs of his honored and memorable name.

We have begun with a rapid glance at the work of his hands. Let us now look at the printed record of what he did in science. No attempt will be made here to exhaust the catalogue of his Essays, his Reports, and the remarks full of significance which are to be found scattered through the scientific periodicals of the last thirty years. That task must be left for others. Our readers will, we trust, ask for nothing more in these pages than a very general view of his scientific labors, followed by such comments upon them and upon the man as cannot fail to suggest themselves.

The earliest article of his in print of which I have found any notice is "On the Indistinctness of Images formed by Oblique Rays of Light," published in the Boston Medical and Surgical Journal for September, 1837.

In the Catalogue of Scientific Papers compiled and published by the Royal Society of London is a list of sixty-four papers by Professor Wyman, and a mention of four others bearing his name in conjunction with those of Professor Hall, Professor Horsford, and Dr. Savage. This list brings the record down only to the year 1863. His contributions to science were kept up to the present year, the last, as yet unpublished, paper being dated May 20th, 1874. This will be again referred to in the course of the present article.

The papers published from 1837 to 1874 embrace a wide range of subjects: anatomy, human and comparative; physiological observations; microscopic researches; paleontological and ethnological studies of fossils and relics; notices of the habits of animals, and curious experiments bearing on different points of interest, as for instance the formation of fossil rain-drop impressions, and the questions relating to the planes and angles of the cells of bees. To these

should be added those memoirs in which he has drawn with fidelity and tenderness the characters of fellow-students of nature who were called from their work before him.

Professor Wyman may be said to have illustrated rather than to have made a principal study of human anatomy. Much as there is to learn in this, there are fresher fields, where labor may be bestowed with larger promise of new facts, and such, too, as oftentimes throw more light on the significance of parts of the human structure than their immediate exploration would have afforded. His most important contribution to human anatomy is his paper entitled Observations on Crania, published in the Proceedings of the Boston Society of Natural History, April, 1868. This is full of new and valuable information, the result of much patient and ingenious labor. He made and reported an examination of the skeleton of a Hottentot who died in this city. He has given an admirable description of the arrangement of the spicula of bone in the neck of the human femur, and contrasted this arrangement with that observed in other animals not destined for the erect posture. All his figures of the internal structure of this and other bones of the human frame are, like other illustrations from his own skilful pencil, clear and bold. He knew just what he wanted to show, and his hand obeyed his intelligence. Another article of more popular interest is his description of the brain and cranial cavity of Daniel Webster. Of a more practical bearing is his account of a hitherto unnoticed fracture of the two lower lumbar vertebræ, dependent on their anatomical peculiarities. In a memorable trial his evidence relating to the bones which had been submitted to great heat is of singular excellence as testimony, and his restoration of the fragments is a masterpiece of accuracy and skill. It need hardly be said that while he did not concentrate his attention chiefly on human anatomy, few of those who teach that branch alone are as thoroughly masters of it as he was.

One of his earlier publications in comparative anatomy and paleontology made the name of Wyman known to many outside of the scientific world. This was his paper on certain fossil animal remains which were for a time on public exhibition in Boston. They consisted of a chain of vertebræ one hundred and fourteen feet long, a few ribs, and portions of what were said to have been the paddles. This formidable antediluvian, obtained by a Mr. Koch from the marly limestone of Alabama, was christened by the name *Hydrarchus Sillimani*, and was advertised as an extinct form of sea-serpent. Dr. Wyman showed conclusively that the "king of the waters" was no reptile at all, but a warm-blooded mammal, that the bones were never parts of one and the same individual creature, and that some at least of the so-called paddles were casts of the cavities of a chambered shell. He has left on record many other studies of fossils; among the rest, of the remains of vertebrated animals from Richmond, Virginia, and from Memphis, Tennessee, of the fossil elephant and megatherium, and of the cranium of the mastodon. In this connection may also be mentioned his experiments on the impressions left by raindrops, spray, and hail upon soft clay, intended to illustrate the fossil marks of similar origin, a variation of those of Professor Rogers in which plaster was used.

In comparative anatomy his most elaborate essays are that on the Nervous System of *Rana Pipiens*, to be found in the Smithsonian Contributions to Knowledge, and that on the Embryology of *Raia Batis*, in the Transactions of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences. Other papers of special interest are on the gorilla, which owes to him its famous name, borrowed from the Periplus of Hanno the Carthaginian. This was six months before Mr. Owen published on the same subject. To these may be added several articles on the eye and organ of hearing in the "blind fishes" of the Mammoth Cave of Kentucky; on the passage of nerves across the median line; on a thread-worm in the brain

of the snake-bird — a very curious observation illustrating his perpetual vigilance, which never let a significant fact escape him as an unmeaning accident.

In physiological research his most noted experiments are those on the formation of infusoria in boiled solutions of organic matter contained in hermetically sealed vessels. These were continued for years, and are among the most important which have been made on the great question of biogenesis. — His observations on the development of mould in the interior of eggs point in the same direction, as do his experiments on the effects of heated water on living organisms. — The effect of absence of light on the development of tadpoles, long since illustrated by the noted experiments of W. F. Edwards, is another matter which he studied and reported upon. — He contrived an exquisite arrangement by which he measured the velocity and force of the ciliary movement. — He explained with his accustomed ingenuity the mechanism of the tibio-tarsal joint in the ostrich. But of all his contributions to science no one compares for boldness and brilliancy with the Description of a Double Fœtus, and the illustration of the formation of that and similar monstrosities by the action of bar-magnets on iron filings. The way in which "polar force," as it had been vaguely called, might be supposed to act in the arrangement of the parts of a forming embryo, normal or abnormal, was shown in a manner so startling, yet so simple, that to see him, by the aid of a couple of magnets, give the formula, as it were, of Ritta Christina, or of that "double-headed (and bodied) lady" who was lately exhibiting her accomplishments before us, was like being taken into the workshop of the sovereign Artificer, engaged in the last and greatest of his creative efforts.

In connection with this remarkable paper are published his views on the symmetry and homology of limbs, a subject which has of late received elaborate treatment at the hands of one of his most distinguished former pupils, Professor Wilder, of Cornell University.

In speaking of the law of "antero-posterior symmetry" Professor Wilder says of his instructor that he, "almost alone in this country, has devoted time to eliminating, from the indefinite and often extravagant and absurd shape in which it was left by Oken, the real truth of a principle the most potent and elevated of which the vertebrate body, considered by itself, is capable." Just such a mind as Professor Wyman's is needed to hamstring the vaulting idealisms of men like Oken and Carus. It is not science to say with the first that "the universe is God rotating;" it is not science to confound, with the second, the articulates and the vertebrates in a communism of forced homologies.

Scarcely separable from this class of observations and experiments are those which relate to points of what would have been commonly called natural history. Of these the most noticeable are his studies of the unusual modes of gestation in certain fishes. His attention had been called in the year 1854 to this curious phenomenon by Dr. Cragin, formerly United States Consul at Paramaribo, the capital of Dutch Guiana. In 1857 he visited the market of this place, and there found several species of fish, the males of which had their mouths "crammed to the fullest capacity" with the eggs which the females had laid. None were found in the stomach, and Professor Wyman was of the opinion that the eggs must be disgorged during the time when the animals were feeding. His paper published in Silliman's Journal for 1859 gives an interesting account of this singular partnership in the parental duties. — He describes a species of hornet which builds its nest on the ground. — There is a certain strange reptile, known to science as the *Scaphiopus solitarius*, of which a single specimen had been found in this region by an inquiring country doctor whom some of us well remember, Dr. Andrew Nichols of Danvers. Wyman, who saw where others only looked, dug one up in his own garden, and had very soon found some thirty more in the neighborhood, and gives a description

of them. — He sees the flies dying on the panes of his windows, as we all have seen them, leaving a certain white dimness on the glass, and submitting the appearances to microscopic examination makes out the characters of the vegetable parasite which, reversing the common order of nature, has fed upon the body of the little animal. — "Do snakes swallow their young?" asks Mr. F. W. Putnam, and the great naturalist, who, as we remember, did not find ova in the stomach of his strange fishes, answers him not incredulously, but rather as if it were not unlikely, in a quotation from Spenser's Faery Queen, of which these lines form a part: —

"A thousand young ones which she daily fed;
. . . . . .
Soon as that uncouth light upon them shone,
Into her mouth they crept and suddain all were gone."

Nothing can be more modest than the title of his pamphlet of eighteen pages, Notes on the Cells of the Bee. But if Lord Brougham could return from the pale realms where he has learned before this time the limits of his earthly omniscience, he would find his stately approval of the divine geometry an uncalled-for compliment. John Hunter's "Don't think, but try," perhaps modified to "Think and try," inasmuch as experiment must choose some direction or other, was the rule by which Professor Wyman worked here as in all cases; and trial led him to quietly set aside the confident assertion of Lord Brougham as to the "absolute and perfect agreement between theory and observation" with reference to the sides and angles of the cells.

After Professor Wyman's appointment as Curator of the Peabody Archæological and Ethnological Museum, his time was largely devoted to the formation and arrangement of the collection which has already become so rich in objects of interest. The liberality of Professor Agassiz transferred from the great Museum of Comparative Zoölogy many of those relics, lacustrine and other, which seemed to find an appropriate place in the new collection. Other additions came from gifts of associations and individuals, including a large number of Mexican antiquities from the Honorable Caleb Cushing, and others still were acquired by purchase. The Curator himself was constantly adding something whenever he had an opportunity, and even during his involuntary exile to a warmer climate on account of his impaired health, he was always busy, as we have said, in those curious explorations, his record of some of which is his last contribution to the pages of a scientific journal.

In 1867 he published, in the American Naturalist, An Account of some of the Kjœkkenmœddings (kitchen-middens), or Shell-Heaps in Maine and Massachusetts. In the same year he visited, in company with Mr. G. A. Peabody, of Salem, and Mr. George H. Dunscombe, of Canada West, no less than thirty-two of these shell-heaps. The communication already referred to as his last record in the pages of science was read at a meeting of the Boston Society of Natural History, and is thus mentioned in the as yet unpublished report: —

"*May* 20, 1874.

"Professor Jeffries Wyman read an account of the discovery of human remains in the fresh-water shell-heaps of Florida, under circumstances which indicate that cannibalism was practised by the early inhabitants living on the shore of the St. John's River."

Here follow some particulars which we may pass over.

"Professor Wyman also gave an account of cannibalism as it existed in the two Americas at the time of the discovery of the country, as well as in later years, and gave the documentary evidence for his statements, the most complete and conclusive of which is derived from the relations of the Jesuits."

In reply to a question as to the evidences of cannibalism in New England, put by Mr. F. W. Putnam, —

"Professor Wyman thought there was no sufficient evidence for such a belief, and he also stated that he had never known a case of burial in a shell-heap, but at Doctor's Island, Florida, he had

found a portion of a skeleton apparently buried *under* a heap, as Mr. Putnam had done in a heap near Forest River at Marblehead."

Such a list of papers as has been given bears the relation of a partial index to the papers themselves. The papers, again, bear the relation of an index to his labors, and to the collections of that beautiful museum which is the ample volume in whose pages those who come after him will read the truest record of his life-long services to science.

Besides the long array of scientific papers, some of the more interesting and important of which have been briefly referred to, mention should be made of the course of twelve lectures on Comparative Physiology, delivered in 1849 before the Lowell Institute, reported by Dr. James W. Stone, and published originally in The Traveller and afterwards in a separate pamphlet. They are characterized by the clearness, method, soundness, and felicity of illustration which always belonged to him as a teacher. To these writings should be added his tributes to the memory of the distinguished surgeon and lover of science, Dr. John Collins Warren, of Dr. Augustus Addison Gould, the hard-working and enlightened student of nature, and of that young man too early lost to science, of a promise so large that no one dared to construct his horoscope and predict his scientific future, Dr. Waldo Irving Burnett.

Those last offices of friendship which he performed with pious care for others, others must now perform for him; some of those, it may be hoped, who knew him most intimately. We know what he would have wished of his eulogist. He would not have suffered that he should indulge in the loud lament justified by the Roman poet, which would acknowledge no restraint of conventional propriety or measure of intensity in grief. He would rather have had him remember the sober words of the Roman philosopher: *Est aliquis et dolendi decor — et quemadmodum in ceteris rebus, ita in lachrymis aliquid sat est.* Much as we feel that we have lost, we must also remember how much of him remains. His mind has recorded itself in his collections and in his writings; his character lives in the memory of all who knew him as free from spot or blemish, as radiant with gentle graces as if he had come a visitor from some planet of purer ray than this earth, where selfishness and rivalry jostle each other so rudely in the conflicts of our troubled being.

We naturally wish to know something of the personal traits of such a man in his earlier years. An extract from the communication kindly furnished by his brother, Dr. Morrill Wyman, will call him up before us as a boy and youth.

"He early showed an interest in natural history. When less than ten years old he spent half his holidays in solitary walks along the banks of the Charles River and the margin of the creek near the Asylum, to pick up from the sedge anything of interest that might be driven ashore. It was seldom that he returned from these walks without something either dead or alive as a reward of his search. In college the same preference continued, and although he did not neglect the prescribed course, he made many dissections and some skeletons, especially one of a mammoth bull-frog, once an inhabitant of Fresh Pond, which was a subject of interest to his classmates and is now, I believe, in his Museum of Comparative Anatomy. He early commenced drawing, but with very little regular instruction; — he also, when ten or twelve years old, painted on a panel with house paints a portrait of himself which was something of a likeness, but deficient in proper tints; the nearest approach he could make to the color of his hair was — green. His facility in sketching in after life was remarkable; he drew anatomical subjects with great accuracy and rapidity. His drawing upon the blackboard in illustrating his lectures, done as it was as he lectured, was most effective. His diagrams for his lectures to the undergraduates of Harvard College were nearly all drawn and colored by his own hand."

In a very pleasant letter, received

while this article is going through the press, Professor Bowen, a college classmate, who was a fellow-student with Wyman at Exeter, speaks of him, then a boy of fourteen, as pure-minded, frank, playful, happy, careless, not studious, at least in his school-books, but not mischievous. "He *would* take long rambles in the woods, and go into water and a-fishing, and draw funny outline sketches in his school-books, and whittle out gimcracks with his penknife, and pitch stones or a ball farther and higher than any boy in the academy, when he ought to have been studying his lessons. Only a few years ago, when we were chatting together about our early life at Exeter and in college, he said in his frank and simple way, with a laugh and half a sigh, 'Bowen, I made a great mistake in so neglecting distasteful studies, though you may think I made up for it by following the bent of my inclination for catching and dissecting bull-frogs. I have been obliged, even of late years, to study hard on some subjects distinct from and yet collateral with my special pursuits, which I ought to have mastered in my boyhood.' The boy was very like the man, only with age, as was natural, he became more earnest, persistent, and methodical."

One need not be surprised to learn from another classmate, himself distinguished as a scholar, that many of those whom Jeffries Wyman distanced and left out of sight in the longer trial of life stood above him in scholarship during his college course.

We have seen that he early left the ranks of the profession which he had studied, at least as a working member. Kind-hearted, sagacious, thoroughly educated, it might have seemed that he was just the man to be useful, and to gain fortune and renown, as a physician. Why have he and so many others, eminently furnished for professional success, seen fit to give up all their professional prospects and take the almost monastic vows of the devotee to science? Doctor Louis Agassiz, Doctor Asa Gray, Doctor Jeffries Wyman, were all duly qualified to exercise the healing art. They each left its beaten road for the several paths to which they found themselves called. The divinity which shapes our ends was working through the instincts which they followed. We may pause a moment to contrast their early calling with their actual pursuits.

The art of healing is an occupation worthy of the best and ablest men, but it is less entirely satisfying to the purely scientific mind than other pursuits of equal dignity. Like meteorology, it can watch, and to some extent predict the course of events; it can hang out cautionary signals, and help us to protect ourselves by its counsels; but its problems involve elements which defy our analysis, and health and disease come and go in spite of it, like storm and sunshine. The uncertain and importunate calls of suffering interfere with connected investigations. A physician will have to count the pulses of thirty patients while a physiologist is watching the circulation of a single tadpole. The feelings are too often excited when the observing faculties should be undisturbed; too much time is demanded for that half-social, half-professional intercourse which tends, except in the strongest brains, to partial atrophy of some of the dominant cerebral convolutions. The physician's path is obscured by deceptive appearances which he has no means of clearing up, and obstructed by practical difficulties which he has not the power of overcoming. Disease which he has an hour to study and prescribe for has been silently breeding in the individual for years, perhaps in the family for ages. The laboratory of the pharmaceutist is a narrow-walled apartment, but the earth, the air, the sea, the noonday sun, and the midnight dew distil, exhale, mingle, or convey the poisons that enter at every pore of the double surface of our bodies. It is a weary conflict when one must strike at an unseen foe with an uncertain weapon. Those cruel old verses which ridicule this random warfare with the common enemy — written probably by some poor creature who would have screeched for medical aid at the first twist of a colic — are not wholly without

a sting in these days of larger and surer knowledge: —

"*Si vis sanari de morbo nescio quali*
Accipias herbam, sed quam vel nescio qualem,
Ponas nescio quo, sanaberis nescio quando."

We need not wonder or regret that while Sydenham was reforming the English practice of medicine, his fellow-student Doctor John Locke gave up his profession to devote himself to the study of the human understanding; that Doctor Carl von Linné became known to all the world as Linnæus the naturalist; that Doctor Thomas Young gradually relinquished physic for physics, and found himself happier in reading the hieroglyphics of Egypt than in unravelling the mysteries of disease; that Doctor William Hyde Wollaston became a chemist, and Doctor Thaddeus William Harris an entomologist. And so we may feel about our good Doctor Jeffries Wyman; excellent as he would have been as a physician, welcome as his gentle voice and pleasant smile would have been at the bedside, keen as he would have been in detecting the nature and causes of disease, and conscientiously assiduous as he would have shown himself in doing all he could to alleviate it, many of his most precious natural gifts would never have found a full opportunity of exercise if he had not followed the course for which nature had marked him out from his boyhood.

For this course he was endowed with the rarest attributes. His acuteness and accuracy of observation were so great that an oversight or an error was not likely to be detected in any of his work by any other than himself. His mental eye was not only, as we should say of a good microscope, at once remarkable for penetration and definition, but it was as nearly achromatic as we can hope to find any human organ of intellectual vision. His word was as trustworthy as a plumb-line or a spirit-level. If Jeffries Wyman had asserted that he had himself seen a miracle, there are not a few questioners of tradition who would accept a revelation on the strength of it.

In his laboratory he commonly made use, as Wollaston did, of the simplest appliances. Give him a scalpel, a pair of forceps, a window to work at, and anything that ever had life in it to work on, and he would have a preparation for his shelves in the course of a few hours or days, as the case might be, that would illustrate something or other which an anatomist or a physiologist would find it a profit and pleasure to study. Under a balanced bell-glass he kept a costly and complicated microscope, but he preferred working with an honest, old-fashioned, steady-going instrument of the respectable, upright Oberhaueser pattern. His outfit for happy employment was as simple as John the Baptist's for prophecy. Who are so rich as the poet and the man of science? "The meanest flower that blows" is an unfathomable mine of thought to the one, and "the poor beetle that we tread upon" holds a whole museum of nature's miracles for the other.

He was never so busy that he would not turn aside to answer a student's question or show a visitor any object he might wish to see. Where he was in doubt, he never made any pretence of knowing, and like all wise men he knew well of how much we are all ignorant.

If he had ambition it was latent under other predominating characteristics. So far as could be seen, his leading motive was an insatiable, always active, but never spasmodic desire of learning some new secret of nature. If a discovery came in his way he told of it without any apparent self-applause or vanity. He, who never made blunders, might fairly be indulged in a quiet smile at those of his neighbors, but he was considerate with scientific weaklings, and corrected them as tenderly as Isaac Walton would have the angler handle his frog. Dr. Kneeland speaks of him in his letter to the writer, as he appeared in the chair as President of the Natural History Society: —

"He presided with the gentleness and courtesy so characteristic of him; he was always ready with some fact from his carefully arranged storehouse to confirm or disprove statements made before the Society. He was patient of

ignorant contradiction, sure of final approbation; never captious; never annihilating his tyro antagonists, as he easily could, by the weight of his scientific blows. His benign countenance many a time has checked the rising excitement of hot discussions."

"He never took part in any personal controversy," says Mr. Alexander Agassiz in his letter, and on one occasion to which Mr. Agassiz refers, when he was unfairly treated by a leading man in science, "he never complained of it or even mentioned it." — "Unless he could add something of importance to the memoirs of his predecessors, he never allowed himself to print his observations if they were mere confirmations. At the time Owen and the younger Milne-Edwards published their memoirs on the Dodo, he had been at work for a long time on the same material in the Museum of Comparative Zoölogy, and was just ready to commence; yet he was satisfied in criticising a few points in the above papers, and returned the series of bones, all carefully labelled, saying he should have no further use for them."

Professor Wyman would have been more famous if he had been less modest. Whether it be true or not that the world knows not its greatest men, it certainly knows very little of many of its best men; nothing at all of most of its best women. The bolts and pins that fasten the walls of our dwellings are mostly buried out of sight, and so it is with the virtues that hold society together. Professor Wyman did a man's work with a woman's patience, meekness, fidelity, and noiseless efficiency. He was born with those gifts of "nature" which the excellent Bishop Hall would put before "grace" in the choice of a partner for life. He was too good a man for any creed to confiscate his virtues to its private exchequer. We do not inquire so narrowly or so severely into a good man's special dogmas as our worthy ancestors were in the habit of doing. President Increase Mather burned Robert Calef's book of Sadducee infidelities about witchcraft in the college yard, but we do not expect President Eliot to preside over a similar *auto-da-fé* in which Mr. Tyndall's Belfast address is to be the combustible. Many, however, will be pleased to know that Professor Wyman was a regular attendant on divine worship, and that the want of reverence sometimes attributed to men of science was no part of his character. The following extract from his own tribute to the memory of Waldo Irving Burnett came evidently from the heart of one who shared his devout habits of thought and emotion: —

"In all of his studies of nature he seems to have had a pervading perception of God in his works, and often in eloquent words gives expression to his feelings when some new manifestation of divine wisdom was uncovered to his inquiring mind."

The seer of the past was the man of mysteries. The veil within which none but the high-priest must enter, the ark which the well-meaning attendants tried to steady when it was like to fall, and were smitten dead for touching it, — these are the symbols of that venerable antiquity whose traditions are the cement in which the stones of all these temples rising around us are laid.

The seer of to-day is the man of explorations and explanations. Moses is busy with his microscope, and Daniel prophesies from the meteorological headquarters at Washington. The old bottles cannot hold all the new wine. We must not expect all our saints to come up to the doctrinal standards of the Reverend and biographical Dr. Allen's moribund theologians, but when we find a man who has passed his days in the study of materialized phenomena living a life which would reflect credit on any church, we need not be afraid to honor him, even if he is given over to that branch of science which poor dear Hester Piozzi says "leads into doubts destructive of all comfort in this world and all happiness in the next" — that wicked geology.

Who has ever preached such a sermon as this sweet and lovely life has been always setting forth in the gold-

en letters of daily actions? If he had been one of the twelve around the Master, whom they had seen hanging on the Cross, no doubt he, like Thomas, would have asked to see the print of the nails, and know for himself if those palms were pierced, and if that side had received the soldier's spear-thrust. But if he had something of the questioning follower, in how many ways he reminded us of the beloved disciple! His characteristic excellences recall many points of the apostle's description of the virtue which never faileth. He suffered long and was kind; he envied not; he vaunted not himself; he was not puffed up; he sought not his own; was not easily provoked; thought no evil; and rejoiced in the truth. If he differed from Charity in not believing all things, he followed the apostolic precept of trying all things, and holding fast that which had stood the trial. Many scientific men of great note have had too obvious failings. Hunter was ill-tempered; Davy was ill-mannered; Wollaston was acquisitive. It is with men like Faraday and Edward Forbes that we would name Jeffries Wyman, — Faraday, living in uncomplaining poverty, happy in the incessant pursuit of knowledge, absorbed and "earnest as a child over his toys" in performing his wonderful experiments at the Royal Institution, simple-hearted, devout in his adhesion to his singular and self-denying creed; Edward Forbes, as shewn in Dr. John Brown's eloquent pages, "the delightful man, the gifted teacher, the consummate naturalist," "a child of nature who lived in her presence and observance," to whom all were welcome, and who was welcomed by all, "who won all hearts" by his gifts and "his unspeakable good-nature," who lived for science, and, when his summons came, "behaved at the close with his old composure, considerateness, and sweetness of nature."

Jeffries Wyman looked his character so well that he might have been known for what he was in a crowd of men of letters and science. Of moderate stature, of slight frame, evidently attenuated by long invalidism, with a well-shaped head, a forehead high rather than broad, his face thin, his features bold, his expression mild, tranquil, intelligent, firm, as of one self-poised, not self-asserting, his scholarly look emphasized by the gold-bowed spectacles his near-sightedness forced him commonly to wear; the picture of himself he has left indelibly impressed on the memory of his friends and pupils is one which it will always be a happiness to recall.

The work of his busy hands is done; the sound of his cheerful voice is heard no more; his smile will never welcome us again at the threshold of his beautiful museum; the benediction of his presence will no more hallow our friendly meetings. It is a pleasure of the purest nature, and not easily to be forgotten, to associate one's name but for an hour with such a fragrant memory. It may seem as if too much had been made of his virtues and graces. But all that has been said is no more than all that knew him are saying, and less — how much less! — than such a life is entitled to claim. To other hands which will fill out this imperfect outline and add color to these scarcely tinted features, which will show his intellect in its full proportions, his labors in their entire extent, his thoughts in their complete expression, his character in its noble sincerity, the sweet remembrance of Jeffries Wyman is lovingly commended.

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

RECENT LITERATURE.[1]

AMONGST the works of fiction printed in the English language this year, there can hardly be any so remarkable in some aspects as the idyllic story which Mr. Boyesen tells us. It is not only remarkable for being a good story, which is distinction enough, but it ought to be known to every one who takes it up as an achievement almost singular in letters. It is not a translation from the Norwegian, as one might guess, but is the English of a Norwegian, thinking and expressing himself in our tongue with a grace, simplicity, and force, and a sense of its colors and harmonies, which we should heartily praise in one native to it. Mr. Boyesen has proved his genius both for literature and for language. The example of the Italian Ruffini, who writes charming novels in English, and the case of the Italian Gallenga, whose work is a model of journalistic writing in our language, are the only instances worthy to be compared with the present; and we believe that these authors have lived a long time in England; whereas Mr. Boyesen's citizenship is as new as the last election.

But it is not on his phenomenal side that we care mostly to regard him, and if his English were not joined with poetic instinct and a rare artistic power, it might remain for the gratification solely of persons of "culture." We like his Gunnar because it is the work of a poet, and announces its origin in all characteristics. It is of that good school of which Björnstjerne Björnson is the head, and to which we have nothing answering, of English root. It is an idyllic sort of story which regards simple things naturally, but at the same time poetically. As our readers know, the scene is almost entirely among the Norwegian peasants; the plot is the love of a houseman's (or tenant's) son for the daughter of a rich peasant landowner, and relates to Gunnar's growth from a dreamy boyhood to the manhood of a young painter, who comes back from Christiania crowned with academic glories, and weds his faithful Ragnhild. To this end much doubt and anxiety are of course accessory; and Gunnar does not fail to stab his rival, like a true Norseman; but his rival gets well, and there is no distress in the book which we do not confidently accept as temporary. In other words, Gunnar is not that sort of fiction in which the reader's interest is made to depend upon his uncertainty as to how it is all going to come out. It concerns itself with the development of an artistic mind as it gropes darkly upward through the narrow conditions of a peasant's life, half-consciously reaching to the light and air; and this study is made dramatically, not analytically, so that it is a work of fine art.

If we were to say what was the best thing in the book, we should name that pretty *Stev* which Gunnar and Ragnhild sang, one answering the other, at the "Wild-Duck's" wedding; it has a charming movement, and it is so fresh and sweet and authentic that it might have been made when song was new, rather than in our sad, old, rhyme-worn world. The chapter in which this Stev comes is also as much above the others as the Stev is better than the other poems in the book. The worst you can say of other chapters is that they do not advance the story, but seem to have been done more for the author's than the reader's pleasure; they indulge poetic fancies, and reveries about his material, and do not actively shape it. But the chapter to which we refer paints boldly a very striking scene full of strong, original figures, and has humor, which is a quality that Mr. Boyesen's lyrical genius does not often show. The skee-race is a good scene, too, and all

[1] *Gunnar: A Norse Romance.* By HJALMAR HJORTH BOYESEN. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co. 1874.

Hours in a Library. By LESLIE STEPHEN. London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1874.

Field Ornithology. Comprising a Manual of Instruction for Procuring, Preparing, and Preserving Birds, and a Check-List of North American Birds. By DR. ELLIOTT COUES, U. S. A. 8vo. Salem: Naturalists' Agency. 1874.

Arctic Experiences: Containing Captain George E. Tyson's Wonderful Drift on the Ice-Floe, a History of the Polaris Expedition, the Cruise of the Tigress, and Rescue of the Polaris Survivors. To which is added a general Arctic Chronology. Edited by E. VILA BLAKE. New York: Harper and Brothers 1874.

The Anæsthetic Revelation and the Gist of Philosophy. By BENJAMIN PAUL BLOOD. Amsterdam, in New York, America. 1874.

The Philosophy of Spiritualism and the Pathology and Treatment of Mediomania. Two Lectures by FREDERIC R. MARVIN, M. D. New York: Asa K. Butts & Co. 1874.

the passages about the free saeter-life are good. The landscapes and customs of Norway are constantly sketched, and the glamour of the folk-lore is softly shed over all from a memory stored full of the wild superstitions of the North. Some of the characters strike us as particularly well done. Thor, Gunnar's father, is excellent, and so is Gunnar's grandmother. Ingeborg, Ragnhild's mother, is admirable in the early parts of the story, but her character is not so well sustained throughout. What is more important is that the lovers are always good — Ragnhild the woman is especially very sweetly and truly evoked from Ragnhild the child. Other personages, and some of the situations, show the faltering of a youthful touch, for Gunnar is the first fiction of a romancer still far on the sunny side of the thirties, and if it is somewhat conventionally Norse in certain traits, it is so novel in most things that it is like a fresh draught from a clear spring, after many effervescent summer-drinks that our own shoppy fountains serve us. And it is so good to have quite a new poet to rejoice over that we would rather not find out all his faults at once.

— It is a very agreeable volume that Mr. Stephen has made by collecting a number of his essays on literary subjects; they are all critical, and all treat of matters of great importance to those who take any interest in books and writers. These are the titles of the different essays: De Foe's Novels, Richardson's Novels, Pope as a Moralist, Mr. Elwin's Edition of Pope, Some Words about Sir Walter Scott, Nathaniel Hawthorne, Balzac's Novels, De Quincey. Mr. Stephen has the advantage over many critics that he has no special theory to uphold, like Taine, for example, and he is able to address himself to the matter he is discussing with so much more chance of freedom from prejudice. He belongs to no school of criticism, or, in other words, he does not seek to hit any one over the head of the man he is writing about; he is content to point out what seems to him good in an author, and what bad, with the reasons for his opinions, without indulging either in clever epigram that shall please the ear for a time, but do no more, or in vague philosophizing. The essays are noticeably like the conversation of an intelligent man, which is after all the best, as it is the final criticism. It is often clever, and always temperate. The reader will continually come across remarks with which he cannot agree, as is only natural, but in general he will agree with Mr. Stephen's intelligence, wit, and good sense. For ourselves we should say that it might be easy to fall foul of him most readily with regard to what he says of Richardson's Clarissa Harlowe. We would not dissent from all that he says about the priggishness of Sir Charles Grandison, but is it quite fair to speak of Clarissa's having undue respect for paternal authority? He compares her with one of George Sand's heroines, and with Maggie Tulliver, as if Richardson were a contemporary of the two great female novelists, and as if the different position of woman in the last hundred years were not to be taken into account. In the last century it is tolerably certain that one of George Sand's heroines would have had all the immorality they rejoice in at present, and none of the unsatisfied aspirations; these would seem to have come into fashion with the romantic school. Nowadays parents get off well if they are argued with; formerly their word was law. In fact, the whole essay on Richardson seems rather too light in its tone.

In his essay on Pope as a Moralist, Mr. Stephen hardly meets the objection of those who deny Pope's poetical abilities; but he has written an admirable chapter on this writer, about whom the last word has not yet been said. In the next essay he goes on in the same way, defending him from the foolish criticisms of his last editor, Mr. Elwin, and expounding some of his poems. He calls Pope a great poet and sets out to show us the grounds on which his reputation rests; it all would seem to show, however, that Pope was "the incarnation of the literary spirit," with his wit, and keenness of mind, and that while every quality that his admirers claim for him may be acknowledged to exist, yet that a poet does not come within the definition. But these are turbid waters, and we forbear.

There may be something fantastical in the essay on Hawthorne, where the connection between him and the witch-burners is traced, but every one will agree with what is said of the possibility that Hawthorne might have been overborne by the romantic wealth of Europe, had that been his home. There is no undue stress laid on this supposition, however; it is merely given for what it is worth.

One of the best of the essays is that on De Quincey, which forms, to our thinking, the best summary of the powers of that

strange man, who is still so frequently the object of a slavish adoration from many people. He is not denounced, but many of his follies, which have made some people deny him the qualities that he really has, are set in plain sight; especially good is the little exposition of De Quincey's wonderful logic.

— Dr. Coues's book is not a mere manual of taxidermy, as we at first supposed. Its briefer title truly indicates its real character, in that it is mainly adapted to the out-door use of our young ornithologists, whose wants are very different from the wants of ornithologists a generation ago. One great merit of this work consists in the careful directions given to insure the scientific value of birds after they are shot; and it is filled with useful hints which prove the long practical experience of the writer, and contains sound and sensible advice throughout. Beyond question, it is the best thing of the sort yet published, and every boy showing a passion for birds should accept this work for his daily guide; it will carry him at once into the open air, for its pages breathe of the woods and fields, and the directions for out-door life are full and explicit, from those which speak of the care of a gun to those which concern the haunts of birds and the use and abuse of stimulants. It is written by an enthusiast, one who would gladly undergo any hardship to gain his end; we always imagined naturalists to be differently constructed from other men, holding in ill-concealed contempt the fleshly frailties of less favored classes, but here we have a frank confession: "I have my opinion of those who like the world before it is aired; I think it served the worm right for getting up when caught by the early bird; nevertheless I go shooting betimes in the morning, and would walk all night to find a rare bird at daylight."

The book, we said, breathes of the woods and fields; notice the following passage, which one would scarcely anticipate in a work of this nature: Birds "come about your doorstep to tell their stories unasked. Others spring up before you as you stroll in the field, like the flowers that enticed the feet of Proserpine. Birds flit by as you measure the tired roadside, lending a tithe of their life to quicken your dusty steps They disport overhead at hide-and-seek with the foliage as you loiter in the shade of the forest, and their music now answers the sigh of the tree-tops, now ripples an echo to the voice of the brook. But you will not always so pluck a thornless rose. Birds hedge themselves about with a bristling girdle of brier and bramble you cannot break; they build their tiny castles in the air surrounded by impassable moats, and the draw-bridges are never down. They crown the mountain-top you may lose your breath to climb; they sprinkle the desert where your parched lips may find no cooling draught; they fleck the snow-wreath where the nipping blast may make you turn your back; they breathe unharmed the pestilent vapors of the swamp that mean disease if not death for you; they outride the storm at sea that sends strong men to their last account. Where now will you look for birds?"

Evidently our author does not write at second-hand; he has been in the woods himself; yet he says: "I have never walked in the woods without learning something pleasant that I did not know before;" we should prize the companionship of such a man in nature's solitudes; they would be no solitudes to him. And when we see this professional bird-hunter writing in the following vein, — "Never shoot a bird you do not fully intend to preserve or to utilize in some proper way. Bird-life is too beautiful a thing to destroy to no purpose; too sacred a thing, like all life, to be sacrificed, unless the tribute is hallowed by worthiness of motive;" — or, when telling you how to kill most quickly a wounded bird, he adds: "I assure you, it will make you wince the first few times; you had better habitually hold the poor creature behind you," — we are at once sure that we have found one in whom familiarity with suffering does not breed callousness of heart.

The check-list is of course but a reflection of the author's larger work, the key, already noticed, and to which this book is an accompaniment. It is unfortunate, that, owing partly to the author's absence during printing, there are no less than a dozen pages of additions and corrections. This in no way reflects upon the Salem Press; the typography is good, and the difficult check-list remarkably correct.

— Mr. E. Vila Blake's volume, Arctic Experiences, gives us a full record of the various mishaps that befell the Polaris expedition, and it is with a very mixed feeling that the reader will lay down the book. There are so many proofs given of the incongruity of the men composing the expedition, of culpable breaches of discipline,

of indifference to its object, of want of sympathy with the commander, and of lack of authority on his part, that one may well be excused for a certain amount of despondency; but a brighter view will be taken as one thinks over the record of Captain Tyson's drift of fifteen hundred miles on an ice-floe during an Arctic winter. The public will remember the preparations made to insure the success of the Polaris expedition, which started with as good promise as any that ever set sail. Prominent among its superior advantages was the full corps of scientific men on board, but before the ship had reached Greenland discord had broken out, apparently between the scientific men and the captain, which, coupled with Captain Hall's death, brought about the failure of the expedition. Mr. Blake tells us that the reason why Captain Hall was willing to overlook the first breaking out of discord was his intense desire to make his way to the far north. And it would be hard to deny that he acted wisely. It was the 3d of July when he set sail from New London, and owing to various delays he did not reach Upernavik until the 18th of August. If he had sent back the disaffected men at that time, he would have been short-handed; and if he had returned with them, the expedition might probably have been indefinitely postponed. He preferred to go on, and yet Captain Tyson has recorded in his diary under the date of August 10th, "There are two parties already, if not three, aboard. All the foreigners hang together, and expressions are freely made that Hall shall not get any credit out of this expedition." September 13th they went into winter-quarters in lat. 81° 38′ N., long. 61° 45′ W. November 8th Captain Hall died; the fears of his having met his death by foul means may be considered as being wholly dispelled. The command then fell into the hands of Captain Buddington, an officer who had been of no service in maintaining discipline on board of the ship, and who was much more anxious to return home than to try to make any farther advance northward. The next summer sledge-journeys were undertaken, but without getting farther north than lat. 81° 57′ 26″. On the 15th of October the alarm arose which caused about half of the ship's company to get upon the ice, while the others were engaged in throwing out provisions and clothing, for they all expected that the Polaris would soon sink. The ice broke, the ship was free, and Tyson, with nine men, two Esquimaux, Joe and Hans, their two wives and four children, was adrift in Baffin's Bay. Captain Tyson's journal gives a most interesting account of their sufferings during that winter. Discipline was slack, for many of the men were sailors, unfamiliar with the English language, spoiled by the lax discipline of the Polaris, and deceived by Mr. Meyers, one of the scientific men with them, who led them with delusive hopes of reaching the coast of Greenland. It was not until April 30th that they were rescued, and that the party should have endured the cold, hunger, and squalor which they did for so long a time, seems really incredible. It would be hard to praise too highly Captain Tyson's heroism. The remainder of the book is not without interest. Those left on board the Polaris had supplies enough to live in comfort, and after spending one season in winter-quarters, they, as is well known, managed to reach civilization. The only death was that of the unhappy Captain Hall; we may be sure that if his life had been spared there would have been a very different story to record. The expedition was not wholly without results, though these were in a great measure of a negative character, for the inaccuracy of previous charts was clearly shown, and Dr. Kane's open sea was not found where it was thought to be. Like many Arctic expeditions, this was of service as showing us rather what is to be avoided in such undertakings than the unfailing way of securing success.

The table of Arctic chronology at the end of the volume is valuable; we notice, however, that Lord Dufferin's yacht-voyage is put down under the year 1867; it took place ten years earlier. The introductory voyage, containing a brief synopsis of what had been done in northern waters, is an important and useful abridgment.

— What we are, we are! Fear not, gentle reader, we are only thus beginning to give you a brief account of The Anæsthetic Revelation, a privately printed pamphlet which its author has sent us. What we are, we are, whether we be aware of it or not! The stuff of which we and our universe are made cannot be helped by knowledge. Her use is to forestall contingencies; but in Being nothing is contingent. It shall be what it always was; whether for weal or woe its inmost equality or meaning *is* already, nor can all our complacent recognition confirm or clinch it, "or all our tears wash out a

word of it." This utterance of practical sense has helped to bring the metaphysical craving into disrepute, as being a morbid overgrowth of intellectual activity; whilst more subtle reasons still are making some minds condemn it as an essentially hopeless passion. Among these latter stands Mr. Blood, who, however, frees himself from philosophy only as many others have done, by wading deeply through, and thereby exposing himself to the scornful eyes of the sound-minded and practical crew as one of the other visionary sort. More indeed than visionary, — crack-brained, will be the verdict of most readers, when they hear that he has found a mystical substitute for the answer which philosophy seeks; and that this substitute is the sort of ontological intuition, beyond the power of words to tell of, which one experiences while taking nitrous oxide gas and other anæsthetics. "After experiments ranging over nearly fourteen years, I affirm what any man may prove at will, that there is an invariable and reliable condition (or uncondition) ensuing about the instant of recall from anæsthetic stupor to sensible observation, or 'coming to,' *in which the genius of being is revealed;* but because it cannot be remembered in the normal condition, it is lost altogether through the infrequency of anæsthetic treatment in any individual's case ordinarily, and buried amid the hum of returning common-sense, under that epitaph of all illumination, This is a queer world! . . . To minds of sanguine imagination, there will be a sadness in the tenor of the mystery, as if the key-note of the universe were low, — for no poetry, no emotion known to the normal sanity of man, can furnish a hint of its primeval prestige and its all but appalling solemnity; but for such as have felt sadly the instability of temporal things, there is a comfort of serenity and ancient peace; while for the resolved and imperious spirit there are majesty and supremacy unspeakable." So glorious does this solution of the world's mystery seem to him, that he rises to this flight of rhetoric, which will seem grand or funny according to the disposition of the reader: "My worldly tribulation reclines on its divine composure; and though not in haste to die, I care not to be dead, but look into the future with serene and changeless cheer. This world is no more that alien terror which was taught me. Spurning the cloud-grimed and still sultry battlements whence so lately Jehovan thunders boomed, my gray gull lifts her wing against the night-fall and takes the dim leagues with a fearless eye."

Now, although we are more than skeptical of the importance of Mr. Blood's so-called discovery, we shall not howl with the wolves or join the multitude in jeering at it. *Nirwana*, whether called by that name or not, has been conceived and represented as the consummation of life too often not to have some meaning; and the state without discrimination, the "informal consciousness," the "being in a meaning prior to and deeper than manifestation in form" of our author seems to be the same as nirwana. Every one has felt the proverb, "*In vino veritas*," to have a deeper meaning than the common interpretation, that the mask falls from the drinker's character. Ontological emotion, however stumbled on, has something authoritative for the individual who feels it. But the worst of all mystical or simply personal knowledge is its incommunicability. To the mere affirmation, "I *know* that this is truth, therefore believe it!" the still more simple reply, "I won't!" is legitimate and conclusive for the time. The intellect, with its classifications and roundabout substitutions, must after all be clung to as the only organ of agreement between men. But when a man comes forward with a mystical experience of his own, the duty of the intellect towards it is not suppression but interpretation. Interpretation of the phenomenon Mr. Blood describes is yet deficient. But we may be sure of one thing now: that even on the hypothesis of its containing all the "revelation" he asserts, laughing-gas intoxication would not be the final way of getting at that revelation. What blunts the mind and weakens the will is no full channel for truth, even if it assist us to a view of a certain aspect of it; and mysticism *versus* mysticism, the faith that comes of willing, the intoxication of moral volition, has a million times better credentials.

The greater part of the pamphlet, in which he ratiocinatively explains the gist of all philosophy to be its own insufficiency to comprehend or in any way state the All, is marked by acuteness of thought and often great felicity of style; though it sins by obscurity through a quaint density of expression, and by such verbal monsters as *spacical* instead of spatial. We can enter into it no further than to say that the common run of believers in the "relativity" of knowledge, who feel as if the imbecility of the latter were due to its bounds and not to its es-

sence (which is to duplicate Being in an Other, namely, Thought), will find here the view argued interestingly that the trouble all comes of a gratuitous guest; that the mystery we feel challenged to resolve, and baffled at not resolving, is no mystery if we decline the challenge; in other words, that fullness of life (unreflected on) forestalls the need of philosophy by being in itself "what we must confess as practical somewhere, namely, an apodal sufficiency; to which sufficiency a wonder or fear of why it is sufficient cannot pertain, and could be attributed to it only as an impossible disease or lack." The secret of Being, in short, is not in the dark immensity beyond knowledge, but at home, this side, beneath the feet, and overlooked by knowledge. We sincerely advise real students of philosophy to write for the pamphlet to its author. It is by no means as important as he probably believes it, but still thoroughly original and very suggestive.

— Dr. Marvin says he has had a good deal of intercourse with "Spiritualistic" mediums and the phenomena they exhibit. Of these he says one half are spurious, the other half — surely a large allowance — genuine. This latter half he subdivides into those more or less explicable by physical and pathological laws, and those as yet wholly inexplicable. He quotes with approbation the Report of the London Dialectical Society, which testifies to tables having been moved without contact, and goes on to say that while the phenomena are one thing, the hypothesis that Spiritualists endeavor to build on them is altogether another thing. The religion of Spiritualism seems to him "the most mournful calamity that has ever happened to the human race; it is a revival of the dark ages in the noonday of the nineteenth century." Accordingly his first lecture is philosophical, and intended to show that the so-called Spiritualism is materialism, and would prove the immortality of the old clothes that apparitions wear quite as well as that of the forms within them. In the second lecture he describes the pathological condition, called by him mediomania, with which, no doubt, a majority of the trance and other mediums who infest our cities are afflicted. "Hysteria or mediomania in the first generation may become chorea or melancholia in the second, open insanity in the third, and idiocy in the fourth: the merciful laws of nature usually forbid that there should be a fifth generation." One of the characteristics of these unfortunates is the tendency to automatic imitation. Hence the danger of the creed, which spreads like any other virulent epidemic, and degrades alike the body and the mind of its hierophants. A number of cases are described of the usual mournful-comic order. "Moses" communicated with Dr. Marvin once through a medium. On his objecting that the *soi-disant* lawgiver wrote sham Hebrew, he got the following message in English: "*Moses wants a drink. Moses + his mark.*" Some final remarks on the connection of religious emotion with the sexual system are no doubt true enough pathology, but rather unpleasantly marked by the vulgar joy of trampling on other people's idols.

On the whole, we doubt if Dr. Marvin's lectures will do much good. Their own philosophy is vague; their rhetoric, though clever, is somewhat shrill; and their facts, though true, are not of a sort to alarm the benighted multitudes who habitually worship in "seances," follow spirits' advice in practical affairs, and read no other literature than what the Spiritualist papers supply. Besides, his candid admission that there remains something in the phenomena which he does "not pretend to understand" weakens his position logically, and deprives his book of any value for those readers who are in no danger of becoming Spiritualists, but who wish to have the whole matter sifted to the bottom.

Other Publications.

Harper and Brothers, New York: The Life and Death of John of Barneveld, Advocate of Holland; with a View of the Primary Causes and Movements of the Thirty Years' War. By John Lothrop Motley. In two vols. with illustrations. — History, Essays, Orations, and other Documents of the Sixth General Conference of the Evangelical Alliance, held in New York, October 2–12, 1873. Edited by Rev. Philip Schaaf, D. D., and Rev. S. Irenæus Prime, D. D. — The Nimrod of the Sea; or, The American Whaleman. By William M. Davis. — Some Leading Principles of Political Economy newly Expounded. By. J. E. Cairnes, M. A. — Old Wells Dug Out: being a Third Series of Sermons. By T. De Witt Talmage. — Hydrophobia: Means of Avoiding its Perils and Preventing their Spread, as discussed at one of the Scientific

Soirées of the Sorbonne. By H. Bouley. Translated by A. Liautard. — Antonina; or, The Fall of Rome. By Wilkie Collins. — Dr. Thorne. A Novel. By Anthony Trollope. — The Living Link. A Novel. By James De Mille.

J. R. Osgood & Co., Boston: Homes, and How to Make Them. By E. C. Gardner. Illustrated. — The Indian Question. By Francis A. Walker. — The Middle States: A Handbook for Travelers. With Seven Maps and Fifteen Plans. — History of the Rise and Fall of the Slave Power in America. By Henry Wilson. Vol. II. — The Prophet: A Tragedy. By Bayard Taylor. — Little Classics. Edited by Rossiter Johnson. Exile.

Porter and Coates, Philadelphia: Chaste as Ice, Pure as Snow. A Novel. By Mrs. M. C. Despard.

E. P. Dutton & Co., New York: Swallow Flights. (Poems.) By Harriet McEwen Kimball.

Scribner, Armstrong & Co., New York: Bric-à-Brac Series. Anecdote Biographies of Thackeray and Dickens. Edited by R. H. Stoddard. — Meridiana: The Adventures of Three Englishmen and Three Russians in South Africa. By Jules Verne. — A Journey to the Centre of the Earth. By Jules Verne. — Epochs of History. The Crusades. By George W. Cox, M. A. With a Map. The Era of the Protestant Revolution. By Frederic Seebohm. With numerous Maps.

Dodd and Mead, New York: The Winter of the Heart, and other Poems. By Zavarr Wilmshurst.

Hurd and Houghton, New York: Poems. By Celia Thaxter.

Roberts Brothers, Boston: In His Name. A Story of the Waldenses Seven Hundred Years Ago. By E. E. Hale. — Scrope; or, The Lost Library. A Novel of New York and Hartford. By Frederic B. Perkins.

Lee and Shepard, Boston: The Columbian Speaker. Consisting of Choice and Animated Pieces for Declamation and Reading. Selected and Adapted by Loomis J. Campbell and Orin Root, Jr. — The Reading Club and Handy Speaker. Selections in Prose and Poetry, for Readings and Recitations. Edited by George M. Baker. No. I. — Atherstone Priory. A Novel. By L. N. Comyn.

Henry Holt & Co., New York: Alcestis. A Novel. — The Notary's Nose. Translated from the French of Edmond About, by Henry Holt. — The Cretan Insurrection of 1866–7–8. By Wm. J. Stillman, late U. S. Consul in Crete.

D. Appleton & Co., New York: Health and Education. By Rev. Charles Kingsley. — Brockley Moor. A Novel. By J. W. L. — Uncle John. A Novel. By G. J. White-Melville.

J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia: Hulda the Deliverer. A Romance. After the German of F. Lewald. By Mrs. A. L. Wistar. — Ancient Classics for English Readers. The Greek Anthology. By Lord Neaves. — History of the German Emperors and their Contemporaries. Translated from the German and compiled from Authentic Sources. By Elizabeth Peake. — History of the Reign of Philip the Second, King of Spain. By Wm. H. Prescott. New and Revised Edition. With the Author's latest Corrections and Additions. By John Foster Kirk. — Charteris. A Romance. By Mary M. Meline.

Estes and Lauriat, Boston: Guizot's Popular History of France. With 300 Illustrations, by A. De Neuville, and 40 fine Steel Engravings. Parts 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18. — Life of Thomas, first Lord Denman, formerly Lord Chief Justice of England. By Sir Joseph Arnold. In two volumes. — Memories of Westminster Hall. A Collection of interesting Incidents, Anecdotes, and Historical Sketches. With an Historical Introduction. By Edward Foss, F. R. S. In two volumes. — The Rhine; A Tour from Paris to Mayence, by the Way of Aix-la-Chapelle. By Victor Hugo. Translated by D. M. Aird.

Presbyterian Board of Publication, Philadelphia: Thoughts on the Decalogue. By Rev. Howard Crosby.

Turnbull Brothers, Baltimore: The Chronicles of Baltimore; being a Complete History of "Baltimore Town" and Baltimore City from the English Period to the Present Times. By Col. J. Thomas Scharf.

Historical Society of Pennsylvania, Philadelphia: A History of New Sweden; or, The Settlements on the Delaware River. By Israel Acrelius. Translated from the Swedish, by Wm. M. Reynolds, D. D.

T. B. Peterson and Bros., Philadelphia: The Autobiography of Edward Wortley Montagu. With a Preface by B. Shelton Mackenzie.

George Macdonald & Co., Chicago: The Great Presbyterian Conflict. Patton *vs.* Swing. With Portraits of Profs. Patton and Swing.

G. W. Carleton & Co., New York: Mau-

rice. A Novel. Translated from the French of Frédéric Béchard, by Mrs. Josephine Douglas.

Woolworth and Graham, New York: The Brooklyn Council of 1874.

H. L. Hinton, New York: Scottish Chap-Books. By John Fraser. Part II. — My Comrades. Adventures in the Highlands and Legends of the Neutral Ground. By Hd. H.

Rev. Henry Morgan, Boston: Shadowy Hand; or, Life-Struggles. A Story of Real Life. By the Author of Ned Nevins; or, Street Life in Boston.

The Trow City Directory Company: Trow's New York City Directory. Vol. LXXXVIII. For the year ending May 1, 1875.

French and German.[1]

Madame Carey has edited a new edition of an interesting book, Madame d'Aulnoy's Relation du Voyage d'Espagne, which is full of very entertaining chat, such as goes through the mind of a historian to come out dry detail, or to be quietly referred to in a modest foot-note. Madame d'Aulnoy is remembered now as a writer of fairy tales, and in this volume there is a great deal of proof that she was not averse to practicing her gift of invention, even when she was chronicling the ordinary incidents of her journey. The editor, however, has taken the precaution to set in quotation-marks those episodes — which are always romantic stories — that are to be distinguished from unimpeachable truth. They could hardly deceive any one; it is only fair to say their subject and the manner of treatment are sufficiently marked to show that they were intended for nothing but an agreeable diversion in the letters. The space they occupy is small; much more room is given to more important narration.

The Countess d'Aulnoy entered Spain nearly two hundred years ago — to be exact, in the year 1679 — and it is curious to observe how closely a great deal of her description applies to what may now be observed in that country. It is true that time has had considerable effect in softening the ways and manners of the Spanish people, but Spain still remains, as it then was, the least civilized of the old countries of Europe. She enters the country from France at Irun, where the railroad to Madrid now connects with that from Paris, and her misadventures begin at once. Her rascally banker admires her watch and asks to see it; she hands it to him and he slips it into his pocket, pretending to think it is a gift. She is naturally vexed, but she reflects that if she were to anger him he could revenge himself in a thousand ways that would be very annoying to her, and she decides to let him keep it. This is the beginning of her troubles, but she is of a very cheery disposition, and although she sees through very many gross attempts at imposition, she is able to resign herself without grumbling to what is unavoidable. At Burgos she was shown, with her child and maid-servant, into a chamber full of beds; she told them it was ridiculous to give her thirty when she only wanted three, but they said they could do nothing better, and left her. In a few minutes the landlady made her appearance again, followed by a large crowd of people, and Madame d'Aulnoy was obliged to pay for all the rest of the beds to keep the room to herself. The next day she was amused to find out that these pretended travelers were merely neighbors brought in for the purpose of extorting money from the countess. At the custom-house they told her a passport from the King of Spain was of no service, unless the king accompanied it to guarantee its genuineness, and that the Spaniard had to thrive on the ignorance of the foreigner. She describes very vividly the discomforts of the inns, with the bedclothes no larger than towels, and the towels no larger than small pocket-handkerchiefs; with almost nothing to eat, for the mutton was fried in oil, and the pigeons burned to a crisp, etc., etc. Those who have traveled in Spain outside of the beaten paths will think they are reading some modern book of travels. She bore up wonderfully well amid all these privations and inconveniences, always making the best of everything, and enjoying the scenery and the architecture very keenly. She has put down all the stories told her of the magical powers of the various shrines, but with very skeptical comments. Such are the anecdotes of the tomb of the Castilian knight, whence proceeded groans and lamentations before the

[1] All books mentioned under this head are to be had at Schoenhof and Moeller's, 40 Winter Street, Boston, Mass.

La Cour et la Ville de Madrid vers la fin du XVIIe Siècle. Relation du Voyage d'Espagne par la Comtesse d'Aulnoy. Édition nouvelle, revue et annotée par Mme. B. Carey. Paris: Plon. 1874.

death of one of his family, and of the bell at Villilla which, her informant assured her, rang of itself before the death of Charles V., Philip II., and many others.

There is an account of Charles II., whose portrait by Carreño is among the pictures in the Spanish collection in this city. That most melancholy man had most delicate health from his birth. At the age of ten he had hardly set foot to the ground, and he had been so often reproved for trifling faults by the women who brought him up, that when older he always kept out of their way. But he fell very romantically in love with the picture of Marie Louise of Orléans. All the peculiarities of the court are set before us by Madame d'Aulnoy. The women dressed abominably, in her opinion. They rouged themselves to excess; their eyebrows, ears, cheeks, chin, lips, shoulders, arms, hands, and back were redder, according to our informant, than any boiled lobster. One can see in some of the Spanish pictures how this fashion affected the painters' representation of angels. The women ate Moorish fashion, sitting on the ground, a method which the countess could not acquire, but from which she was rescued by some considerate friends who saw her uneasiness, which her hostess had failed to detect, for she imagined it was also the French fashion. The countess had her revenge, however, when that lady tried to sit in a chair, for she confessed she had never even thought of sitting in one before. The Spanish women lived in great seclusion, having with them as companions young girls of good family, who busied themselves with needle-work. "But," the countess says, "if they are left to follow their own devices, they work very little and chatter a great deal." She mentions their curious fancy for dwarfs, so many of which appear in Velasquez' pictures. They were hideous creatures, extravagantly dressed, in the confidence of their mistresses and so all-powerful in the household. The women were intelligent, she says, in spite of the way they lived, reading so little, and with nothing to make them think. Much of their time they spent in eating sweetmeats and drinking chocolate. They had, too, a singular fashion of eating clay, which made their skin yellow, besides disfiguring them otherwise; they thought it a safeguard against poison. Their lovers they saw only by stealth. Both men and women wore spectacles, not for use, but to appear dignified; and the Marquis of Astorga, when Viceroy of Naples, has his bust carved in marble, spectacles and all. The higher one's birth, the larger the glasses. "A man or woman of quality would rather die than bargain about the price of any goods, or than take their change; they give it to the shopkeeper to recompense him for his trouble in selling them for ten pistoles what is not worth five." These men led idle, dissipated lives; when young they were not compelled to study anything except a certain quantity of mathematics, riding, and fencing. The young men spent their whole time in idly walking up and down, and in making love. They were brave soldiers, as is well known, but in time of peace their only thought was about their numerous mistresses. One singular example of affectation becoming etiquette is the case of the *embevicedos*, the name given to the men so distraught with love that they willfully kept on their hats in the presence of the king and queen, as if in ignorance of the impoliteness they were committing. It was pardoned in them, as it would have been in an irresponsible man.

The description is given of the preparations to receive Mademoiselle d'Orléans, the wife of Charles II. She says they generally had an *auto-da-fé* at a coronation, and now they were preparing one against the marriage of the king. A complicated theatre was arranged, with seats for the council of the Inquisition and for the royal party, and with an appropriate place for the criminals. Balconies and scaffoldings were put up for the court and the populace. The ceremony was to begin with a procession to start from one of the churches. This was to consist of an armed guard carrying the wood for the stakes at which the criminals were to be burned. Then were to come the Dominican monks. Then followed the Duke of Medinaceli, carrying by hereditary privilege the banner of the Inquisition. This was of red damask, on one side a drawn sword with a laurel wreath, on the other the arms of Spain. Then was to come a green cross folded in black crape, and inquisitors and guards. This procession was to go to the place of execution, where the banner and the cross were to be set up; the Dominican monks were to pass the night in religious exercises. The next day the sentences were to be read and the criminals executed. Whether this took place or not is not stated; the implication is, however, that it did.

There is a good deal of amusing gossip about the rigid etiquette of the Spanish court. This had arranged, for instance, that the Queen of Spain was to go to bed at ten in summer and at nine in winter. When the queen arrived she had a notion that this was a matter she would arrange herself, according to her drowsiness, but very often, even while she was at her supper, her maids of honor would begin to take down her hair, and to prepare her for her night's rest. The exact date was also fixed at which the king was to go to his different palaces; every preparation was made, the carriage brought to the door, and he had to go, without any regard to his wishes; when the day came for him to go back, go he must. Indeed, it is curious to trace the influence in Spanish manners of the Moorish dominion, as well as to observe how little some of the Spanish peculiarities have altered in the last two centuries. The history of the country is a painful one, but from such aids as this book and others of the sort, one may get a very good idea of it at certain periods. At this time Spain was in an era of decline; it had not sunk so low as it has since; there was a brighter gilding about the glories of the country, but in fact there was but little to rejoice the heart. We have only pointed out the merit of this volume, without by any means exhausting its richness as a store-house of gossipy anecdotes; it deserves to be read. The countess has a very easy pen, and when she becomes statistical she has the art to put the facts and figures in the mouths of Spaniards whom she meets. The gossiping she does herself.

ART.

If we are to believe some of the newspapers, Boston has witnessed during the past month an artistic event of unprecedented magnitude. The Duke of Montpensier's pictures have arrived, been placed on exhibition, visited by great numbers of people, and by this time, we suppose, judged according to their merits. Roughly considered, the coming of these works was certainly something of an event, for the importation of authentic old masters by the dozen is as yet, for the American public, an unfamiliar fashion.

It is a question, however, whether the general magnitude of the event is not a good deal curtailed by particular considerations, and whether the Duke of Montpensier's generosity has been on the whole very profitable to the cause of the fine arts. Our readers have probably not forgotten the circumstances under which this generosity was exercised. The Duke of Montpensier, reflecting presumably on the volcanic condition, as we may call it, of Spanish soil, and wishing to put his property on a safer footing, had sent his best pictures to Gibraltar, with the expectation that they might be conveyed to London for exhibition. The authorities in London declined his offer, but as we of this country in such matters are not proud, we proffered a claim to the rejected entertainment.

The Duke of Montpensier made his own terms (very handsome ones by the way), and his paintings are now installed in the Boston Athenæum. We know not what, between Carlists and Republicans, might have befallen them at Seville, but we can answer for it that in their present refuge they are supremely safe from the breath of injury. On the day on which we visited them (it was one of the first), we were struck by the almost reverential demeanor of the spectators. The gentlemen were all uncovered, several were going about on tiptoe, and the room was pervaded by a kind of submissive hush. A person near us proclaimed with religious unction that this was indeed a treat. The pictures are hung with a more than Old-World allowance of light and space. The gem of the collection, the Murillo, has a magnificent margin of maroon-colored wall, and the work next in value, the head by Velasquez, may be examined in commodious isolation. We confess that, after a glance at the pictures, our attention wandered to some of the indirect characteristics of the scene. We seemed to find in it a mild but irresistible pathos — and we were reminded once more that we are a singularly good-natured people. We take what is given us, and we submit, with inexhaustible docility, to being treated as children and simple persons. We are vast,

rich, and mighty, but where certain ideas are concerned we sit as helpless in the presence of Old-World tradition, dim and ghostly though it may be, as Hercules at the feet of Omphale. This is so true that it implies almost a want of integrity in those who, intellectually, have charge of us to give us anything but the best. Our good-nature places us at their mercy, and they should in fairness sow none but chosen seed in such very grateful soil.

The Duke of Montpensier's pictures are some thirty in number, and with three or four exceptions they belong to the Spanish school. If they possess collectively a greater merit than individually, it is that they give one an approximate measure of a distinct department of painting. It happens unfortunately that the Spanish school is of all schools the least valuable; but it is very well nevertheless to make an approach to definite historical notions. Of the only two Spanish names of the first rank the collection contains four specimens. One of these, Murillo's Virgin of the Swaddling Clothes, is a most agreeable and satisfactory example of the master, and a picture certainly worth a journey to see. We have seen, out of Spain, several better Murillos, but we have also seen a great many worse. The picture in Boston has been awkwardly repainted in places, and the consequence is a spotty deadness of color, here and there; but much the larger portion is intact, and full of the mild, mellow harmony characteristic of the painter. Few painters strike us as being so little proper subjects of criticism, for few in proportion to their talent are so modest, so unpretending, so purely natural. Murillo has an indefinable, self-taught air which always reminds us of a painter superior to him in refinement of genius, but marked by this same personal naturalness of manner — we mean Correggio. We should be inclined to cite these artists together as the best examples of unacademical art, for if genius in each of them made its way unguided and unhelped, it was saved by a happy inward rule from fatal eccentricities. Correggio, indeed, made up in a measure for inheriting no mannerism, by founding one; but Correggio passed his life in almost complete ignorance of the æsthetic movement of his time. Murillo had better opportunities, though he never went to Italy. He came up, however, from Seville to Madrid, which was almost as good, for he found there Titians enough to form in themselves an Academy. But he returned early to Seville, and spent the rest of his life in the happy condition of an artist largely using his talent, but never forcing it.

There is in Murillo an almost excessive want of tension — an undue humbleness of inspiration. It increases one's kindness for him, but in the manner of an inaggressive weakness in a dear friend. He reminds us a trifle of a person with some slight physical infirmity, — a lisp or a stoop, — which at any time might have been corrected by a little resolution. The leading characteristic of the Spanish school is its downright realism; and Murillo, though he has more lightness and grace than any of the company, abides as closely as any of them by the testimony of his senses. He is as little of an intellectual painter as the brutal Ribera himself, and this not because he is harsh, but because he is so sincerely tender. One feels that his tenderness is never theory — though it may in a great measure have become habit; it is all immediate sentiment. For this reason he seems to us a better Catholic in painting than any other artist subsequent to the fourteenth century. There are painters whose works adapt themselves more strikingly to the formal and ceremonial side of religion, but there are none whose Virgins and infants and saints are more suggestive of the piety that has passed into daily life, and sits down at the board, and goes out into the streets with the believer.

Murillo believes as women do, with never a dream of doubt; and the fact that his Virgins are hard-handed peasant women makes his inspiration seem much more sacred, rather than less so. He had to make no effort of the fancy to believe that the Queen of Heaven was originally a poor girl; he had always been told so, and when he came to paint her, his idea of the celestial mildness embodied itself naturally in the sweet, tired face, the half-smoothed hair, and the unbuttoned bodice of some sunburnt daughter of the Andalusian soil. These reflections are not amiss as one stands before the Virgin at the Athenæum. She sits with her baby in her lap, lying flat at his chubby length, while she binds him about with strips of linen. On the table near her is a linen bandage, and a couple of angelic choristers stand on either side. These boyish angels are charming, especially the one that plays the violin, against which he lays his cheek, as he looks down at the infant, with inimitable friendliness. The other, somewhat older, is drawing the

bow across a violoncello; and, winged and haloed as they are, they are no nearer to being angels than a couple of innocent lads borrowed from a neighbor. The face of the Virgin, as well as that of the child, has apparently escaped retouching, and there is something charming in both of them. The Virgin is none the less lovely for being a trifle plain, and if she looks a little weary and serious, one may be sure that now and then she has a beautiful, simple smile. The baby's head, with its big, blue eyes and its little helpless, backward fall, is delightfully painted; there are few divine infants in the range of sacred art on whom divinity sits so easily. This is a better specimen of Murillo's other gifts than of his color, but even of his color it offers an agreeable intimation. We find in him the mildest, quietest sort of pleasure that color gives. He never approaches splendor, and he rarely reaches pure brilliancy; but he works delightful harmonies of subdued and not especially various tones. His pictures have an air of being painted in the shade, as under a Spanish sun they well might be, and one may fancy that his cheerful duskiness was a natural reaction against the garishness of surrounding nature.

It is a fact that there is a marked duskiness in all Spanish coloring, and that when one hears of a typical Spanish picture one imagines something very sombre both in tone and in subject. Velasquez was certainly a great colorist, but we mean nothing invidious when we say that he was a cold one. In the Doria Palace in Rome is a superb portrait, by this artist, of the Pope Innocent Tenth, clad all in red. His face is red, his cap is red, his gown is red, the chair in which he sits is red, and, if we are not mistaken, the wall behind him is red. The tones are superb in their way, but they don't glow, and one retires with as distinct a memory of the few spots of cool gray white in the picture as of all this pontifical crimson. The small head of Velasquez at the Athenæum is not an Innocent Tenth, but it is an admirable sketch, and in itself, we should say, offers a liberal education to a young American portrait painter. It is the head of a very young man, said to be the painter's own, and the head simply, for the chin almost rests on the frame. It is impossible to imagine a greater *maestria* of brush, or a better example of the way in which a genius of the calibre of Velasquez has all his powers in hand at any moment, and never needs to step backwards to take his jump. A sketch by an artist as complete as Velasquez is not materially less valuable than a finished picture, for the simple reason that he is constitutionally incapable of painting small, and that all his force passes into it, limited only by outward accident. About Velasquez there are innumerable things to be said, and no artist is more tempting as a text for discussion of the familiar grounds of difference between the realists and the idealists. He ought properly, it seems to us, to be the very apple of a pugnacious idealist's eye, for certainly on no sturdier *cheval de bataille* could the combat possibly be waged. The idealists may treat themselves to the luxury of surrendering him bodily to the foe, in order to snatch him back again in the midst of the latter's exultation. To painters who advocate pure imitation, nothing more and nothing less, he seems at a superficial glance a tower of strength for their cause, and they flatter themselves that he has absolutely no comfort for the other faction, who dream of conferring on the subject an added grace, begotten in their own minds. Velasquez certainly is mighty in imitation, but to those who do him full justice it seems that imitation is not the limit of his power, and that his men and women have a style which belongs to his conception of them quite as much as to their real appearance. Of course there is style and style. That which looks out upon us from the canvases of Velasquez is a noble gravity and solidity; added to his magnificent handling it makes him one of the most powerful of painters. The little head we speak of is an invaluable reminder of the merit of being deep in one's own line; for if Velasquez is a dramatic painter, he is before all things a painter and a painter only, a painter who stands or falls by the stroke of his brush.

These observations are strictly pertinent only if applied to the head at the Athenæum; the other two small sketches (portraits of Philip IV. and the Duke of Olivarez) seem to us of very questionable authenticity. The larger portraits were painted and may be seen in all their magnificence at Madrid; but these little sketches strike us much less as Velasquez reported by himself than as Velasquez repeated by a thinner brush. If they are copies, however, they are interesting copies.

Next in interest are four immense pictures by that profoundly Spanish genius, Francisco Zurbaran. We are not sure that

the interest of these works is proportionate to the space they cover, but they nevertheless afford a good deal of simple entertainment. They contain a large amount of genial, honest, and masculine painting, and if a Zurbaran is not a Paul Veronese, one must remember that in the palace of art there are many chambers. The trouble is that if one has seen the colonnades and brocades, the sweeping contours and silver tones, of the great Venetian decorator, one's eyes have been dazzled forever, and the shadow of mediocrity seems to rest upon such dusky Adorations and Presentations as these. Another Adoration and an Annunciation complete the group. Zurbaran is not a colorist, though he is a clever master of light and shade. His tones, moreover, have faded and darkened capriciously, and the quality now chiefly enjoyable is the striking verity and homeliness of many of his types. They are full of nature and *bonhomie*, and have an especial truthfulness of gesture. Excellent are the shepherds and peasants in the first Adoration, excellent the movement of the half-pleased, half-frightened infant to whom the pompous old magus is kneeling. In the way in which he makes a hard opposition of lights and darks the vehicle of a sort of masculine directness, Zurbaran reminds us singularly of our own Copley. There are passages in each of these four works which, if shown us without the context, we should have unhesitatingly attributed to Copley.

We have mentioned the only pictures which deserve individual notice, and speaking frankly and without human respect, we may add that the less said about the others the better. There is a Ribera of absolutely no value save as a disagreeable curiosity — a Cato of Utica tearing out his entrails. Happy thought! as Mr. Burnand would say. Artists nowadays complain of being at loss for subjects, but it seems as if the perplexity had begun in Ribera's time. This Neapolitan Cato is after all but half in earnest, and looks simply as if he had excoriated himself in the pursuit of a parasitic insect common at Naples. Ribera at his best is never agreeable, though he was handsomely endowed with the painter's temperament, and it is rather an unkindly trick of fortune to confront the aspiring New England mind thus rudely with Ribera at his worst.

Of the remaining Spanish pictures, one only, a small Pietà by the early master Morales, is of measurable importance. It has a certain dry, hard power, both of intention and of treatment. There is a Juan Valdes Leal, several Herreras, elder and younger, a Ribalta, and — Heaven save the mark — a Boccanegra. There is a so-called Sebastian del Piombo, a Salvator Rosa, a couple of Bassanos, a Snyders, a François Granet, and two or three modern trifles. These pictures are all poor specimens of indifferent painters. Our remark implies no reproach to Sebastian del Piombo, for the canvas bearing his name on a scroll in the corner is but a ghastly simulacrum of his manner. Trusting to our memory we should say it was a copy of a replica of an impressive Sebastian in the Naples Museum. Its companions are the sort of ware that forms the rough padding of large European collections and is generally consigned to the friendly twilight of corridors and staircases. The exhibition has been supplemented by an oddly promiscuous group of pictures borrowed from native amateurs. Imagine side by side a colossal cartoon by Kaulbach, a Hannibal Caracci, a Cristoforo Allori and a Cima da Conegliano! These are all very creditable specimens of the masters. The Kaulbach is an Era of the Reformation (it has of course to be at the least an "era"), and it contains an incredible amount of science and skill. As for the charm of companionableness, that, of course, is another matter, and for this purpose we prefer the lovely little Cima. But the Luther in the cartoon, standing up on his pedestal and holding aloft the Scriptures, is an admirable plastic figure.

We have ventured, we may say in conclusion, while speaking of the Duke of Montpensier's pictures to close our eyes to the adage that a gift horse should absolutely not be looked at in the mouth. We are the Duke of Montpensier's debtors, and we cordially acknowledge it. This obligation is weighty, but it is of still more importance that people in general in this part of the world should not form an untruthful estimate of the works now at the Athenæum. Immaturity and provincialism are incontestable facts, but people should never freely assent to being treated as children and provincials. We do not in the least regret the acceptance of the Duke of Montpensier's loan; there are too many reasons for being happy in it. It is chiefly the first step that costs, and we may now claim that, formally, at least, the spell of our disjunction from Europe in the enjoyment of collections has

been broken. It has been proved that there is no reason in the essence of things why a room full of old masters should not be walked into from an American street and appear to proper advantage in spite of what in harmonious phrase we suppose we should call its location. There is something we like, moreover, in our sending out at a venture for half a million of dollars' worth of pictorial entertainment; we may say that if the Duke of Montpensier's liberality was princely, our response to it was, in detail, imperial. A kindly welcome therefore to the Ribaltas and Herreras, so long as we take them easily. We wish simply to protest against the assumption that we are greatly privileged in beholding them. We are simple as yet, in our appreciation of the arts, but we are not so simple as that comes to.

EDUCATION.

Since the inauguration of the Educational Department of The Atlantic, the Superintendents of Public Instruction of thirty States and four Territories have courteously sent us their latest reports. Most of them are bulky volumes, one third of each being taken up with county and town educational statistics, another third with the reports of county and town superintendents and school committees, while the remaining third consists of the report of the State superintendent, or secretary, himself.

Beginning with those from New England, of which we have all but that from New Hampshire, one is surprised to find within this smallest group of the Union, in area, almost the two extremes of our American Common-School System; Massachusetts leading not only New England, but nearly all the country, in the privileges she freely affords to her children, and Vermont coming in this regard behind many of her Northern, and even some of her Southern sisters. Such is the apathy of her citizens on the subject, that, as one of them remarks in the report before us, her schools are just where they were twenty-five and fifty years ago. The number of school-houses reported as "unfit for their purposes" is seven hundred and six, which is nearly one third of the whole. In her chief city, Burlington, out of forty-one teachers only two were graduates of a normal school, and only six had certificates from a teachers' institute. The town examinations for *teachers* do not equal in difficulty those for the admission of grammar-school children into the leading high schools of other New England States. There is no high-school system in Vermont. The report represents the "cheap teacher" as everywhere sought after with avidity. Ordinary "wages," as they are called, range from $1.50 to $4.00 a week for women, and from $4.00 a week and upward for men. No wonder, then, that one committee-man reports it as almost impossible to procure teachers for the district schools, and says that young women only take charge of them to "accommodate" their neighbors. The Superintendent of Maine reproaches his State for paying less to her teachers than any other State in the Union, but when we turn to the last published report of the National Educational Bureau (1872), we find that Vermont had discreetly sent no average at all. She seems to be the only New England State whose report does not bear witness to increased interest and liberality on the part of her citizens toward the public schools, and it is to her a deep disgrace, not yet wiped off, that some years ago she appropriated her educational fund to pay her outstanding debts!

The topics touched upon by the State superintendents and secretaries are various, but relate rather to what we should call the externals — the form — of education, than to its substance. They speak much, for example, of the ways and means of compassing the school attendance of all school children of school age; they draw up the most careful totals and averages from their statistics; they lay great stress on normal schools and teachers' institutes, and on the attendance by inexperienced teachers upon the latter when held in their vicinity. They discuss the pros and cons of free text-books and of uniformity of text-books, and suggest ways and means of increasing and regulating the school moneys of their respective States. They

are anxious for the proper ventilation of school-rooms, and two of them give plans and portraits of school-houses of every grade, from the rustic to the grandiose. They magnify the office of town and county superintendent, and believe the efficiency of the public-school system to depend more on the way in which it is carried out than on any other agency. Singing and drawing have been introduced by law into the schools of Massachusetts, and are taught to some extent in the urban schools of Rhode Island, Maine, and Connecticut. In view of the importance of one of these arts in industrial education, all the New England superintendents more or less desire legislation regarding them similar to that of Massachusetts. A free Kindergarten is in experimental operation in the city of Boston, and sewing has been made a part of the course in the girls' schools of that city, — the former having been brought about by the disinterested ardor and effort of Miss Elizabeth Peabody, and the latter by the quiet perseverance for many years of a small knot of Boston ladies, — though neither fact is alluded to in the report. Sewing, singing, and drawing are also taught in the new and important undertaking of "vacation schools" lately started in the summer season in Providence, Rhode Island, which were attended voluntarily by over one thousand children for more or less of the six weeks during which they were kept. The teaching in these schools is "mostly conversational," and "daily lessons are given in morals, and in the courtesies and amenities of life." Evening schools are a regular feature of the educational system in the larger towns of Massachusetts, Rhode Island, and Connecticut, and half-time schools are being tried in the manufacturing districts with satisfactory results. From Rhode Island comes an official protest against the overcrowding in primary schools, and from Connecticut a timely article on the "declining towns" of that State, with excellent suggestions borrowed from the experience of Stockbridge, Massachusetts, as to the ways and means of their recuperation. The admirable essay of its author, Hon. B. G. Northrop, in a previous report, Should American Youth be Educated Abroad? ought to be placed in the hand of every rich parent in our land. All the State superintendents favor the placing of women on the school committees, and one of the town superintendents in Vermont is a woman. In Maine and Vermont the town and the district systems for the regulation of the schools are still contending for the supremacy, though the obvious advantages of the former must give it the victory in the end. The fact that the educational interests of Vermont were long "in the keeping of from thirty to one hundred local officials for each district" would alone account for the backwardness of education in that State. By law the Vermont Board of Education prescribes the text-books for the schools once in five years, and the secretary gives the list of the last changes. They are not cheerful. Maine has had a long discussion on the question of uniform text-books, but never a law on the subject; and now the towns are sagely settling the matter for themselves by conferring the use of text-books free upon all scholars. The system was first introduced in Bristol, Rhode Island, but there it has not as yet had the effect of inducing the children to go to school any more than they did before. The reverse is the result in Maine. Some space is given in the Maine Report to suggested courses of study for the various grades of public schools, and from Rhode Island we have the courses followed in the high schools of Providence and Newport. Other than these, the State superintendents hint very little as to what the children are really getting from our educational system; yet one would think that the discussion of the objects that were being attained by all this stupendous machinery was of more importance than the display of the machinery itself.

The truth must be told. If there is such a thing as a balance of the faculties, and also a natural order for their unfolding, and if it be a consummation devoutly to be wished that such education as we have should observe this order and preserve this balance as far as it goes, then we are obliged regretfully to state that the indications we glean from these reports are nothing at all of this, but are rather of a public-school system strangely unsymmetrical, and calculated to develop a warped and ill-proportioned national mind and character. The great question of what to teach — the vital question, of course, in planning a scheme of education for the masses, and the one before which all others pale — is but little dwelt upon by those highest in authority over our own. They seem the administrative officers of a system established and settled beyond peradventure, rather than the

gradual reformers of one which now for a long time has been going contrary to the dictates alike of common-sense and of enlightened experience. When five-year-old tots are taught in the city of Boston that "the letter E is composed of one perpendicular and three horizontal lines," American pedagogy must be far on the road to absurdity. Such are its obvious defects, indeed, that to our thinking it is much to say for it that it has given the people intelligence enough to be dissatisfied with it, — and of this we find abundant evidence when we turn to that portion of the reports furnished by the school committees and town superintendents.

To these local officers and their constituents, the mere fact of having a liberally supported public-school system is getting to be no longer a sufficient source of pride and satisfaction. And all through their reports, the increase of crime, the lowered tone of political and other morality that has of late become so conspicuous among us, and the prevailing scarcity of skilled and conscientious labor are alluded to as reasons for scrutinizing the national education more closely than hitherto. Of the seven million two hundred thousand pupils in the schools of the country, seven millions go no further than the grammar schools; and parents are finding out that after six or seven years spent in the dry and narrow curriculum of the grammar classes, namely, reading, writing, spelling, grammar, arithmetic, and geography, the majority of their offspring leave school at fourteen knowing very little of even these few poor studies, and nothing of all the worlds of nature, of humanity, or of skill. "Too much grammar and arithmetic" is rapidly getting to be a popular cry, and it is one that the universities will echo; for so far as we can gather, the leading mathematicians and philologists of the country maintain that these studies are not only overtaught in the public schools, but are taught in the worst possible way. There is a growing desire that the natural sciences, at least, shall be introduced into the grammar schools, and we are glad to say that in Prattville, Connecticut, and in Springfield, Massachusetts, botany is now being taught in such schools, while Hooker's interesting Child's Book of Nature is helping on the cause in the city grammar schools of Eastern Massachusetts. More frequent and more serious are the complaints of the want of instruction in morals and manners. Says a Maine gentleman, "They are *entirely neglected* in our schools." Another remarks that "crime in our country is due more to moral than to intellectual blindness;" a statement that is borne out by statistics, since only twenty-two per cent. of our criminals are illiterate. The radical separation which the jealousies of our foreign population, chiefly, have made between the so-called secular and religious instruction, was certainly not anticipated by the original founders of the American school system, and is a question that will some day be met more earnestly than has hitherto been the case, — not in the way of contest, probably, but of supplementary agencies. To suppose that the inexperienced youths and young girls who mostly teach in our Sunday-schools can train up a vigorous and enlightened national *morale*, and to leave, as is now too much the custom, this solemn duty to them, is trifling with the gravest interest of the State indeed.

With the above exceptions, the main complaints of the school committees seem to be the absenteeism of children, the indifference of parents, and the inefficiency of teachers.

In regard to the first, the superintendents and committees generally favor a law making school attendance compulsory, as is the case in Connecticut, which, consequently, has a higher percentage of attendance than any other New England State. Massachusetts has a truant law, and the returns from the city of Boston show that where it is energetically carried out, it proves as efficacious as a compulsory one. Where all children are compelled to go to school, however, and corporal punishment is abolished beside, the protection of the teacher and of the orderly pupils alike requires special schools for the truants and the unmanageable, and these now exist in several of the counties of Massachusetts. As for the parents, very many of the school committees are urgent and almost pathetic in their appeals to them to visit the schools and see what is going on there for themselves. In Maine it is said to be the fact that while the population is stationary the school children decrease, and a Vermonter remarks that on account of children "being so few now in families, they are so petted and spoiled that the teachers can do nothing with them." Throughout the reports, parents are more blamed for any insubordination in the schools than the teachers; apparently they often fail to uphold the teach-

ers, and to cause them to be respected by the children. And finally, as to these same beleaguered teachers, we find no end to the complaints, and no stint to the demands, though sometimes, too, there is very generous praise. To us it would seem that a uniform system of State examinations and graded certificates is simply indispensable, unless it is *expected* that many of the schools of a State are to fall below its desired standard. But after all, as is the pay, so must the work be. There is no vocation that calls for such mental, moral, and emotional expenditure as that of the teacher; none which requires a longer or more thorough training before ease and mastery can be attained in it; yet there is nothing in the pay or the position of the mass of our teachers (that is to say, the women teachers) to warrant them in bringing any more to it than they do. The drudgery of the profession, only, is freely open to them, not its prizes. For instance, Massachusetts is put down as spending $19.38 *per capita* on her school children, Rhode Island $13.59, and Connecticut $11.60. Part of the excess in Massachusetts is owing to the very high average of the salaries paid to her male teachers, this being $93.50 a month, while in Rhode Island it is but $75.72, and in Connecticut but $69.03. Her female teachers, on the contrary, are at a disadvantage, their average monthly salaries being but $34.14, against $41.97 in Rhode Island, and $36.05 in Connecticut. Moreover, the average salaries of male teachers in Massachusetts have risen $8.56 a month within the past year, while those of female teachers have only gained $1.75 a month in the same time. And yet we learn from the Massachusetts Report that, beside their regular duties, the *female* teachers of the State are expected to qualify themselves out of school hours to teach singing and drawing, without any promise (that we can discover) of increased salaries; and this, too, when it is admitted that the new system of constant written examinations for children has immensely increased their labors! The average salary of the principals of the high schools of the State is $1400.00 per annum, and that of the school superintendents is probably still higher. The number of the latter is not given, but of the former there are in the State one hundred and ninety-four, scarcely any of whom are women, though the female teachers are as seven to one. Of course the best women educators, therefore, must continually be driven to private teaching for pecuniary success, since there can be few private schools which do not clear for their principals ten or fifteen hundred a year over school expenses. In short, there is no such effectual bar to effort and progress as the shutting of the door of hope to all advancement. There are indications in the reports that women teachers are tending to be more permanent in their places than men, and the people apparently prefer them where their preparation is equal. Many of them are the self-appointed janitors of the school-rooms without extra pay, and are interested in their cheerfulness and adornment. The committee in Medford, Massachusetts, say they are "satisfied that our teachers are much wiser than the system they feel constrained to follow, and that the text-books in common use are a delusion and a snare to all concerned." And a Taunton critic most justly remarks, "There is danger of *too much legislation* for teachers." This is a far more enlightened spirit than that of the Boston school committee, which two years ago stigmatized the petition of some of their women teachers against the introduction of a certain text-book, as an "indecorum." If school committees want slaves for their teachers, they can easily have them, but good slaves can never be good masters. Were the emoluments and dignities of the profession thrown open to all teachers alike, and could the best and most experienced of them be made members of the school committees *ex officio*, there would probably be a marked and rapid rise in the qualifications of the whole class.

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A FOREGONE CONCLUSION.

XVI.

FLORIDA swiftly mounted the terrace steps, but she stopped with her hand on the door, panting, and turned and walked slowly away to the end of the terrace, drying her eyes with dashes of her handkerchief, and ordering her hair, some coils of which had been loosened by her flight. Then she went back to the door, waited, and softly opened it. Her mother was not in the parlor where she had left her, and she passed noiselessly into her own room, where some trunks stood, open and half-packed, against the wall. She began to gather up the pieces of dress that lay upon the bed and chairs, and to fold them with mechanical carefulness and put them in the boxes. Her mother's voice called from the other chamber, "Is that you, Florida?"

"Yes, mother," answered the girl, but remained kneeling before one of the boxes, with that pale green robe in her hand which she had worn on the morning when Ferris had first brought Don Ippolito to see them. She smoothed its folds and looked down at it without making any motion to pack it away, and so she lingered while her mother advanced with one question after another: "What are you doing, Florida? Where are you? Why did n't you come to me?" and finally stood in the doorway. "Oh, you 're packing. Do you know, Florida, I 'm getting very impatient about going. I wish we could be off at once."

A tremor passed over the young girl, and she started from her languid posture and laid the dress in the trunk. "So do I, mother. I would give the world if we could go to-morrow!"

"Yes, but we can't, you see. I 'm afraid we 've undertaken a great deal, my dear. It 's quite a weight upon *my* mind, already; and I don't know what it *will* be. If we were free, now, I should say, go to-morrow, by all means. But we could n't arrange it with Don Ippolito on our hands."

Florida waited a moment before she replied. Then she said coldly, "Don Ippolito is not going with us, mother."

"Not going with us? Why" —

"He is not going to America. He will not leave Venice; he is to remain a priest," said Florida, doggedly.

Mrs. Vervain sat down in the chair that stood beside the door. "Not going to America; not leave Venice; remain a priest? Florida, you astonish me! But I am not the least surprised, not the least in the world. I thought Don Ippolito would give out, all along. He is not what I should call fickle, exactly, but he is weak, or timid, rather.

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He is a good man, but he lacks courage — resolution. I always doubted if he would succeed in America; he is too much of a dreamer. But this, really, goes a little beyond anything! I never expected this. What did he say, Florida? How did he excuse himself? "

"I hardly know; very little. What was there to say? "

"To be sure, to be sure! Did you try to reason with him, Florida? "

"No," answered the girl, drearily.

"I am glad of that. I think you had said quite enough already. You owed it to yourself not to do so, and he might have misinterpreted it. These foreigners are very different from Americans. No doubt we should have had a time of it, if he had gone with us. It must be for the best. I 'm sure it was ordered so. But all that does n't relieve Don Ippolito from the charge of black ingratitude, and want of consideration for us. He 's quite made fools of us."

"He was not to blame. It was a very great step for him. And if " . . .

"I know that. But he ought not to have talked of it. He ought to have known his own mind fully before speaking; that 's the only safe way. Well, then, there is nothing to prevent our going to-morrow."

Florida drew a long breath, and rose to go on with the work of packing.

"Have you been crying, Florida? Well, of course, you can't help feeling sorry for such a man. There 's a great deal of good in Don Ippolito, a great deal. But when you come to my age you won't cry so easily, my dear. It 's very trying," said Mrs. Vervain. She sat a while in silence before she asked: "Will he come here to-morrow morning? "

Her daughter looked at her with a glance of terrified inquiry.

"Do have your wits about you, my dear! We can't go away without saying good-by to him, and we can't go away without paying him."

"Paying him? "

"Yes, paying him — paying him for your lessons. It 's always been very awkward. He has n't been like other teachers, you know: more like a guest, or friend of the family. He never seemed to want to take the money, and of late, I 've been letting it run along, because I hated so to offer it, till now, it 's quite a sum. I suppose he needs it, poor fellow. And how to get it to him is the question. He may not come to-morrow, as usual, and I could n't trust it to the padrone. We might send it to him in a draft from Paris, but I 'd rather pay him before we go. Besides, it would be rather rude, going away without seeing him again." Mrs. Vervain thought a moment; then, "I 'll tell you," she resumed. "If he does n't happen to come here to-morrow morning, we can stop on our way to the station and give him the money."

Florida did not answer.

"Don't you think that would be a good plan? "

"I don't know," replied the girl in a dull way.

"Why, Florida, if you think from anything Don Ippolito said that he would rather not see us again — that it would be painful to him — why, we could ask Mr. Ferris to hand him the money."

"Oh no, no, no, mother! " cried Florida, hiding her face, "that would be too horribly indelicate! "

"Well, perhaps it would n't be quite good taste," said Mrs. Vervain perplexedly, "but you need n't express yourself so violently, my dear. It 's not a matter of life and death. I 'm sure I don't know what to do. We must stop at Don Ippolito's house, I suppose. Don't you think so? "

"Yes," faintly assented the daughter.

Mrs. Vervain yawned. "Well, I can't think anything more about it to-night; I 'm too stupid. But that 's the way we shall do. Will you help me to bed, my dear? I shall be good for nothing to-morrow."

She went on talking of Don Ippolito's change of purpose till her head touched the pillow, from which she suddenly lifted it again, and called out to her

daughter, who had passed into the next room: "But Mr. Ferris — why did n't he come back with you?"

"Come back with me?"

"Why yes, child. I sent him out to call you, just before you came in. This Don Ippolito business put him quite out of my head. Did n't you see him? . . . Oh! What 's that?"

"Nothing: I dropped my candle."

"You 're sure you did n't set anything on fire?"

"No. It went dead out."

"Light it again, and do look. Now is everything right?"

"Yes."

"It 's queer he did n't come back to *say* he could n't find you. What do you suppose became of him?"

"I don't know, mother."

"It 's very perplexing. I wish Mr. Ferris were not so odd. It quite borders on affectation. I don't know what to make of it. We must send word to him the very first thing to-morrow morning, that we 're going, and ask him to come to see us."

Florida made no reply. She sat staring at the black space of the doorway into her mother's room. Mrs. Vervain did not speak again. After a while her daughter softly entered her chamber, shading the candle with her hand; and seeing that she slept, softly withdrew, closed the door, and went about the work of packing again. When it was all done, she flung herself upon her bed and hid her face in the pillow.

The next morning was spent in bestowing those interminable last touches which the packing of ladies' baggage demands, and in taking leave with largess (in which Mrs. Vervain shone) of all the people in the house and out of it, who had so much as touched a hat to the Vervains during their sojourn. It was not a vast sum in all; nor did the sundry extortions of the padrone come to much, though the honest man racked his brain to invent injuries to his apartments and furniture. Being unmurmuringly paid, he gave way to his real goodwill for his tenants in many little useful offices. At the end he persisted in sending them to the station in his own gondola and could with difficulty be kept from going with them.

Mrs. Vervain had early sent a message to Ferris, but word came back a first and a second time that he was not at home, and the forenoon wore away and he had not appeared. A certain indignation sustained her till the gondola pushed out into the canal, and then it yielded to an intolerable regret that she should not see him.

"I *can't* go without saying good-by to Mr. Ferris, Florida," she said at last, "and it 's no use asking me. He may have been wanting a little in politeness, but he 's been *so* good all along; and we owe him too much not to make an effort to thank him before we go. We really must stop a moment at his house."

Florida, who had regarded her mother's efforts to summon Ferris to them with passive coldness, turned a look of terror upon her. But in a moment she bade the gondolier stop at the consulate, and dropping her veil over her face, fell back in the shadow of the tenda-curtains.

Mrs. Vervain sentimentalized their departure a little, but her daughter made no comment on the scene they were leaving.

The gondolier rang at Ferris's door and returned with the answer that he was not at home.

Mrs. Vervain gave way to despair. "Oh dear, oh dear! This is too bad! What shall we do?"

"We 'll lose the train, mother, if we loiter in this way," said Florida.

"Well, wait. I *must* leave a message at least."

"*How could you be away,*" she wrote on her card, "*when we called to say good-by? We 've changed our plans and we 're going to-day. I shall write you a nice scolding letter from Verona — we 're going over the Brenner — for your behavior last night. Who will keep you straight when I 'm gone? You 've been very, very kind. Florida joins me in a thousand thanks, regrets, and good-byes.*"

"There, I have n't said anything,

after all," she fretted, with tears in her eyes.

The gondolier carried the card again to the door, where Ferris's servant let down a basket by a string and fished it up.

"If Don Ippolito should n't be in," said Mrs. Vervain, as the boat moved on again, "I don't know what I *shall* do with this money. It will be awkward beyond anything."

The gondola slipped from the Canalazzo into the net-work of the smaller canals, where the dense shadows were as old as the palaces that cast them, and stopped at the landing of a narrow quay. The gondolier dismounted and rang at Don Ippolito's door. There was no response; he rang again and again. At last from a window of the uppermost story the head of the priest himself peered out. The gondolier touched his hat and said, "It is the ladies who ask for you, Don Ippolito."

It was a minute before the door opened, and the priest, bare-headed and blinking in the strong light, came with a stupefied air across the quay to the landing-steps.

"Well, Don Ippolito!" cried Mrs. Vervain, rising and giving him her hand, which she first waved at the trunks and bags piled up in the vacant space in the front of the boat, "what do you think of this? We are really going, immediately; *we* can change our minds too; and I don't think it would have been too much," she added with a friendly smile, "if we had gone without saying good-by to you. What in the world does it all mean, your giving up that grand project of yours so suddenly?"

She sat down again, that she might talk more at her ease, and seemed thoroughly happy to have Don Ippolito before her again.

"It finally appeared best, madama," he said quietly, after a quick, keen glance at Florida, who did not lift her veil.

"Well, perhaps you 're partly right. But I can't help thinking that you with your talent would have succeeded in America. Inventors do get on there, in the most surprising way. There 's the Screw Company of Providence. It 's such a simple thing; and now the shares are worth eight hundred. Are you well to-day, Don Ippolito?"

"Quite well, madama."

"I thought you looked rather pale. But I believe you 're always a little pale. You must n't work too hard. We shall miss you a great deal, Don Ippolito."

"Thanks, madama."

"Yes, we shall be quite lost without you. And I wanted to say this to you, Don Ippolito, that if ever you change your mind again, and conclude to come to America, you must write to me, and let me help you just as I had intended to do."

The priest shivered, as if cold, and gave another look at Florida's veiled face.

"You are too good," he said.

"Yes, I really think I am," replied Mrs. Vervain, playfully. "Considering that you were going to let me leave Venice without even trying to say good-by to me, I think I 'm very good indeed."

Mrs. Vervain's mood became overcast, and her eyes filled with tears: "I hope you 're sorry to have us going, Don Ippolito, for you know how very highly I prize your acquaintance. It was rather cruel of you, I think."

She seemed not to remember that he could not have known of their change of plan. Don Ippolito looked piteously into her face, and made a touching gesture of deprecation, but did not speak.

"I 'm really afraid you 're *not* well, and I think it 's too bad of us to be going," resumed Mrs. Vervain; "but it can't be helped now: we are all packed, don't you see. But I want to ask one favor of you, Don Ippolito; and that is," said Mrs. Vervain, covertly taking a little *rouleau* from her pocket, "that you 'll leave these inventions of yours for a while, and give yourself a vacation. You need rest of mind. Go into the country, somewhere, do. That 's what 's preying upon you. But we must really be off, now. Shake hands with Florida — I 'm going to be the last to part with you," she said, with a tearful smile.

Don Ippolito and Florida extended their hands. Neither spoke, and as she sank back upon the seat from which she had half risen, she drew more closely the folds of the veil which she had not lifted from her face.

Mrs. Vervain gave a little sob as Don Ippolito took her hand and kissed it; and she had some difficulty in leaving with him the rouleau, which she tried artfully to press into his palm. "Good-by, good-by," she said, "don't drop it," and attempted to close his fingers over it.

But he let it lie carelessly in his open hand, as the gondola moved off, and there it still lay as he stood watching the boat slip under a bridge at the next corner, and disappear. While he stood there gazing at the empty arch, a man of a wild and savage aspect approached. It was said that this man's brain had been turned by the death of his brother, who was betrayed to the Austrians after the revolution of '48, by his wife's confessor. He advanced with swift strides, and at the moment he reached Don Ippolito's side he suddenly turned his face upon him and cursed him through his clenched teeth: "Dog of a priest!"

Don Ippolito, as if his whole race had renounced him in the maniac's words, uttered a desolate cry, and hiding his face in his hands, tottered into his house.

The rouleau had dropped from his palm; it rolled down the shelving marble of the quay, and slipped into the water.

The young beggar who had held Mrs. Vervain's gondola to the shore while she talked, looked up and down the deserted quay, and at the doors and windows. Then he began to take off his clothes for a bath.

XVII.

Ferris returned at nightfall to his house, where he had not been since daybreak, and flung himself exhausted upon the bed. His face was burnt red with the sun, and his eyes were bloodshot. He fell into a doze and dreamed that he was still at Malamocco, whither he had gone that morning in a sort of craze, with some fishermen, who were to cast their nets there; then he was rowing back to Venice across the lagoon, that seemed a molten fire under the keel. He woke with a heavy groan, and bade Marina fetch him a light.

She set it on the table, and handed him the card Mrs. Vervain had left. He read it and read it again, and then he laid it down, and putting on his hat, he took his cane and went out. "Do not wait for me, Marina," he said, "I may be late. Go to bed."

He returned at midnight, and lighting his candle took up the card and read it once more. He could not tell whether to be glad or sorry that he had failed to see the Vervains again. He took it for granted that Don Ippolito was to follow; he would not ask himself what motive had hastened their going. The reasons were all that he should never more look upon the woman so hatefully lost to him, but a strong instinct of his heart struggled against them.

He lay down in his clothes, and began to dream almost before he began to sleep. He woke early, and went out to walk. He did not rest all day. Once he came home, and found a letter from Mrs. Vervain, postmarked Verona, reiterating her lamentations and adieux, and explaining that the priest had relinquished his purpose, and should not go to America at all. The deeper mystery in which this news left him was not less sinister than before.

In the weeks that followed, Ferris had no other purpose than to reduce the days to hours, the hours to minutes. The burden that fell upon him when he woke lay heavy on his heart till night, and oppressed him far into his sleep. He could not give his trouble certain shape; what was mostly with him was a formless loss, which he could not resolve into any definite shame or wrong. At times, what he had seen seemed to him some baleful trick of the imagination, some lurid and foolish illusion.

But he could do nothing, he could not

ask himself what the end was to be. He kept indoors all day, trying to work, trying to read, marveling somewhat that he did not fall sick and die. At night he set out on long walks, which took him he cared not where, and often detained him till the gray lights of morning began to tremble through the nocturnal blue. But even by night he shunned the neighborhood in which the Vervains had lived. Their landlord sent him a package of trifles they had left behind, but he refused to receive them, sending back word that he did not know where the ladies were. He had half expected that Mrs. Vervain, though he had not answered her last letter, might write to him again from England, but she did not. The Vervains had passed out of his world; he knew that they had been in it only by the torment they had left him.

He wondered in a listless way that he should see nothing of Don Ippolito. Once at midnight he fancied that the priest was coming towards him across a campo he had just entered; he stopped and turned back into the calle: when the priest came up to him, it was not Don Ippolito.

In these days Ferris received a dispatch from the Department of State, informing him that his successor had been appointed, and directing him to deliver up the consular flags, seals, archives, and other property of the United States. No reason for his removal was given; but as there had never been any reason for his appointment, he had no right to complain; the balance was exactly dressed by this simple device of our civil service. He determined not to wait for the coming of his successor before giving up the consular effects, and he placed them at once in the keeping of the worthy ship-chandler who had so often transferred them from departing to arriving consuls. Then, being quite ready at any moment to leave Venice, he found himself in nowise eager to go; but he began in a desultory way to pack up his sketches and studies.

One morning as he sat idle in his dismantled studio, Marina came to tell him that an old woman, waiting at the door below, wished to speak with him.

"Well, let her come up," said Ferris wearily; and presently Marina returned with a very ill-favored beldam, who stared hard at him while he frowningly puzzled himself as to where he had seen that malign visage before.

"Well?" he said harshly.

"I come," answered the old woman, "on the part of Don Ippolito Rondinelli, who desires so much to see your excellency."

Ferris made no response, while the old woman knotted the fringe of her shawl with quaking hands, and presently added with a tenderness in her voice which oddly discorded with the hardness of her face: "He has been very sick, poor thing, with a fever; but now he is in his senses again, and the doctors say he will get well. I hope so. But he is still very weak. He tried to write two lines to you, but he had not the strength; so he bade me bring you this word: That he had something to say which it greatly concerned you to hear, and that he prayed you to forgive his not coming to revere you, for it was impossible, and that you should have the goodness to do him this favor, to come to find him the quickest you could."

The old woman wiped her eyes with the corner of her shawl, and her chin wobbled pathetically while she shot a glance of baleful dislike at Ferris, who answered after a long dull stare at her, "Tell him I'll come."

He did not believe that Don Ippolito could tell him anything that greatly concerned him; but he was worn out with going round in the same circle of conjecture, and so far as he could be glad, he was glad of this chance to face his calamity. He would go, but not at once; he would think it over; he would go to-morrow, when he had got some grasp of the matter.

The old woman lingered.

"Tell him I'll come," repeated Ferris impatiently.

"A thousand excuses! but my poor master has been very sick. The doctors say he will get well. I hope so. But

he is very weak indeed; a little shock, a little disappointment . . . Is the signore very, *very* much occupied this morning? He greatly desired — he prayed that if such a thing were possible in the goodness of your excellency . . . But I am offending the signore!"

"What do you want?" demanded Ferris.

The old wretch set up a piteous whimper, and tried to possess herself of his hand; she kissed his coat-sleeve instead. "That you will return with me," she besought him.

"Oh, I'll go!" groaned the painter. "I might as well go first as last," he added in English. "There, stop that! Enough, enough, I tell you! Did n't I say I was going with you?" he cried to the old woman.

"God bless you!" she mumbled, and set off before him down the stairs and out of the door. She looked so miserably old and weary that he called a gondola to his landing and made her get into it with him.

It tormented Don Ippolito's idle neighborhood to see Veneranda arrive in such state, and a passionate excitement arose at the caffè, where the person of the consul was known, when Ferris entered the priest's house with her.

He had not often visited Don Ippolito, but the quaintness of the place had been so vividly impressed upon him, that he had a certain familiarity with the grape-arbor of the anteroom, the paintings of the parlor, and the puerile arrangement of the piano and melodeon. Veneranda led him through these rooms to the chamber where Don Ippolito had first shown him his inventions. They were all removed now, and on a bed, set against the wall opposite the door, lay the priest, with his hands on his breast, and a faint smile on his lips, so peaceful, so serene, that the painter stopped with a sudden awe, as if he had unawares come into the presence of death.

"Advance, advance," whispered the old woman.

Near the head of the bed sat a white-haired priest wearing the red stockings of a canonico; his face was fanatically stern; but he rose, and bowed courteously to Ferris.

The stir of his robes roused Don Ippolito. He slowly and weakly turned his head, and his eyes fell upon the painter. He made a helpless gesture of salutation with his thin hand, and began to excuse himself for the trouble he had given with a gentle politeness that touched the painter's heart through all the complex resentments that divided them. It was indeed a strange ground on which the two men met. Ferris could not have described Don Ippolito as his enemy, for the priest had wittingly done him no wrong; he could not have logically hated him as a rival, for till it was too late he had not confessed to his own heart the love that was in it; he knew no evil of Don Ippolito, he could not accuse him of any betrayal of trust, or violation of confidence. He felt merely that this hapless creature, lying so deathlike before him, had profaned, however involuntarily, what was sacredest in the world to him; beyond this all was chaos. He had heard of the priest's sickness with a fierce hardening of the heart; yet as he beheld him now, he began to remember things that moved him to a sort of remorse. He recalled the simple loyalty with which Don Ippolito had first spoken to him of Miss Vervain and tried to learn his own feeling toward her; he thought how trustfully at their last meeting the priest had declared his love and hope, and how, when he had coldly received his confession, Don Ippolito had solemnly adjured him to be frank with him; and Ferris could not. That pity for himself as the prey of fantastically cruel chances, which he had already vaguely felt, began now also to include the priest; ignoring all but that compassion, he went up to the bed and took the weak, chill, nerveless hand in his own.

The canonico rose and placed his chair for Ferris beside the pillow, on which lay a brass crucifix, and then softly left the room, exchanging a glance of affectionate intelligence with the sick man.

"I might have waited a little while," said Don Ippolito weakly, speaking in a hollow voice that was the shadow of his old deep tones, "but you will know how to forgive the impatience of a man not yet quite master of himself. I thank you for coming. I have been very sick, as you see; I did not think to live; I did not care. . . . I am very weak, now; let me say to you quickly what I want to say. Dear friend," continued Don Ippolito, fixing his eyes upon the painter's face, "I spoke to her that night after I had parted from you."

The priest's voice was now firm; the painter turned his face away.

"I spoke without hope," proceeded Don Ippolito, "and because I must. I spoke in vain; all was lost, all was past in a moment."

The coil of suspicions and misgivings and fears in which Ferris had lived was suddenly without a clew; he could not look upon the pallid visage of the priest lest he should now at last find there that subtle expression of deceit; the whirl of his thoughts kept him silent; Don Ippolito went on.

"Even if I had never been a priest, I would still have been impossible to her. She" . . .

He stopped as if for want of strength to go on. All at once he cried, "Listen!" and he rapidly recounted the story of his life, ending with the fatal tragedy of his love. When all was told, he said calmly, "But now, everything is over with me on earth. I thank the Infinite Compassion for the sorrows through which I have passed. I, also, have proved the miraculous power of the church, potent to save in all ages." He gathered the crucifix in his spectral grasp, and pressed it to his lips. "Many merciful things have befallen me on this bed of sickness. My uncle, whom the long years of my darkness divided from me, is once more at peace with me. Even that poor old woman whom I sent to call you, and who had served me as I believed with hate for me as a false priest in her heart, has devoted herself day and night to my helplessness; she has grown decrepit with her cares and vigils. Yes, I have had many and signal marks of the divine pity to be grateful for." He paused, breathing quickly, and then added, "They tell me that the danger of this sickness is past. But none the less I have died in it. When I rise from this bed, it shall be to take the vows of a Carmelite friar."

Ferris made no answer, and Don Ippolito resumed: —

"I have told you how, when I first owned to her the falsehood in which I lived, she besought me to try if I might not find consolation in the holy life to which I had been devoted. When you see her, dear friend, will you not tell her that I came to understand that this comfort, this refuge, awaited me in the cell of the Carmelite? I have brought so much trouble into her life that I would fain have her know I have found peace where she bade me seek it, that I have mastered my affliction by reconciling myself to it. Tell her that but for her pity and fear for me, I believe that I must have died in my sins."

It was perhaps inevitable from Ferris's Protestant association of monks and convents and penances chiefly with the machinery of fiction, that all this affected him as unreally as talk in a stage-play. His heart was cold, as he answered: "I am glad that your mind is at rest concerning the doubts which so long troubled you. Not all men are so easily pacified; but, as you say, it is the privilege of your church to work miracles. As to Miss Vervain, I am sorry that I cannot promise to give her your message. I shall never see her again. Excuse me," he continued, "but your servant said there was something you wished to say that concerned me."

"You will never see her again!" cried the priest, struggling to lift himself upon his elbow, and falling back upon the pillow. "Oh, bereft! Oh, deaf and blind! It was *you* that she loved! She confessed it to me that night."

"Wait!" said Ferris, trying to steady his voice, and failing; "I was with Mrs.

Vervain that night; she sent me into the garden to call her daughter, and I saw how Miss Vervain parted from the man she did not love! I saw" . . .

It was a horrible thing to have said it, he felt now that he had spoken; a sense of the indelicacy, the shamefulness, seemed to alienate him from all high concern in the matter, and to leave him a mere self-convicted eavesdropper. His face flamed; the wavering hopes, the wavering doubts alike died in his heart. He had fallen below the dignity of his own trouble.

"You saw, you saw," softly repeated the priest, without looking at him, and without any show of emotion; apparently, the convalescence that had brought him perfect clearness of reason had left his sensibilities still somewhat dulled. He closed his lips and lay silent. At last, he asked very gently, "And how shall I make you believe that what you saw was not a woman's love, but an angel's heavenly pity for me? Does it seem hard to believe this of her?"

"Yes," answered the painter doggedly, "it is hard."

"And yet it is the very truth. Oh, you do not know her, you never knew her! In the same moment that she denied me her love, she divined the anguish of my soul, and with that embrace she sought to console me for the friendlessness of a whole life, past and to come. But I know that I waste my words on you," he cried bitterly. "You never would see me as I was; you would find no singleness in me, and yet I had a heart as full of loyalty to you as love for her. In what have I been false to you?"

"You never were false to me," answered Ferris, "and God knows I have been true to you, and at what cost! We might well curse the day we met, Don Ippolito, for we have only done each other harm. But I never meant you harm. And now I ask you to forgive me if I cannot believe you. I cannot — yet. I am of another race from you, slow to suspect, slow to trust. Give me a little time; let me see you again. I want to go away and think. I don't question your truth. I'm afraid you don't know. I'm afraid that the same deceit has tricked us both. I must come to you to-morrow. Can I?"

He rose and stood beside the couch.

"Surely, surely," answered the priest, looking into Ferris's troubled eyes with calm meekness. "You will do me the greatest pleasure. Yes, come again to-morrow. You know," he said with a sad smile, referring to his purpose of taking vows, "that my time in the world is short. Adieu, to meet again!"

He took Ferris's hand, hanging weak and hot by his side, and drew him gently down by it, and kissed him on either bearded cheek. "It is our custom, you know, among *friends*. Farewell."

The canonico in the anteroom bowed austerely to him as he passed through; the old woman refused with a fierce "Nothing!" the money he offered her at the door.

He bitterly upbraided himself for the doubts he could not banish, and he still flushed with shame that he should have declared his knowledge of a scene which ought, at its worst, to have been inviolable by his speech. He scarcely cared now for the woman about whom these miseries grouped themselves; he realized that a fantastic remorse may be stronger than a jealous love.

He longed for the morrow to come, that he might confess his shame and regret; but a reaction to this violent repentance came before the night fell. As the sound of the priest's voice and the sight of his wasted face faded from the painter's sense, he began to see everything in the old light again. Then what Don Ippolito had said took a character of ludicrous, of insolent improbability.

After dark, Ferris set out upon one of his long, rambling walks. He walked hard and fast, to try if he might not still, by mere fatigue of body, the anguish that filled his soul. But whichever way he went he came again and again to the house of Don Ippolito, and at last he stopped there, leaning against the parapet of the quay, and staring at the house, as though he would spell from

the senseless stones the truth of the secret they sheltered. Far up in the chamber where he knew that the priest lay, the windows were dimly lit.

As he stood thus, with his upturned face haggard in the moonlight, the soldier commanding the Austrian patrol which passed that way halted his squad, and seemed about to ask him what he wanted there.

Ferris turned and walked swiftly homeward; but he did not even lie down. His misery took the shape of an intent that would not suffer him to rest. He meant to go to Don Ippolito and tell him that his story had failed of its effect, that he was not to be fooled so easily, and, without demanding anything further, to leave him in his lie.

At the earliest hour when he might hope to be admitted, he went, and rang the bell furiously. The door opened, and he confronted the priest's servant. "I want to see Don Ippolito," said Ferris abruptly.

"It cannot be," she began.

"I tell you I must," cried Ferris, raising his voice. "I tell you" . . .

"Madman!" fiercely whispered the old woman, shaking both her open hands in his face, "he 's dead! He died last night!"

XVIII.

The terrible stroke sobered Ferris; he woke from his long debauch of hate and jealousy and despair; for the first time since that night in the garden, he faced his fate with a clear mind. Death had set his seal forever to a testimony which he had been able neither to refuse nor to accept; in abject sorrow and shame he thanked God that he had been kept from dealing that last cruel blow; but if Don Ippolito had come back from the dead to repeat his witness, Ferris felt that the miracle could not change his own passive state. There was now but one thing in the world for him to do: to see Florida, to confront her with his knowledge of all that had been, and to abide by her word, whatever it was. At the worst, there was the war, whose drums had already called to him, for a refuge.

He thought at first that he might perhaps overtake the Vervains before they sailed for America, but he remembered that they had left Venice six weeks before. It seemed impossible that he could wait; but when he landed in New York, he was tormented in his impatience by a strange reluctance and hesitation. A fantastic light fell upon his plans; a sense of its wildness enfeebled his purpose. What was he going to do? Had he come four thousand miles to tell Florida that Don Ippolito was dead? Or was he going to say, "I have heard that you love me, but I don't believe it: is it true?"

He pushed on to Providence, stifling these antic misgivings as he might, and without allowing himself time to falter from his intent, he set out to find Mrs. Vervain's house. He knew the street and the number, for she had often given him the address in her invitations against the time when he should return to America. As he drew near the house a tender trepidation filled him and silenced all other senses in him; his heart beat thickly; the universe included only the fact that he was to look upon the face he loved, and this fact had neither past nor future.

But a terrible foreboding as of death seized him when he stood before the house, and glanced up at its close-shuttered front, and round upon the dusty grass-plots and neglected flower-beds of the door-yard. With a cold hand he rang and rang again, and no answer came. At last a man lounged up to the fence from the next house-door. "Guess you won't make anybody hear," he said, casually.

"Does n't Mrs. Vervain live in this house?" asked Ferris, finding a husky voice in his throat that sounded to him like some other's voice lost there.

"She used to, but she is n't at home. Family 's in Europe."

They had not come back yet.

"Thanks," said Ferris mechanically, and he went away. He laughed to him-

self at this keen irony of fortune: he was prepared for the confirmation of his doubts; he was ready for relief from them, Heaven knew; but this blank that the turn of the wheel had brought, this Nothing! . . .

The Vervains were as lost to him as if Europe were in another planet. How should he find them there? Besides, he was poor; he had no money to get back with, if he had wanted to return.

He took the first train to New York, and hunted up a young fellow of his acquaintance, who in the days of peace had been one of the governor's aides. He was still holding this place, and was an ardent recruiter. He hailed with rapture the expression of Ferris's wish to go into the war. "Look here!" he said after a moment's thought, "did n't you have some rank as a consul?"

"Yes," replied Ferris with a dreary smile, "I have been equivalent to a commander in the navy and a colonel in the army — I don't mean both, but either."

"Good!" cried his friend. "We must strike high. The colonelcies are rather inaccessible, just at present, and so are the lieutenant-colonelcies; but a majorship, now" . . .

"Oh no; don't!" pleaded Ferris. "Make me a corporal — or a cook. I shall not be so mischievous to our own side, then, and when the other fellows shoot me, I shall not be so much of a loss."

"Oh, they won't *shoot* you," expostulated his friend, high-heartedly. He got Ferris a commission as second lieutenant, and lent him money to buy a uniform.

Ferris's regiment was sent to a part of the Southwest, where he saw a good deal of fighting and fever and ague. At the end of two years, spent alternately in the field and the hospital, he was riding out near the camp one morning in unusual spirits, when two men in butternut fired at him: one had the mortification to miss him; the bullet of the other struck him in the arm. There was talk of amputation at first, but the case was finally managed without. In Ferris's state of health it was all the same an end of his soldiering.

He came North sick and maimed and poor. He smiled now to think of confronting Florida in any imperative or challenging spirit; but the current of his hopeless melancholy turned more and more towards her. He had once, at a desperate venture, written to her at Providence, but he had got no answer. He asked of a Providence man among the artists in New York, if he knew the Vervains; the Providence man said that he did know them a little when he was much younger; they had been abroad a great deal; he believed in a dim way that they were still in Europe. The young one, he added, used to have a temper of her own.

"Indeed!" said Ferris stiffly.

The one fast friend whom he found in New York was the governor's dashing aide. The enthusiasm of this recruiter of regiments had not ceased with Ferris's departure for the front; the number of disabled officers forbade him to lionize any one of them, but he befriended Ferris; he made a feint of discovering the open secret of his poverty, and asked how he could help him.

"I don't know," said Ferris; "it looks like a hopeless case, to me."

"Oh no it is n't," retorted his friend, as cheerfully and confidently as he had promised him that he should not be shot. "Did n't you bring back any pictures from Venice with you?"

"I brought back a lot of sketches and studies. I 'm sorry to say that I loafed a good deal there; I used to feel that I had eternity before me; and I was a theorist and a purist and an idiot generally. There are none of them fit to be seen."

"Never mind; let 's look at them."

They hunted out Ferris's property from a catch-all closet in the studio of a sculptor with whom he had left them, and who expressed a polite pleasure in handing them over to Ferris rather than to his heirs and assigns.

"Well, I 'm not sure that I share your satisfaction, old fellow," said the

painter ruefully; but he unpacked the sketches.

Their inspection certainly revealed a disheartening condition of half-work. "And I can't do anything to help the matter for the present," groaned Ferris, stopping midway in the business, and making as if to shut the case again.

"Hold on," said his friend. "What's this? Why, this is n't so bad."

It was the study of Don Ippolito as a Venetian priest, which Ferris beheld with a stupid amaze, remembering that he had meant to destroy it, and wondering how it had got where it was, but not really caring much. "It 's worse than you can imagine," he said, still looking at it with this apathy.

"No matter; I want you to sell it to me. Come!"

"I can't!" replied Ferris. "It would be flat burglary."

"Then put it into the exhibition."

The sculptor, who had gone back to scraping the chin of the famous public man on whose bust he was at work, stabbed him to the heart with his modeling-tool, and turned to Ferris and his friend. He slanted his broad red beard for a sidelong look at the picture, and said: "I know what you mean, Ferris. It 's hard, and it 's feeble in some ways; and it looks a little too much like experimenting. But it *is* n't so *infernally* bad."

"Don't be fulsome," responded Ferris, jadedly. He was thinking in a thoroughly vanquished mood what a tragico-comic end of the whole business it was that poor Don Ippolito should come to his rescue in this fashion, and as it were offer to succor him in his extremity. He perceived the shamefulness of suffering such help; it would be much better to starve; but he felt cowed, and he had not courage to take arms against this sarcastic destiny, which had pursued him with a mocking smile from one lower level to another. He rubbed his forehead and brooded upon the picture. At least it would be some comfort to be rid of it; and Don Ippolito was dead; and to whom could it mean more than the face of it?

His friend had his way about framing it, and it was got into the exhibition. The hanging-committee offered it the hospitalities of an obscure corner; but it was there, and it stood its chance. Nobody seemed to know that it was there, however, unless confronted with it by Ferris's friend, and then no one seemed to care for it, much less want to buy it. Ferris saw so many much worse pictures sold all around it, that he began gloomily to respect it. At first it had shocked him to see it on the Academy's wall; but it soon came to have no other relation to him than that of creatureship, like a poem in which a poet celebrates his love or laments his dead, and sells for a price. His pride as well as his poverty was set on having the picture sold; he had nothing to do, and he used to lurk about, and see if it would not interest somebody at last. But it remained unsold throughout May, and well into June, long after the crowds had ceased to frequent the exhibition, and only chance visitors from the country straggled in by twos and threes.

One warm, dusty afternoon, when he turned into the Academy out of Fourth Avenue, the empty hall echoed to no footfall but his own. A group of weary women, who wore that look of wanting lunch which characterizes all picture-gallery-goers at home and abroad, stood faint before a certain large Venetian subject which Ferris abhorred, and the very name of which he spat out of his mouth with loathing for its unreality. He passed them with a fierce glance, as he took his way toward the retired spot where his own painting hung.

A lady whose crapes would have betrayed to her own sex the latest touch of Paris stood a little way back from it, and gazed fixedly at it. The pose of her head, her whole attitude, expressed a quiet dejection; without seeing her face one could know its air of pensive wistfulness. Ferris resolved to indulge himself in a near approach to this unwonted spectacle of interest in his picture, at the sound of his steps the lady slowly turned a face of somewhat heavily molded beauty, and from low-growing,

thick pale hair and level brows, stared at him with the sad eyes of Florida Vervain. She looked fully the last two years older.

As though she were listening to the sound of his steps in the dark instead of having him there visibly before her, she kept her eyes upon him with a dreamy unrecognition.

"Yes, it is I," said Ferris, as if she had spoken.

She recovered herself, and with a subdued, sorrowful quiet in her old directness, she answered, "I supposed you must be in New York;" and she indicated that she had supposed so from seeing this picture.

Ferris felt the blood mounting to his head. "Do you think it is like?" he asked.

"No," she said, "it is n't just to him; it attributes things that did n't belong to him, and it leaves out a great deal."

"I could scarcely have hoped to please you in a portrait of Don Ippolito." Ferris saw the red light break out as it used on the girl's pale cheeks, and her eyes dilate angrily. He went on recklessly: "He sent for me after you went away, and gave me a message for you. I never promised to deliver it, but I will do so now. He asked me to tell you when we met, that he had acted on your desire, and had tried to reconcile himself to his calling and his religion; he was going to enter a Carmelite convent."

Florida made no answer, but she seemed to expect him to go on, and he was constrained to do so.

"He never carried out his purpose," Ferris said, with a keen glance at her; "he died the night after I saw him."

"Died?" The fan and the parasol and the two or three light packages she had been holding slid down one by one, and lay at her feet. "Thank you for bringing me his last words," she said, but did not ask him anything more.

Ferris did not offer to gather up her things; he stood irresolute; presently he continued with a downcast look: "He had had a fever, but they thought he was getting well. His death must have been sudden." He stopped, and resumed fiercely, resolved to have the worst out: "I went to him, with no good-will toward him, the next day after I saw him; but I came too late. That was God's mercy to me. I hope you have your consolation, Miss Vervain."

It maddened him to see her so little moved, and he meant to make her share his remorse.

"Did he blame me for anything?" she asked.

"No!" said Ferris, with a bitter laugh, "he praised you."

"I am glad of that," returned Florida, "for I have thought it all over many times, and I know that I was not to blame, though at first I blamed myself. I never intended him anything but good. That is *my* consolation, Mr. Ferris. But you," she added, "you seem to make yourself my judge. Well, and what do *you* blame me for? I have a right to know what is in your mind."

The thing that was in his mind had rankled there for two years; in many a black reverie of those that alternated with his moods of abject self-reproach and perfect trust of her, he had confronted her and flung it all out upon her in one stinging phrase. But he was now suddenly at a loss; the words would not come; his torment fell dumb before her; in her presence the cause was unspeakable. Her lips had quivered a little in making that demand, and there had been a corresponding break in her voice.

"Florida! Florida!" Ferris heard himself saying, "I loved you all the time!"

"Oh indeed, did you love me?" she cried, indignantly, while the tears shone in her eyes. "And was that why you left a helpless young girl to meet that trouble alone? Was that why you refused me your advice, and turned your back on me, and snubbed me? Oh, many thanks for your love!" She dashed the gathered tears angrily away, and went on. "Perhaps you knew, too, what that poor priest was thinking of?"

"Yes," said Ferris, stolidly, "I did at last: he told me."

"Oh, then you acted generously and nobly to let him go on! It was kind to him, and very, very kind to me!"

"What could I do?" demanded Ferris, amazed and furious to find himself on the defensive. "His telling me put it out of my power to act."

"I 'm glad that you can satisfy yourself with such a quibble! But I wonder that you can tell *me* — *any* woman of it!"

"By Heavens, this is atrocious!" cried Ferris. "Do you think . . . Look here!" he went on rudely. "I 'll put the case to you, and you shall judge it. Remember that I was such a fool as to be in love with you. Suppose Don Ippolito had told me that he was going to risk everything — going to give up home, religion, friends — on the ten thousandth part of a chance that you might some day care for him. I did not believe he had even so much chance as that; but he had always thought me his friend, and he trusted me. Was it a quibble that kept me from betraying him? I don't know what honor is among women; but no *man* could have done it. I confess to my shame that I went to your house that night longing to betray him. And then suppose your mother sent me into the garden to call you, and I saw . . . what has made my life a hell of doubt for the last two years; what . . . No, excuse me! I can't put the case to you after all."

"What do you mean?" asked Florida. "I don't understand you!"

"What do I mean? You don't understand? Are you so blind as that, or are you making a fool of me? What could I think but you had played with that priest's heart till your own" . . .

"Oh!" cried Florida with a shudder, starting away from him, "did you think I was such a wicked girl as that?"

It was no defense, no explanation, no denial; it simply left the case with Ferris as before. He stood looking like a man who does not know whether to bless or curse himself, to laugh or blaspheme.

She stooped and tried to pick up the things she had let fall upon the floor; but she seemed not able to find them. He bent over, and, gathering them together, returned them to her with his left hand, keeping the other in the breast of his coat.

"Thanks," she said; and then after a moment, "Have you been hurt?" she asked timidly.

"Yes," said Ferris in a sulky way. "I have had my share." He glanced down at his arm askance. "It 's rather conventional," he added. "It is n't much of a hurt; but then, I was n't much of a soldier."

The girl's eyes looked reverently at the conventional arm; those were the days, so long past, when women worshiped men for such things. But she said nothing, and as Ferris's eyes wandered to her, he received a novel and painful impression. He said, hesitatingly, "I have not asked before: but your mother, Miss Vervain — I hope she is well?"

"She is dead," answered Florida, with stony quiet.

They both were silent for a time. Then Ferris said, "I had a great affection for your mother."

"Yes," said the girl, "she was fond of you, too. But you never wrote or sent her any word; it used to grieve her."

Her unjust reproach went to his heart, so long preoccupied with its own troubles; he recalled with a tender remorse the old Venetian days and the kindliness of the gracious, silly woman who had seemed to like him so much; he remembered the charm of her perfect ladylikeness, and of her winning, weak-headed desire to make every one happy to whom she spoke; the beauty of the good-will, the hospitable soul that in an imaginably better world than this will outvalue a merely intellectual or æsthetic life. He humbled himself before her memory, and as keenly reproached himself as if he could have made her hear from him at any time during the past two years. He could only say, "I am sorry that I gave your

mother pain; I loved her very truly. I hope that she did not suffer much before" —

"No," said Florida, "it was a peaceful end; but finally it was very sudden. She had not been well for many years, with that sort of decline; I used sometimes to feel troubled about her before we came to Venice; but I was very young. I never was really alarmed till that day I went to you."

"I remember," said Ferris, contritely.

"She had fainted, and I thought we ought to see a doctor; but afterwards, because I thought that I ought not to do so without speaking to her, I did not go to the doctor; and that day we made up our minds to get home as soon as we could; and she seemed so much better, for a while; and then, everything seemed to happen at once. When we did start home, she could not go any farther than Switzerland, and in the fall we went back to Italy. We went to Sorrento, where the climate seemed to do her good. But she was growing frailer the whole time. She died in March. I found some old friends of hers in Naples, and came home with them."

The girl hesitated a little over the words, which she nevertheless uttered unbroken, while the tears fell quietly down her face. She seemed to have forgotten the angry words that had passed between her and Ferris, to remember him only as one who had known her mother, while she went on to relate some little facts in the history of her mother's last days; and she rose into a higher, serener atmosphere, inaccessible to his resentment or his regret, as she spoke of her loss. The simple tale of sickness and death inexpressibly belittled his passionate woes, and made them look theatrical to him. He hung his head as they turned at her motion and walked away from the picture of Don Ippolito, and down the stairs toward the street-door; the people before the other Venetian picture had apparently yielded to their craving for lunch, and had vanished.

"I have very little to tell you of my own life," Ferris began awkwardly. "I came home soon after you started, and I went to Providence to find you, but you had not got back."

Florida stopped him and looked perplexedly into his face, and then moved on.

"Then I went into the army. I wrote once to you."

"I never got your letter," she said.

They were now in the lower hall, and near the door.

"Florida," said Ferris, abruptly, "I'm poor and disabled; I've no more right than any sick beggar in the street to say it to you; but I loved you, I must always love you. I— Good-by!"

She halted him again, and "You said," she grieved, "that you doubted me; you said that I had made your life a" —

"Yes, I said that; I know it," answered Ferris.

"You thought I could be such a false and cruel girl as that!"

"Yes, yes: I thought it all, God help me!"

"When I was only sorry for him, when it was you that I" —

"Oh, I know it," answered Ferris in a heartsick, hopeless voice. "He knew it, too. He told me so the day before he died."

"And did n't you believe him?"

Ferris could not answer.

"Do you believe him now?"

"I believe anything you tell me. When I look at you, I can't believe I ever doubted you."

"Why?"

"Because — because — I love you."

"Oh! That 's no reason."

"I know it; but I'm used to being without a reason."

Florida looked gravely at his penitent face, and a brave red color mantled her own, while she advanced an unanswerable argument: "Then what are you going away for?"

The world seemed to melt and float away from between them. It returned and solidified at the sound of the janitor's steps as he came towards them

on his round through the empty building. Ferris caught her hand; she leaned heavily upon his arm as they walked out into the street. It was all they could do at the moment except to look into each other's faces, and walk swiftly on.

At last, after how long a time he did not know, Ferris cried: "Where are we going, Florida?"

"Why, I don't know!" she replied. "I'm stopping with those friends of ours at the Fifth Avenue Hotel. We *were* going on to Providence to-morrow. We landed yesterday; and we stayed to do some shopping" —

"And may I ask why you happened to give your first moments in America to the fine arts?"

"The fine arts? Oh! I thought I might find something of yours, there!"

At the hotel she presented him to her party as a friend whom her mother and she had known in Italy; and then went to lay aside her hat. The Providence people received him with the easy, half-southern warmth of manner which seems to have floated northward as far as their city on the Gulf Stream bathing the Rhode Island shores. The matron of the party had, before Florida came back, an outline history of their acquaintance, which she evolved from him with so much tact that he was not conscious of parting with information; and she divined indefinitely more when she saw them together again. She was charming; but to Ferris's thinking she had a fault, — she kept him too much from Florida, though she talked of nothing else, and at the last she was discreetly merciful.

"Do you think," whispered Florida, very close against his face, when they parted, "that I'll have a bad temper?"

"I hope you will — or I shall be killed with kindness," he replied.

She stood a moment, nervously buttoning his coat across his breast. "You must n't let that picture be sold, Henry," she said, and by this touch alone did she express any sense, if she had it, of his want of feeling in proposing to sell it. He winced, and she added with a soft pity in her voice, "He did bring us together, after all. I wish you had believed him, dear!"

"So do I," said Ferris, most humbly.

People are never equal to the romance of their youth in after life, except by fits, and Ferris especially could not keep himself at what he called the operatic pitch of their brief betrothal and the early days of their marriage. With his help, or even his encouragement, his wife might have been able to maintain it. She had a gift for idealizing him, at least, and as his hurt healed but slowly, and it was a good while before he could paint with his wounded arm, it was an easy matter for her to believe in the mean while that he would have been the greatest painter of his time, but for his honorable disability; to hear her, you would suppose no one else had ever been shot in the service of his country.

It was fortunate for Ferris, since he could not work, that she had money; in exalted moments he had thought this a barrier to their marriage; yet he could not recall any one who had refused the hand of a beautiful girl because of the accident of her wealth, and in the end he silenced his scruples. It might be said that in many other ways he was not her equal; but one ought to reflect how very few men are worthy of their wives in any sense. After his fashion he certainly loved her always, — even when she tried him most, for it must be owned that she really had that hot temper which he had dreaded in her from the first. Not that her imperiousness directly affected him. For a long time after their marriage, she seemed to have no other desire than to lose her outwearied will in his. There was something a little pathetic in this; there was a kind of bewilderment in her gentleness, as though the relaxed tension of her long self-devotion to her mother left her without a full motive; she apparently found it impossible to give herself with a satisfactory degree of abandon to a man who could do so many things for

himself. When her children came they filled this vacancy, and afforded her scope for the greatest excesses of self-devotion. Ferris laughed to find her protecting them and serving them with the same tigerish tenderness, the same haughty humility, as that with which she used to care for poor Mrs. Vervain; and he perceived that this was merely the direction away from herself of that intense arrogance of nature which, but for her power and need of loving, would have made her intolerable. What she chiefly exacted from them in return for her fierce devotedness was the truth in everything; she was content that they should be rather less fond of her than of their father, whom indeed they found much more amusing.

The Ferrises went to Europe some years after their marriage, revisiting Venice, but sojourning for the most part in Florence. Ferris had once imagined that the tragedy which had given him his wife would always invest her with the shadow of its sadness, but in this he was mistaken. There is nothing has really so strong a digestion as love, and this is very lucky, seeing what manifold experiences love has to swallow and assimilate; and when they got back to Venice, Ferris found that the customs of their joint life exorcised all the dark associations of the place. These simply formed a sombre background, against which their wedded happiness relieved itself. They talked much of the past, with free minds, unashamed and unafraid. If it is a little shocking, it is nevertheless true, and true to human nature, that they spoke of Don Ippolito as if he were a part of their love.

Ferris had never ceased to wonder at what he called the unfathomable innocence of his wife, and he liked to go over all the points of their former life in Venice, and bring home to himself the utter simplicity of her girlish ideas, motives, and designs, which both confounded and delighted him.

"It 's amazing, Florida," he would say, "it 's perfectly amazing that you should have been willing to undertake the job of importing into America that poor fellow with his whole stock of helplessness, dreamery, and unpracticality. What *were* you about?"

"Why, I 've often told you, Henry. I thought he ought n't to continue a priest."

"Yes, yes; I know." Then he would remain lost in thought, softly whistling to himself. On one of these occasions he asked, "Do you think he was really very much troubled by his false position?"

"I can't tell, now. He seemed to be so."

"That story he told you of his childhood and of how he became a priest; did n't it strike you at the time like rather a made-up, melodramatic history?"

"No, no! How can you say such things, Henry? It was too simple not to be true."

"Well, well. Perhaps so. But he baffles me. He always did, for that matter."

Then came another pause, while Ferris lay back upon the gondola cushions, getting the level of the Lido just under his hat-brim.

"Do you think he was very much of a skeptic, after all, Florida?"

Mrs. Ferris turned her eyes reproachfully upon her husband. "Why, Henry, how strange you are! You said yourself, once, that you used to wonder if he were not a skeptic."

"Yes; I know. But for a man who had lived in doubt so many years, he certainly slipped back into the bosom of mother church pretty suddenly. Don't you think he was a person of rather light feelings?"

"I can't talk with you, my dear, if you go on in that way."

"I don't mean any harm. I can see how in many things he was the soul of truth and honor. But it seems to me that even the life he lived was largely imagined. I mean that he was such a dreamer that once having fancied himself afflicted at being what he was, he could go on and suffer as keenly as if he really were troubled by it. Why might n't it be that all his doubts came from anger and resentment towards those

who made him a priest, rather than from any examination of his own mind? I don't say it *was* so. But I don't believe he knew quite what he wanted. He must have felt that his failure as an inventor went deeper than the failure of his particular attempts. I once thought that perhaps he had a genius in that way, but I question now whether he had. If he had, it seems to me he had opportunity to prove it — certainly, as a priest he had leisure to prove it. But when that sort of sub-consciousness of his own inadequacy came over him, it was perfectly natural for him to take refuge in the supposition that he had been baffled by circumstances."

Mrs. Ferris remained silently troubled. "I don't know how to answer you, Henry; but I think that you 're judging him narrowly and harshly."

"Not harshly. I feel very compassionate towards him. But now, even as to what one might consider the most real thing in his life, — his caring for you, — it seems to me there must have been a great share of imagined sentiment in it. It was not a passion; it was a gentle nature's dream of a passion."

"He did n't die of a dream," said the wife.

"No, he died of a fever."

"He had got well of the fever."

"That 's very true, my dear. And whatever his head was, he had an affectionate and faithful heart. I wish I had been gentler with him. I must often have bruised that sensitive soul. God knows I 'm sorry for it. But he 's a puz zle — he 's a puzzle!"

Thus lapsing more and more into a mere problem, as the years have passed, Don Ippolito has at last ceased to be even the memory of a man with a passionate love and a mortal sorrow. Perhaps this final effect in the mind of him who has realized the happiness of which the poor priest vainly dreamed is not the least tragic phase of the tragedy of Don Ippolito.

W. D. Howells.

NOVEMBER.

A HINT of slumber in the wind,
  A dreamful stir of blades and stalks,
As tenderly the twilight flows
  Down all my garden walks.

My robes of work are thrown aside,
  The odor of the grass is sweet,
The pleasure of a day well spent
  Bathes me from head to feet.

Calmly I wait the dreary change —
  The season cutting sharp and sheer
Through the wan bowers of death that fringe
  The border of the year.

And while I muse, the fated earth
  Into a colder current dips, —
Feels winter's scourge with summer's kiss
  Still warm upon her lips.

James Maurice Thompson.

CONTRASTS BETWEEN ENGLISH SCENERY AND OUR OWN.

I HAVE never been so struck with the sublimity of great cities as in August eventides in the depths of dog-days. At such an hour, when in London, I used to go to Trafalgar Square. Instead of the usual paltry plots of grass, that square has a broad floor of stone, which immensely enhances its impressiveness.[1] Only a few weary feet broke the stillness of the place. The golden clouds of dust choked the vistas of the streets. Silently out of their grimy mouths the fountains glided. I heard all round the desolate roar of the city. The granite column seemed borne upward, and to swim in the air, and Nelson from its summit looked far away to Egypt and the Nile.

Art is stronger than nature in the old countries. Nowhere in England do you ever get well out of London; the town inflames the island to its extremities. London is strong as disease is strong. Many a time, swinging about the streets in the "gondola of London," the hansom cab, I have wondered that so great a place should be so *low*, should have so little height. The inequalities on the surface of an orange, we are told, vastly exaggerate the hills and valleys of the globe. London is scarcely higher than if the surface of the earth upon which it lies had been scratched with a file. Yet so potent has it been to change the entire face of that part of the world which it dominates!

Nature has been chased out of England into the sea. In Europe, man is scarcely conscious of the presence of nature. Here, nature is scarcely conscious of the presence of man. Perhaps, indeed, on our Atlantic border, she is just waking to a sense that her rest is broken by the foot of the intruder. But in England nature has been quite subjugated. The fence and the furrow are everywhere. You find yourself by a lonely tarn at the bottom of a sweet-breathing ravine, and you say, "Surely here is something primeval;" but you have only to look up to where the sharp back of the mountain cuts the sky, to see a stone fence riding it with a giddy tenacity, and holding on for dear life. We miss the feelings with which newer and wilder scenes inspire us. English scenery is always pleasing, perhaps the most agreeable for any common condition of mind that can be found. Nowhere is there such a pretty country to have picnics in. What wind so careless as that which fans the cheeks of August tourists, whose table is spread half-way up some hill-side in Devon? In the morning, when the youth of the day supplements the age of nature, then we see the English landscape in its best. The air is sweet and the sod greener than elsewhere, and the foldings of the hills and hollows are lovely and surprising. But the beauty is for the eye; it fails to touch the heart. This seemed to be true even of the scenery in Wales. It was very impressive. The Welsh mountains were very old; the wind of the heather wandered gravely from the sweet, sad fields of the most distant past; the verdure of the margin of that shining estuary that sets up to Dollgelly, through the greenest green, is enriched by the yellow of the buttercups.

Nevertheless there was an incompleteness that I could not suppose to be altogether in myself, for the ocean had its moods as sublime or bright as where its evening waves flow round the light-ship at Sandy Hook. The waters came to the cottage thresholds and to the gates of the gardens. Late one afternoon as I sat looking over the blue, bright ocean, there came under my window a proud-stepping fellow with a plaid, and a feather in his bonnet, playing upon the bagpipes. A pure and stainless sunset was

1 There is a profuse and profound wealth of fancy and expression in this line of one of the sonnets of Shakespeare, —

"Than unswept stone besmeared with sluttish time."

approaching. The sweet breeze from the heather ran about the streets at will. Far out over the quiet, flickering waters wandered the notes of the bagpipes, flew, and were wafted westward. The children danced about the piper, and their feet moved to the music and to the fast-changing moments of the sunset. But the landlord came out before the door bare-headed and rang the bell, and the bagpiper ceased suddenly and went away with the children, and the sun dropped down behind the wave, and I, with that rude haste with which we extinguish delights we know to be too evanescent, I went to dinner.

For the purposes of comfort the English climate is better than ours. I have heard this denied, but I am sure that it is so. One has only to remember that the fashionable hour for horseback riding in London is from twelve to two, in the summer months. Nobody can ride at that hour anywhere in this country. The equestrian here has a choice between sunrise, sunset, and moonlight, unless, as used to be common in the South, he rides with an umbrella. But for poetry and the observance of nature, our climate is the better. The English summer never commits itself. It is always lingering April or premature October. If you go out at night to walk in the moonlight or to sit by the sea-shore, you must take an overcoat. Here, about the last of June we have a sweltering week or two in which everybody unlearns the use of overcoats. We then understand that it is summer and that it will stay summer. To be sure, if you are in search of some poor, churlish spot where you may forego nature and the miracle of summer for the sake of keeping cool, you may find it on the coast of Maine. But if deeper pastimes entice you, and more verdurous hill-sides, if you would sit in some rose-embowered porch, while yet the blue mist lingers in the farthest recesses of the mountain gorge, then it is to the Susquehanna or the Kanawha you must go. There, where the chestnut shade cools the edge of the hot, humming meadow, you may lie, your hands stained with the dark, deep clover. On indolent afternoons your scow will float through those silent scenes, you hearing only the dull lapping of the river at the thirsty keel.

I may here say that one great disadvantage for any person desiring to look at an English landscape is the absence of good fences to sit upon; the ground is usually too damp to permit one to lie at full length. I missed very much the rail fences of my own country. I would come to a pretty prospect, and, my legs sinking under me, I would look about for a place to sit. The inhospitable landscape had not a single suggestion. There were no stones, and a hedge was of course not to be thought of. How different the stake-and-rider fences of this land of ours. The top rail of a good fence is as fine a seat as one can wish. Of course, much depends upon the shape and position of the rail. Sometimes the upper rail is sharp and knotted. But one has only to walk on for a rod or two, before a perfect seat can be found, and this point I have discovered to be the very best from which the scene may be viewed. It really appears as if the honest farmer had builded better than he knew. If there is one place from which to overlook a landscape, to be preferred to another, I have always found that nature, so far from betraying him that loved her, had actually put there the properly shaped rail at his disposal.

The streams of England are unclean. Waters that the poets have made famous smell abominably. Consider the task the poets would have, to immortalize all the running waters of our Atlantic slope. Unsung, unnamed even, with pure noises they hasten to their river-beds. For many miles by the railway which traverses North Wales, the Dee brawls along with a tumult of green waters. From the car window it looked enticing, and I thought I would stay over a day at Llangollen and walk along the banks. At Llangollen is The Hand, over which presides a gentle and unique landlady, who carries a bunch of keys, and greets you with that curious cramp of the knees called a courtesy. (If you would see a courtesy, you must go to England very

soon, for the radicals will have put a stop to it in a year or two more.) There was hanging in the coffee-room a picture of Sir William Somebody, the great man of the neighborhood. His left arm he rested upon the withers of a great black hunter, while his wife, buxom and beautiful, leaned upon the other. Some happy dogs were playing about his feet. There were two or three more engravings of the kind well known to frequenters of English inns. Upon a table in the middle of the room were the cold meats, the pies, the tarts, the custards, and the berries. In the corner, a lunch was spread for two collegians who were traveling with their tutor. All this you saw to the music of the old blind harper, who sat just outside the door, by the high clock in the windy hall. Here, too, was the prettiest girl I saw in Wales. She told me she was sixteen, and I believed her. You talk of strawberries and cream, — a namby-pamby and silly expression, — she was blackberries and cream. She was there with her brother Arthur, a youth two years older than herself, the guide, philosopher, and financier of the party; the pair were the children of a Bristol music teacher. We lunched together, and the girl cut the pie with her own hands. She had been twice to London. When I asked her where she stayed when she came there, she said, "At Mr. Hawkins's," as if that were enough. Was there ever such a delightful answer!

I tell this because it is only fair to Llangollen that I should. Any little nameless stream in the Shenandoah Valley is better than the Dee. But in the tavern near there would have been no landlady with the keys, nor the really good music of the harper, nor the table spread with tarts and berries, nor very likely the pretty girl. The green waters of the Dee, cool and clean enough a few rods off, I found, when I came nearer, washing over noisome, stinking rocks. I followed the slipping banks a mile or so, and then took the macadamized road that runs above the river. I very soon found my way back to the inn, and went with Arthur and his sister to a village entertainment. We sat upon the front bench, and saw a burlesque of the Field of the Cloth of Gold, performed by four metropolitan stars, upon a stage eight feet by twelve.

I have spoken of art as strong and of nature as weak in the Old World. In scenes in which art and nature mingle, England, I suppose, is unsurpassed. The little I saw of rural England was mainly on Sundays, and then I could rarely get far away from London. There are influences which nature appears to borrow from society. The Christian Sunday seems to impart to the pristine beauty of our own landscape an intenser purity. Here, where the virgin altars are set up in glades whose stillness is broken only by the noise of the primeval streams, where the spires shine afar over our summer wildernesses, the face of nature is conscious of the religion of man. There is, on a Sunday afternoon, in the long street which climbs the hill of a New England village, an unattainable severity, an almost bitter silence. On a Sunday morning when the village bells are silent, to me sitting under the trees of an orchard in blossom, there is in the air a strange reproof, a pungent purity, which renders obvious a canker in the midst of the blue sunlight and the bloom. These impressions must of course exist in England, though my occupations in London were such as to give me little leisure to taste the wild silences and asperities of the rural Sunday afternoon. In one of the few suburbs of London yet comparatively free from the ravages of convenience and respectability, there was an old green-walled garden-plot, to which I was permitted to repair at that hour. I sat alone upon a broken, dirty iron bench (I beg the T——s' pardon for calling their bench dirty), and under an old pear-tree. It was a long patch of sod and flowers. The brick walls were rent and decayed, and, except where the peach and the vine covered them, were green with moss and black with age. The neighboring gardens I only knew by the tops of the pear and may trees. No sound came from them save the rustle of

their greenery, which now and then disturbed the heart of the quiet hour. Of the children who played in them, of the maidens who knelt among their flowers, I knew nothing. The same sunshine and yellow haze filled them all, the same Sabbath silence. From out their narrow plots all looked upward to the same blue sky. I used to think that the gardens never ended, but lay side by side the island through, and that the sea washed them all around.

E. S. Nadal.

CADENABBIA.

No sound of wheels or hoof-beat breaks
  The silence of the summer day,
As by the loveliest of all lakes
  I while the idle hours away.

I pace the leafy colonnade,
  Where level branches of the plane
Above me weave a roof of shade
  Impervious to the sun and rain.

At times a sudden rush of air
  Flutters the lazy leaves o'erhead,
And gleams of sunshine toss and flare
  Like torches down the path I tread.

By Somariva's garden gate
  I make the marble stairs my seat,
And hear the water, as I wait,
  Lapping the steps beneath my feet.

The undulation sinks and swells
  Along the stony parapets,
And far away the floating bells
  Tinkle upon the fishers' nets.

Silent and slow, by tower and town
  The freighted barges come and go,
Their pendent shadows gliding down
  By town and tower submerged below.

The hills sweep upward from the shore,
  With villas scattered one by one
Upon their wooded spurs, and lower
  Bellaggio blazing in the sun.

And dimly seen, a tangled mass
  Of walls and woods, of light and shade,
Stands beckoning up the Stelvio Pass
  Varenna with its white cascade.

I ask myself, Is this a dream?
Will it all vanish into air?
Is there a land of such supreme
And perfect beauty anywhere?

Sweet vision! Do not fade away;
Linger until my heart shall take
Into itself the summer day,
And all the beauty of the lake.

Linger until upon my brain
Is stamped an image of the scene;
Then fade into the air again,
And be as if thou hadst not been.

Henry W. Longfellow.

A REBEL'S RECOLLECTIONS.

VII. THE END, AND AFTER.

It is impossible to say precisely when the conviction became general in the South that we were to be beaten. I cannot even decide at what time I myself began to think the cause a hopeless one, and I have never yet found one of my fellow-Confederates, though I have questioned many of them, who could tell me with any degree of certainty the history of his change from confidence to despondency. We schooled ourselves from the first to think that we should ultimately win, and the habit of thinking so was too strong to be easily broken by adverse events. Having undertaken to make good our declaration of independence, we refused to admit, even to ourselves, the possibility of failure. It was a part of our soldierly and patriotic duty to believe that ultimate success was to be ours, and Stuart only uttered the common thought of army and people, when he said, "We are bound to believe that, anyhow." We were convinced, beyond the possibility of a doubt, of the absolute righteousness of our cause, and in spite of history we persuaded ourselves that a people battling for the right could not fail in the end. And so our hearts went on hoping for success long after our heads had learned to expect failure. Besides all this, we never gave verbal expression to the doubts we felt, or even to the longing, which must have been universal, for the end. It was our religion to believe in the triumph of our cause, and it was heresy of the rankest sort to doubt it or even to admit the possibility of failure. It was ours to fight on indefinitely, and to the future belonged the award of victory to our arms. We did not allow ourselves even the poor privilege of wishing that the struggle might end, except as we coupled the wish with a pronounced confidence in our ability to make the end what we desired it to be. I remember very well the stern rebuke administered by an officer to as gallant a fellow as any in the army, who, in utter weariness and wretchedness, in the trenches at Spottsylvania Court House, after a night of watching in a drenching rain, said that he hoped the campaign then opening might be the last one of the war. His plea that he also hoped the war would end as we desired availed him nothing. To be weary in the cause was offense enough, and the officer gave warning that another such expression would sub-

ject the culprit to trial by court-martial. In this he only spoke the common mind. We had enlisted for the war, and a thought of weariness was hardly better than a wish for surrender. This was the temper in which we began the campaign of 1864, and so far as I have been able to discover, we remained in it to the end. Even during the final retreat, though there were many desertions soon after Richmond was left behind, not one of us who remained despaired of the end we sought. We discussed the comparative strategic merits of the line we had left and the new one we hoped to make on the Roanoke River, and we wondered where the seat of government would be, but not one word was said about a probable or possible surrender. Nor was the army alone in this. The people who were being left behind were confident that they should see us again shortly, on our way to Richmond's recapture.

Up to the hour of the evacuation of Richmond, the newspapers were as confident as ever of victory. During the fall of 1864 they even believed, or professed to believe, that our triumph was already at hand. The Richmond Whig of October 5, 1864, said: "That the present condition of affairs, compared with that of any previous year at the same season, at least since 1861, is greatly in our favor, we think can hardly be denied." In the same article it said: "That General Lee can keep Grant out of Richmond from this time until doomsday, if he should be tempted to keep up the trial so long, we are as confident as we can be of anything whatever." The Examiner of September 24, 1864, said in its leading editorial: "The final struggle for the possession of Richmond and of Virginia is now near. This war draws to a close. If Richmond is held by the South till the first of November it will be ours forever more; for the North will never throw another huge army into the abyss where so many lie; and the war will conclude, beyond a doubt, with the independence of the Southern States." In its issue for October 7, 1864, the same paper began its principal editorial article with this paragraph: "One month of spirit and energy now, and the campaign is over, and the war is over. We do not mean that if the year's campaign end favorably for us, McClellan will be elected as Yankee President. That may come, or may not come; but no part of our chance for an honorable peace and independence rests upon that. Let who will be Yankee President, with the failure of Grant and Sherman this year, the war ends. And with Sherman's army already isolated and cut off in Georgia, and Grant unable either to take or besiege Richmond, we have only to make one month's exertion in improving our advantages, and then it may safely be said that the fourth year's campaign, and with it the war itself, is one gigantic failure." The Richmond Whig of September 8, 1864, with great gravity copied from the Wytheville Dispatch an article beginning as follows: "Believing as we do that the war of subjugation is virtually over, we deem it not improper to make a few suggestions relative to the treatment of Yankees after the war is over. Our soldiers know how to treat them now, but *then* a different treatment will be necessary." And so they talked all the time.

Much of this was mere whistling to keep our courage up, of course, but we tried very hard to believe all these pleasant things, and in a measure we succeeded. And yet I think we must have known from the beginning of the campaign of 1864 that the end was approaching, and that it could not be other than a disastrous one. We knew very well that General Lee's army was smaller than it ever had been before. We knew, too, that there were no reinforcements to be had from any source. The conscription had put every man worth counting into the field already, and the little army that met General Grant in the Wilderness represented all that remained of the Confederate strength in Virginia. In the South matters were at their worst, and we knew that not a man could come thence to our assistance. Lee mustered a total strength of

about sixty-six thousand men, when we marched out of winter-quarters and began in the Wilderness that long struggle which ended nearly a year later at Appomattox. With that army alone the war was to be fought out, and we had to shut our eyes to facts very resolutely, that we might not see how certainly we were to be crushed. And we did shut our eyes so successfully as to hope in a vague, irrational way for the impossible, to the very end. In the Wilderness we held our own against every assault, and the visible punishment we inflicted upon the foe was so great that hardly any man in our army expected to see a Federal force on our side of the river at daybreak next morning. We thought that General Grant was as badly hurt as Hooker had been on the same field, and confidently expected him to retreat during the night. When he moved by his left flank to Spottsylvania instead, we understood what manner of man he was, and knew that the persistent pounding, which of all things we were least able to endure, had begun. When at last we settled down in the trenches around Petersburg, we ought to have known that the end was rapidly drawing near. We congratulated ourselves instead upon the fact that we had inflicted a heavier loss than we had suffered, and buckled on our armor anew.

If General Grant had failed to break our power of resistance by his sledge-hammer blows, it speedily became evident that he would be more successful in wearing it away by the constant friction of a siege. Without fighting a battle he was literally destroying our army. The sharp-shooting was incessant, and the bombardment hardly less so, and under it all our numbers visibly decreased day by day. During the first two months of the siege my own company, which numbered about a hundred and fifty men, lost sixty, in killed and wounded, an average of a man a day; and while our list of casualties was greater than that of many other commands, there were undoubtedly some companies and regiments which suffered more than we. The reader will readily understand that an army already weakened by years of war, with no source from which to recruit its ranks, could not stand this daily waste for any great length of time. We were in a state of atrophy for which there was no remedy except that of freeing the negroes and making soldiers of them, which Congress was altogether too loftily sentimental to think of for a moment.

There was no longer any room for hope except in a superstitious belief that Providence would in some way interfere in our behalf, and to that very many betook themselves for comfort. This shifting upon a supernatural power the task we had failed to accomplish by human means rapidly bred many less worthy superstitions among the troops. The general despondency, which amounted almost to despair, doubtless helped to bring about this result, and the great religious "revival" contributed to it in no small degree. I think hardly any man in that army entertained a thought of coming out of the struggle alive. The only question with each was when his time was to come, and a sort of gloomy fatalism took possession of many minds. Believing that they must be killed sooner or later, and that the hour and the manner of their deaths were unalterably fixed, many became singularly reckless, and exposed themselves with the utmost carelessness to all sorts of unnecessary dangers.

"I 'm going to be killed pretty soon," said as brave a man as I ever knew, to me one day. "I never flinched from a bullet until to-day, and now I dodge every time one whistles within twenty feet of me."

I tried to persuade him out of the belief, and even got for him a dose of valerian with which to quiet his nerves. He took the medicine, but assured me that he was not nervous in the least.

"My time is coming, that 's all," he said; "and I don't care. A few days more or less don't signify much." An hour afterwards the poor fellow's head was blown off as he stood by my side.

One such incident — and there were many of them — served to confirm a

superstitious belief in presentiments which a hundred failures of fulfillment were unable to shake. Meantime the revival went on. Prayer-meetings were held in every tent. Testaments were in every hand, and a sort of religious ecstasy took possession of the army. The men had ceased to rely upon the skill of our leaders or the strength of our army for success, and not a few of them hoped now for a miraculous interposition of supernatural power in our behalf. Men in this mood make the best of soldiers, and at no time were the fighting qualities of the Southern army better than during the siege. Under such circumstances men do not regard death, and even the failure of any effort they were called upon to make wrought no demoralization among troops who had persuaded themselves that the Almighty held victory in store for them, and would give it them in due time. What cared they for the failure of mere human efforts, when they were persuaded that through such failures God was leading us to ultimate victory? Disaster seemed only to strengthen the faith of many. They saw in it a needed lesson in humility, and an additional reason for believing that God meant to bring about victory by his own and not by human strength. They did their soldierly duties perfectly. They held danger and fatigue alike in contempt. It was their duty as Christian men to obey orders without question, and they did so in the thought that to do otherwise was to sin.

That the confidence bred of these things should be of a gloomy kind was natural enough, and the gloom was not dispelled, certainly, by the conviction of every man that he was assisting at his own funeral. Failure, too, which was worse than death, was plainly inevitable in spite of it all. We persisted, as I have said, in vaguely hoping and trying to believe that success was still to be ours, and to that end we shut our eyes to the plainest facts, refusing to admit the truth which was everywhere evident, namely, that our efforts had failed, and that our cause was already in its death struggles. But we must have known all this, nevertheless, and our diligent cultivation of an unreasonable hopefulness served in no sensible degree to raise our spirits.

Even positive knowledge does not always bring belief. I doubt if a condemned man, who finds himself in full bodily health, ever quite believes that he is to die within the hour, however certainly he may know the fact; and our condition was not unlike that of condemned men.

When at last the beginning of the end came, in the evacuation of Richmond and the effort to retreat, everything seemed to go to pieces at once. The best disciplinarians in the army relaxed instead of tightening their reins. The best troops became disorganized, and hardly any command marched in a body. Companies were mixed together, parts of each being separated by detachments of others. Flying citizens in vehicles of every conceivable sort accompanied and embarrassed the columns. Many commands marched heedlessly on without orders, and seemingly without a thought of whither they were going. Others mistook the meaning of their orders, and still others had instructions which it was impossible to obey in any case. At Amelia Court House we should have found a supply of provisions. General Lee had ordered a train load to meet him there, but, as I have stated in a previous paper, the interests of the starving army had been sacrificed to the convenience or the cowardice of the President and his personal following. The train had been hurried on to Richmond and its precious cargo of food thrown out there, in order that Mr. Davis and his people might retreat rapidly and comfortably from the abandoned capital. Then began the desertion of which we have heard so much. Up to that time, as far as I can learn, if desertions had occurred at all they had not become general; but now that the government, in flying from the foe, had cut off our only supply of provisions, what were the men to do? Many of them wandered off in search of food, with no thought of deserting at

all. Many others followed the example of the government, and fled; but as ingularly large proportion of the little whole stayed and starved to the last. And it was no technical or metaphorical starvation which we had to endure, either, as a brief statement of my own experience will show. The battery to which I was attached was captured near Amelia Court House, and within a mile or two of my home. Seven men only escaped, and as I knew intimately everybody in the neighborhood, I had no trouble in getting horses for these to ride. Applying to General Lee in person for instructions, I was ordered to march on, using my own judgment, and rendering what service I could in the event of a battle. In this independent fashion I marched, with much better chances than most of the men had to get food, and yet during three days and nights our total supply consisted of one ear of corn to the man, and we divided that with our horses.

The end came, technically, at Appomattox, but of the real difficulties of the war the end was not yet. The trials and the perils of utter disorganization were still to be endured, and as the condition in which many parts of the South were left by the fall of the Confederate government was an anomalous one, some account of it seems necessary to the completeness of this series of papers.

Our principal danger was from the lawless bands of marauders who infested the country, and our greatest difficulty in dealing with them lay in the utter absence of constituted authority of any sort. Our country was full of highwaymen, — not the picturesque highwaymen of whom fiction and questionable history tell us, those gallant, generous fellows whose purse-cutting proclivities seem mere peccadilloes in the midst of so many virtues; not these, by any means, but plain highwaymen of the most brutal description possible, and destitute even of the merit of presenting a respectable appearance. They were simply the offscourings of the two armies and of the suddenly freed negro population: deserters from fighting regiments on both sides, and negro desperadoes, who found common ground upon which to fraternize in their common depravity. They moved about in bands, from two to ten strong, cutting horses out of plows, plundering helpless people, and wantonly destroying valuables which they could not carry away. At the house of one of my friends where only ladies lived, a body of these men demanded dinner, which was given them. They then required the mistress of the mansion to fill their canteens with sorghum molasses, which they immediately proceeded to pour over the carpets and furniture of the parlor. Outrages of this kind and worse were of every-day enactment, and there was no remedy. There was no State, county, or municipal government in existence among us. We had no courts, no justices of the peace, no sheriffs, no officers of any kind invested with a shadow of authority, and there were not men enough in the community, at first, to resist the marauders, comparatively few of the surrendered soldiers having found their way home as yet. Those districts in which the Federal armies were stationed were peculiarly fortunate. The troops gave protection to the people, and the commandants of posts constituted a government able to enforce order, to which outraged or threatened people could appeal. But these favored sections were only a small part of the whole. The troops were not distributed in detached bodies over the country, but were kept in considerable masses at strategic points, lest a guerrilla war should succeed regular hostilities; and so the greater part of the country was left wholly without law, at a time when law was most imperatively needed. I mention this, not to the discredit of the victorious army or of its officers. They could not wisely have done otherwise. If the disbanded Confederates had seen fit to inaugurate a partisan warfare, as many of the Federal commanders believed they would, they could have annoyed the army of occupation no little; and so long as the temper of the country in this matter was unknown, it would

have been in the last degree improper to station small bodies of troops in exposed situations. Common military prudence dictated the massing of the troops, and as soon as it became evident that we had no disposition to resist further, but were disposed rather to render such assistance as we could in restoring and maintaining order, everything was done which could be done to protect us. It is with a good deal of pleasure that I bear witness to the uniform disposition shown by such Federal officers as I came in contact with at this time, to protect all quiet citizens, to restore order, and to forward the interests of the community they were called upon to govern. In one case I went with a fellow-Confederate to the head-quarters nearest me, eighteen miles away, and reported the doings of some marauders in my neighborhood, which had been more than usually outrageous. The general in command at once made a detail of cavalry and instructed its chief to go in pursuit of the highwaymen, and to bring them to him, dead or alive. They were captured, marched at a double-quick to the camp, and shot forthwith, by sentence of a drum-head court-martial, a proceeding which did more than almost anything else could have done, to intimidate other bands of a like kind. At another time I took to the same officer's camp a number of stolen horses which a party of us had managed to recapture from a sleeping band of desperadoes. Some of the horses we recognized as the property of our neighbors, some we did not know at all, and one or two were branded "C. S." and "U. S." The general promptly returned all the identified horses, and lent all the others to farmers in need of them. These things gave us confidence and promoted good feeling.

After a little time most of the ex-soldiers returned to their homes, and finding that there were enough of us in the county in which I lived to exercise a much-needed police supervision if we had the necessary authority, we sent a committee of citizens to Richmond to report the facts to the general in command of the district. He received our committee very cordially, expressed great pleasure in the discovery that citizens were anxious to maintain order until a reign of law could be restored, and granted us leave to organize ourselves into a military police, with officers acting under written authority from him; to patrol the county; to disarm all improper or suspicious persons; to arrest and turn over to the nearest provost-marshal all wrong-doers, and generally to preserve order by armed surveillance. To this he attached but one condition, namely, that we should hold ourselves bound in honor to assist any United States officer who might require such service of us, in the suppression of guerrilla warfare. To this we were glad enough to assent, as the thing we dreaded most at that time was the inauguration of a hopeless, irregular struggle, which would destroy the small chance left us of rebuilding our fortunes and restoring our wasted country to prosperity. We governed the county in which we lived until the establishment of a military post at the county seat relieved us of the task, and the permission given us thus to stamp out lawlessness saved our people from the alternative of starvation or dependence upon the bounty of the government. It was seed-time, and without a vigorous maintenance of order our fields could not have been planted at all.

It is difficult to comprehend, and impossible to describe, the state of uncertainty in which we lived at this time. We had surrendered at discretion, and had no way of discovering or even of guessing what terms were to be given us. We were cut off almost wholly from trustworthy news, and in the absence of papers were unable even to rest conjecture upon the expression of sentiment at the North. Rumors we had in plenty, but so many of them were clearly false that we were forced to reject them all as probably untrue. When we heard it confidently asserted that General Alexander had made a journey to Brazil and brought back a tempting offer to emigrants, knowing all the time that if he had gone he must have made the

trip within the extraordinarily brief period of a few weeks, it was difficult to believe other news which reached us through like channels, though much of it ultimately proved true. I think nobody in my neighborhood believed the rumor of Mr. Lincoln's assassination until it was confirmed by a Federal soldier whom I questioned upon the subject one day, a week or two after the event. When we knew that the rumor was true, we deemed it the worst news we had heard since the surrender. We distrusted President Johnson more than any one else. Regarding him as a renegade Southerner, we thought it probable that he would endeavor to prove his loyalty to the Union by extra severity to the South, and we confidently believed he would revoke the terms offered us in Mr. Lincoln's amnesty proclamation; wherefore there was a general haste to take the oath and so to secure the benefit of the dead president's clemency before his successor should establish harsher conditions. We should have regarded Mr. Lincoln's death as a calamity, even if it had come about by natural means, and coming as it did through a crime committed in our name, it seemed doubly a disaster.

With the history of the South during the period of reconstruction, all readers are familiar, and it is only the state of affairs between the time of the surrender and the beginning of the rebuilding, that I have tried to describe in this paper. But the picture would be inexcusably incomplete without some mention of the negroes. Their behavior both during and after the war may well surprise anybody not acquainted with the character of the race. When the men of the South were nearly all in the army, the negroes were left in large bodies on the plantations with nobody to control them except the women and a few old or infirm men. They might have been insolent, insubordinate, and idle, if they had chosen. They might have gained their freedom by asserting it. They might have overturned the social and political fabric at any time, *and they knew all this too.* They were intelligent enough to know that there was no power on the plantations capable of resisting any movement they might choose to make. They did know, too, that the success of the Federal arms would give them freedom. The fact was talked about everywhere, and no effort was made to keep the knowledge of it from them. They knew that to assert their freedom was to give immediate success to the Union cause. Most of them coveted freedom, too, as the heartiness with which they afterwards accepted it abundantly proves. And yet they remained quiet, faithful, and diligent throughout, very few of them giving trouble of any sort, even on plantations where only a few women remained to control them. The reason for all this must be sought in the negro character, and we of the South, knowing that character thoroughly, trusted it implicitly. We left our homes and our helpless ones in the keeping of the Africans of our households, without any hesitation whatever. We knew these faithful and affectionate people too well to fear that they would abuse such a trust. We concealed nothing from them, and they knew quite as well as we did the issues at stake in the war.

The negro is constitutionally loyal to his obligations as he understands them, and his attachments, both local and personal, are uncommonly strong. He speedily forgets an injury, but never a kindness, and so he was not likely to rise in arms against the helpless women and children whom he had known intimately and loved almost reverentially from childhood, however strongly he desired the freedom which such a rising would secure to him. It was a failure to appreciate these peculiarities of the negro character which led John Brown into the mistake that cost him his life. Nothing is plainer than that he miscalculated the difficulty of exciting the colored people to insurrection. He went to Harper's Ferry confident that when he should declare his purposes, the negroes would flock to his standard and speedily crown his effort with success. They remained quietly at work instead, many of

them hoping, doubtless, that freedom for themselves and their fellows might somehow be wrought out, but they were wholly unwilling to make the necessary war upon the whites, to whom they were attached by the strongest possible bonds of affection. And so throughout the war they acted after their kind, waiting for the issue with the great, calm patience which is their most universal characteristic.

When the war ended, leaving everything in confusion, the poor blacks hardly knew what to do; but upon the whole, they acted with great modesty, much consideration for their masters, and singular wisdom. A few depraved ones took to bad courses at once, but their number was remarkably small. A few others, with visionary notions, betook themselves to the cities in search of easier and more profitable work than any they had ever done, and many of these suffered severely from want before they found employment again. The great majority waited patiently for things to adjust themselves in their new conditions, going on with their work meanwhile, and conducting themselves with singular modesty. I saw much of them at this time, and I heard of no case in which a negro voluntarily reminded his master of the changed relations existing between them, or in any other way offended against the strictest rules of propriety.

At my own home, the master of the mansion assembled his negroes immediately after the surrender; told them they were free, and under no obligation whatever to work for him; and explained to them the difficulty he found in deciding what kind of terms he ought to offer them, inasmuch as he was wholly ignorant upon the subject of the wages of agricultural laborers. He told them, however, that if they wished to go on with the crop, he would give them provisions and clothing as before, and at the end of the year would pay them as high a rate of wages as any paid in the neighborhood. To this every negro on the place agreed, all of them protesting that they wanted no better terms than for their master to give them at the end of the year whatever he thought they had earned. They lost not an hour from their work, and the life upon the plantation underwent no change whatever until its master was forced by a pressure of debt to sell his land. I give the history of the adjustment on this plantation as a fair example of the way in which ex-masters and ex-slaves were disposed to deal with each other.

There were cases in which no such harmonious adjustment could be effected, but, so far as my observation extended, these were exceptions to the common rule; and even now, after a lapse of nine years, a very large proportion of the negroes remain, either as hired laborers or as renters of small farms, on the plantations on which they were born.

George Cary Eggleston.

THE MARGUERITE.

Pretty flower that June remembers,
Blossom that July forgets,
While my hand thy cup dismembers
Pity me and my regrets;

For of all thy wreathèd glory
But one ray remains to fall,
And that petal tells the story
That I am not loved at all.

A. R. Grots.

MR. ALDRICH'S POETRY.[1]

If popularity were a result which every poet aimed assiduously at achieving, there would be much disappointed lamentation round about Castaly; for especially when we review the names of living poets it is possible to find that fortune, as regards their fames throughout the land, has behaved with a great deal of her customary caprice. Possibly Mr. Thomas Bailey Aldrich, however, is not one of those singers who has ever deserved to win his laurel from the general throng. Indeed, he seems to have put forward no pronounced claim toward poetic recognition, but rather to feel satisfied with that sort of performance which, if the reverse of trivial, is no less the reverse also of expansive or sustained. His *forte* appears to be lyric poetry alone, and lyric poetry served in small installments; but the noticeable brevity of these songs, when considered in connection with their vividness of verbal coloring and their nearly faultless rhythm, helps to produce the effect of an added grace, because it is a brevity always in keeping with the light and dainty loveliness of the thought expressed.

Wholly out of the question seems a comparison between Mr. Aldrich's work and that of any dead master, unless, perhaps, we except Keats and Herrick. But even his resemblance to these two poets of the past is at times very vague and often quite indistinguishable. Mr. Aldrich can be compared with nothing of yesterday, because he writes and thinks in a spirit of intense modernness. It is doubtful whether even Mr. Rossetti would deny the pungent preraphaëlitism of the following lines, for example: —

> "And now the orchards, which were white
> And red with blossoms when she came,
> Were rich in autumn's mellow prime:
> The clustered apples burnt like flame,
> The soft-cheeked peaches blusht and fell,
> The ivory chestnut burst its shell,
> The grapes hung purpling in the grange." . . .

Or of this: —

> "Then a eunuch came
> And swung a pack of sweetmeats from his head,
> And stood, — a hideous pagan cut in jet."

Or yet of the following: —

> "We knew it would rain, for the poplars showed
> The white of their leaves, the amber grain
> Shrunk in the wind, — and the lightning now
> Is tangled in tremulous skeins of rain."

Where the influence of Keats is manifest seems only to be in a love for colors and the blending of colors — the passion to write as an artist paints, and use words as an artist uses pigments. This tendency has been somewhat sneered at, by the way, among recent critics. The fashion has been to cry down "word-painting" because it has given rise to much bad art and bungling extravagance. There can be no doubt that the art of making pictures from words is one for which numerous worthy minds have no possible faculty of appreciation, but it is one which exists, notwithstanding, and which will continue to exist, moreover, so long as for certain other minds the mere word itself, independent of all intellectual surroundings, possesses an essential and intrinsic charm; a charm, in truth, like nothing except an artist's delight in the colors which he lays upon his canvas before those colors have shaped themselves into the desired design. "*Pour le poëte*," says Théophile Gautier, himself a marvelous master of words, "*les mots ont en eux-mêmes et en dehors du sens qu'ils expriment, une beauté et une valeur.*"

This sensuous love of language for the sake of itself, more than for the idea it covers, is everywhere observable in Mr. Aldrich's poems. He has perpetually a tendency to load his phrases with a weight of striking and newly-arranged words. Admirable is the control with which he meets this tendency, it must be conceded. There are no unaccountable verbal gatherings in the forum of his verse. We are not tripped up with

1 Cloth of Gold, and other Poems. By Thomas Bailey Aldrich. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co. 1874.

splendid synonyms ; we do not flounder in any fine morass of adjectives. His love for words, indeed, is not shown in this fashion, but in what might almost be defined as its antipode. Everywhere is manifest the dainty chooser, the tasteful searcher, the careful weigher. When we have done reading one of Mr. Aldrich's most characteristic lyrics, we are apt to have a vague sense of a gilt frame and a catalogue. The art is always there, and the poetry is very rarely not there, and the blending of both produces often an effect of picturesqueness rarely equaled if ever surpassed. Take as an example of this the exquisite morsel of verse entitled After the Rain. Here we have a thread of the richest poetry, in the midst of most effective and studious elaboration as regards descriptive detail.

"The rain has ceased, and in my room
The sunshine pours an airy flood ;
And on the church's dizzy vane
The ancient Cross is bathed in blood.

"From out the dripping ivy-leaves,
Antiquely carven, gray and high,
A dormer, facing westward, looks
Upon the village like an eye :

"And now it glimmers in the sun,
A square of gold, a disk, a speck :
And in the belfry sits a Dove
With purple ripples on her neck."

It has been urged against this polished species of poetry that its finish is its most salient defect, that it cultivates style at the expense of thought, and that it delights the taste whilst it leaves the intellect wholly unsatisfied. There is but one reply to such curious caviling as this. If a poet weakens an idea by too polished a phraseology in its expression, he commits a marked artistic error, but when the absence of intellectual attributes already exists (as in many poems it unmistakably does), then are we illogical to blame the manner for that which concerns the matter alone. For example, of the following poem, entitled The Lunch, it might be said that the intellectual value was nearly null and void; but were it not for the consummate art which surrounds this poverty of idea, the work might easily fall flat and prove in all respects unimportant. By the sheer force of his extraordinary discriminative tact in the choice, arrangement, and contrast of words, Mr. Aldrich has made from nothing a charming, rich-colored cabinet-picture, only hurt, in my own opinion, by the last half of the final line of the poem, which mars the spirit of ethereal daintiness till then so deliciously apparent: —

"A Gothic window, where a damask curtain
Made the blank daylight shadowy and uncertain :
A slab of agate on four eagle-talons
Held trimly up and neatly taught to balance :
A porcelain dish, o'er which in many a cluster
Black grapes hung down, dead-ripe and without lustre :
A melon cut in thin, delicious slices :
A cake that seemed mosaic-work in spices :
Two China cups with golden tulips sunny,
And rich inside with chocolate like honey ;
And she and I the banquet-scene completing
With dreamy words, — and very pleasant eating ! "

Mr. Aldrich sings merely for the pleasure of singing, and lays no shadow of claim toward being ranked as a "teacher" of anything more noticeable than that the rarer jewels of fancy, when set in finely-wrought verse, make the most charming sorts of ornaments. He has no pet philosophy with which he stuffs, as one might say, all the spare interstices of his verse; he does not lean extravagantly toward mediævalism; he is so little of a mannerist that few metrical tricks peculiar to his verse might be evidenced against him; and as for that marked self-abandonment, so observable among most modern poetry when it treats of erotic subjects, one might say of Mr. Aldrich's love-poems that they are perhaps too coldly graceful, too skillfully dispassionate. In brief, we find him apparently no follower of a school, no member of a poetical clique, no sharer of an ideal, or of ideals, with brother bards. He produces little, but that little is of finished and enduring fabric; and he seems to take of poetry what, to my own thinking, is the one wholesome view which can be taken of it — the view of Charles Baudelaire, that most gifted of French lyrists, of whom it must be conceded that he wrote at all times consistently with his opinions. "*Aucun poëme*," declares Baudelaire, "*ne sera si grand, si noble, si véritablement digne du nom de poëme, que celui*

qui aura été écrit uniquement pour le plaisir d'écrire un poëme." And again he states, in speaking of "la poésie:" "*Elle n'a pas la vérité pour objet, elle n'a qu'elle même.*" Nothing can be truer than this, vehemently as some may deny it. The moment that poetry is made the mouth-piece of creeds, theories, moral and intellectual aspirations, that moment it loses its birthright and fails in its most forceful charm. *Ex ungue leonem.* Mr. Aldrich may or may not long ago have discovered this simple truth, but it is nevertheless certain that his exquisite poems are everywhere good witnesses of its value. For example, in the hands of some fervid moralist, it is easy to imagine what weight of cumbrous comment might attach itself to the following felicitous thought, which, under Mr. Aldrich's treatment, takes the clean-cut noticeableness of some fine intaglio: —

"A certain Pasha, dead five thousand years,
Once from his harem fled in sudden tears,

"And had this sentence on the city's gate
Deeply engraven: 'Only God is great.'

"So these four words above the city's noise
Hung like the accents of an angel's voice,

"And evermore, from the high barbacan,
Saluted each returning caravan.

"Lost is that city's glory. Every gust
Lifts, with crisp leaves, the unknown Pasha's dust;

"And all is ruin, — save one wrinkled gate
Whereon is written, 'Only God is great.'"

A portion of his poetry which deserves to be separately regarded, and for that matter distinctively praised, are Mr. Aldrich's sonnets. As a rule the English sonnet is something from which the reader recoils at sight, as though he scented the blood of tortured syllables and massacred syntax. When the sonnet contains three or four good lines it usually happens that the remaining eleven or ten are in various degrees a weariness. I remember scarcely a single English poet since Coleridge, Wordsworth, and Keats, who has not drawn rather clumsy results from this tough literary task, and I can think of no distinguished American poets, except Mr. Longfellow and Mr. Lowell, who are creditable sonneteers. Indeed, until Mr. Aldrich wrote, it was hard to believe that, unless by directly imitating the quaint phrases of the Shakespearean sonnet, anything like a nice blending of grace and sweetness and subtlety could be made conformable with the modern manner. But how thoroughly do we find these three attributes commingled in the following bit of choicest and chastest rhapsody: —

"Though thou wert cunninger than Vivien, —
Faithful as Enid, — fair as Guinevere, —
Pure as Elaine, — I should not hold thee dear.
Count me not cold, decorous, unlike men!
Indeed the time was, and not long since, when —
But 't is not now. An amulet I 've here
Saves me. A ring. Observe: within this sphere
Of chiseled gold a jewel is set. What then?
Why, this, — the stone and setting cannot part,
Unless one 's broken. See with what a grace
The diamond dewdrop sinks into the white
Tulip-shaped calyx, and o'erfloods it quite!
There is a lady set so in my heart;
There 's not for any other any place!"

But Mr. Aldrich can play more solemn-toned melodies — and play them most powerfully, too — on the restricted accommodation of this fourteen-stringed harp, the sonnet. In By the Potomac, we have perhaps the most perfect of the few good poems which our late war produced: —

"The soft new grass is creeping o'er the graves
By the Potomac; and the crisp ground-flower
Lifts its blue cup to catch the passing shower;
The pine-cone ripens, and the long moss waves
Its tangled gonfalons above our braves.
Hark, what a burst of music from yon bower!
The Southern nightingale that, hour by hour,
In its melodious summer madness raves.
Ah, with what delicate touches of her hand,
With what sweet voices, Nature seeks to screen
The awful Crime of this distracted land, —
Sets her birds singing, while she spreads her green
Mantle of velvet where the Murdered lie,
As if to hide the horror from God's eye."

If this be not veritably "noble music with a golden ending," it bears, at least, close resemblance to such literary rarity. Mr. Aldrich has written no sonnet that is not apt, through some peculiar beauty of fancy or phrasing or rhythm, to haunt the reader's imagination afterwards with some persistently recurring melody. And indeed, only to glance over his remaining sonnets is to find how rich they are in the pure gold of lines like —

"To think that now, beneath the Italian skies,
In such pure air as this, by Tiber's wave,
Daisies are trembling over Keats's grave!"

or,

"Hence it is I, the least, a very hind,
Have stolen away into this leafy vale,
Drawn by the flutings of the silvery wind!"

or,

"A wide-browed sphynx, half-buried in the sand,
With orbless sockets stares across the land."

or,

"And one bleared star, faint-glimmering like a bee,
Is shut in the rosy outstretched hand of dawn."

But it will be well to end quotations which are of such a piecemeal nature as scarcely to speak justly for the work from which they have been taken. Let us listen to one more sonnet, however, which Mr. Aldrich calls Pursuit and Possession, and which is probably, for exactness of diction and epithet, for perfect consonance of subject and metrical form, for every grace and charm, in brief, except possibly that of equaling in its idea the poet's usual originality, the most successful sonnet he has given us:

"When I behold what pleasure is Pursuit,
What life, what glorious eagerness it is;
Then mark how full Possession falls from this,
How fairer seems the blossom than the fruit,—
I am perplext, and often stricken mute
Wondering which attained the higher bliss,
The winged insect, or the chrysalis
It thrust aside with unreluctant foot.
Spirit of verse, that still elud'st my art,
Thou airy phantom that dost ever haunt me,
Oh never, never rest upon my heart,
If when I have thee I shall little want thee!
Still flit away in moonlight, rain, and dew,
Will-o'-the-wisp, that I may still pursue!"

A poem of great rhythmic beauty and exquisite tenderness of conception is the mediæval legend which Mr. Aldrich tells under the title of Friar Jerome's Beautiful Book. The poem begins by narrating how Friar Jerome was covered with remorseful wretchedness because of a slight fault long ago committed. Hitherto it has been his regular task

"Nightly to feed the hungry poor
That crowded to the convent door."

But to-night he suddenly conceives a holy disgust for this duty, and exclaims:

"What work for an immortal soul,
To feed and clothe some lazy clown!
Is there no action worth my mood,
No deed of daring, high and pure,
That shall, when I am dead, endure,
A well-spring of perpetual good?"

Then it occurs to him that those precious illuminated books of the convent have existed for ages, realms and kings alike disappearing. Next, he journeys among the ancient biding-places of these volumes, giving Mr. Aldrich an opportunity for the following exquisite passage: —

"To those dim alcoves, far withdrawn,
He turned with measured steps and slow,
Trimming his lantern as he went:
And there, among the shadows, bent
Above one ponderous folio,
With whose miraculous text were blent
Seraphic faces: Angels, crowned
With rings of melting amethyst;
Mute, patient Martyrs, cruelly bound
To blazing fagots; here and there,
Some bold, serene Evangelist,
Or Mary in her sunny hair;
And here and there from out the words
A brilliant tropic bird took flight;
And through the margins many a vine
Went wandering, — roses, red and white,
Tulip, wind-flower, and columbine
Blossomed. To his believing mind
These things were real, and the wind,
Blown through the mullioned window, took
Scent from the lilies in the book."

After poring with delight over these pages, Friar Jerome determines that he shall himself assume the task of illuminating, "on smooth clear parchment," the "Prophet's fell Apocalypse," telling himself, whilst he contemplates what seems so glorious a labor,

"As I write from day to day,
Perchance my sins will pass away."

The Beautiful Book is accordingly begun. The friar labors with passionate zeal,

"And little recked he of the poor
That missed him at the convent door;
Or, thinking of them, put the thought
Aside. 'I feed the souls of men
Henceforth, and not their bodies!' — yet
Their sharp, pinched features, now and then,
Stole in between him and his Book,
And filled him with a vague regret."

Suddenly a blight falls upon the surrounding country. Crops fail; famine reigns; and in the wake of famine walks

. . . "the malign
Green-spotted terror called the Pest,
That took the light from loving eyes
And made the young bride's gentle breast
A fatal pillow."

The monks, in solemn file, led by their chanting prior, go forth from the convent to shrive the sick "and give the hungry grave its dead."

"Only Jerome, he went not forth,
But hiding in his dusty nook,

'Let come what will, I must illume
The last ten pages of my Book!'
He drew his stool before the desk,
And sat him down, distraught and wan,
To paint his daring masterpiece,
The stately figure of Saint John.
He sketched the head with pious care,
Laid in the tint, when, powers of Grace!
He found a grinning Death's-head there,
And not the grand Apostle's face!"

Horrified by this dreadful change, the poor friar starts up and cries out to God that he recognizes in it a punishment for his own neglect to hear the divine voice when it called upon him most loudly. He leaves his book still incomplete, therefore, and hurries to the succor of the plague-stricken hundreds in that accursed land. He performs many deeds of humane self-sacrifice. At last the plague diminishes, the black vapor that has covered the country rolls away, and there is universal thanksgiving at the return of healthful peace. But

"Then Friar Jerome, a wasted shape, —
For he had taken the Plague at last, —
Rose up, and through the happy town,
And through the wintry woodlands, past
Into the convent. What a gloom
Sat brooding in each desolate room!
What silence in the corridor!
For of that long, innumerous train
Which issued forth a month before
Scarce twenty had come back again!"

And now the friar crawls up the "moldy stair" to his cell, looking "like some unshriven church-yard thing," desirous of gazing once more upon the pages of his beloved book.

"And there it lay upon the stand,
Open! — he had not left it so.
He grasped it, with a cry; for, lo!
He saw that some angelic hand,
While he was gone, had finished it!
There 't was complete, as he had planned;
There, at the end, stood FINIS, writ
And gilded as no man could do, —
Not even that pious anchoret,
Bilfrid, the wonderful, nor yet
The miniatore Ethelwold,
Nor Durham's Bishop, who of old
(England still hoards the priceless leaves)
Did the Four Gospels all in gold.
And Friar Jerome nor spoke nor stirred,
But, with his eyes fixed on that word,
He passed from sin and want and scorn;
And suddenly the chapel-bells
Rang in the holy Christmas-morn!"

Strikingly delightful as we find Friar Jerome's Beautiful Book, both for execution and conception, it is surprising that Mr. Aldrich has written, except his popular ballad of Babie Bell, no poem of equal length which at all approaches it as a piece of authentic and original work. But all his long poems, except those mentioned, are in blank verse; and here Mr. Aldrich is no master. He is indeed a follower of the Tennysonian model to such a painstaking degree of fidelity that we are often led to marvel at the imitative skill he has shown. Scarcely a line in Judith is free from a most marked resemblance to the English laureate's work — the Tennyson of the Arthurian Idyls and of Enoch Arden. It is only in Mr. Tennyson's blank verse that any characteristic manner, individualism, representative style, or whatever name the trait deserves, is invariably to be found; and consequently his blank verse is the most dangerous of all to imitate or even be influenced by. It is unfortunate that the fine thoughts and graceful conceits of Judith should all be cast in the same well-known mold; for their value, on this account, whether small or great, can only derive its proper estimate from their degree of adherence to the guiding model. Byron's execrable blank verse was at least his own, but the very beauty and polish of Mr. Aldrich's is something which we must admire as the ingenuity of the copyist. It is superb imitation, by the bye, and there are not many living writers who have the skill to approach it.

But Mr. Aldrich will find in the future, let us hope, other ways of convincing his readers that he is a very noticeable lyrist than this perilous way of writing unoriginal pentameters. If in succeeding works he only maintains the lyric level, so to speak, of works gone before, we shall have reason to rejoice; but the excellence of what he has already achieved still leaves ample room for even stronger and better achievement — a fact of which none is perhaps more clearly cognizant than the poet himself.

Edgar Fawcett.

OLD TREES.

Old trees are living epochs in the history of the world. Here have they stood for hundreds of years, some even for thousands, looking down upon the smiling earth; now battling with tempests, then basking in sunshine; steadily growing and strengthening and spreading, till at last, venerable in colossal grandeur, and clad with the livery of advancing age, they claim our reverence and inspire emotions of solemn awe. We think, as we look at them, of the lapse of time since the tender radicle first shot downward and the light plumule aspired heavenward; of the silent forces which have been at work in building them up. Year after year have they formed their buds and expanded their leaves; year after year have they shed the old and developed the new, and slowly but surely have the limbs lengthened and the trunk swollen, and the whole structure, solidly buttressed on every side, grown into symmetrical beauty and form.

Every part of the habitable globe can furnish its quota of venerable trees. It has been estimated that even now a third of the earth's surface is covered with forests. In tropical climes, as on the banks of the Amazon, travelers are struck with the number and variety of ancient trees; in temperate regions immense tracts are covered with pines and oaks, cedars and walnuts, hemlocks and chestnuts, lindens and ashes, many of which are from twenty to eighty feet in circumference, and from one to three hundred feet in height; and farther to the north, to the outer verge of the Arctic Circle, the whole surface is covered with trees less gigantic in circumference and height, many of which are of great age.

The pine, whose image was stamped on the first silver shillings issued in Massachusetts, has a geographical range in America from the Saskatchawan to Georgia, and, beyond the Mississippi, from the sources of the Columbia to the Pacific slope. It grows in every part of New England and in every variety of soil, and it was formerly, as now, the principal tree of Massachusetts, although the older growths have mostly disappeared. Fifty years ago it was not uncommon to find pines six feet in diameter and two hundred and fifty feet in height, and masts have been made, on the Penobscot and in Canada, ninety feet in length and three feet in diameter at the smallest part. We have frequently seen sticks of this size on the shores of the St. Lawrence and Ottawa rivers, at Quebec and other ports, which were being loaded into vessels for England. The Worcester Palladium for July 3, 1844, gives an account of a tree cut in Hopkinton, New Hampshire, previous to the Revolution, from which a mast was hewn one hundred and ten feet long, and three feet in diameter at the upper end. The dimensions of the stump are not given, but it is said a yoke of large oxen were driven upon it and turned with ease, and that fifty-five yoke of oxen were required to draw the stick to tide-water.

Lambert's pine, on the northwest coast, grows to the height of two hundred and thirty feet, and the Douglass pine, which is still larger, grows to the height of three hundred feet. Such trees, in the depths of the forest, are often objects of peculiar interest from the striking variety of vegetable life which they exhibit: lichens — dotted lecideas, lecanoras, and verrucarias — closely invest the bark on the lower part of the trunk; star-like parmelias spread over them; green and purple mosses in the crannies, and tufts of stricta, rammalina, and usnea higher up. Quite often, indeed, the usnea barbata hangs pendent in large masses from the upper boughs in moist woods, trailing in the wind and giving to the trees in the dim twilight an exceedingly weird and ghost-

like appearance. The estimated age of the most ancient of these trees is fourteen hundred years, and trees of the age of eleven hundred years are not uncommon. Many of the trunks are from twenty-seven to thirty-six feet in circumference, and rise to the height of one hundred and twenty feet without a limb.

On the continent of Europe, the Siberian pine, which grows quite extensively in Switzerland as well as in Russia, although not a large tree, attains often to a great age: a trunk nineteen inches in diameter presenting, when cut down, three hundred and fifty-three annual circles. The timber of this pine is of an agreeable perfume, and is much employed for domestic purposes as well as for wainscoting rooms; it exhales its fragrance for centuries with undiminished strength and without any decrease of weight in the wood. The seeds are esteemed a great luxury, and are eaten in quantities at the winter festivals. Like all the coniferæ it is symmetrical in shape, but the branches, which are not long, incline upward and are somewhat contorted.

Nearly allied to the pine is the cypress, a tall and graceful plume-shaped tree, which attains in Europe to a great age and size, and which was celebrated in all antiquity for the incorruptibility of its wood and its funereal uses. The oldest tree on record is the Cypress of Somma, in Lombardy, figured by Loudon in his Arboretum. This tree is supposed by some to have been planted the year of the birth of Christ, and on that account it is regarded with great reverence; but an ancient chronicle at Milan is said to prove that it was a tree in the time of Julius Cæsar, B. C. 42. It is one hundred and twenty-one feet high, and twenty-three feet in circumference at one foot from the ground. Napoleon, when laying down the plan for his great road over the Simplon, diverged from a straight line to avoid injuring this tree.

The American cypress, found in the Southern States, grows naturally in low grounds subject to annual inundations, and sometimes rises to the height of one hundred and twenty feet, with a circumference at the base of from twenty-five to forty feet. The roots, which run horizontally at a short depth below the surface, throw up conical protuberances or knees, sometimes four or five feet high, but usually smaller, smooth without and hollow within, looking not unlike mile-posts, and serving, says Bartram, "very well for bee-hives." These trees, with their streamers of long moss floating on the wind, are a curious feature in the scenery of the Southern States, and a cypress swamp is a somewhat formidable object to encounter. Some cypresses have been known to reach the age of six hundred and seventy years.

This tree, however, attains to its amplest development and age in the *tierras templadas* of Mexico; and one of the celebrated group in the garden of Chapultepec, called the Cypress of Montezuma, which was already a remarkable tree in the palmy days of that unfortunate monarch, nearly four hundred years ago, is forty-five feet in circumference, and of a height, in proportion to its size, so great that the whole mass appears light and graceful. But this tree, vast as it is, is greatly surpassed by the famous *Ahuchute* — the Mexican name for the species — of the village of Atlisco, in the intendancy of Puebla, which was first described by Lorenzana, and which, according to the worthy archbishop, "might contain twelve or thirteen men on horseback in the cavity of the trunk." Humboldt says the girth of the tree is twenty-three metres, or seventy-six English feet, and the diameter of the cavity is sixteen feet.

Still more gigantic, however, than this — the Nestor of the race, indeed, if not of the whole vegetable kingdom — is the cypress which stands in the church-yard of the village of Santa Maria del Tule in the intendancy of Oaxaca, on the road to Guatemala by the way of Tehuantepec, which, according to Humboldt, is thirty-six metres, or one hundred and eighteen English feet in circumference. In its immediate vicinity are five or six other trees of the same species, each of which is

nearly as large as the Cypress of Montezuma; but this tree as much surpasses the rest as they surpass the ordinary denizens of the forest. It still shows no signs of decay, although it bears less foliage in proportion to its size than its younger fellows.

Recent travelers speak of other trees near the ruins of Palenque equal in size to the splendid tree at Santa Maria del Tule, and the estimate of the age of these trees is from *four to six thousand years;* perhaps dating back to the beginning of the earth's historic period! Imagination is lost in picturing the possibility even of such longevity; yet if any reliance can be placed upon estimates sanctioned by the opinion of the most eminent naturalists, we have here trees which have witnessed the gradual rise, the steady progress, the final decline, and even the extinction of a race whose history has sunk into oblivion, while the trees themselves are still alive!

The yew is also allied to the pine, and is of slower growth and greater durability than any other European tree; thus supporting the opinion first advanced by De Candolle, and now concurred in by most physiologists, that exogenous trees are by their nature of indefinite growth, and never die except by a violent death. Indeed, a yew,

"Of vast circumference and gloom profound,"

is, as Wordsworth truly says,

"A living thing,
Produced too slowly ever to decay;
Of form and aspect too magnificent
To be destroyed."

Of the many trees of this species to be found in England, one is mentioned which formerly stood in Braburne church-yard, in the county of Kent, which was more than sixty feet in circumference, and its age was computed at twenty-five hundred years. A second still stands in the woods of Cliefden called the Hedron Yew, healthy and vigorous, over eighty feet in circumference, and three thousand years old. The famous yews of Fountain's Abbey, near Ripon, Yorkshire, were in full vigor when the abbey was founded in 1132 by Thurston, Archbishop of York; and of the seven trees of which history speaks, one measured twenty-six feet and six inches in circumference at the height of three feet from the ground, and the whole seven stood so near each other as to form a cover almost equal to a thatched roof. The age of the largest is fixed at twelve hundred years.

The fine yew at Dryburgh Abbey, which is supposed to have been planted when the abbey was founded, in 1136, and which is in full health and vigor, has a trunk only twelve feet in circumference. The Arkernyke Yew, near Staines, which witnessed the conference between the English barons and King John, and in sight of which Magna Charta was signed, measures twenty-seven feet and eight inches in circumference, and is supposed to be between eleven and twelve hundred years old. It was beneath this tree that Henry VIII., by the Grace of God Defender of the Faith, etc., first saw gospel light in the fair eyes of Anne Boleyn. The Darley Yew, in Derbyshire, which is twenty-nine feet and two inches in circumference, is estimated to be nearly fourteen hundred years old; and the yew in Tisbury church-yard, Dorsetshire, which is thirty-seven feet in circumference, is estimated to be sixteen hundred years old. The yew in Fortingal church-yard, Perthshire, Scotland, situated in a wild district among the Grampians, is fifty-six feet in circumference, and is estimated to be more than twenty-five hundred years old.

Next to the yew we may mention the cedar; and although no very ancient specimens exist in America, in portions of Asia, especially in the Levant, are trees invested with a sacred interest from the fact that they were living in Old Testament times, hundreds of years before the birth of Jesus Christ. The grove on Mount Lebanon, so often alluded to in Holy Writ, was first described in modern times by Belon, who visited it about the year 1550. The cedars of this grove were then, as now, highly venerated by the Maronite Christians, who firmly believed them to be coeval with Solomon, if not planted by his

hand; and they made an annual pilgrimage to the spot at the festival of the Transfiguration, the patriarch celebrating high mass under the shade of one of the oldest trees, and anathematizing all who should presume to injure these sacred relics. The larger trees of the grove were measured and described by Rauwolf, an early German traveler, in 1574; by Thévenot in 1655; more particularly by Maundrell in 1696; by La Roque in 1722; by Dr. Pococke, in 1744; by Labillardière in 1787; and by M. Laure, an officer of the French marine, who visited them with the Prince de Joinville, in 1836. Formerly, from twenty to thirty of the trees were standing; more recently there were seventeen; still more recently, only twelve; and now we believe there are but seven. We have in our possession a small section from a limb of one of these trees, which we prize highly for its venerable associations.

Of the soft-wood trees of tropical climes, some attain to a great age and size. Thus, the *palo de vaca* or cow tree of South America, found in the Cordilleras, in Venezuela and Caraccas, grows to the height of a hundred feet, and is often seven feet in diameter. Humboldt describes it as a handsome tree resembling the broad-leaved star apple; and says that when incisions are made in the trunk a glutinous milk abundantly issues, of a pleasing and balmy smell, rich and thick though not bitter, and mixed with coffee it could scarcely be distinguished from animal milk.

The banian, or Indian fig, commonly called the peepul-tree, is constantly planted by the Hindoo temples: —

> "Branching so broad and long, that in the ground
> The bended twigs take root, and daughters grow
> About the mother tree, a pillared shade,
> High overarched, and echoing walks between."

The roots or props thrown out from the main trunk occupy such a space that one growing on the banks of the Nerbuddah covers an almost incredible area. The circumference which now remains is nearly two thousand feet, and the overhanging branches which have not yet thrown down their props overshadow a much larger space. Three hundred and twenty large trunks are counted, and the smaller ones exceed three thousand. Each is continually sending forth new branches and pendent roots, to form other trunks and become the parent of a future progeny. According to Forbes's Oriental Memoirs, the whole has been known to shelter beneath its shade a company of at least seven thousand men.

The baobab, or monkey bread, another tropical tree, found in the Cape Verd Islands and at Senegal, has long afforded celebrated instances of longevity. This tree is remarkable for its small height in comparison with the diameter of its trunk or the length of its branches; trunks of seventy or eighty feet in circumference being only ten or twelve feet high. The branches, however, are very numerous, often fifty or sixty feet in length, spreading widely in every direction, and forming a hemisphere or hillock of verdure sometimes one hundred and fifty feet in diameter. The history of these trees, rendered famous by Adamson's account, reaches back to the first discovery of that part of the African coast, and of the Cape Verd Islands, by Cadamosto, in 1455. The largest trunks were twenty-seven feet in diameter, or eighty-five feet in circumference. More recently, M. Perrottet has met with many baobabs in Senegambia, varying from sixty to ninety feet in circumference, green and flourishing, and showing no signs of approaching decrepitude. By some, these trees are regarded as among the oldest in existence on our globe, and their age is estimated by the younger De Candolle at five or six thousand years!

The famous dragon-tree furnishes another instance of great longevity. One of these trees, found near the city of Orotava, Teneriffe, has been visited by many competent observers, — among others by Humboldt, — and from their statements it appears that the trunk is about fifty feet in girth, and sixty or seventy feet in height. At the discovery of Teneriffe, in 1402, nearly five centuries ago, this tree was about as large

as it is to-day; and even then it had been immemorially an object of veneration among the Guanches. Since that period it has been hollowed by decay, and shorn of part of its top; still it continues to vegetate, and its remaining branches are annually covered, as they have been for thousands of years, with beautiful clusters of white, lily-like blossoms, emblems of the eternal youth of nature.

Of the hard-wood trees, the oak unquestionably stands at the head of those growing in the temperate zone, and it is justly regarded as the monarch of the forest. Virgil calls it —

> "Jove's own tree,
> Which holds the woods in awful sovereignty."

The ancient Pelasgians believed that a deity dwelt in their oak groves, whom they feared and worshiped. The oracle of Dodona was situated in an oak grove; and to the inhabitants of Britain and Gaul, under the Druids, the oak was still more sacred. Oak groves were their temples, and the mistletoe, which hung from its boughs, was their favorite wand. For the fullest account of this magnificent tree, which grows in nearly every part of the world, we must refer to the works of Evelyn and Gilpin, Strutt and Loudon, who have devoted pages instead of paragraphs to its consideration. It is not uncommon to find in Massachusetts oak-trees from twelve to twenty feet in circumference, and from four to fourteen hundred years old. In the town of Brighton is the picturesque ruin of a white oak, nearly twenty-six feet in circumference, hollow at the base, and easily entered by men and boys. This tree is supposed to have passed its prime centuries before the first English voice was heard on our shores, and it is still clad with abundant foliage. In South Scituate, near Jacobs's mill, is another white oak, eighteen feet in circumference at the ground, and from four to six hundred years old. This tree,

> "Whose boughs are mossed with age,
> And high top bald with dry antiquity,"

promises to outlast the noble elms growing near it. The oak under which the apostle Eliot preached to the Indians at South Natick, in 1690, is still standing, a "hale, green tree," and yet affords a grateful shade to the weary traveler.

The celebrated Charter Oak, of Hartford, Connecticut, which was prostrated in the storm of August, 1854, is said to have been thirty-six feet in circumference at the ground, and its age was estimated at eight hundred years. The Wadsworth Oak, of Genesee, New York, lived to a great age, and at the time of its destruction, in 1857, was estimated to be at least a thousand years old. Its circumference was about twenty-seven feet, and it was a fair counterpart of Spenser's tree: —

> "A huge oak, dry and dead,
> Still clad with reliques of its trophies old;
> Lifting to heaven its aged, hoary head;
> Whose feet on earth had got but feeble hold,
> And half-disboweled stands above the ground,
> With wreathéd roots and naked arms."

Of the oaks of Europe, some of the most noted are the King's Oak, in Windsor Forest, which is more than a thousand years old, and quite hollow. Professor Burnet, who once lunched inside this tree, said it was capable of accommodating ten or twelve persons comfortably at a sitting. The Beggar's Oak, in Bagshot Park, is twenty feet in girth at five feet from the ground, and the branches extend from the trunk forty-eight feet in every direction. The Wallace Oak, at Ellerslie, near where Wallace was born, is twenty-one feet in circumference; and Wallace and three hundred of his men are said to have hid from the English army among its branches when the tree was in full leaf. The Parliament Oak, in Clipstone Park, which is supposed to be the oldest in England, derives its name from the fact that a parliament was held under its branches by Edward I., in 1290, at which time it was a large tree. The oak in Yardley Chase, immortalized by Cowper, is also a conspicuous and venerable relic. The Winfarthing Oak, now a bleached ruin, is said to have been an old tree at the time of the Norman Conquest, in the eleventh century. The Greendale Oak, in the Duke of Portland's Park, at Walbeck, is described by Evelyn and figured by Hunter, with its

trunk pierced by a lofty arch, through which carriages have been driven. The Conthorpe Oak, in Yorkshire, measures seventy-eight feet in circumference, and its age is estimated at eighteen hundred years. The Great Oak of Salcey Forest, Northamptonshire, a picturesque wreck, is supposed to be of equal antiquity.

On the Continent, an oak was felled at Bordza, in Russian Poland, some forty years ago, upon which seven hundred and ten consecutive layers were distinctly counted, and the space in which the layers could not be counted was estimated to contain three hundred more, making the whole age of the tree a thousand years. Near Saintes, in France, an oak is standing which is said to be upwards of ninety feet in circumference. A room has been cut out of the dead wood of the interior, about twelve feet in diameter, and a round table has been placed in it, at which twelve guests can be seated at once. The full age of the tree is estimated at two thousand years.

Next to the oak in size and popularity must be ranked the elm, which is found all over the United States, and in Europe. Few trees, indeed, are more common in the temperate zone than this; and although it rarely grows in large bodies, like the pine and spruce, it is frequently found in the Canadian woods interspersed with ashes and maples of venerable size, and growing to the height of from eighty to one hundred feet, with a smooth stem to the height of from forty to sixty feet. Few sights are grander than those old forests, back from the Ottawa, stretching to the northward undisturbed for hundreds of miles, with giant pines and enormous hemlocks completely concealing and shading the earth.

The elm in Massachusetts is a favorite tree, and may be found planted by nearly all old mansions. Every town has its memorable trees of this kind; and they grow in many places from eighty to a hundred feet high, and with a circumference of from twelve to thirty feet. The famous elm on Boston Common is twenty-four feet in circumference, and on a map of Boston published in 1720 it is delineated as a large tree. It is said to have been planted by Captain Daniel Henchman, an ancestor of Governor Hancock, in 1670, and is now two hundred years old. The Washington Elm, in Cambridge, is another classic tree, and is nearly sixteen feet in circumference at the base. The Pittsfield Elm, greatly revered by the inhabitants of that town, was one hundred and twenty-six feet high, and thirteen feet in circumference at the height of four feet from the ground. The Aspinwall Elm, in Brookline, now more than two hundred years old, is nearly twenty-one feet in circumference, and its branches are one hundred feet long. The elm in Hingham, near the Old Colony House, which was transplanted in 1729, is thirteen feet in circumference at four feet from the ground. The Springfield Elm, according to Dr. Holmes, is over twenty-nine feet in circumference at the base; a tree is mentioned in Hatfield which is forty-one feet in circumference at the base; and another in Medfield is over thirty-seven feet in circumference. An elm in Wakefield, in front of the residence of James Eustis, Esq., measures twenty-one feet at the ground; the Sheffield Elm is nearly twenty-three feet in circumference; and there are hundreds of trees of equal size and age scattered abroad throughout our villages.

The European elm is somewhat different from that of America; and Strutt, in his Sylva Britannica, gives engravings of several of the most remarkable. Among these, the finest is the Chipsted Elm, which is twenty feet in circumference at the ground, and sixteen feet at the height of four feet. Its venerable trunk is richly mantled with clustering ivy, and gives signs of considerable age. The Crawley Elm, on the high-road from London to Brighton, measures sixty-one feet in circumference at the ground, and is a well-known object of interest to travelers, with its tall, straight stem, and the fantastic ruggedness of its wide-spreading roots. For several centuries this species of elm has been planted for ornament on avenues and public parks in France, Spain, and the Low Countries, and in England immemorially. It is

less graceful than the American elm, and more sturdy and spreading in its form; but it has the advantage of retaining its foliage for several weeks longer than our native tree. Fine specimens are found in this country, in Boston and its vicinity.

The linden is a native of America and Europe, and in both countries attains to a great size and age. The celebrated sycamore maple which stands near the entrance of the village of Trons, in the Grisons, — the cradle of liberty among the Rhœtian Alps, — was once called a linden, and under its spreading branches the Gray League was solemnized in 1424. Its age is estimated at six hundred years. The true linden is a favorite with the Swiss, and is intimately associated with important events in the history of that people. The linden at Freiburg, planted in 1476 to commemorate the battle of Morat, is still standing, and though beginning to decay, has already proved a more durable monument than the famous ossuary on that battle-field,

> "Where Burgundy bequeathed his tombless host,
> A bony heap, through ages to remain
> Themselves their monument."

Another tree, standing at the village of Villars-en-Moing, near Morat, was a noted tree four centuries ago, and at four feet from the ground it has a circumference of thirty-eight feet. Its full age is computed at nine hundred years. The still more celebrated linden of Neustadt on the Kocher, in Würtemberg, is equally old, and was a remarkable tree at the opening of the thirteenth century; for the village of Helmbundt, which was destroyed in 1226, was subsequently rebuilt in the vicinity of this tree, and thence took the name of *Neustadt an der grossen Linden*. From an old poem, written in 1404, it appears that even then the tree was of such size, and the spread of its branches was so enormous, that their weight was sustained by sixty-seven columns of stone. At six feet from the ground the circumference of the tree is thirty-six English feet, and its age is computed at nine hundred years.

The chestnut-tree, found in Europe and America, also lives to a good old age. In this country, large specimens are occasionally found, and many are mentioned by Mr. Emerson, in his Trees and Shrubs of Massachusetts, from fourteen to twenty-six feet in circumference, the largest of which must be from four to six hundred years old. But great as these are, they are thrown into the shade, and seem like pigmies, beside the enormous tree on Mount Etna, called the *Castagna di cento cavalli*, from the tradition of its having once sheltered in its hollow trunk one hundred mounted cavaliers under Jeanne of Aragon. Brydone, in his Tour in Sicily, described this tree in 1770, and says it was then *two hundred and four feet* in circumference, and had the appearance of five distinct trunks. Kircher, however, who saw the tree a century earlier, speaks of the five as united in one. An engraving of this tree, with its splendid top, is given in Plate LXXXVII. of Low's American Encyclopedia, published in 1807.

Besides this, there are other colossal chestnuts on Mount Etna with undoubted single trunks; and three of these, when measured a quarter of a century ago, had respectively a circumference of fifty-seven, sixty-four, and seventy feet. Their age is probably not far from fifteen hundred years; and the great tree is supposed to be from two thousand to twenty-five hundred years old. The Great Chestnut of Sancerre, France, described by Bosc, has been called by that name for at least six hundred years; and as its girth is thirty-three feet at six feet from the ground, its full age is probably at least a thousand years. The same is true of the Great Chestnut of Totworth, in Gloucestershire, England, which is known to have been standing in 1150, and which is fifty-two feet in circumference at the ground. This tree fixes the boundary of the ancient manor, and its age is probably about twelve hundred years.

The black walnut is a native of America, and in the States bordering on the Ohio often grows to a great size. Michaux says he has frequently seen walnuts from six to seven feet in diameter; and we have measured stumps in Illinois which were from five to eight feet

in diameter. Planks have been sawed from such trees five feet wide and thirty or forty feet long. When the walnut stands alone, it spreads out into a spacious head and extends its branches horizontally to a great distance; but in the depths of the forest it is of a more compact growth, and is often shorn of its limbs, and has a smooth bole to the height of from forty to sixty feet. The largest trees are probably from four to six hundred years old.

The walnut of Europe is equally venerable; and Galignani's Messenger mentions one on the road from Martel to Grammont which is at least three hundred and fifty years old. Its height is fifty-five feet, and its diameter fourteen feet. Its branches, seven in number, extend to a distance of one hundred and twenty-five feet, and it bears on an average fifteen bags of nuts per annum.

The button-wood, or sycamore, the American plane, is often a venerable object to behold; and specimens may be found from six to seven feet in diameter, yet sound, notwithstanding the disease which attacked them so generally a third of a century ago, and which threatened for a time to sweep them entirely away. One formerly stood in the town of Wakefield, on land of John Tyler, which measured thirty feet in circumference at the ground. It was hollow within, and the opening was sufficient to permit four men to stand in it easily. Some mischievous boys built a fire in it one Sunday, and the tree burned all day; but the flames were extinguished, and subsequently the tree was felled; a portion of the trunk was removed to the Common, and a platform erected upon it, from which Hon. Henry Wilson, now Vice-President of the United States, and then just beginning his political career, delivered a stump speech in the Harrison campaign of 1841.

At a place called Vaucluse, near Newport, Rhode Island, a button-wood is described which, in 1839, measured twenty-four feet in circumference at the ground; and three miles from Hagerstown, Maryland, near Salem Church, a tree is standing which is thirty-nine feet in circumference at the ground, and the cavity within is eleven feet in diameter. A Mr. Gelwicks, with twenty scholars, from eight to seventeen years old, stood in a circle around this cavity. As the growth of the button-wood after a certain period is quite slow, it is probable that this tree is five or six hundred years old, and the others we have described were from two to four hundred years old.

The elder Michaux measured a tree on a small island in the Ohio, which was over forty feet in circumference at five feet from the ground. General Washington had measured the same tree twenty years before, and found it to be of nearly the same size. The younger Michaux found a tree in 1802 on the right bank of the Ohio, thirty-six miles from Marietta, which measured forty-seven feet in circumference at four feet from the ground. Either of these trees must have been at least six hundred years old.

The Oriental plane is a tree of nearly the same kind, only its leaves are more palmated, and it has less disposition to overshadow the ground. It was a great favorite with the ancients, and Pliny, in his Natural History, tells a story of its having been brought across the Ionian Sea to shade the tomb of Diomedes, in the island of that hero; that it came thence into fertile Sicily, and was among the first of the foreign trees presented to Italy. From thence it was carried to Spain and France, where, it is said, the inhabitants were made to pay for the privilege of sitting under its shade. The same writer describes some of the principal trees of this kind, and speaks of one in the walks of the Academy at Athens, whose trunk was forty-eight feet to the branches. He describes, also, a tree in Syria, near a cool fountain by the road-side, with a cavity of eighty-one feet in circumference, a forest-like head, and arms like trees overshadowing broad fields. Within this apartment, made by moss-covered stones to resemble a grotto, Licinius Mucianus thought it a fact worthy of history that he dined and slept with nineteen companions.

But the greatest of all the Oriental planes is that which stands in the valley of Bouyouderch, near Constantinople, described by Olivier, Dr. Webb, and others, the trunk of which is one hundred and fifty feet in girth, with a central hollow of eighty feet in circumference. The age of this tree it is difficult to determine; but if it is a single trunk, as there is good reason to suppose, it must be the most ancient of its species in existence; and it will hardly be deemed an exaggeration to fix its age at two thousand years.

The terebinth-tree, a native of Asia, grows to a great size, and attains to an almost fabulous age. Josephus relates that he saw a tree of this species near Hebron, which had existed since the Creation; and the Old Testament Scriptures ofter refer to this tree. Thus, Jacob buried the idolatrous images which his family brought from Mesopotamia under a terebinth-tree; an angel appeared to Gideon under a terebinth-tree; it was in a valley of terebinths that Saul encamped with all his army; Absalom hung on a terebinth-tree; and Isaiah threatens idolaters that they shall be as a terebinth-tree whose leaves fall off. One of these trees, under which the prophetess Deborah is said to have dwelt, was in existence in the days of St. Jerome, and was probably then a thousand years old. And towards the middle of the seventeenth century there stood between Jerusalem and Bethlehem an old tree under which tradition relates that the Virgin Mary rested as she went to present her son in the Jewish temple; This tree, however, which was equally venerated by Christians and Mussulmans, was accidentally destroyed by fire in 1616, after having stood for nearly two thousand years.

The olive is found in Europe and Asia, and, as a tree, is of slower growth than even the oak. From this circumstance, and the durableness of its wood, it furnishes instances of remarkable longevity. Thus the olive at Pescio, mentioned by De Candolle, which had a trunk twenty-four feet in girth, is supposed to have been at least seven hundred years old; and although now in a state of decrepitude, it continues to bear a crop of fruit of considerable abundance. It is not impossible, therefore, that the eight venerable trees still to be found on the Mount of Olives may have been in existence, as tradition asserts, at the time of our Saviour's passion, and their age may extend beyond two thousand years. Certain it is that they are venerable trees, and need little aid from the imagination to invest them with a peculiar charm.

In concluding this paper, we must refer briefly to some of the largest, though not the oldest trees on our globe. These are the giant trees of California, which are among the most perfect and wonderful specimens of vegetable life. Fifteen or twenty groves of these trees have been discovered in all, on the western slopes of the Sierra Nevadas, in Southern California; but the two principal groves are in Calaveras County, and on the borders of Mariposa and Fresno counties, but a few miles from the direct road to the valley of the Yo Semite.

These "big trees," as they are commonly called, are scattered in groups among the pines and cedars throughout a space of several miles, and the collection numbers about six hundred. They attain to the diameter of from thirty to fifty feet, and rarely fall below two hundred feet in height. Mr. Bowles, of the Springfield Republican, who visited this grove in company with Mr. Colfax and others, in his delightful work, Across the Continent, says: "Among those we examined are six, each over thirty feet in diameter, and from ninety to one hundred feet in circumference; fifty over sixteen feet in diameter, and two hundred over twelve feet. The Grizzly Giant, which is among the largest and most noteworthy, runs up ninety feet with scarcely perceptible diminution of bulk, and then sends out a branch, itself six feet in diameter."

"But," he adds, "they are even more impressive for their beauty than their bigness. The bark is an exquisitely light and delicate cinnamon color,

fluted up and down the long, straight, slowly-tapering trunk, like Corinthian columns in architecture; the top, resting like a cap upon a high, bare mast, is a perfect cone; and the evergreen leaves wear a bright, light shade, by which the tree can be distinguished from afar in the forest. The wood is of a deep, rich red in color, and otherwise marks the similarity of the big trees to the species that grows so abundantly on the Coast Range of mountains through the Pacific States, and known generally as the redwood. Their wood is, however, of a finer grain than their smaller kindred, and both that and the bark, the latter sometimes as much as twenty inches thick, are so light and delicate that the winds and snows of the winter make frequent wrecks of the tops and upper branches. Many of the largest of these trees are, therefore, shorn of their upper works. One or two of the largest in the grove we visited are wholly blown down, and we rode on horseback through the trunk of an old one that had been burnt out. Many more of the noblest specimens are scarred by fires that have been wantonly built about their trunks, or swept through the forest by accident. The trunk of one huge tree is burnt into half a dozen little apartments, making capital provision for a game of hide-and-seek by children, or for dividing up a picnic of older growths into sentimental couples."

A friend of the writer, who visited California with the Boston Board of Trade in 1870, and one of the most noted booksellers of the city, informs us that he rode erect on horseback through the trunk of the fallen tree referred to by Mr. Bowles, to the distance of one hundred and twenty feet; that he and seven others, standing shoulder to shoulder, walked down the outside of the tree without the least difficulty, such was the breadth of the foothold afforded them; and that ten horsemen, closely arranged in single file, did not reach round the trunk of the largest standing tree, which, by his measurement, was ninety-nine feet in circumference. The silence in this grove is almost unbroken. Not a bird chants its song; not an insect chirps. And to lie at full length on the soft carpet of fallen leaves, and gaze upward to the spiry tree-tops, and breathe the pure and exhilarating air which circles through the forest, is the height of enjoyment and voluptuous repose.

We have thus briefly noticed a few of the multitude of ancient trees to be found on our globe. And as we look over the list, we are struck with wonder at the extent and variety of these monuments of vegetable life. No country is destitute of such trees. Scattered everywhere in great profusion, they attest to the boundless magnificence of nature. And when we survey the whole field, and pause to reflect, we are impressed with the fact that no form of organized life is so venerable as this. Few animals live to the age of two hundred years. The duration of man's life, except in the earliest periods of history, has rarely exceeded a hundred years. Yet here are trees, which, if we may trust our somewhat imperfect methods of calculation, must be at least from four to five thousand years old; and it is not impossible that there may be still standing trees which were in existence when Adam and Eve walked in Paradise.

J. S. Barry.

THE RIGHTEOUSNESS OF MONEY-MAKING.

It has become painfully evident, during the past few years, that no branch of investigation has received so little attention, in this country, as the problems which are grouped under the general title of "political economy." In Europe, men of the highest type of genius have spent their lives in investigating and made themselves eminent by their works upon these subjects; but as yet no great advance has been made with us, and the simplest principles are as yet unrecognized by the mass of the people. It may be from this cause that — although our great boast has been the ease with which material welfare can be secured, although we are proud of the common wealth of our people — the special wealth of individuals, which, when aggregated, makes up the gross sum of which we are so proud, is in itself a cause of jealousy, and at the present time, in some cases, almost a mark for legal confiscation.

The discussion of the land grant policy, of the general railroad question, and of what is called the labor question, has revealed an under-current of resentment, not only on account of alleged frauds and abuses, but also because men should have undertaken to become rich out of what are called public services, like the construction of railroads. Coupled with this is a jealousy of wealth or possession itself, which finds expression not only in public discussion, but also, in a far more mischievous and wide-spread way, in the poor work of large classes of mechanics and employés; the proportion of journeymen who take a pride in doing good work being lamentably small, the general sentiment appearing to be that society owes the laborer a good subsistence irrespective of the return which he may make.

This state of feeling does not imply an absolute wrong intent on the part of those of whom it is true. The vast majority of men will deal fairly with each other if left to the innate sense of trust and honor which is in them: but the attempt of legislators to alter the conditions of distribution, by perverting the laws for imposing public taxes into instruments for enlarging private profits under the pretense of keeping up wages; the enforced use of bad money; the unavoidable effect of the war in making a few men very rich, and other like causes, have created a feeling of unfair treatment, and while there may be few who can reason the matter out, there are great numbers who have an instinctive sense of being unjustly served. They perceive that there have been vast improvements and inventions from which they as yet get little benefit, and, impatient at the slow remedy, they become somewhat hopeless and undertake to get a remedy by the same wrong method of meddlesome legislation that has caused many of the ills under which they suffer.

A very large part of these wrong ideas about wealth and the jealousy of property may doubtless be attributed to the continued use of bad money, whereby the government of the nation now lends itself to every fraud committed by individuals, in being itself the exponent of a lie and of useless and fradulent insolvency.

But in addition to this potent cause of the evil indicated in this paper, there are others more subtle and remote. During the exceptional period of war legislation and of the absolute loss and unequal distribution of wealth that has always ensued from war, there has been a good deal more than the usual amount of nonsense talked at and to the laborer about the dignity of labor; as if a man was peculiarly meritorious because he is poor, and so obliged to work with his hands. Of course nothing is to be said against a man who is obliged to be a digger and a delver, or to saw wood or

feed a furnace all day; but no man stays in such a position a moment longer than he can help, and just as soon as he can substitute brain power for muscle, as soon as he can learn to operate a machine instead of being a machine, as soon as he can become a "boss" instead of being a common workman, he takes the step, — and it is a step upward, as every laborer knows, when specious talkers undertake to mislead him. But yet the possession and use of wealth itself need to be reëstablished as a righteous aim for men of force and character, and it is now especially a time when the true function of wealth, of rich men, of merchants, of capitalists, and the like, should be restated, lest the mischievous theories of communists and socialists, and of grangers who without being aware of it are becoming agrarians, should work more harm than good.

It would by no means be wise to prevent the agitation of communistic ideas even if it were possible, because the discussion will bring to light the fact that many old and popular methods of legislation, now supported by men who profess the utmost horror of communism, are but phases of that theory. The very fundamental idea of what is called protection is communistic. It is a perversion of statute law from its true function of promoting liberty and justice into an engine for making a different distribution of wealth from that which would take effect in a really free country; and the same logic by which a protective tariff is defended would warrant legislation for an equal rather than an equitable distribution of all products, without regard to the comparative effort or skill of the producers. But it is not my intention to enter upon this branch of the subject at present, but rather to assert that it is time for the men of affairs — the men by whom all the wheels of modern industry are kept in motion, the money-makers, as they are called — to assert themselves and claim their true and necessary place in the history of human progress. Heretofore they have not done so, but have been too apt to defer even to shallow pretenders in science and literature, and to dogmatic theologians, as if these were entitled to a place upon a higher plane than mere utilitarian money-getters.

The merchant and the manufacturer have repaired the evils inflicted upon humanity by the priest and the soldier; their work is to remove the causes of want which mere charity cannot cope with, and they carry the blessings of civilization and education to dark places in distant lands where without them the missionary would be powerless.

It is surely true that progress in civilization has been coincident with the progress in commerce and manufacturing. May it not be true that the pursuit and accumulation of wealth have been the most potent causes, and not the consequence, of civilization?

In early ages all distribution was conducted under the gravest dangers. The obligation of contracts, for a long time after contract had formal existence among men, depended more upon force than upon the honor of the parties in the transaction, and only he could be rich who was also strong. In the Middle Ages the merchant needed the protection of the lord, not of the law; the ship was of necessity armed. Rapine upon land and piracy upon the sea were the honorable pursuits, and gain by peaceful methods was ignoble. But the Crusades and other religious wars removed the seigneurs and the knights. Under the impulse of the enthusiasm which governed them, they were ready to part with estates which had been previously retained with the utmost jealousy; land thus became distributed, the feudal tenure was broken, and its representatives killed off; but the men-at-arms who had been forced into distant and so-called holy wars returned, brought home the arts of the East, and changed the face of Western Europe. The invention of gunpowder next altered all the conditions of distribution by making the serf equal in individual force to the knight; thus greater division of labor became possible. Gradually and surely the true honor of the merchant and the tradesman, and the sacredness of contract, took the

place of the false standard of chivalry, and now the time has almost come when only the idle man need be called ignoble.

For a time it was doubtless true that the security of contracts depended as much upon the force of statute law as upon integrity, or more; but as time advances the chief dependence of all who buy and sell and get gain is upon character, not upon coercion.

It cannot now be said that our vast system of exchanges depends in any very large measure upon statutes. On the contrary, the chief rightful use of statutes is to arbitrate and determine what is equity in the few cases of disagreement or attempted fraud, — few cases, I say, even in these days when the government itself sets the example of fraud, if the number of cases which occur is considered in their relation to the enormous total of transactions. The wrongful use of statutes is to alter the conditions of distribution and to make men rogues who, except for such statutes, would have been honest men.

There has been a gradual evolution in the method of affairs corresponding with the development of character among those who do the work, and this has caused the repeal of laws for imprisonment for debt and of usury laws; it is this which has modified other coercive and protective statutes; it has also caused business men to have less and less recourse to courts, if lawsuits are considered in their proportion to the number and magnitude of transactions.

If it shall be said that the fulfillment of contracts is the rule because the existence of statutes for their enforcement makes their infringement dangerous, attention need only be called to the single fact that in the last year's panic there was one class of transactions which was positively law-forbidden, but yet represented the largest aggregate of any single kind, and did not result in the loss of a single dollar to any one connected therewith. I refer to the law-forbidden practice of the New York banks of certifying checks as good before deposits have been made to cover them, the only reliance of the banks being upon the good faith of their depositors, many of whom they knew to be engaged in affairs doubly unlawful because usurious. Well has it been said that "the integrity of the many creates the opportunity for the fraud of the few."

I do not intend to defend stock gambling, or efforts to make profits which must in their very nature be at the loss of some one else; only that commerce is to be deemed righteous which works a mutual service; and the time will come when the same evolution of character which has placed us even where we are, in some of our ways, will elevate all to a plane on which that profit which is gained only at another's loss will be sought no more than gain by rapine and piracy. Yet these very men whose gain from stock-jobbing must be mainly at the cost of others' loss, by whom a large portion of such checks are given, are better than their creed; if they were absolutely miserable sinners, if there was *no* good in them, all their transactions would be impossible. If men were not on the whole intending to do right and to be true to their engagements, our trade would stop. We act every day upon our firm faith in the divinity of human nature, while professing to believe in its deviltry.

There is no possibility of great exchanges of stocks, money, or merchandise except upon the basis of the trust imposed upon and deserved by the great mass of dealers; and the rule of rectitude and probity is so well established as to render insurance that trusts will be maintained worth but a very small premium.

Now, while we may present these general principles and may affirm the high character of business men, it is necessary to admit that the increase of comfort and abundance for the great mass of men comes slowly. The competitive system under which merchants and capitalists act, the true effect of which is to decrease the general cost of production and distribution and to increase abundance, works very slowly and has not divested itself of the hardships which accompany it. These hardships will re-

main just so long as education is deficient or not well directed; hence, constant attempts to hasten by legislation what can come only from gradual development.

The advocates of coercive legislation, whether in the nature of protective tariffs, eight-hour laws, usury laws, liquor laws, and the like, never advocate them for their own protection, but always for the protection of others who are alleged to be very ignorant or feeble persons. If education was as good as it is common, this pretext would not hold.

The capitalist demands a protective tariff in order that labor may be better employed, and really persuades himself that his motive is single and that his purpose is not to get greater gain; the laborer responds to this effort by demanding an eight-hour law for the protection of himself and his associates from the rapacity of capital: between the two the real function of capital, and the true position of the rich man, are obscured. He has been set up by some and looked up to by others, as one who is to confer benefit, not to render service in what he does.

The superficial preacher will barely justify the possession of wealth if the owner *gives* much in charity; otherwise his pursuit is held to be almost unchristian, — of the earth, earthy, — while the wage that he pays is spoken of more as a boon than as a price.

The common expression that the capitalist "*gives* employment" implies an entire misunderstanding of the true relation between the parties. There is no *giving* in the case, but a simple exchange for mutual benefit. The moment the idea of a gift comes into the transaction, the freedom of the laborer is affected, — he becomes a dependent, not a free agent; and the employer must soon become imbued with the idea that he has a right to control and direct the laborer in a manner that he would not submit to himself if placed in the same circumstances. Hence the very common and very false assumption of the possessors of property, that they are more competent to make laws than those who have nothing; and hence also often a false humility and a secret jealousy among those whom circumstances have prevented from ever earning more than a subsistence. There are many persons who have substituted the dogma of the "divine right of property" for the "divine right of kings," and who look to statute law and therefore ultimately to force only as the sole protection for property. If the right to property had not its foundation in the nature of man, and did not exist for the *common* welfare, statute law would be for it a feeble defense.

On the other hand, many persons act as if they must give an excuse for accumulating wealth, and there is a strong but unadmitted conviction in the minds of very many persons, perhaps of a majority of the community, that it is more Christian to be poor than to be rich. Of course mere possession does not entitle a man to any special position, but there are many men now, and, as time goes on, there will be far more, with whom the pursuit of wealth and its accumulation will be the pursuit in which they can engage most usefully to the community. There are quacks in business as there are in law, physic, and theology; but the man of real force in the conduct of material interests needs as high qualifications as those called for in any other occupation, and it is as great a loss to humanity to pervert a boy from his calling, who has an honest instinct for business and for gain, and convert him into a dull preacher or a plodding doctor, as it would be to divert the instinct for science to mere purposes of entirely selfish gain.

Each pursuit supplements the other, each is the necessary complement of the other, and each may be entitled, as a pursuit, to an equal recognition and to the utmost liberty. It may have been well said by Agassiz that he could not afford the time to make money; neither could Faraday, nor many other exceptional men; but, to complete the statement, and present the whole truth, neither could these men of science afford to have some other men give up their function of making money or of accumulating

wealth, lest all should starve together, and the whole benefit of the discoveries in science be lost. It is the men of capital who apply the discoveries of science, and thus render the general struggle for life less arduous. It is the money-maker, the somewhat ignoble person, able only with extreme difficulty to enter the kingdom of heaven, who has clothed the naked, fed the hungry, removed famine from civilized lands, abolished the plague, increased the duration of life, and in every way has builded better than he knew. All this has been accomplished, not by wholesale alms-giving, which only pauperizes, but in the mere way of trade. Science in these matters would have been helpless unless it had called to its aid the power of capital; and capital has only been accumulated under the stimulus of the prospective enjoyment of wealth. When we read that it would be more possible for a camel to pass through a needle's eye than for a rich man to enter the kingdom of heaven, we must remember not only that the "needle's eye" was a narrow gate in the wall of Jerusalem, but also that the rich man of that day was the Roman, or the Romanized and protected Jew, whose wealth was the product of rapine and plunder, and not of commerce. Roman rule destroyed commerce, and substituted slavery and the plunder of captive nations. The great Roman roads were for the transport of troops out from Rome, and for carrying back the forced contributions of those they had conquered. Some one has well said that "for Roman roads we have substituted a bill of exchange."

When this accumulation of wealth seems to work individual hardship, when some ill-paid laborer gets little and he who employs him gets rich, it must yet be constantly remembered that the cure is working; that the larger the absolute share that falls to capital out of the total production, the less relative share will be taken from the laborer, because as capital accumulates the less rate of interest or profit can it obtain. It is therefore absolutely true that in proportion to the success of these apparently blindly selfish money-getters, who by force of competition are said to grind the faces of the poor, does their power to work the harm that is attributed to them pass away. Yet in the thought of a very large and perhaps increasing portion of the community, these selfish men of wealth can only compound for the wrong of their accumulation by giving freely in mere charity.

It is time for the merchant and the manufacturer, the railroad builder and the banker, to assert their right to a place among those who are helping on the progress of the world by their mere trades: they must repel the charge that they are only engaged in laying up earthly treasure, and that in the very nature of worldly things they must detach themselves from worldly pursuits if they would enter heaven. They must assert and prove that the true and manly life is entered through the counting-room door, and that good work deserving of the highest praise may be proved by the very magnitude of the sum that is placed to their credit in their profit and loss account; *may* be proved, I say, not *must* be; and yet the time shall come when the positive term will be the fit one, since all true and *permanent* commerce is based upon mutuality of service, and the few who have completely grasped this central truth can even now say that their dollars are the tokens of their well-doing.

There should be a method of teaching in school and college based upon the idea that in the necessary pursuit of the almighty dollar, in which most graduates must perforce engage, the gain of the dollar may be symbolic of the highest welfare, both to him who gains and to those by whose aid he gains. The time may come when it shall no longer seem or be the most intense irony to measure a man's worth by the number of dollars he possesses, as we do, in common speech. Some men's true worth may even now be so measured, and they prove it by the judicious use they make of the capital so righteously saved.

The teaching which is suggested

would modify the common estimate of many historic persons, both statesmen and soldiers, and would elevate to distinction many whose names are wholly lost. The despised Jew of the Middle Ages who saved capital and prevented commerce from coming to utter destruction would take a worthy place beside the monk who saved science and literature, while the historic men of rank and station who performed the chivalrous work of mutual slaughter would be chiefly commended for relieving the world of a class whose function in the world's progress had come to its end.

Where the men of chivalry failed, as they did in the Crusades, progress ensued, and commerce and the useful arts grew up in the places they had left. Where they succeeded, as they did in driving the Moors from Spain, commerce turned to piracy, and the useful arts died.

Among the Teutonic races the spirit of liberty has been strong; wealth, which always accompanies liberty, has accumulated. The same spirit of protestantism which has worked religious liberty has proved effective in matters of trade, and, as I have before said, the merchant and the manufacturer have repaired the injuries that had been inflicted by the priest and the soldier. It is the merchant who makes two blades of grass and two ears of grain grow where one grew before, for he bears to the hungry the food which, except for him, could not be carried and would not be grown. It is the manufacturer who clothes the naked by bending all his energy toward making cloth at less and less cost of time, labor, and capital.

As I said at the beginning, it is but a few centuries since all distribution was accomplished by force. It is scarce a century since it was the universal belief in matters of trade, especially between nations, that what one gained another must lose, and in this enlightened country, boastful of its common schools, this false and pernicious idea still pervades the whole body of our fiscal system. Hence it is that our laws are dishonest while the people are true. The scandals of the moiety system were not the necessary result of the statutes granting moieties to informers; they arose because the laws passed under the pretense of being revenue laws have been so perverted from their true purpose as to render a brood of spies and informers necessary for their enforcement.

It is to prevent such scandals and wrongs that we need a liberal education in school, college, and university for the merchant and the man of affairs; and, if titles are due to the Doctor of Divinity, of Laws, or of Philosophy, there should be one of equal distinction for the true Masters of the Arts, who build and guide our mills, works, and railroads, and for the controllers of commerce, who "launch the ships that pass between this land and that, weaving the web of concord among the nations."

The true and fit commercial history also remains to be written. Only in detached chapters here and there has the true function of the men of affairs taken its right prominence. I trust we need not wait for it for men to become educated in the right method of fiscal legislation.

The vast majority of frauds and peculations which mark this day and produce much of the class jealousy which exists, making it needful for us to fall back on our faith in human nature lest we should become hopeless, are law-made frauds and crimes; and the responsibility for their commission lies at the door of those who have perverted legislation to unfit uses, and have thereby placed temptation in the way of the weak and have made the opportunity for wicked men.

Most of these laws exist because the mass of tradesmen and business men who are of, or who control, legislatures and congresses have not been fitted for their work, and know not how to compass the ends they seek. We are repeating yearly and daily in all branches of legislation the errors of the past in other countries, because of the general ignorance of economic science and commercial history. Our education has been as common in quality as it has

been in quantity, and we have yet to learn the A B C of social science.

How, then, shall business men be trained for their calling and enabled to uphold the dignity of their profession? We have schools of law, medicine, and theology, and he who enters upon these courses of instruction is commended, and not sneered at as seeking only a bread-and-butter training. We have technical schools and methods of education for the engineer, the chemist, and the architect, and all this is well; but he who wishes to find a course of study that shall specially fit him for business pursuits may seek far and wide, and he will not find it. Ought not the business man to know something of the elements of jurisprudence; to be trained from his youth upward so that when he becomes a man he may be aware that law is a science, and that he cannot secure his ends by arbitrary statutes? Where is there to be found any course of instruction in the principles of law, except in the technical schools intended for professional lawyers? Ought there not to be an advanced course in physical and commercial geography? But where can it be found? May not a course in natural science be laid out for those who do not intend to be professed chemists or geologists, or to enter into the higher problems of physics? Where is the instruction in the principles of banking, in the use and abuse of money, in the system of exchanges? Where is the department of commercial history? — not the history of trade, and anecdotes of merchants and the like, but the commercial history in the true sense, by which the power of commerce as one of the world's great motors may be learned.

It may be that those whose only instruction has been that of a common school are unfit to indicate the right course of training for their children, but we know what we ourselves have lacked or have gained only by long and painful groping in the dark, with no one to guide us. It may be said that all the points named may be covered in many colleges under the elective system of studies; but the experience of many who have had to do with schools and colleges tends to prove that the elective system carried to an extreme may result in a desultory and scrappy method of study, and that young men are not themselves competent to lay out the best course. Far better would it be that a course of instruction should be planned in full, having as its objective point the profession of merchant or manufacturer, and the whole of that course made compulsory as the condition of a degree.

It is never urged that the instruction of the schools of law, medicine, and theology fail to develop the mind and form the man even though they are special; neither could this objection be raised against the business course when once the equal importance of the well-trained merchant or manufacturer has been claimed and recognized.

In some of the foreign universities this need has been recognized and met, and it may be that the reason why the German merchant is found in every corner of the world, doing more and better work than most other men in all branches of commerce, is that his wants have been foreseen and the need has been met in the schools of his native land.

If our professional brethren are unwilling to admit our claim to an equal place with them, we will only remind them that it is not very long since surgeon and barber were synonymous terms, while the parson was in many places only the companion of menials. Times have changed, and it is commerce and manufactures that have changed them, and formed the base on which the learned professions have reached their present high place. We seek not to depress them, but to elevate ourselves and our calling to the true plane on which we and it belong in the world's history and in the progress of humanity.

In some of our technical schools it has become evident that there may be as much pedantry in science as among the advocates of a purely classical training, and it has also become obvious

that the basis even of purely professional training in science must rest upon a broad and general education in other matters. Hence every professional school has its solid course in English and other modern languages, and some add history, logic, physical geography, and other subjects.

The Massachusetts Institute of Technology has in part opened the way for the business man's education by establishing its fixed course in science and literature, but it has not yet the means and appliances to do all that needs to be done. But we have passed the boastful period in regard to our school system, and are in the critical stage, and it is not to be doubted that as soon as the expression of the want shall take form, the demand will be fully met.

Edward Atkinson.

FAIRHAVEN BAY.

I PUSH on through the shaggy wood,
I round the hill: 't is here it stood;
And there, beyond the crumbled walls,
The shining Concord slowly crawls,

Yet seems to make a passing stay,
And gently spreads its lilied bay,
Curbed by this green and reedy shore,
Up toward the ancient homestead's door.

But dumbly sits the shattered house,
And makes no answer: man and mouse
Long since forsook it, and decay
Chokes its deep heart with ashes gray.

On what was once a garden-ground
Dull red-bloomed sorrels now abound;
And boldly whistles the brown quail
Within the vacant pasture's pale.

Ah, strange and savage, where he shines,
The sun seems staring through the pines
That oft a vanished home did bless
With intimate, sweet loneliness.

The ignorant, elastic sod
The feet of them that daily trod
Its roods hath utterly forgot:
The very fire-place knows them not.

For, in the weedy cellar, thick
The ruined chimney's mass of brick
Lies strown. Wide heaven, with such an ease
Dost thou, too, lose the thought of these?

Yet I, although I know not who
Lived here, in years that voiceless grew
Ere I was born, — and never can, —
Am moved, because I am a man.

Oh glorious gift of brotherhood!
Oh sweet elixir in the blood
That makes us live with those long dead,
Or hope for those that shall be bred

Hereafter! No regret can rob
My heart of this delicious throb;
No thought of fortunes haply wrecked,
Nor pang for nature's wild neglect.

And, though the hearth be cracked and cold,
Though ruin all the place enfold,
These ashes that have lost their name
Shall warm my life with lasting flame!

G. P. Lathrop.

WATER-COLOR PAINTING.

AN ESSAY READ BEFORE THE BOSTON ART CLUB.

Of the various forms of art, there is, perhaps, no one of which less is generally known in this country than water-color painting. In Europe, water-colors have long filled an honorable position in the world of art. In America, they have filled almost no position at all. Our artists, previous to the formation of the Water-Color Club in New York, had made no energetic and successful attempt to cultivate a taste for them, either by producing good work, or by bringing it prominently before the people through an earnest and harmonious combination. It is true that here and there we find a name distinguished for excellence in this respect. Malbone (a contemporary and friend of Allston and Stuart), whose paintings on ivory have seldom been surpassed either in this country or abroad; Robert Jones, a pupil of Stanfield, and for many years a scene-painter at the old Tremont Theatre in Boston, whose works showed great power as a colorist; Thwaites, Hitchings, Hamilton, Vautin, Van Beest, Wheelock, Bellows, and perhaps a few others, have long been known among us for their excellence in this branch of painting. But there never was in this country so effective and so well sustained a movement in aid of this art as the one now begun in New York.

To define with the pen the exact rules for simplicity with the brush, though often attempted, has never yet been satisfactorily accomplished. It is almost certain that it never will be done, for the simple reason that it cannot be done. The world of literature and the world of art are distinct spheres. The pen can give but little help to the brush. But it may be said that artistic simplicity consists in judiciously stopping short of that point beyond which the material workmanship of the painter's hand cannot well pass, and where the work of the beholder's imagination should begin.

"Painting," says Coleridge, "is a something between a thought and a thing." To the quality of simplicity the material of water-color is especially adapted. Its inferiority to oils in some respects only heightens its superiority in others. Its delicacy and harmony in the blending of a general effect, its remarkable power of representing distance by aerial perspective, its chiar-oscuro, its luminosity, its liquidity and transparency, approximating to atmospheric light and prismatic brilliancy, are equaled by no other material for the purpose of conveying the refined and subtle poetry of which landscape art is capable. The peculiar excellence of water-color painting lies especially in its capacity for expressing a sense of distance and light, or what a painter calls "aerial effects." This it does with a brilliancy and freshness unequaled. To what is this superiority due? To the pigments, to the vehicle, or to the ground? The pigments are the same, or nearly the same, as those used in oils. So that its excellence must rest either in the vehicle and the ground, or in the manner of applying the former to the latter. It lies undoubtedly in each. In the first place, paper properly prepared for water-colors is *white* (or at least light-tinted); secondly, it is *absorbent;* thirdly, it possesses a certain *roughness* or *granulous texture.* These qualities are characteristic of paper, and are possessed by no other material in an equal degree. In the rough surface, the little elevations receive and hold less color, and the little depressions receive and hold more color. The finest effects are usually produced by broad washes, applied with a rapid and accurate hand, and with a full brush; by these means the color is *floated* over the paper-ground, and then allowed to lie quiet in its place until it sets and dries. As a rule, the less it is disturbed before dry, the better the result. What are called "accidental" effects, it is true, are sometimes produced in various ways, as by wiping out with bread, by hatching, stippling, etc. But floating washes are the distinctive peculiarity in the handling of water-colors. Both the vehicle (water) and many of the colors are transparent, or semi-transparent, and allow the white paper beneath to show through them, more or less. The minute projections and cavities of the paper assist the effect of its whiteness, by creating an alternation of lights and half-lights, and casting infinitesimal shadows and half-shadows. Thus we see that the projections receive less color but reflect more light; the cavities receive more color and reflect less light. These alternations of lights and darks, and variations in depth of color, are harmonized by the wonderful capacity which the eye possesses, and are so blended together by it — though perhaps unconsciously to the beholder — as to produce those effects of luminousness and of tender gradations of airy distance which are the property *par excellence* of modern water-color when rightly handled, and which it shares with fresco.

The idea is sometimes entertained that the art of painting in water-colors is a modern one. The English claim that it originated in England and with late English artists. In an extremely restricted sense — probably the one in which most Englishmen take it — there is perhaps a grain of truth in such a statement. The English Water-Color School is, as the words imply, of English development, and of a comparatively recent date. It did not exist before Girtin and Turner; and even since Turner's death some improvements have been made in the technical processes.[1] The art as at present practiced had its origin in England from the custom of making what were called *stained drawings.* A class of topographical draughtsmen, in the latter part of the last century, were in the habit of touching their drawings, which were in Indian ink, with a few tints of local color. In the South Kensington Museum there are specimens of such drawings by Webber (who accompanied Cook on his last voyage to the Pacific) and by Pococke,

[1] Turner died in 1851. The first public exhibition of modern water-color paintings in England took place in the spring of 1808.

which were executed in 1790; by Rooker, in 1795; by Hearne, Alexander, and Payne (the inventor of the pigment known as "Payne's gray"), in 1796. These topographers were chiefly employed in making transcripts of the ruins of castles, abbeys, and cathedrals in England. Literal truth, minute and accurate copy of details were their chief aim. Beauty, grandeur, sentiment, poetry — all the higher qualities of art — were unrepresented by them. But the men above named, with Paul Sandby, who died in 1809, Varley, Malton, Dayes, Byrne, and a few others, laid the foundations of what Cozens (a grandson of Peter the Great, of Russia) and Girtin and Turner subsequently raised to the dignity of art. Samuel Prout, Robson, Copley, Fielding, Barrett, Rowlandson, Dewint, Dadd, Blake, Lewis, Harding, Hunt, Cattermole, and Cooper also deserve most honorable mention. The reader who is familiar with contemporary English art can readily supply other names deservedly eminent in this respect.

The form in which many are wont to think of water-colors is in the comparatively small easel pictures, adapted for hanging in frames on the walls of public galleries or private dwellings. But in reality, fresco painting, tempera painting, scene painting, missal painting, and miniature painting are as much water-color painting as what are distinctively called easel or cabinet pictures.

A wide survey of the history of art shows us that there have been, in general, four different methods of representing nature; namely, tempera, encaustic, fresco, and oil. Of these the oldest is undoubtedly tempera; then follows the encaustic painting of the classic Greeks and their imitators; subsequent to this was the fresco of the Renaissance in the fourteenth and the fifteenth century; and last of all, after the middle of the fifteenth century, came oil. Modern water-color is a modification of ancient tempera.

Water-color painting is in fact not only an older, but a very much older process than the use of oils. Water-colors were used by the Egyptians, the Hindoos, the Chinese, the Assyrians, and the Etruscans, long before the birth of Christ. The earliest work extant painted in the present method of using oils, according to Sir Charles Eastlake, is at Frankfort, Germany. Eastlake says its date is 1417, A. D. But a more recent authority sets it at 1444. It is consequently now about four hundred and twenty-five years old. The name of the artist who painted it is Peter Christophsen (called by Vasari, Pietro Crista), a scholar of Hubert Van Eyck. The earliest European water-color extant is undoubtedly the one found in 1843 in Italy, in the necropolis of Veii. Its date, if it had one, antiquarians say would be about the time that Rome was founded, and it is consequently now about twenty-six hundred years old. The name of the artist who painted it is not known.

Oil was undoubtedly employed in certain ways, previous to the time of the Van Eycks. But the art of painting in oils, as now understood, was probably invented by them.[1]

It was the dictum of Michelangelo that "oil painting was fit only for women and for the luxurious and idle." He acted up to his belief, for it is by no means certain that there is a single oil painting by Michelangelo in existence. The reverse of this opinion seems now to be commonly entertained, and Michelangelo's dictum about oils is held by many in regard to water-colors. It is a quite prevalent idea that the material of water-colors is adapted by its nature only to the lower ranges of art; that it is limited in its resources to pictures comparatively small in size, and to subjects of such a kind as are best characterized by the term prettiness; that neither force nor feeling can be expressed in this material, but only feebleness; that however successful it may be in rendering grace

1 John Van Eyck, who did the most towards developing this process, was born sometime between the years 1390 and 1395. He died about the year 1445, or almost exactly at the time of the invention of printing.

or beauty, strength and grandeur are beyond its grasp. On the other hand, it is often believed that the higher ranges of art are monopolized by oil; that the best expression of the noblest ideas is only to be found within the resources of this latter material.

To see that such an opinion is a mistaken one, does not require a long consideration. Most of the great painters of the Renaissance won their immortal fame by water-color. It is by water-color that a very large proportion of the noblest and highest achievements in art has been accomplished. Cimabue, Giotto, Masaccio, Ghirlandaio (Michelangelo's master), Michelangelo, Perugino (the master of Raphael), Raphael, Lionardo da Vinci, Fra Angelico, Filippo Lippi, Andrea del Sarto, Andrea Mantegna, Correggio, and the great host of the Renaissance were water-color painters. Buonarotti's paintings of The Creation and The Last Judgment, in the Sistine Chapel, Correggio's paintings in the Cathedral of Parma, Raphael's School of Athens, The Scourging of Heliodorus, and his other paintings in the Loggie and Stanze of the Vatican, are "only water-color paintings." And the history of water-color or fresco painting in the revival of art in the fifteenth century is the history of art itself. Moreover the practice of fresco has been renewed in modern times, and many of the chief pictures of Germany, England, and France have been executed in this method.

Fresco (the Italian adjective *fresco*, *fresh*) is the name given to mural paintings which are executed on freshly laid plaster. It is not therefore exactly synonymous with tempera, as this latter term is properly applied only to paintings on *dry* plaster. The tempera process is probably far older than that of real fresco. The latter was not much in use till near the end of the fourteenth century. The method of working in fresco is, in general, as follows. First, a finished sketch in color of the intended picture is made. This may be either of the same size as the proposed fresco, or it may be smaller. The outlines of the design are carefully drawn on thick paper or pasteboard, which is securely fastened to a cloth stretched on framework. The sketch on the cartoon is then transferred to the wall. Different methods of conveyance are made use of. By some, tracing-paper is laid on the cartoon and the design traced upon it. The tracing is then put upon the wet plaster, and the design pricked through. By others, a blank sheet of paper is placed behind the cartoon, the design pricked through on to the sheet, the sheet laid upon the wall, and black powder dusted through the holes of the paper on to the plaster. Still another method is to draw a series of small squares upon the cartoon, and also another series of larger squares upon the wall. By aid of these to guide the eye, the transfer is made. Thus the use of the cartoon by the fresco painter is similar to that of the clay or wax model by the sculptor.

The pigments used are chiefly earths, since the chemical action of the lime destroys animal and vegetable colors. Lime is mixed with them in fresco and *secco*, but not in tempera painting. Great attention was paid by the ancient and Renaissance painters to the careful preparation of the grounds, which were either of burnished gold or white plaster, as the luminosity of the picture depends on these being preserved pure and clean.

The fresco painter has many difficulties to contend with, arising from the nature of the materials with which he works. This is especially the case with true fresco (*buon fresco*) as distinguished from dry fresco (*fresco secco*) otherwise called *mezzo* (half) fresco or "Florentine" fresco. Strictly speaking, there are three distinct kinds of wall painting, namely: the true fresco, which is executed on wet plaster, and with colors mixed with lime; second, the dry fresco, also executed with lime colors, but on plaster which has dried and been remoistened; third, tempera (or more commonly, *distemper*), without lime mixed with the colors, and on a dry wall. It is quite common to use the terms secco

and tempera (or distemper) as synonymous, though speaking accurately there is the above-mentioned difference.

Discoveries of old fresco and tempera pictures — some beneath whitewash, others beneath accumulated rubbish — are frequently made at the present day. As examples may be mentioned those found in 1863, in England, in Astbury church, Cheshire; those in Stone church, Kent; and those in Eaton church, near Norwich. These were probably executed about the beginning of the fourteenth century. In France, paintings in secco have lately been exhumed in the rooms of the Roman villa in the Department of Allier, near the railway station of St. Gerand le Puy. The villa belongs undoubtedly to the Augustan age, and at the breaking out of the Franco-Prussian war was undergoing excavation.

Modern chemistry has supplied another method for wall painting, called stereo-chromic. It possesses some advantages over ordinary tempera, on account of its supposed greater durability and the facility with which paintings done in this method can be glazed and retouched. It was invented by a well-known chemist, J. R. von Fuchs, of Munich. The essence of the invention consists in mixing fluoric acid with a proper proportion of water; this mixture is then profusely sprinkled over the picture. The chemical action of the solution ("water-glass," as it is called) renders the colors, and the plaster on which they are laid, one uniform flint-like mass. A longer time, however, than has yet elapsed since the invention of this process is necessary before its merits or defects can be definitely ascertained.

One of the great troubles in the management of fresco consists in the fact that the eggs, which are mixed with the colors to render them of the proper consistency, dry so rapidly that it is difficult to unite the tints in the more nicely modeled parts of a picture. But this technical difficulty is in reality productive of a virtue. For it renders retouching impossible. In oil painting it is practicable to retouch, to glaze, and to use numerous appliances known to painters, by which the desired effect, if not produced at first, can yet be subsequently obtained. But in fresco painting this is out of the question. The plaster in drying forms a crystalline surface, which gives a clearness and sharpness much superior to that of which distemper is capable; and great care is required in the manipulation, because the stucco has only a limited capacity for the absorption of color. If this capacity is overworked, the plaster becomes what is called "rotten." The rottenness is not perceptible until after the plaster is dry, so that the artist must thoroughly understand his business, must possess an experienced judgment and a swift and resolute hand, before he can produce good and durable work. This necessary simplicity in the manipulation compels the fresco painter to avoid the display of mere mechanical skill — the parade of artistic fire-works, so to speak. Soft and delicate finish, roundness, depth of color, and all the other inferior resources of art are therefore placed beyond his control. It is impossible for him to conceal poverty of invention or of poetic feeling behind the mask of artificial decoration and mechanical elaboration. Simplicity and breadth of treatment, grandeur, harmony, truth and purity of character, nobility of composition and expression, — the higher qualities of true art, — are the only fields in which he can display his triumphs. Without these he is nothing. Vasari has rightly called fresco "the most manly of all modes of painting."

Coleridge says that the measure of greatness in a work of art is its *suggestiveness*. He means, possibly, that great work is never simply specific in effect, but carries the spectator out of himself as it were, and beyond its own mere surface into an atmosphere akin to that in which the work was created. There must therefore be a greater or less degree of sympathy and congeniality between the mind of the beholder and the mind that creates. The effect of a great work of art is not one of sense alone. It is an effect not to be looked for in the

work of little men; it is a spiritual essence — a quintessence beyond them, intangible and everlasting. We can, it is true, lay down the dictum that a work of art, to be the most complete, must exhibit in itself an excellence in the three directions of sensuous, of intellectual, and of spiritual beauty. But it is this intangible quality of suggestiveness which exerts the greatest influence on the true lover of art, be he professional artist or humble layman. When we see more with our minds than we can with our eyes, then comes the keenest delight.

This property of suggestiveness is a vital element of the simplicity and grandeur of fresco painting, and it led the great artists of the Renaissance, even after the invention of oil painting, to select fresco as fittest for the expression of their best thoughts. The necessity of forbearance in the technical management of frescoes; the inevitable law that in them all cannot be said, but that much must be left unsaid, enhance their purity and unity of design, and appeal to the spectator in a manner that, if he is of susceptible fibre, fills his mind with visions of purest delight. In their proper treatment all profusion of ornament is avoided, and their greatness is not infringed by a multiplicity of constituent parts. An easel water-color ought, in a less degree, to possess these characteristics of fresco. Dignified simplicity and directness should be the first objects aimed at. Elaboration is not its appropriate possession. Even rudeness and roughness, if accompanied with a manly breadth, are better than the most patient minuteness of detail. One of the chief requisite conditions in a work of art is that it should be rendered without confusion. When a water-color becomes elaborate in texture, and in what is called *quality* of color, it infringes on the peculiar province of oil painting, and the painter wastes his time.

Besides fresco and tempera, water-color painting had an immense field for its development, especially during the Middle Ages, in the wide-spread fashion of ornamenting manuscripts. Miniature illumination, particularly as practiced in its later days, was a new resource in art, distinct from fresco and from oil. The illumination of MSS. forms the principal existing link between ancient and modern art. For those two enemies of art, time and barbarians, have destroyed nearly all the other varieties of pictures. It is chiefly in the illuminated Bibles, missals, rubrics, psalters, hymnals, chronicles, and other MSS., handed down to us by their royal or monastic owners, that we can find specimens of the art of painting as practiced in Europe in the time between the fifth and the twelfth century. Paintings on walls, canvas, or panels are of necessity more exposed to injury and destruction than paintings in books, these latter being easily deposited in places secure from violence; and the books being kept closed, the pictures they contain are protected likewise from atmospheric influences. It is not true, however, as Vasari and other writers have frequently asserted, that art in forms other than illuminated books was not cultivated in Italy during the period from the fifth to the thirteenth century.[1]

Without colored illustrations it is impossible to give a completely definite notion of the art of illumination; and half a dozen pages are small space in which to review the work of over a thousand years. A careful comparison of the many MSS. extant shows — as is natural from the fact that the art of illumination was practiced for fifteen hundred years or more, and by many nations, European, African, and Asiatic — wide-spread diversities in design and execution. The different nations naturally formed different schools of art. And an elaborate treatment of the subject (impossible in these pages) would require a consideration of the differ-

1 See Studii sui Monumenti dell' Italia Meridionale dal iv. al xii. Secolo, by Demetrio Salazaro, Inspector of the Pinacoteca in the National Museum at Naples. The work is illustrated with excellent chromo-lith ographs after fresco mural paintings, some of them executed as early as the fourth century.

ent styles of Byzantine, Greek, Latin, Frank, Gallic, Franco-Gallic, Keltic, Anglo-Keltic, Saxon, Persian, Arabic, Hindoo, Japanese, Chinese, and all the other varieties of European, Asiatic, and African art.

Miniature painting is the term originally applied to the practice of illuminating books with colored letters, previous to the invention of printing. The word miniature is an instance of the change always taking place in language. The primary meaning of the word *miniature* is *red-lead*, from the Latin *minium*. Now it signifies, of course, a portrait of small size, usually executed on ivory or vellum. In the Middle Ages it was the custom of the book-writers to distinguish the beginning of chapters and paragraphs by marking the initial letters in minium or red-lead. This practice was the humble beginning of what subsequently gave employment to some of the greatest artists of Europe and Asia. By degrees these red letters — at first used simply as a matter of practical convenience, to distinguish the beginnings of paragraphs — came to be adorned with many fanciful ornaments, the illuminator adding arabesque borders and scroll-work, and finally little pictures containing birds, animals, foliage, fruit, flowers, insects, human and imaginary grotesque figures, unicorns, griffins, chimæras, and other fantastic creatures, illustrative of the context. To this the general term miniature was applied. The name of the material in which they were done was thus transferred to the pictures themselves. At first, the initial letters were of the same size as the rest of the text; but by degrees it became the custom to make them larger than the other letters, so that in some MSS., especially the choral books of several of the Italian churches, they range from two inches to twenty-four inches in length.

To the historian as well as to the artist, the illuminated books of the Middle Ages are invaluable. For, besides exhibiting the development of art, they supply the most accurate illustrations of the social manners, the religious conditions and customs, the utensils, arms, furniture, dress, and architecture peculiar to the times and countries in which they were produced. One of the first pictorial evidences of a knowledge of the existence of America is to be seen in a painting of the Adoration, belonging to the Chapter House at Viseu, Portugal. In this picture one of the Magi is represented in the dress of an American brave. From miniature illumination very valuable information on the subject of topography is to be obtained. For the illuminator followed the general practice of most of the early painters in similar cases. They painted what they saw. Rembrandt, when representing the Nativity, for example, gives us the view of a Dutch cow-house, and not that of a Jewish stable; Raphael pictures a Roman matron for the mother of Christ; a Burgundian, in painting the Fall of Adam, represents the fruit of the Tempter as a bunch of grapes, while a Norman makes it an apple, and a Provençal, an orange. So the mediæval limner, in illustrating the Bible, introduced scenes which were familiar to his own experience. Suppose, for example, he were a Frenchman illustrating the Crucifixion. Instead of attempting a view of Jerusalem, which he never has seen, he simply inserts for a background in his miniature a view in Paris or some other French town. And we thus obtain a correct idea of how Aix-la-Chapelle appeared when Charlemagne made it his residence, or how Notre Dame or the Louvre looked to the painter's contemporaries. What is called the Talbot Book, given to Margaret of Anjou by Talbot, Earl of Shrewsbury, contains, among numerous tales of chivalry, the Life of Alexander the Great. There is a miniature in it of a view of Babylon, in the foreground of which is a very neat row of water-mills, such as the painter daily saw around Ghent or Bruges. In Queen Mary's Prayer Book, a MS. of the thirteenth century, is a drawing illustrating the death of Absalom. Absalom is represented hung to a tree, dressed in a coat of chain-mail, and surrounded with

knights and war-horses of the days of chivalry. Joab, likewise in armor, with his visor down, is busily at work, spearing Absalom with a long lance. Another MS., of the fourteenth century, represents King David playing, not upon the harp, but striking a row of silver bells after the manner of the Saxons; David is attended by four other figures, playing respectively on a harp, an organ, a violin, and the bag-pipes. In a medallion of Juvenal des Ursines, of the fifteenth century, which represents the shepherds receiving the glad tidings of the Saviour's birth, there is a landscape of the river Seine, with accurate drawings of the church of Saint-Jean-en-Grièvе, the Petit Châtelet, the Butte Montmartre, and the Tower of the Temple.

This kind of decoration, like tempera and fresco, existed before the Middle Ages and even before the Christian era. The ancient Egyptians illuminated their papyri with elaborately painted vignettes, similar to those of the Catholic missals. The Greeks and Romans had a like custom. In Europe, its early history is quite obscure. It seems to have been practiced by Byzantine artists about the third or fourth century. The earliest Greek illuminations are very simple, being not much more than a mere framework around the page, with a colored border. A few pictures are introduced in this early work, square in shape and likewise surrounded with a border and a dark margin. Among the oldest extant specimens of illuminated books are a copy of Terence in the library of the Vatican, supposed to be of the fourth century, and the Dioscorides of the Vienna Library, executed about 354 A. D. The Vatican Vergil is also one of the most ancient. It contains about fifty miniatures and was written in the fourth or fifth century. The oldest illuminated MS. in the British Museum is the Codex Geneseos, probably of the third century; all but a few leaves was unfortunately destroyed by the great fire of 1731.

It was in the latter part of the Middle Ages — the period between the ninth and the sixteenth century — that this art was brought to its perfection. Like the mural decoration of the Renaissance times, illumination owes its development to the Christian church. To the embellishment of missals and breviaries the mediæval monk resorted, for the purpose of recording his piety by painting his ideas of sacred subjects, or of whiling away the *ennui* of cloister life. There was also another incentive in the fact that a peculiar merit was attached to this kind of work. The following subscription is found on many mediæval MSS.: "This Book, copied by X—— for the Benefit of his Soul, was finished in the Year —. May the Lord think upon him." The persecutions of the early Christians repressed the growth of this art for the first two or three centuries. But with the accession to the Roman empire of its first Christian ruler, Constantine, in 306, the art received a vigorous impulse. In the year 305, St. Anthony first established convents in which were collected the devotees of religion, previously compelled to live in secret places. These convents were so many laboratories for copying and illustrating MSS.

Large numbers of illuminated books are preserved in the various libraries and private collections of Europe. It is not improbable that there are rich and unexplored mines in the Eastern convents, especially of Arabic and Persian work. For during more than one thousand years — that is, from the reign of Constantine in 306 A. D., till the capture of Constantinople by the Turks in 1453, and the growth of learning in western Europe — that city was the chief seat of scholars and of book-making. The business of transcription and embellishment was most assiduously carried on, not only in the city proper, but in the monasteries of its suburbs, and throughout Asia Minor and the islands of the Ægean Sea. Cyprus, Eubœa, and Crete were especially prolific. No place was more productive than Mt. Athos, which stretches into the Ægean Sea from Macedonia. The promontory was literally honey-combed with monas-

teries, the occupants devoting most of their time to this work, which they have even handed down to their successors of the present day. For at the breaking out of the Greek revolution of 1828, there were more than twenty monasteries on Mt. Athos, containing over four thousand monks, most of whom were picture-makers. And in 1846, Papeti found them still illuminating books, guided by ancient models and by a receipt-book, the latter containing the most minute details in regard to the costume and even the facial expressions of all the saints in the Greek calendar.

It was only about a quarter of a century ago that one of the oldest known specimens of scriptural illumination — if not the oldest — was discovered at Jerusalem by Poujoulet, a French traveler. He describes it to be a Bible, probably of the fourth century, executed in a coarse style of Byzantine art, containing miniature paintings representing the chief scriptural personages from Adam to Christ. During the past four hundred years frequent visits have been made by European travelers and men of learning to the Egyptian monasteries, for the purpose of unearthing MSS. Among these visitors may be mentioned Robert Huntington, who in 1678 made the collection of Oriental MSS. now in the Bodleian Library at Oxford, England. In 1715, Asserman and Sicard gathered for the Vatican a number of Coptic, Syriac, and Arabic books. In 1730, Sieur Granger visited the Natron monasteries of North Africa. He says "the buildings at that time were falling into decay and the dust destroying the books and MSS., of which the monks made no use whatever. Their own patriarch had represented to them that the sum which the books would produce would be sufficient to enable them to restore their churches and rebuild their cells; but they declared they would rather be buried in the ruins" than part with their unused books. A hundred years later, Lord Prudhoe, in 1828, visited these same monasteries. He says that in one chamber he found a trap-door, through which he descended, "candle in hand, to examine the MSS., where books and parts of books in Coptic, Ethiopic, Syriac, and Arabic were lying in a mass, on which," he says, "I stood. To appearance it seemed as if on some sudden emergency the whole library had been thrown for security down this trap-door, and that the books had remained undisturbed in their dust and neglect for some centuries." The British Museum has quite a large collection of MSS. made by Dr. Tattam, who twice went to Egypt solely for that purpose. In a vault of one of the monasteries he found the floor covered eight or ten inches deep with the fragments of books, which had apparently lain there many years. Over one thousand MSS. were collected from Egypt, Asia, and Mesopotamia, written in the Syriac, Aramaic, and Coptic dialects, and at different times between the fourth and the thirteenth century. Most of the MSS. above mentioned have been secured for European libraries. But these instances, and especially the late discoveries of Papeti, Poujoulet, and Dr. Tischendorf (an account of whose finding of the Mt. Sinai Bible is in the preface to the thousandth volume of Tauchnitz' publications), lead one to hope that, in spite of previous active search, there may yet be found still more additions to our treasures of mediæval limning.

Subsequent to the fifth century, the influence of Christian art is plainly visible. In the sixth century a stimulus was given to illumination by St. Benedict. The influence of this remarkable man over the monastic institutions of western Europe was felt for a period of three hundred years. It was in the year 500, that, coming from Asiatic Greece, he established numerous convents in the west of Europe. The rules of life which he originated were adopted universally by the different religious communities; and they were exclusively observed until the ninth century. St. Benedict's last dying injunction to his brethren was, "Read, copy, and preserve books." In the eighth century

many Eastern artists were dispersed over western Europe by the iconoclastic emperors of Byzantium. Charlemagne took advantage of the expulsion of ecclesiastics and artists from Byzantium, and afforded them a generous support and employment at his court and throughout his empire. The Byzantine style of art, which from the idiosyncrasies of its Eastern character is readily distinguished from all others, was thus gradually amalgamated with that of the Frankish and Teutonic schools, and a great improvement made over the coarse and rude productions of the Empire of the West. During the ninth century the ecclesiastical power was much extended, and with it the production of missal paintings. Byzantium was still the place where the greatest technical perfection was attained, but its influence extended throughout western Europe and even invaded Ireland. The art continued to advance for the next hundred years. The Menelogium is the name of a celebrated calendar made about the year 1000 for Basilius II. Although nearly one half of this book is lost, only the months from September to February inclusive being left, there still remain about four hundred and thirty miniatures on grounds of gold, illustrating scenes from church history. Near the beginning of the eleventh century there was a marked decline in art, but it again received an impulse from the church. Gregory VII. issued his fiat announcing the universal dominion, temporal and spiritual, of the Roman Church, and the gorgeous cathedrals, especially those of southern Europe, began to glow with the productions of artists. The first crusaders, on their return from the Holy Land, likewise aided the movement by bringing with them a demand for Eastern luxury. This luxury is apparent in illumination in the increased practice of writing copies of the Bible in letters of gold or silver, on leaves of vellum stained with a beautiful purple.

Four circumstances in the twelfth century contributed as many impulses to the culture of the fine arts, namely: the growth of the power and wealth of the trading classes; the establishment of universities; the rise of the Italian republics; and the adoption of miniature illumination by the Arabs, the Tartars, and the Persians. The peculiar decoration styled arabesque was, as its name imports, developed by the Arabs. The Arab artists were compelled by an article of their faith to resort to the depicting of the flowers, stalks, fruit, and leaves of plants, or to the imaginary productions of their fancy. As this people advanced in luxury, however, under the dominion of the caliphs, they gradually introduced the representations of insects, birds, and quadrupeds. In the thirteenth century, the art continued to improve. In the opinion of Ruskin the thirteenth century is the period of the climax. About the year 1200, illuminators began to use foliage in illustrations; and it was during this period that the peculiar species of illumination known to bibliographers as "bestiaries" flourished. It takes its name from the numbers of real and imaginary animals, fantastic and grotesque, with which the illustrations are filled. In the fourteenth century, Cimabue and Giotto, with their predecessors and immediate followers of the Greek school, were the precursors of the great era of the Renaissance. And the miniature art of the time gives token of their influence.

In Flanders the churchmen adopted a method of instructing the ignorant populace by miniature illumination precisely the same in principle as that for which fresco was used. Pictorial representations of the most important subjects in the Scriptures were issued under the name of the *Armen Bibel* (*Biblia Pauperum*) or "the poor man's Bible." The earliest specimens of this book contain a series of forty leaves, exhibiting illustrations of the Old and New Testaments. It was designed not only for laymen but for unlettered priests. Each page of this book contains three designs arranged in a row, the central picture illustrating some scene from the life of Christ, and those on either side scenes from the Old Testament, showing a par-

allel or collateral incident. For example, the Adoration of the Magi is flanked on one side by Abner visiting David, and on the other by the Queen of Sheba's visit to Solomon. The illustrations are accompanied with an explanatory text. The leaves, put back to back, are gummed together in imitation of a book printed on both sides. This invention extended from Flanders to other countries.

Beside scriptural subjects, other classes of works received the attention of the illuminator. The songs of the troubadours, and metrical and prose romances, furnished many themes for the artist's fancy.

In the fifteenth century large quantities of MSS. were brought to western Europe from Constantinople by the Greeks, who fled from that city after its capture by the Turks in 1453. And in the Italian cities great numbers of scribes and illuminators flourished, there being over fifty in Milan alone. Some of the most renowned artists were engaged in this work. Limning in its earlier days was cultivated almost entirely by ecclesiastics; in its later days, laymen and professional artists shared the labors and the glory of the monk. In Italy are to be found Fra Angelico da Fiesole, Simone Memmi, Giotto, Franco Bolognese, Squarcione, Gherardo of Florence, Gentile da Fabriano, Girolamo, and Francesco dai Libri (contemporaries of da Vinci), da Vinci himself, Raphael, Titian, and, perhaps the greatest of all in this art, Giulio Clovio. In the Low Countries, the three Van Eycks, Roger de Bruges, Van der Goes, and Hans Memling rivaled, if not surpassed, their Italian brethren. The passion for illumination was so great in this century, that even medical diplomas and legal documents were adorned with it. The fifteenth century and the first quarter of the sixteenth century was the time of the climax of this art. It received a mortal blow, though one not immediately fatal, from the invention of printing. With this invention the demand for MSS. of course gradually ceased, although illumination was applied to *printed* books for full a century afterward, blank spaces on the pages being left by the printer for the painter. For more than a hundred years after the invention of printing, official illuminators were retained by the Apostolic Chamber, the Popes of Rome, and the Doges of Venice. It was not till the reign of Louis XIV. of France (1643), that the art became practically extinct. The latest of the illuminated missals, according to Madden, is the immense folio in the Library of Rouen. It is almost three feet high, and employed its limner, a monk of St. Andoen, during thirty years of hard work. It was finished in 1682.

The two vast fields which water-color has already filled — fresco painting and miniature illumination — have shown its artistic capacity. In the small scale of treatment, it has existed in the form of miniature illumination for over one thousand five hundred years. In the large scale of treatment, it has existed in the form of tempera and fresco more than four thousand years at the very lowest estimate, and it is not improbable it may have flourished for more than double this period. In both forms it has shown a capacity and a permanence greater than almost any other of the creations of man. Still a third form, entirely distinct from either of the other two, is just coming into existence in water-color landscape. There is a magnificent opportunity for these earlier productions to be rivaled, if not surpassed, in the new and untrodden paths now lying open to the landscape water-color painters of America. The previous conditions requisite for a noble unfolding of art in this country have, in a great measure, already been fulfilled. The necessary political and social status is nearly ripe. Taine has truthfully expressed the conditions needful for a full artistic development. "In every country, a rich invention in the field of art is preceded by indomitable energy in the field of action. A father has fought, founded, and suffered, heroically and tragically; the son gathers, from the lips of the old, heroic and tragic traditions; and, protected by the efforts

of a previous generation, less menaced by danger, installed on paternal foundations, he imagines, expresses, narrates, sculptures, or paints the mighty deeds of which his heart, still throbbing, feels a last vibration." Taine brings forward in support of this assertion the productions of the French between 1820 and 1830, after the great Revolution and the wars of the empire; Dutch art, after the struggle of the Netherlands for independence from Spain; Gothic architecture and the poetry of the troubadours and minnesingers, after the consolidation of feudal society; the literature of the seventeenth century, after the establishment of a regular monarchy in France; Greek tragedy, architecture, and sculpture, after the defeat of the Persians. And to these examples he might have added the Elizabethan age of English literature.

In seeking to establish a national school, while we lack the advantage of the hereditary transmission of skill, we have, on the other hand, no preconceived, traditional types, nor long-established, conventional styles to contend against. The same independence and energy of thought and action which characterize our politics, our literature, our commercial and domestic life, have equal opportunity in art. When we have acquired the *science* of art with the same thoroughness and vigor with which the foundations of the nation have been laid, then the higher artistic imagination will form the superstructure. "Always," says Taine again, "a new conception of divine and human things produces a new mode of comprehending beauty." If these two dicta of Taine are correct, — and unquestionably they are so, — no country ever had before it so glorious a future for its art, as the United States.

Henry S. Mackintosh.

ABOUT A BARREL OF LARD.

My uncle, Ben Slaughter, was an extensive cattle-dealer, who every fall sent his drovers with herds of beeves to Washington, Baltimore, and Philadelphia. Along the way he sold them in lots to farmers, who stall-fed them through the winter, and in the spring and early summer supplied our markets with fat beef. In the fall of 1837, the year of a great commercial crisis, he visited me for the first time since I had married, and stopped with me during his stay in Philadelphia.

He was an early settler in Kentucky, and well acquainted with Boone, Kenton, and other old pioneers, who remained for a time after he went out. He was tall, well-proportioned, and, for a man of seventy, erect and of easy carriage. He was also a man of temperate habits and simple tastes. His chief hobby was "blooded stock." Of course he was an admirer of good horsemanship. So one evening we went to the circus. When we returned, as I opened the street door with my latch-key and we walked in, he exclaimed, "Whe-e-ew! I smell oysters." Then a silvery voice from the stairway rang out, "Walk into the dining-room, Uncle Ben, you and Ajax. I'll be down presently. I hear the baby stirring; she has some new teeth coming through, but she will soon be quiet." We walked in and found a tureen of smoking oysters and a pitcher of foaming ale, with bread, butter, and pickles, on the table.

My wife soon joined us, and we sat down to supper. After it was over, and the table was cleared and set in its place against the wall, she drew her workstand before the grate of glowing coals and sat down to her sewing. I then asked the old man to repeat to Sue — that is, my wife — a story which he once told me in my boyhood. So he

finished the cigar he was smoking and began.

"You see I moved out to Kentucky a long time before railroads were thought of, or before the National Road across the Alleghanies was even contemplated. Emigrants from our part of Virginia then went through Winchester, crossed the mountains, and came to the Ohio opposite the place where the town of Marietta now stands. Here we made flat-boats, loaded them with our stuff, and floated down the river. People in those days sent back furs, bacon, lard, and whisky, all the way to Baltimore and Philadelphia by the same wagon-road we traveled.

"As you know, I was a childless widower at forty, when I married your Aunt Polly. According to our Virginia way of farming we merely managed to live comfortably. But, as my father used to say, 'The hogs ate all the corn, and the niggers, ate all the hogs.' I had not got ahead in worldly goods, and determined to emigrate. So with my new wife, five hundred dollars in gold, three teams filled with household stuff, a few negroes, and some choice horses and cattle, I joined Shackelford's train at Winchester one fine morning in September. We traveled along slowly, of course, but pretty comfortably, camping by the roadside at night, and buying horse-feed and provisions at the houses of the sparse settlers.

"We got to the Little Kanawha and I was driving the hindmost team, one afternoon, when my off wheel-horse cast a shoe. We soon passed a blacksmith's shop, and I stopped to get the shoe put on. The smith was a big, gruff, red-headed, pock-marked man, and eyed me very closely. It was some time before he could find a shoe to fit, and by the time I got off, the other wagons must have been more than a mile ahead. So I hurried my team somewhat, to catch up before they made camp for the night. When I got to the ford I heard a loud, shrill whistle, and turning and looking back I saw two men cross the road and go into the blacksmith shop. I made no account of it at the time, but forded the river and drove up the long hill on the west side. It was tough pulling, and I had to chock my wheels every hundred yards or so, and let my horses blow. I had gone nearly a mile, and got on a level road, when I stopped at a fine spring which came out from under a rock as high as the top of my wagon-tent. As I was watering my horses, who should step from behind the rock but the ugly blacksmith. I wondered how he came there; he must have taken some near cut to get to the spring before I did. When this occurred to me, I did n't like it at all. Stepping up close to me as I set down the horse bucket by the spring, he asked the time of day. I would have pretended that I had no watch, but there was my father's big seal and watch-key dangling by the chain from my fob; so I told him it had stopped. He then pulled out a battered old silver watch about the size of a good-sized turnip, and bantered me for a trade. I did not care to show my old time-piece within his reach, and felt a good deal riled at his impudence. 'Trade with your grandmother,' said I; and throwing the bucket into the front of the wagon, I cracked my whip and chirruped to my leader.

"As I started, he ran ahead, and, crooking his finger and putting it into his mouth, gave the same devilish whistle I had heard at the ford. Then two men stepped into the road twenty yards before me. I recognized the shorter, by his red shirt, as one who walked across to the blacksmith shop when I looked back before crossing the river. I saw there was going to be trouble, so I put my hand under the wagon cover and drew out my rifle, and cocked it. As the blacksmith turned to come towards me, I said, 'Halt, or you 're a dead man!' and with that I raised my gun, the barrel fell into the palm of my left hand, and I had a dead sight on him right between the eyes. One step more and I drew trigger. There was no report, but a dull sound — a kind of a 'cluck' — as the pan flew open. My eye fell on the cock, and in an instant

I understood it all. The flint had been removed and a piece of black walnut to resemble it had been put in its place. This had all been done by the blacksmith, when I went down the hill behind his shop to drink at his spring. The fellow had replaced the gun in the wagon just as I left it, to avoid creating suspicion. I would have given ten years of my life-time if I could have held in my hand one of your double-barreled percussion rifles. However, it was my life or my money, perhaps both; so clubbing my rifle, as the foremost advanced with a long horse-pistol, I determined to fight it out to the end. On he came, cocking and raising his pistol; but stumping his toe against a stone he stumbled towards me. Before he recovered, my old rifle, as it whirled, came in contact with his weapon and sent it spinning across the road. He dodged a second blow which I aimed at his head, and ran to recover his pistol. Here I was, for a moment, like a buck at bay. Two rascals, one armed with a bar of iron and the other with a big cudgel, were afraid to come within reach of my clubbed rifle. I had but a short respite. The red-shirted man soon recovered his shooting-iron and, advancing within five yards, fired. I jumped to one side, but there was a numb, dead feeling in my right arm, and it fell as useless against my side as the sleeve that encased it. I had now but one arm, and that my left, so of course there was a short scuffle. I saw one of them approaching, a large stone in both hands, raised above his head, as another was pulling me down. There was a heavy thud on my head, and I remembered no more.

"When I came to, — as I did, of course, or I would not be here to tell the story, — it seemed as if I was gradually awakening from a long, confused dream, a dream of years, in which I had lived over my whole life. But how I came where I was lying I could not tell. Then, as my faculties returned, I called to mind my starting from home, and the journey all along until I stopped to get my horse shod. Then I thought of the blacksmith and his villainous face, and realized my situation. The villains had dragged me for a dead man away from the road, — I did not know how far, — and covered me with leaves. I could not move my right arm, but brushed away the leaves from my face with my left. In a short time I shoved them from the lower part of my body, and felt for my money-belt. It was dangling by one of the strings, which had become entangled in a button of my pantaloons. Of course it was empty; and the money I had in my pockets, and my watch, were also gone. I did not know how long I had lain there; it might have been for hours or days, for what I knew. As it was hazy, there was no sun visible to tell me whether it was morning, noon, or evening. I was quite numb, but presently felt my body all over to find if I was bleeding. Much to my relief I was not, but there was a great deal of clotted and dried blood on the back of my head and down the back of my neck. There was also a large gash on the top of my head, and the hair was matted over it. Then I felt all over my head, and the skull seemed to be sound. So I was convinced that the terrible blow I had received, although it had cut my head dreadfully, had only stunned me. The loss of blood had in all probability saved my life."

Here Sue laid down her sewing and drew a long sigh. Uncle Ben, putting a fresh quid of tobacco in his mouth, continued: —

"After a while I found that I could rise, though with difficulty, and my wounded arm, when I stood up, was not as bad as I had supposed. The ball had struck that part of the elbow known as the 'crazy bone,' and had glanced. Although bruised and sore, I had some use of it; I could raise and lower it, and could open and close my hand and work my fingers. Of course I lamented the loss of my money. It was all I had to pay Shackelford for the land I had agreed to buy of him. I also regretted deeply the anxiety and grief my absence would cause my wife. My immediate care, however, was to know where I was, and to find the road.

"There was a small greensward in front of me, probably an old wind-clearing. The cattle of the few neighboring settlers had likely grazed here, and kept down the bushes. Walking forty or fifty yards down hill to the edge of the sward, I came to a precipice of about ten feet, and below it heard the sound of running water. Peering through the trees I also saw a bright, sparkling brook. I was very thirsty, and clambering down with much difficulty, went to the brook, took a hearty drink, and after a while drank again, and then again.

"By this time I realized that it was evening, for it began to grow dark. I did not know on which side of the road I was, or how far from it, but felt certain that if I could even find the spring where I was robbed, it would still be three or four miles to the place where Shackelford intended to camp; I concluded, therefore, in my weak condition, to spend the night where I was, and to find the road and push on in the morning.

"I found on searching my waistcoat pocket that I still had flint and steel, which I generally carried. So gathering a handful of furze from a birch-tree, and peeling off some of the bark, I struck a light and kindled a fire. I had selected a spot for this purpose on a bare flat rock some yards in extent, immediately below the slight precipice I have just mentioned. On the flat rock there were several cavities, or shallow holes, I might call them, about the size of the top of a hogshead, and filled with dry leaves. One of these holes was on the left-hand side of a bed of dry moss, on which I made up my mind to sleep. I was very hungry, which I considered a good sign, and lay down, as a relief to the uneasiness it gave me. Here I bemoaned the loss of my money, instead of feeling grateful to God that my life had been spared. I turned from side to side a great many times, and at last fell asleep. I had many wild, wandering dreams, waking occasionally just long enough to find out that I had been dreaming. I remember the last one I had very distinctly. I imagined I fought with the robbers again; that I killed one and drove another off, and followed him at a distance through the woods, and saw him go to a place very much like the flat rock where I was lying, and put money, which I supposed he had taken from travelers, into holes like those around me; that when he went away I groped in one of the holes and found the ill-gotten treasure.

"In my joy I woke up, and I was really clutching the leaves in the hole on my left. I withdrew my hand with a peevish exclamation, and found something entangled around my fingers. Was it a string? No, I could not break it. It was pliant, and, as I thought, was formed of small links. I drew it from the hole, feeling it. Then I put it to my tongue and then between my teeth, and sure enough it was a chain such as ladies and children wear around their necks. But what was my astonishment when something attached to it dangled against the back of my hand. I put this also to my tongue and between my teeth. It was circular, flat, and hard. I found it was a coin about the size of a doubloon.

"I was frightened at my dream thus becoming a reality; and then, again, doubted whether I was dreaming or really awake. Turning over on my wounded elbow I found I was truly awake and still held the chain and coin. I sprang to my feet, put the chain around my neck, and the coin in my waistcoat pocket. I raked the leaves from the holes and heaped them over the smoldering coals of my almost extinguished fire. The flames ascended and lighted up the woods around me. It occurred to me that if I set fire to the leaves in the holes, there might possibly be bank-notes in them and they would be burned, so I thrust my hand deeper in the hole on the left of my bed of moss, and grasped hard money. I drew out a handful and jingled the pieces on the flat rock, and rubbed one and then another on my coat-sleeve until they were bright, and by the light of the blazing fire found them all yellow, true gold — guineas and half-eagles.

"Then came the thought of my imprudence, and the risk I had incurred in

building the fire. If this was a place where highwaymen hid their money, they could not be far off; and the bright light would certainly attract them to the spot. I pulled the burning leaves away with the limb of a tree that had fallen close by, and trampled out the fire. Then I removed the leaves from the hole, and in the dark put all the coin I could lay my hands on into my hat, and clambered up the precipice. There I covered my hat with leaves by the side of a big stone, and, hiding under a bush near by, waited to see the result of my folly in building such a fire. I thought that daylight would never come, but was apprehensive the robbers would. While I lay under the bush I had opportunity, however, of collecting my thoughts. I reasoned thus: It would be a poor place to conceal money for any length of time. Highwaymen are not such fools. Some poor fellow has been murdered, and the money has been concealed in the hole with the intention of removing it soon. While I was turning the matter over in my mind time slipped away, day broke at last, and the bright sun peeped over the river bottom-lands to the east, and still no one came.

"I clambered down the ledge once more, and carefully removing the leaves from the depressions in the rock, examined them. I found no bank-notes, but only thirty half-eagles more in the hole where I found the other gold. Feeling quite feeble, I picked up what I supposed was the splinter of a broken log, intending to use it as a cane, and to make a shapely stick of it and keep it as a memento of my good luck. I walked this time around the ledge, got my hat, counted my gold, and placed it carefully in my old money belt, which I still retained. The treasure I found amounted to fifteen hundred and eighteen dollars, Federal money. I tied my belt around my body under my shirt, and started to find the road.

"I retraced my steps to the place where the robbers had covered me with leaves, and walked around the bushy top of a tree which had fallen during the summer and still retained its withered foliage. Judge of my astonishment to find I was just on the side of the road, and opposite the spring where I had the fight with the highwaymen. I thought I would survey the battle-field before I took the road westward. As I crossed, I heard the sound of horses' feet coming rapidly up the road. In a few moments Shackelford appeared in sight, rifle in hand. Then followed a dozen of my old neighbors. On they came, and such shouting and yelling, when they saw me, you never heard. They had given me up for murdered, and Polly Slaughter had made up her mind that she was a widow.

"The rascals had driven my team into a timber road a little distance ahead, cut the traces, and immediately left for parts unknown. Shackelford 'hunted them up with a sharp stick,' but to no purpose. The wagon and horses were found the day after I was missing. I had come to and had wandered away to the brook, while they were scouring the woods at some distance in the hollow on the other side of the road. I wondered that Driver, my old deer-hound, who was with them, had not scented me, but I suppose the fresher trail of the men and horses put him at fault. Some of the men forded the river in search of the blacksmith, for he had a bad name in the neighborhood, and threatened to burn his house; and they would have done so but for his wife and her little cotton-headed children.

"When we got to Kentucky and Shackelford found I had money to pay for the land, notwithstanding I had been robbed, I had to tell him the whole story about finding the gold, but bound him to secrecy, as I had a fear that I might be traced and waylaid by the robbers to recover their gold. It was at my own cabin I made the confession, and showed him the stick I had picked up by my money hole and used as a cane. He scanned it carefully for some time, and then laid it down, saying it was part of the stave of a barrel and looked as if it had been gnawed by bears.

"After paying Shackelford for my farm I bought government lands on

speculation, and was very successful, selling them in two or three years at four or five times as much as I gave. I was a good woodsman and a good judge of land, and I explored and afterwards located, and then got warrants for fine lands known in those days as the Barrens in the Green River country, which was not then appreciated. People thought that because of its growth, — pine, oak, and so forth, — it was poor land; but I soon found out the contrary, and profited by their mistake.

"As I was saying, I was exceedingly fortunate in my land speculations, and the money I found in the hole doubled and doubled itself every few years. When I let out the secret of being such a gainer by being robbed, few or none believed my story. It was generally thought a hoax got up by Shackelford in his mischief, — for he was a deuce of a fellow at practical jokes, — and that I indorsed it for the fun of the thing. I even advertised the money when I got well ahead in the world, for I was anxious to return it to the rightful owner. But I was only laughed at for publishing such an improbable story. Prentice often ridiculed it in the Louisville Journal after he started that paper. To this day the story — although I was the chief actor in the drama — goes by the name of 'Shackelford's yarn.'

"I have kept a regular account, principal and compound interest at ten per cent., that I may pay it some day to the rightful owner or his heirs, if they should ever turn up; for it was the foundation of my fortune. If they never appear, the amount at my death is to go to certain institutions mentioned in my will for the benefit of my fellow-men. For I have ever considered it a loan from the Giver of all good, and I intend to return it."

When my uncle had finished his story I looked at my wife. The bloom on her cheek had faded. There was a singularly wild though serious expression in her face. She arose from her chair, and, approaching the old man, lifted her hands and laying one on each shoulder looked with her large gray eyes full into his. "Uncle Ben," she said, "I think you are sincere, that you are honest, that you are noble by nature, and that you will keep any promise you make to your fellow-man or your Maker. God help us, my dear uncle." When she said this she kissed his wrinkled cheek, and bidding him good night went up-stairs.

After talking with Uncle Ben a short time and lighting him to bed, I found Sue in her chamber. She was sitting on the lounge by the side of the baby's crib, wrapped in serious thought. Motioning to me to take a seat by her side, she said, —

"Ajax, that is a strange story that Uncle Ben has been telling us. If there was any reason for doubting it I think I could produce corroborative evidence to prove it."

"Why, how you talk, Sue! and if you could, what of it?"

"Well — no matter about it now." Then, suddenly changing the subject, "What amount did you tell me this house was mortgaged for?"

"Eight thousand dollars, my Sue. The bond is now overdue, and the holder is struggling to maintain himself and says he must go to protest if it is not paid within ten days. I have tried my best to have the mortgage renewed in other hands, but no one seems disposed to invest during this terrible crisis, so in a few days I fear we shall have the sheriff's placard pasted against our front. You see those wild speculations in Mississippi and Texas lands in which my New Orleans partner ventured, and the worthless bills of exchange he has remitted me, have got us into all of this trouble."

"What amount of Comly & Co.'s bills did you hold, and where are they now?"

"Thirty-two thousand five hundred dollars when we went to protest. They have been discounted by the Farmers' and Mechanics' Bank. But Mr. Patton, on whose influence with the president and directors I can depend, assures me he can make that all easy. A kinder heart for unfortunate debtor never

throbbed. He promises to have it so arranged that the bank will hold the protested bills as collateral, if I can only pay ten per cent. on them every ninety days. Although he blames us, as he says, for 'putting so many eggs into one basket,' he has no doubt that Comly's paper will eventually be worth fifty cents on the dollar."

"And about the rest of your creditors?"

"I exhibit a balance-sheet in which I show, in assets — available at farthest in twelve months — at least two to one, and all have agreed to a fair extension of time, except one obstinate French house. They have sued and obtained judgment for something over six thousand dollars. If I had funds to satisfy that claim and pay off the mortgage on our house, my creditors in addition to the extension of time would again give us liberal credits, and we could go on within a week."

My Sue was a devout Methodist, had unflinching faith in prayer, and, as I thought, queer notions about special providences. As I gave her this brief sketch of my financial difficulties, her eyes were brimming with tears. She kneeled down and fervently prayed with upturned face. Her words *to me* were inarticulate. When she arose, her face was less sad. A faint smile even lighted up her features.

The following morning, as we sat by the grate waiting for breakfast, the servant brought in the daily paper. My wife seized it eagerly, and to my astonishment turned to the column of public amusements. After reading a few moments she handed it to Uncle Ben, pointing with her finger to the place. Uncle Ben read aloud: "The whole to conclude with laughable Equestrian Burletta of The Hunted Tailor, or A Trip to Brentford. The part of Billy Button by Mr. John Cook.

"Ajax," said the old man, as he folded up his spectacles, "I must go and see that to-night. I have n't had a laugh at Billy Button for twenty years."

"Certainly, Uncle Ben," I replied. "I would like to go with you and have a good laugh also; and as you have intimated that you will be detained at the drove-yard all day, we will meet at tea-time."

In the early dusk of evening, as I entered the hall, I heard Sue at the piano. Approaching the door of the back parlor I found her singing, to an old-fashioned cross-hand accompaniment, a song, the name of which I need not repeat when I say the words she uttered just then were, —

"Thou hast called me thy angel in moments of bliss,
Thy angel I 'll be 'mid the horrors of this."

I had not heard the old song for years; I used to laugh at its queer sentimentalism. But now there seemed to be a pathos in the words, and a depth of feeling in their expression, quite unusual in Sue's singing, notwithstanding my appreciation of its quaint drollery. Walking up softly behind her, and laying my hand gently on her shoulder, I said: —

"Whose angel will you be, Sue?"

"Why, yours of course, my dear unsophisticated," she replied, looking up; and her face flushed as if she had betrayed some closely kept secret. Recovering herself quickly, she continued: —

"But your better angel is in the other room, tending the baby."

Looking through the folding-doors, there sat Uncle Cook at the window, with Lulie on his knee. She had so completely daubed and smeared the window-panes with her little "patties," that I did not observe the happy pair as I walked up the front door steps.

I found that my wife had passed the day at Germantown with her uncle, and had prevailed on him to accompany her home. Uncle Cook was a short, stout, square-built old man, a little stoop-shouldered, in whose face mantled the same rich Dutch blood that usually shone in Sue's cheeks. I had scarcely time to shake hands with him before the street door bell rang. Sue flew to the door and ushered in Uncle Ben. Introducing them, she said: —

"Uncle Ben Slaughter, this is my Uncle John Cook. He is as fond of

going to the circus as you are, and intends to stay all night with us, and go with you and Ajax to see Billy Button."

The two old men shook hands, and our uncle on my wife's side said: —

"But I am not John Cook the clown. I don't look much like a circus-rider, do I?"

"No," said Uncle Ben, in his bluff way, looking down at Uncle Cook's portly figure. "I think you are built more for dodging than jumping fences."

They both laughed at this witticism, and we then sat down to tea. When it was over we went to see "the grand entrée;" the "still vaulting by the whole company;" the strange man who came staggering out of the pit into the ring and wanted to ride a certain vicious horse, and was allowed to do so, and after throwing off innumerable ragged garments as he rode, at last stood in a long white shirt, which he also eventually threw off, appearing in spangles, and then, "The Hunted Tailor, or a Trip to Brentford." I had a heavy heart on account of my business troubles, and it was a great relief to join with these two simple old men in the laugh at the mishaps of Billy Button.

The performance was over early, and as we entered the hall on our return, Uncle Ben exclaimed, as he did the night before, —

"Whe-e-ew! I smell oysters." It struck me as a strange coincidence; and then Sue, from the stairway, called out pretty much in the same words as she did the night before, "Walk into the dining-room, Uncle Ben, you and Uncle Cook and Ajax; I'll be down presently."

This evening, however, her voice was tremulous, and had not its usual silvery tone.

It appeared to me that Sue had an object in all this. There was the same set-out we had the previous evening: oysters, ale, bread, butter, and pickles, and some cigars in the baby's silver cup which Uncle Cook had given it, sitting on the mantel-piece.

After supper my wife took her sewing and sat down to her workstand as on the night before. She was pale now, and evidently nervous, but still tried to look composed. I felt anxious about her, and suggested that she should go to bed. If we had been alone I would have insisted on it.

As soon as Uncle Cook had finished his cigar, she laid down her sewing and got up and came round the workstand, and sat on his knee, with her arm around his neck, and kissed him. Then she asked him to tell Uncle Ben and myself the story he used to tell her when she was a little girl and sat on his knee as she did then; to tell about his being a coppersmith, and how he received his money for the whisky stills he sold out to Kentucky — Uncle Ben was from Kentucky. The old man cleared his throat, and as Sue resumed her seat at the workstand he said: —

"Well, it 's not much of a story, but when Sue was a little girl I frequently amused her by telling about my old boss, Samuel Lewis. When I had served out my apprenticeship with him, and set up for myself, we were neighbors in Front Street, and good friends for many years. We did not interfere with each other in trade. He sold his coppers mostly to Western Pennsylvania, and I sold mine in the main to Kentucky. He received his pay pretty much in silver, and I got mine, whenever I could, in gold, as it had to be brought farther. Sometimes it was queer coin, and it was hard to get at the exact value of it. A remittance was frequently composed of French, Spanish, English, and American coin, and occasionally a little cut silver; that is, Spanish dollars or half-dollars, divided into two or four equal parts, to make small change. There were no banks out there then, and no such things as bills of exchange, so we had to get our money of this sort, and in this way.

"I remember when the Farmers' and Mechanics' Bank started. I forget whether Joe Taggert was president or not, but I know that Clay was cashier, and Billy Patton was teller. That was in the year 1807, and a queer, jolly fellow Patton was. Lewis and I were

amongst the first to open accounts with the new bank. He put his kegs of silver on a dray, and I put my gold in a copper pan on a wheelbarrow, and covered it with my leather apron, and walked alongside up Chestnut Street, while Tom Warner, my oldest apprentice, wheeled it. When we got to the bank, and were waiting to have our money counted, Patton handed us the signature book and we wrote our names down.

"'Halloo!' says Patton; 'that won't do.'

"'What won't do?' says Lewis.

"'Why, those names,' said Patton.

"'What 's the matter with the names?'

"'Why, you must change them somehow. We have just had a Samuel Lewis and a John Cook to open accounts here. We shall get you all mixed up. You would n't like the other Lewis and the other Cook to have your money placed to their credit, or to check against your accounts, would you?'

"Then Patton laughed until he got as red in the face as a turkey-cock, and called Clay, the cashier, and he laughed too, and we all laughed.

"'I 'll tell you how to fix it,' said Clay. 'You, sir, sign your name Samuel Lewis, C; and you, sir, sign yours John Cook, C. That means Samuel Lewis, coppersmith, and John Cook, coppersmith; the other gentlemen of your names are both merchants.'

"So we appended 'C' to our names.

"'Where 's your money, gentlemen?' said Patton.

"'Here it comes,' said Lewis, as his man rolled in his kegs.

"Well, at last, with some help, Patton counted Samuel's money. Then he counted mine, and laughed like fury when he was done. 'Why,' said he, 'Cook, you had more in your copper pan than Mr. Lewis had on his dray.'

"When he counted my money I could n't help smiling. He kept wiping his hands, for the pieces were slippery and bothered him a good deal. As I was going out of the bank he hallooed to me, 'Cook, don't bring any more greasy money here. Wash it, before you make a deposit.'

"The way it came to be greasy was this. You see, I frequently had my remittances come in a barrel of bacon or lard. Old Mr. Whittlesey, my agent in Kentucky, would send me, say, twenty barrels of either, and in one of the barrels he would pack my money, and advise me what was the number on the head of it. The barrels would be numbered from one to twenty, for instance, so as not to excite curiosity."

Uncle Cook, perhaps thinking he had nothing further in the way of a story to tell, was about to stop here. My wife looked up from her sewing uneasily, then laying it down and folding her hands, asked him if he ever met with any loss by such manner of conveyance.

"Only once," he continued, "and a pretty round sum it was, too. I did not think it worth while repeating the story to Mr. Slaughter. I will do so, however, if it will interest him and Ajax. There was a deal of mystery about the matter, which I suppose will never be cleared up. Perhaps I did not follow it up as I ought to have done. It happened in this way.

"My old agent in Kentucky died having a smart sum of my money in hand. To conform to law I had to apply and make certain oaths in person, and therefore went out. After a delay of two or three weeks I got it from his executors. I bought ten barrels of lard and put them in the warehouse of Whittlesey's successor. One day, alone, pretending to examine the quality of the lard, I took the head out of one of the barrels, put in my gold, and headed it up. I marked the numbers on them, and this one was number seven.

"I had promised Mr. Lewis that I would come home by way of Pittsburg and the Monongahela River, and collect some money due him from distillers there; so I sent my lard home by a trusty Lancaster County Dutch wagoner, who had come out from Philadelphia with a load of goods for the man who succeeded Whittlesey. I was a good while on the

way, and found when I got home the lard had arrived the day before. Glancing at the barrels, number seven did not look like the others. It was not my marking, and was of rather different shape. With much anxiety I opened it, and to my dismay found no money. I then examined them all with as little success.

"I immediately wrote out to the man in whose warehouse I had opened the barrel to put the money in. I waited a month for an answer, and then wrote to his brother, informing him of my loss. After some delay he answered that Whittlesey's successor had gone west of the Mississippi on a trading expedition. Six months later the news came that he was killed by a drunken Indian at one of the trading posts.

"In the mean time I questioned the Dutch wagoner frequently and closely. He declared that the barrels were the same that the store-keeper had helped him to put into his wagon. The Dutchman's character was above suspicion, and having no proof that I had put money into any barrel he brought from Kentucky, I had no legal claim against him even if I had been disposed to prosecute him. Three years after this he was taken sick and expected to die, so he sent for me and made this confession.

"He came home by the Winchester route. On the way his wagon broke down, and he was obliged to unload on the roadside and take it to a blacksmith shop, a few miles away, to have it repaired. When he returned next day the barrels of lard and bacon had been knocked about, and one of them was missing. To preserve his reputation as an honest and careful teamster he bought another barrel of lard in Winchester and put the same number on it. When he arrived in Philadelphia and found me in such an anxious state of mind about the missing barrel, he concluded it had money in it, for he had brought remittances in this way for me before. Fearing he would be accused of theft, he insisted, up to the time that he was taken so dangerously ill, that none of the barrels had been exchanged or replaced on the way. Now he wished to die with a clear conscience, and acknowledged that he had lost a barrel, and had replaced it with another. To the surprise of himself and everybody else he recovered; but he always insisted that his last statement was the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. So in the end, all that I ever got from my old collector's estate by going out to Kentucky was a queer sort of a gold piece, which I carried in my pocket for a good many years, and when Sue, there, was a baby, I gave it to her to cut her teeth on. I think it must have been an old medal of some kind, but the inscription had somehow been obliterated. As it was about the size of a doubloon I took it for that in settlement. I always told Sue if I ever got the money back that I lost in that barrel of lard, it should belong to her. And don't you think the jade brought a paper out to Germantown this morning all formally drawn up by a lawyer, binding me to my promise. I think, Sue," turning to her, "you must have a soft place in your head. Why, bless you, child, I would have signed it twenty times, and in presence of ten witnesses instead of two, for all the good that will ever come of it."

I laughed at Uncle Cook's story; for my wife, although she was a portionless bride, had frequently told me in her merry moods that she had a fortune somewhere, if she could only find it. Uncle Ben did not join in my merriment; he appeared to be very serious.

Looking around at Sue, I saw what I had not noticed until then. There was a blue ribbon around her neck which belonged to the old medal that Lulie, our baby, had been mouthing, and cutting her little teeth against, just as Sue had done twenty years before — the same medal that Uncle Cook had given her.

"Uncle Cook," said Sue, "how much money did you say was in that barrel of lard?"

"Fifteen hundred and eighteen dollars," he replied.

Then coming round her workstand she laid her hand on the shoulder of the old Kentuckian, and said, "Uncle Ben, when I asked you to change me a dollar this morning, to pay the milkman, you had a singular-looking old pocket-piece amongst the loose change you held in your hand; will you allow me to look at it?"

Uncle Ben, apparently wrapped in deep thought, pulled out the old pocket-piece and placed it in her hand.

"Now, uncles," continued Sue, drawing the baby's medal from her bosom, and placing the two side by side on the workstand, "both of you put on your spectacles and look."

I saw at a glance that one was an exact duplicate of the other. There was the same big star in the centre of each, and on the reverse sides the same wreath inclosing what — until it had been filed or cut out — was a superscription, or motto.

"Good God!" exclaimed Uncle Ben, as his eyes rested on the two medals, and clapping his hand to his forehead, he stood as one bewildered.

Uncle Cook also looked, and raising his left hand to his chin and feeling it with an abstracted air, was mute.

Sue then placed the tip of her forefinger on two small links fastened in a loop brazed to the edge of the baby's medal. Then her great gray eyes sought those of Uncle Ben. She did not speak, but gazed deep into them as she did the night before. The language of her eyes was plainer to the old man than words. Unbuttoning his waistcoat he pulled over his head a long gold guard-chain, and laid one end of it close to the two small links. He nodded his head three times affirmatively, and turning to Uncle Cook, said: —

"When you packed your money in that barrel of lard, you broke the chain that held those two medals together, and packed one and put the other into your pocket."

Uncle Cook was still speechless, but nodded his head in assent.

"Now tell me," continued Uncle Ben, "did you ever travel that road and see the place where your barrel of lard was stolen?"

"I did," replied Uncle Cook, "ten years after it happened, and found a tavern standing on the identical spot. On the opposite side was an immense limestone rock, as high as this ceiling. It stood above a very fine spring. The landlord told me a queer story about the lost barrel of lard, which he said was generally believed at the time he settled there.

"The story was, that a Pennsylvania wagoner going east, once, broke down, and placed his load just where the house afterwards stood, while he went across the Little Kanawha to get his wagon mended. When he returned there was a barrel of lard missing. The following winter the hoops and staves of the barrel were found at the foot of the precipice.

"We walked to the bottom of his garden, and he showed me the precipice. He said that a blacksmith at the ford, when hunting, the next winter, found the staves sticking above the snow, and collected most of them to make a barrel. That all of them were greasy, and some of them gnawed. The conclusion that the people came to was that the bears, which were then numerous there, had found the barrels of lard during the wagoner's absence, and in trying to get at the inside of one of them had set it rolling down the hill, and it had gone over the ledge and lodged in one of the holes on the flat rock below. As it was partially broken in the fall, the bears pulled it to pieces and ate the lard. I was foolish enough to grope in the holes to see if I could find any of my lost gold.

"The landlord then told me that the same blacksmith robbed and murdered a man who was driving his wagon on his way to Kentucky the next autumn, and threw his body over the precipice and ran away with his money; of course he got my money out of the barrel that rolled over the precipice, and took that along also."

"No, sir," said Uncle Ben. "When the bears ate the lard, as they had no use for the money they left it in the

hole. The leaves of autumn and then the snows of winter covered it up snugly, and the blacksmith only got the staves and hoops. The man who, as they told you, was murdered, got your money and now stands before you. Your loss, Mr. Cook, has been my gain. The guineas and half-eagles that came out of that barrel of lard made my fortune. I have kept a strict account with you for twenty-nine years, and to-morrow I will give you a check on the Bank of Kentucky for principal and compound interest at ten per cent. I am your debtor for nearly thirty thousand dollars. I may add that the pleasure of returning it is doubled by knowing that Sue, there, and Ajax, are to be made happy by its possession."

The bloom, after fitful visits and flights, presently settled in Sue's cheeks. The tears dropped from her long eyelashes. She laughed and wept by turns. At last she laid a hand on each shoulder of the old Kentuckian, and looking once more into his eyes, said: —

"I knew it, Uncle Ben. I knew last night it was Uncle Cook's money you found. And all alone, by God's help, I have worked out this deliverance from our troubles. Blessed be his name!" Then she kissed the two old men and bade them good night.

As we sat silently gazing into the grate after Sue had gone, my mind reverted to her nervousness at the conclusion of Uncle Ben's story the previous evening, and her impressive act and words before bidding him good night; her allusion in our chamber to corroborative evidence of the truth of Uncle Ben's story; her suddenly avoiding the subject; and her earnest, supplicating prayer. Then I thought of her seizing the newspaper before breakfast and drawing the old man's attention to the circus advertisement, the day spent at Germantown, and the two lines of that old song. This guileless girl, with a woman's intuition, had seized upon an incident in the narration of the old Kentuckian's adventures, and connecting it with a story heard in her childhood, had "worked out this deliverance from our troubles."

Why did she not confide her plans to her husband, and seek his counsel and coöperation?

Would she raise him to heights of hope for a few brief hours, perhaps only to plunge him deeper back into the slough of despond?

Such, no doubt, were her thoughts as she sat by the baby's crib the night before.

I placed the baby's silver cup, with some cigars in it, before my uncles, and bade them good night, as the old Kentuckian commenced telling Uncle Cook the story of his adventure with the robbers, and his finding the money.

As I entered our chamber Sue arose from her knees, and putting her arm around my neck, said: —

"You would n't believe me, Ajax, when I told you, after we were married, that I had a fortune somewhere, if I could only find it. Now you can pay those obstinate Frenchmen, and *I* will hold the mortgage on the house, and we will have sixteen thousand dollars left."

Then Lulie stirred in her crib and opened her large gray eyes, so like Sue's. Then we both kissed her, and kissed the dear old medal, and hung it around the baby's neck.

Ajax T. Lamon.

VISIT OF THE WRENS.

Flying from out the gusty west,
To seek the place where last year's nest,
Ragged, and torn by many a rout
Of winter winds, still rocks about
The branches of the gnarled old tree
Which sweep my cottage library, —
Here on the genial southern side,
In a late gleam of sunset's pride,
Came back my tiny, spring-tide friends,
The self-same pair of chattering wrens
That with arch eyes and restless bill
Used to frequent yon window-sill,
Winged sprites, in April's showery glow.

'T is now twelve weary months ago
Since first I saw them; here again
They drop outside the glittering pane,
Each bearing a dried twig or leaf,
To build with labor hard, yet brief,
This season's nest, where, blue and round,
Their fairy eggs will soon be found.
But sky and breeze and blithesome sun,
Until that little home is done,
Shall — wondering, maybe — hear and see
Such chatter, bustle, industry,
As well may stir to emulous strife
Slow currents of a languid life,
Whether in bird or man they run!

But when, in sooth, the nest complete
Swings gently in its green retreat,
And soft the mother-birdling's breast
Doth in the cozy circlet rest,
How, back from jovial journeying,
Merry of heart, though worn of wing,
Her brown mate, proudly perched above
The limb that holds his brooding love,
His head upturned, his aspect sly,
Regards her with a cunning eye,
As one who saith, "How well you bear
The dullness of these duties, dear;
To dwell so long on nest or tree
Would be, I know, slow death to me;
But then, you women-folk were made
For patient waiting, in — the shade!"

So tame one little guest becomes, —
'T is the male bird, — my scattered crumbs

He takes from window-sill and lawn,
Each morning in the early dawn;
And yesterday, he dared to stand
Serenely on my out-stretched hand,
While his wee wife, with puzzled glance,
Looked from her breezy seat askance!

My pretty pensioners! ye have flown
Twice from your winter nook unknown,
To build your humble homestead here,
In the first flush of spring-tide cheer;
But ah! I wonder if again,
Flitting outside the window-pane,
When next the shrewd March winds shall blow,
Or in mild April's showery glow,
New come from out the shimmering west,
You 'll seek the place of this year's nest,
Ragged and torn, by then, no doubt,
And swinging in worn shreds about
The branches of the ancient tree.

Nay, who may tell? Yet verily,
Methinks when, spring and summer passed,
Adown the long, low autumn blast,
In some dim gloaming, chill and drear,
You, with your fledgelings, disappear,
That ne'er by porch or tree or pane
Mine eyes shall greet your forms again!

What then? At least the good ye brought,
The delicate charm for eye and thought,
Survives; though death should be your doom
Before another spring flower's bloom,
Or fairer climes should tempt your wings
To bide 'mid fragrant blossomings
On some far Southland's golden lea,
Still may fresh spring-morns light for me
Your tiny nest, their breezes bear
Your chirping, household joyance near,
And all your quirks and tricksome ways
Bring back through many smiling days
Of future Aprils; not the less
Your simple drama shall impress
Fancy and heart, thus acted o'er
Toward each small issue, as of yore,
With sun and wind and skies of blue
To witness, wondering, all you do,
Because your happy toil and mirth
May be of fine, ideal birth;
Because each quick, impulsive note
May thrill a visionary throat,
Each flash of glancing wing and eye
Be gleams of vivid fantasy:

Since whatsoe'er of form and tone
A past reality hath known,
Most charming unto soul and sense,
But wins that subtler effluence,
That spiritual air which softly clings
About all sweet and vanished things,
Causing a by-gone joy to be
Vital as actuality,
Yet with each earthlier tint or trace
Lost in a pure, ethereal grace!

Paul H. Hayne.

SOME RESULTS FROM MY SPIRITUAL STUDIES.

A CHAPTER OF AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

"Doubts to the world's child-heart unknown
Question us now from star and stone;
Too little or too much we know,
And sight is swift and faith is slow:
The power is lost to self-deceive
With shallow forms of make-believe."

WHITTIER.

A MODERN dynasty is assuming control in the region of mind. Throughout the civilized world the reign of the Miraculous is gradually losing power and prestige, superseded by the reign of Law.

It would be hazardous to say of any great principle which has had its day, that it has not had its use also. But though the romantic polytheism which makes brilliant the great epic of Homer may have suited well the epoch-in-progress of ancient Greece, yet, in our day, no one but an enthusiastic poet like Schiller will lament that the gods of Greekland have vanished in the dim distance of the past; that their king, with thunderbolt in hand, has been dethroned, to make way for lectures on electricity and kites drawing lightning from the clouds; that Phœbus is ousted from his chariot, his four-yoked steeds useless ever since Copernicus brought the sun to a standstill; that Neptune has lost to the mariner's compass the sceptre of the sea, and Pluto to penal flames, that are dying out in their turn, the dominion of the Underworld; that in these days of cannon and breech-loaders and protocols, Mars no longer leads armies to the field, nor Minerva statesmen to the cabinet; that dryads and nymphs have deserted forest and fountain, as the bear and the buffalo disappear, before the sweep of civilization.

As monotheism, despite poetic regrets, befits a later stage of the world than polytheism, so the persistent uniformity of law is an advance, timely and welcome in our modern day, on that scheme of the arbitrary and the exceptional which is based on miracle-working — welcome to the thoughtful and dispassionate observer, but abhorrent to the mere dogmatic theologian: yet, welcome or unwelcome in certain quarters, a truth that has already made its way to respect, and is sure to prevail.

I use the word miracle, not in its etymological sense, as a something to be wondered at, nor, as Archbishop Tillotson and Bishop Butler have spoken of it,[1] as an occurrence which is not "like

[1] See Tillotson's 182d sermon; and Butler's Analogy of Religion, part ii. chap. 2.

It is remarkable that St. Augustine, more than fourteen centuries ago, regarded a miracle as a thing occurring not against nature but against what we know of nature: "Portendum ergo fit, non contra naturam, sed contra quam est nota natura." De Civitate Dei, lib. xxi. cap. 8.

the known course of things," or which "exceeds any natural power that we know of to produce it;" but according to its popular, orthodox meaning, as a suspension, on a special emergency and for the time only, of a law of nature, by the direct intervention of the Deity; we may add (for that is the usual allegation) in attestation of some truth. And as to the miraculous in this sense, we find it rejected to-day as a superstition, not by the secularist or the skeptic alone, but by men of repute and position in the orthodox ranks. One or two examples, out of many, may suffice.

The Rev. Frederick Temple, D. D., in a sermon before the university of Oxford fourteen years ago, said: "One idea is now emerging into supremacy in science, . . . and that is the idea of law. All analogy points one way, none another. . . . How strikingly altered is our view from that of a few centuries ago is shown in the fact that the miracles recorded in the Bible, which once were looked on as the bulwarks of the faith, are now felt by very many to be difficulties in their way." [1]

That so free an expression of opinion did not injure the reputation of the preacher may be judged from the fact that he has since become one of the chief dignitaries of the Anglican church; having been, a few years since, installed as Bishop of Exeter.

The Duke of Argyll is a Scottish Presbyterian. He has written a volume on the changeless rule of law, which has attracted great attention; reaching its fifth edition in fifteen months. The tenor and drift of its argument may be judged from this extract: —

"The idea of natural law, the universal reign of a fixed order of things, has been casting out the supernatural. This idea is a product of that immense development of physical sciences which is characteristic of our times. We cannot read a periodical nor go into a lecture-room without hearing it expressed." [2]

Another name, eminent alike in physical science and in sacred learning, may be added. The late Baden Powell, in his contribution to Essays and Reviews has this passage: "The modern turn of reasoning adopts the belief that a revelation is then most credible when it appeals least to violations of natural causes. Thus, if miracles were, in the estimation of a former age, among the chief supports of Christianity, they are at present among the main difficulties and hindrances to its acceptance." [3]

One can hardly overestimate the consequences of this radical change in public opinion. The most marvelous of the discoveries made by Galileo's telescope, the greatest of the principles enunciated by Newton, does not lead to effects so far-reaching — so intimately connected with man's well-being, physical, moral, spiritual — as the conviction that if the Deity permits man to acquire knowledge touching the existence and the character of a life to come, it is not after a partial and exceptional fashion, by an obtrusive suspension of his own laws, for the benefit of a few favored children of preference, but under the operation of the universal order of nature, to the common advantage of all his creatures, in silent impartiality and harmony, as he causes the morning sun to rise and the evening dews to fall.

That conviction, when generally diffused, will work a revolution in all the great religions of the world. For these are based on the belief that certain sacred books, authenticated by miracles, come from the source of unerring truth, and are therefore, word by word, infallible. [4]

1 This sermon was preached on Act Sunday, July 1, 1860, during the annual meeting (held that year at Oxford) of the British Association for the Promotion of Science. I was in England a few weeks later, and heard it generally spoken of in high terms of commendation.

2 The Reign of Law. Strahan & Co., London, 1866: New York reprint, 1869, p. 3.

3 On the Study of the Evidences of Christianity. See Recent Inquiries in Theology, p. 158.

4 This is quite as true in regard to the Mahometan and all the Oriental branches of orthodoxy — including the religions of nearly two thirds of mankind — as it is of Christian orthodoxy, Protestant and Catholic.

"The idea of revelation, and I mean more particularly book-revelation, is not a modern idea, nor is it an idea peculiar to Christianity. . . . We find the literature of India saturated with this idea from beginning to end. . . . According to the orthodox

This idea upset, it may seem as if men were cast adrift on the spiritual ocean, without rudder or compass. But this is a mistake.

It is true that under the new order of things the sacred books of the world become part of its literature, and thus are legitimate objects of criticism. Under that aspect it is right that they should be passed in review by reason, as all important works on the physical sciences are; it is right that conscience should sit in judgment on the sentiments they contain, and sift the dross from the fine gold. And even if this were not right, there is no help for it; on no other condition can the fine gold itself be preserved. But there will come ultimate good, not harm, to religion from such a process, if only reason and conscience are educated up to the task.

Doubtless there is danger, as in all great revolutions there ever is; but there is also a way out of that danger to ultimate safety. The danger is, that in discarding the miraculous, which deforms and misleads, there may be discarded also, along with it, the wisest teachings and the highest spiritual truths. This applies to all great religions; for, *if we recur to them in their primitive purity*,[1] we shall find much worth admiring and saving in them all.

But let us take a single example, and bring the case home to ourselves, who, I think, have the most at stake in this matter.

If natural law be invariable, then either the wonderful works ascribed by the evangelists to Jesus and his disciples were not performed, or else they were not miracles.

If they were not performed, then Jesus, assuming to perform them, lent himself, as Renan and others have alleged, to deception. This theory disparages his person and discredits his teachings.

But if they *were* performed, under natural law enduring from generation to generation, then, inasmuch as the same laws under which these marvelous occurrences took place have ever existed, and still exist, we may look for phenomena of similar character throughout past history, and may expect their appearance at the present day.

If none such appear among us, then cultivated minds will settle down to the belief that they never appeared at all. For the time is past when historical proof is held, by thoughtful and unprejudiced people, to be sufficient evidence for the existence, in ancient times, of the miraculous; even of the marvelous, when it is wholly unprecedented. If the electric telegraph had been invented and employed for a brief period two thousand years ago, and if telegraphy had then become one of the lost arts, the old records stating that men, thousands of miles distant from each other, once carried on daily conversation would be generally regarded as a mere fabulous legend.

In point of fact such *is* the judgment passed to-day upon the gospel biographies, when miraculously interpreted, by millions of skeptics in our own country, and by millions more in England[2] and in other European nations; the number of such unbelievers being constantly and rapidly on the increase.

This happens because the majority of the civilized world does not yet believe that spiritual phenomena similar to those which are reported to have occurred in the first century, being naturally possible, actually occur now, in the nineteenth.

views of Indian theologians, not a single line of the Veda was the work of human authors." (Max Müller: Chips from a German Workship, vol. i. pp. 17, 18. Amer. Ed.)

1 That sagacious and deeply-read student of comparative religion, Max Müller, gives us, as one of the most important results of his studies in that branch, this opinion: —

"If there is one thing which a comparative study of religions places in the clearest light, it is the inevitable decay to which every religion is exposed. . . . No religion can continue to be what it was during the life-time of its founder and its first apostles. . . . Every religion, even the most perfect (nay, the most perfect on account of its very perfection, more even than others), suffers from its contact with the world, as the purest air suffers from the mere fact of its being breathed." (Chips from a German Workshop, Preface, pp. xxii, xxiii. Amer. Ed.)

2 For proof of this, drawn from official sources, see Debatable Land between this World and the Next, pp. 216, 217; foot-note.

But the main result from my eighteen years of spiritual study is an assured conviction that spiritual gifts, similar to those which the evangelists ascribe to Christ, and which Paul enumerates as enjoyed by certain Christians after the crucifixion, appear, and may be witnessed in their effects, at this very day among us. Having myself thus witnessed them in a hundred cases, and having found sufficient evidence of testimony in hundreds more, I can no longer withhold assent to the substantial truth of that portion of the gospel biography which narrates what its authors call the "signs and wonders" of their time. Making due allowance for incidental errors, I firmly believe that Jesus acted, in the main, as there represented, and that he claimed no powers which he did not actually possess. I believe in what orthodoxy regards as the crowning miracle of all, the bodily appearance of Christ, after death and on divers occasions, to his disciples. I believe that they saw him as naturally as one man sees another in daily life; that they touched him, heard him speak, and spoke to him in reply. I believe this, because I myself have day after day, for weeks, seen and touched and conversed with a materialized spirit; and, on one or two occasions, with several others. When I read that, "the doors being shut," Jesus suddenly appeared among his affrighted followers, or that, after talking with the two disciples at Emmaus, he "vanished out of their sight," I see no more reason for disbelieving this than for rejecting a thousand other historical incidents of as ancient date; seeing that, in a lighted room and with the doors so securely closed that entrance or exit was impossible, I have seen a materialized form, that had spoken to me a few minutes before, disappear under my very eyes, then reappear and walk about as before; and this, at a distance from me of seven or eight feet only, and not once, but on five or six different occasions. In each case I had taken such vigilant precautions beforehand against possible deception, that I had no alternative except to admit that these marvelous phenomena were realities, or else to assume that the senses of sight, hearing, and touch are witnesses utterly unworthy to be trusted. In each case, also, others were present, — sometimes twenty persons or more, — from whom, on comparing notes, I learned that they too had seen and heard just what I myself had.

I cannot doubt that this extraordinary narrative will reach many who, without imputing to me insincerity, will conclude that in some way or other I must have been deceived. Such skepticism is natural, and if I had witnessed no more than they, I might probably have shared it. I remind such doubters, however, that very acute observers, English scientists of note, — to wit, Mr. Crookes and Mr. Varley, both Fellows of the Royal Society, Mr. Alfred Wallace, who shares with Darwin the honor of having first put forth the principle of Natural Selection, and others almost as well known, — have, under the most stringent test conditions, verified this seemingly incredible phenomenon of materialization; have seen and touched, and familiarly talked with, living forms, not of this world; and have risked a scientific reputation that must be dear to them, by testifying to these marvelous facts, as I now do.

Of course they regard them as phenomena occurring under law. The all-sufficient proof is that, like chemical results in the laboratory, they appear under certain conditions; and that if these conditions are violated, the phenomena are not obtained. This I have seen verified on a hundred occasions: very strikingly, for example, in Philadelphia a few months since. The condition then violated was one, important under all circumstances, but absolutely essential in a spiritual circle — the maintenance of harmony. Tennyson — are not true poets seers? — saw and set forth the imperative character of this condition before modern Spiritualism was spoken of: —

"How pure in heart and sound in head,
With what divine affections bold,
Should be the man whose thought would hold
An hour's communion with the dead!

"In vain shalt thou, or any, call
The spirits from their golden day,
Except, like them, thou too canst say,
My spirit is at peace with all.

"They haunt the silence of the breast,
Imaginations calm and fair,
The memory like a cloudless air,
The conscience as a sea at rest:

"But when the heart is full of din,
And doubt beside the portal waits,
They can but listen at the gates
And hear the household jar within."

The violation of the all-important condition above referred to happened about the 20th of last June. I had previously, at some fifteen circles, witnessed in the most satisfactory manner the various phases of materialization: but on this evening, ere the sitting began, some jealous feeling about preference in seats caused an excited discussion, in which charges of favoritism were somewhat bitterly made and earnestly disclaimed; the audience, numbering more than twenty, taking part, and one person indignantly leaving the room. When quiet was restored, we sat patiently for an hour and a half and obtained absolutely nothing — except a wholesome lesson. This was the only occasion, out of forty *séances* which I attended during June and July, on which the materialized forms failed to appear.[1]

The lesson thus taught us is one which has its wide-spread application in daily life. I think there would be far fewer jarrings and heart-burnings in the domestic circle, if men and women but realized that, in admitting these, they shut the door on all helpful aid or guardian care that might otherwise reach them from the next world. It is not that benevolent spirits are unwilling to enter, and influence for good, a household thus distracted by dissensions; it is that, under a natural law, they are excluded, and so are deprived of power to help.

There are physical as well as moral conditions necessary to success in spiritual studies. In a general way I have abstained from attending dark circles; yet I have had conclusive proof that, in certain cases, darkness is essential if we would obtain the most striking results.

In October, 1860, I paid a visit, along with Mrs. Underhill (Leah Fox), her husband, and Kate Fox, to Quaker friends of theirs, Mr. and Mrs. Archer, then living in a large mansion near Dobbs' Ferry on the Hudson, in former days owned by Peter Livingston, and for a long term of years reputed to be haunted. After getting some remarkable manifestations in a bedroom, we adjourned, at my suggestion, to a spacious apartment, formerly Livingston's dining-hall, locked the doors, and were bidden, by the raps, to put out the lights. Before doing so I procured from our Quaker hosts a candle and match-box, with their assent to use them at any moment. In less than two minutes after the lamps were extinguished, such a clatter began that it was heard and commented on by visitors in a room separated by two doors and a long passage from that in which we sat. There was a sound as if heavy metallic bodies, such as ponderous dumb-bells or weights, were rolled over the floor; then some weighty substances — iron rods or the like — seemed to be dragged by a rope back and forth, as much as twenty feet each way; and occasionally there were poundings as if with a large blacksmith's hammer, causing the floor to vibrate. At times the racket was so overpowering that we could scarcely hear one another speak.

Several times, when the clatter was at its height, I struck a light, and watched the effect. In every case the noise instantly diminished, and in eight or ten seconds everything was perfectly still. The light seemed to extinguish the sounds. An immediate search throughout the room was quite unavailing: not a thing but table and chairs to be seen! The sudden transition, without apparent cause, from such a babel of noises to a profound silence was a passing strange experience; such as few have had in this world.

[1] It will not be suspected that the will of the mediums had anything to do in bringing about this result, when I state that, as they returned the money taken at the door, their loss, by the disappointment, was twenty dollars.

Besides the necessity of conforming to certain conditions, mental and physical, there are other proofs that the phenomena usually classed as spiritual occur under law. Here is an example.

In the year 1853, a young gentleman, whom I shall call Mr. X., then salesman in a retail store in Second Street, Philadelphia (not a Spiritualist), dreamed that the next day at twelve o'clock he would sell to a customer a hundred and fifty dollars' worth of *drap d'été* (summer cloth).

Going down to the store next morning he related his dream to a fellow-clerk. "Nonsense!" was the reply; "the thing is impossible. You know very well we don't sell so large a lot of drap d'été to a customer once in ten years; and besides, you 're not at that counter."

To this Mr. X. assented. But a little before midday, the salesman who usually attended at the counter where the article was for sale being casually called off, Mr. X., summoned to take his place, did so, he told me, under a feeling of strong nervous excitement. Almost exactly at twelve a customer approached the counter and asked for drap d'été. Mr. X. felt himself turn pale, and had hardly presence of mind enough to hand down the package. It turned out that the article was required for clothing in a public institution: and the bill was a hundred and forty-eight or a hundred and fifty-two dollars, Mr. X. did not recollect which.

The above was related to me, in July, 1859, by Mr. X., then in business for himself in Philadelphia; and I know enough of his character to warrant me in saying that the particulars here given may be confidently relied on, together with the assurance he gave me that there were no antecedent circumstances leading him, in any way, to expect such a sale.

Was it all chance coincidence — the unforeseen absence of the salesman, the exact hour of the sale, the specific article demanded, and the very unusual quantity, so closely approaching the amount actually sold? That is not credible. Equally incredible is it that the prediction was miraculous. Would the Deity suspend a law of the universe for a purpose so utterly trivial as that! This particular sale was of no consequence to any human being, except only in so far as it indicated a great law; except only as proof that, when Paul enumerated, among the gifts common in the early Christian church, the gift of prophecy, he was speaking of a phenomenon which actually exists and which is not miraculous.

Thus a main result of my spiritual studies has been that they have disclosed to me certain phenomena, which, if they prove genuine, will ultimately be accepted by men of science and other skeptics as occurrences under law, and will disabuse their minds of a mischievous prejudice; mischievous in that it causes them to reject the histories of religions in general, and the biographies of Jesus in particular, as utterly incredible narrations. If these phenomena stand the test of inquiry, scientific materialists will gradually discover that, as part of the cosmical plan, there are intermundane, as well as mundane, phenomena; and thus, in the end, their sphere of experiment and observation will be immensely enlarged.

These broad views of the subject did not come to me distinctly at first. More than a decade had been spent in this branch of study ere I clearly perceived that phenomenal evidence touching a life to come is the one special want of the present time; the want for lack of which civilization halts and scruples. It may be that two thousand years ago the reign of Law was one of those premature ideas of which Jesus said to his followers: "Ye cannot bear them now." But our age is ripe for its reception. We no longer need belief in the Infallible. We have outgrown it.

If, as one of old said, "To everything there is a season," there may have been a time, in the past, when such a belief was in place. Obedience is fitting in childhood. We cannot always give a young child the reasons for our bid-

ding; he must learn to obey, to a certain extent, without reasons: and the fiction of parental infallibility comes in, appropriately enough, to our aid. So it may have been in the childhood of the world. But when we become men we put away childish things.

Thus, to influence the superstitious ignorance of the first century, and to compel its attention to the teachings of a system the innate beauty and moral grandeur of which were insufficient then to recommend it, it may have needed works which that ignorance should imagine to be miraculous; but to act upon the spiritual apathy of our more scientific day, it needs phenomena, acknowledged to be genuine, yet of an intermundane character.

This need is not timely only, but urgent. It is far short of the truth to say that the material progress of the world in the last hundred years has exceeded that obtained in any ten previous centuries. But the advance in morality has not kept pace with that in all physical arts and sciences. Especially in this new country of ours, liable to the excesses and shortcomings of youth, improvement in human conduct and affections, as compared with improvement in mechanical agencies, lags lamentably behind. Public morality is at a lower ebb than it was twenty or thirty years ago; our legislative bodies are less pure, our public service generally more stained with venality. But public morality reacts on private morals. The vice diseases which originate in politics cannot, by any sanitary cordon, be confined to politics: they are sure to infect, first our business marts, then the home circle itself. Never has there been a time when a great reformatory agency was more pressingly needed among us than now.

But, aside from modern Spiritualism, what great reformatory influences have we, that are fitted to arrest this wide-spreading growth of selfish and mercenary vices? On the one hand Orthodoxy, Protestant and Catholic, based on infallibility and backed by wealth and powerful organizations. On the other, Secularism, based on the assumption that we ought to restrict all our thoughts and cares to this world; seeing that we know, and can know, nothing of any other; and this assumption is backed by the daily increasing influence of science.

Is there any reasonable hope that either of the above agencies will so foster and advance the moral and the intellectual in man, as to bring these humanizing influences of our nature abreast with the material and the intellectual, that have so far outstripped them?

What has Orthodoxy, Catholic or Protestant, done — say in the last three hundred years — to justify the faith that she is the civilizing agent we need? Both of her branches have increased enormously in riches and in number of churches and ecclesiastical foundations. Thus strengthened, the two have been carrying on an intestine war of creeds; and in the main, probably, the advantage has, so far, rested with the Catholic.[1] But has either branch, with all its vast resources and far-reaching appliances, stemmed the current of selfishness and venality, public or private? If this current has set in for the last quarter of a century in spite of all that a wealthy and popular Orthodoxy has done, what warrant have we for reasonable belief that the evil current of the past will be arrested and turned back by the same Orthodoxy, in the future?

Or shall we look to Secularism, subverter of religious faith, for relief and reform? She has not, during the last twenty-five years, been in the ascendant, and therefore cannot be charged, as justly as Orthodoxy, with inability to arrest the modern decadence of morality among us. But shall we elevate and ennoble man by ignoring the spiritual element within him? Will human beings be less venal, less selfish, — less disposed to eat, drink, and be merry, regardless of higher aims, — if we tell

1 As to this, see Address to the Protestant Clergy, prefixed to The Debatable Land between this World and the Next; §§ 1, 2, and 3.

them, and if they believe, that this is the only world we shall ever know; and that we may enjoy ourselves here free of all thought or care for others, without regard to consequences in any world to come?

It is further to be taken into account that, if the reign of Law prevail, the days of Orthodoxy (in the usual sense of the term) are numbered; her foundation fails. With the discarding of the Miraculous dies out also faith in infallibility, whether of man or book. But infallibility is the basis of all Orthodoxy's dogmatic beliefs; and, that undermined, the whole superstructure of dogmatism falls. What survives will survive in the shape of reason-acknowledged truth, not of imposed dogma.

The acceptance of universal law as ruling principle tends to sustain, not to imperil, Secularism. And if, under law, no trustworthy evidence of the spiritual be found, then, under the reign of law, Secularism will flourish: and the peril will be to religion itself; including, among others, the ethical system of Christ, intimately allied, as in the secularist's view it is, with exploded fables.

But I see no fair prospect in the future of any harmonious progress in true civilization without the aid of religion, and — more specifically stated — of the ethical and spiritual system put forth by Jesus; I speak here, however, of Christianity in its primitive aspect, divested of alien scholasticisms which its author never taught.

If this general statement — the result of special inquiries, earnestly prosecuted through two decades — be accepted as correctly indicating the present state of the religious world, then, though it does not prove the truth of modern Spiritualism, seeing that a belief may be timely and desirable, yet unsustained by evidence, it *does* enable us to reach a just conception of the position to which this new phase of faith will, if it stand the test, be entitled, in its connection with civilization and soul-progress.

It will be conceded that if Spiritualism's phenomena prove real, these will establish, past possible denial or doubt, the fact that this is not the end-all of our being; and thus it will cut up Secularism, root and branch, by adducing what *must* win the credence of mankind at last, the evidence of our senses.[1] This is the evidence by which Jesus won the belief of his disciples. His appearance after death to a number of witnesses was, to the early Christians, the rock-foundation of their faith; failing which, they admitted that the entire structure must fall. "If the dead rise not," was their argument, "then is not Christ raised: and if Christ be not raised, your faith is vain."[2] Thus primitive Christianity and modern Spiritualism rest, for evidence, on the same basis.

But the question will remain, how far the teachings of this modern faith tend to ethical and spiritual culture. The inquiry will suggest itself also whether these conform to, or diverge from, the moral and spiritual precepts of Christianity. The answer mainly depends on the manner of defining an important word.

It is to be conceded that long-continued and exclusive devotion to (alleged) messages from the next world has often given birth, in Spiritualism as in Theology, to a vague and heavy literature, in which common-sense has small part. Nevertheless, slurs against the current effusions of Spiritualism come with a bad grace from those, standing afar off, who have never lifted a finger to sift profitable from worthless, or done aught, in any way, to elevate or correct what they condemn.

Of the hundreds of volumes, English, French, and German, filled with such effusions, I deemed it a duty to look through what seemed the most promising; a task tedious and bootless in one sense, but very satisfactory in another;

1 Archbishop Tillotson, arguing against the *real presence*, says: "Infidelity were hardly possible to men, if all men had the same evidences for the Christian religion which they have against transubstantiation; that is, the clear and irresistible evidence of sense." (Sermons, 8th Ed., London. Sermon xxvi.)

2 1 Cor. xv. 16, 17. But see also Acts ii. 32, iv. 33, x. 40, 41, xiii. 30, 31, etc.

tedious and of small result in so far as they contained thousands of non-essential details and ill-considered speculations, varying as widely from each other as do the sentiments expressed by mundane authors; but satisfactory and instructive in this, that, with exceptions too rare to invalidate the rule, they persistently agree in asserting, or assenting to, certain all-essential statements and great vital principles; and also — this is no less important — they agree in discarding, or ignoring, certain orthodox dogmas, including the common popular conceptions in regard to the life to come. And this concurrence of ideas happens no matter who, or where, the mediums or psychics or sensitives (call them what we will) may be; it happens alike whether these are persons cultivated or uncultivated, inhabitants of Europe or America, of India or Australia or New Zealand; it happens whether, in their normal condition, they are, or were, Catholics or Protestants or Jews, Presbyterians or Universalists, Methodists or Deists, believers or unbelievers in another world.

This happens, also, no matter what may have been the former creed of the (alleged) communicating spirits. No Catholic ever sends back word that he has seen purgatorial flames, or met the patron saint of his earthly idolatry. No Protestant has anything to report about angels round the throne, whose sole end and aim — whose one source of bliss — is to "glorify God and enjoy him forever." No Calvinist who has reached the other world ever alludes to that hell where he once believed that all his fellow-creatures, save only an elect few, were to be eternally tormented. None of Milton's angels, loyal or rebellious, are to be heard of; their only representatives being certain spirits of the departed, — now messengers of peace, — who return to earth to cheer mourning friends, to speak of a better world, to aid those who are weary and heavy-laden, and to exercise guardian care over the orphan and the desolate.

Spiritualism, in every country to which its influences extend, has worked a thorough revolution in the popular opinions touching the conditions and pursuits of the next life. The dreams of the past flit away. There opens up to us a world (to use Swedenborg's phrase) of uses; a world with occupations and duties and enjoyments as numerous and varied as we find them here; a world, however, — so uniformly runs the record, — better, higher, far nobler in aim and purpose, than ours; yet, in effect, a world wherein the life which now is is supplemented by that which is to come.

Is this an unworthy conception of heaven? Is it a conception less salutary, less elevating, than that which speaks to us of joining the angelic hosts and sharing their changeless avocation? Nay, truly, it is far *more* worthy both of God and man. What is Christ's idea of the service to be rendered by the creature to the Creator? Adulation, long prayers? (What prayer so short as his?) According to him, God's judgment touching service is: "Inasmuch as ye did it unto the least of these my brethren, ye did it unto me."

How numerous and distinct are the virtuous emotions that now move the heart of man! The promptings to acts of benevolence and deeds of mercy, the stirrings of magnanimity, the efforts of self-denial; fortitude, courage, energy, perseverance, resignation; the devotion of love and the yearnings of compassion, — what a varied list is here! And in that man who confesses the practical shortcomings of his life, who feels how far better has been his nature than its manifestations, who knows how often in this world noble impulse has been repressed, how many generous aspirings have here scarcely been called into action, — in the heart of such a man must not the hope be strong that the present life may have a sequel and a complement in another? He who has labored long and patiently to control and discipline a wayward nature, may he not properly desire, and rationally expect, that he will be allowed to prosecute the task, here so imperfectly commenced, there, where there is no flesh to be weak if the spirit be willing? Shall the phi-

lanthropist, whose life has been one long series of benefactions to his race, be blamed if he cannot surrender at death, without regret, the godlike impulse that bids him succor the afflicted and heal the broken heart? Even he whose days have been spent in exploring the secrets of nature, can he be expected, unmoved, to relinquish, with his earthly body, the study of that science to which his heart was wedded? And, far more, shall a loving and compassionate nature anticipate with complacency the period when the soul, all consecrated to worship or filled with its own supreme felicity, shall no longer select, among its fellow-creatures, its objects either of pity or of love?

But shall man be blamed if he look with coldness on a prospective state that shuts him out from almost all the qualities he has been wont to admire, and all the sympathies that have hitherto bound him to his kind? Is it strange that an upright and energetic being finds little attraction in a future where one virtue, one duty, is instantly to supersede, in his character and career, the thousand virtues, the thousand duties which, here below, his Creator has required at his hands?

It is true that the messages of Spiritualism, so far, have presented to us only outlines of our future home, without any distinct filling up of the picture. We see as through a glass, darkly. Perhaps it is best so. Perhaps some law of intermundane communion forbids more. Too vivid an introvision might render us impatient of earthly sufferings, even of earthly duties. And that might be dangerous; for earthly life and its tasks are an indispensable preparation for our next phase of being. Each world, like each age of man, has its own sphere with its appropriate avocations; to be worked out with reference the one to the other, but not to be interchanged.

Yet enough has been disclosed to cheer the darkest days of our pilgrimage here, by the assurance that not an aspiration after good that fades, nor a dream of the beautiful that vanishes, but will find noble field and fair realization by and by, in a better land.

Meanwhile, what motive to exertion in self-culture more powerful than the assurance that not an effort to train our hearts or store our minds made here, but has its result and its reward in the hereafter? We are the architects of our destiny; inflicting our own punishments, selecting our own rewards. Our righteousness is a meed to be patiently earned, not miraculously bestowed nor mysteriously imputed. When Death comes, he neither deprives us of the virtues nor relieves us of the vices of which he finds us possessed. Our moral, social, and intellectual qualities pass with us to the next world; there constituting our identity and determining our state. So also the evil. That dark vestment of sin with which, in a vicious life, a man may have become endued, clings to him, close as the tunic of Nessus, through the death-change. He retains his evil identity; he decides his degraded rank. Is there, in the prospect of a hell begirt with flames, stronger influence to deter from vice than in the looming up of a fate like that? [1]

In proportion as the public mind is trained to be dispassionate and logical, will it reach the conviction that such a conception of the next world, if it once obtain firm hold on society, will work a revolution in morals and in soul-culture which it is hopeless to expect either of Orthodoxy or of Secularism.

As regards another all-important ethical question, I have never, in any spiritual communication of authentic stamp, found variance from the opinion that monogamy, in this world as in the next, is the only fitting and happy social condition; and that polygamy, whether openly carried out, as by the Turks and Mormons, or secretly practiced, as the great sin of great cities, brings individual infirmity, moral and spiritual, and

1 The ideas here very briefly sketched, touching our state and avocations in the next phase of life, will be found set forth at large in Footfalls on the Boundary of Another World (published by me in 1860); book vi. chap. 1, on the Change at Death.

ultimately national decadence, in its train.

I can afford space here for but a very few brief specimens of communications obtained by me on the above subjects.

March 8, 1857, I had this: —

Question (mental). — What are the chief occupations in heaven?

Answer (purporting to come from Violet). — Seconding God's great designs.

April 18, 1857, came these replies: —

Question (mental). — Are you allowed to answer inquiries regarding the world in which you are?

Answer (by Violet). — Every good person may satisfy himself regarding heaven.

Question. — Can you tell us anything about it?

Answer. — According as one behaves, own heaven or hell.

And on June 6, 1857: —

Question (mental). — Can you inform us as to what is usually called hell?

Answer (by Violet). — A state of mind produced by the groveling nature of man.

And, on another occasion, in reply to a similar question: —

"If enmity to living being had led God, he would have included his castaway in close fetters." [1]

On February 19, 1857, I had these remarkable answers: —

Question (mental). — Is there, in the spirit world, anything corresponding to marriage?

Answer (by Violet). — A corresponding feeling, but different.

Question (mental). — Wherein different?

Answer (after a pause). — Greatly firmer, for being cemented by more cogent, deep, and pure emotion.

Question (mental). — Is it eternal?

Answer (again after a pause). — Can give holy love no limit.

Question (mental). — Are all spirits connected by such ties?

Answer (promptly). — Yes.[2]

Spiritualism disavows (or, more usually, ignores) all such dogmas as the following: —

1. That all men and women are originally depraved, therefore objects of God's anger, and that they can be justified before him only by the blood of one of the Persons of the Godhead, to wit, Jesus Christ; who was made to bear and doomed to suffer for the sins of the human race.

2. That God has elected a certain number of his creatures to enjoy eternal happiness in heaven, not on account of their merits or works, but because of righteousness imputed to them in virtue of their faith in the vicarious atonement and of their belief in their own election: [3] and that he has condemned all the rest of mankind to everlasting torment in hell.

3. That God permits a personal devil to roam the earth, seeking whom he may deceive and bring to ruin, body and soul.

4. That God, more than eighteen centuries since, miraculously suspended his laws, in proof of the divinity of Christ, and in attestation of certain great moral and spiritual truths.

5. That eight human beings, living during the first century (to wit, the four

[1] Some of these answers, quaint and terse, are a little obscure. This last evidently means: "We must suppose God to be actuated by enmity toward man, if we imagine that he condemns reprobates to a hopeless hell."

And in a previous reply we have to supply the words, "one decides one's;" so that it shall read: "According as one behaves, one decides one's own heaven or hell."

As explanation of this occasional obscurity I here add an answer which I obtained from Violet, April 24, 1857: —

Question (mental). — Do we usually get communications from you worded just as you intended to word them?

Answer. — I seldom succeed in saying clearly what I wish.

[2] I am certain that this was no reflection of my own ideas (and the questions being mental, the minds of the assistants could not influence). I remember well that, as the words "for being ceme—" and again "by more cog—" were coming slowly out, I thought it was spelling nonsense.

[3] From the official declaration of the early Protestant faith I quote: "Men cannot be justified before God by their own strength, merits, or works; but are justified freely, for Christ's sake, through faith, when they believe that they are received into favor, and that sins are remitted on account of Christ, who, by his death, made satisfaction for our sins. This faith God imputes for righteousness." (Augsburg Confession, part i. art. 4.)

Evangelists and St. Paul, St. Peter, St. James, and St. Jude), were endowed by God with the gift of plenary inspiration so long as they were writing the biographies of Christ, the Epistles, and the book of Revelation. Therefore, that every verse and word therein contained is infallibly true.

6. That Death, coming into the world by sin, is to be taken as a punishment; being the expression of God's wrath to man.[1]

If belief in these tenets is essential to constitute a Christian, then is Spiritualism opposed to Christianity; but I have elsewhere[2] given at length my reasons for the conviction that they were never taught by Christ; and that, withal, they are untrue in fact, and grievously demoralizing in tendency. I know of no doctrine more thoroughly vicious in practice than this, that character and conduct in the present world do not determine our state in the next.

Yet Spiritualism does not teach that we *earn* heaven by our merits or works. She teaches that, in the next world, we gravitate to the position for which, by life on earth, we have fitted ourselves; and that we occupy that position *because* we are fitted for it.

The notion that, despite vices and crimes, we win heaven by faith in certain dogmas belongs to a rude past age of public wrong and private outrage, in which men, deeply conscious of their sins, sought to avert the consequences of these while continuing to indulge in them. Three thousand years ago sins were treated, among the Hebrews, as if they were tangible and movable objects that could be detached from the sinner by a high priest, and sent away, as cumbrous rubbish might be, on a beast of burden.[3] But we cannot *scape* sins by a shifting of them from ourselves to another living being, mundane or divine; any more than we can evade the fever that consumes us or the plague that threatens life, by transfer of either to friend or foe. God's immutable law is against it. He has made it impossible to detach effect from cause. A sinful life may be amended. A man, sorrowing over the evil he has done, may learn to do well. Then only, with the cessation of the cause, can cease the effect of sin.

As Spiritualism regards it, there is but one door by which the sinner can enter heaven; and over it is written — REPENTANCE.

Surely it is time that the world should be rid of dogmatic illusions. Assumed as Christian doctrine, they so load down Christianity that her grandest truths come to be doubted, and her most benign influences lose their hold upon mankind.

Condensed into briefest terms, what *are* the characteristics of Christ's teachings?

Hunger and thirst after the right; not for the profit of it, but because it *is* the right. Truth, at all hazards; not from fear of the consequences that follow a breach of it, but from hatred of falsehood. Beneficence, especially to the fatherless and widows in their affliction. Helping the poor. Ministering to the stranger, the hungry, the naked, the sick, and those in bonds. That which we do unto them we do unto God.

The element of forgiveness, in a degree unknown among us yet, is another marked feature. An erring brother pardoned even to seventy times seven. One who "was a sinner" absolved because of her love and her repentance. A frail offender, excommunicated by society, set free, uncondemned, and bidden to sin no more.

There are warnings against the danger of riches, against overmuch thought for the morrow, against eager seeking of place or power. The treasures which moth and rust corrupt, the uppermost rooms at feasts, and the chief seats in synagogues, are declared to be objects unworthy to engross the heart of man.

All are encouraged to have faith and hope; engaging in secret prayer indeed,

[1] "It were a light and easy thing for a Christian to suffer and overcome death, if he knew not that it were God's wrath." (Luther's Table Talk.)

[2] Debatable Land; Address to Protestant Clergy, §§ 10 and 11.

[3] Leviticus xvi. 10-21.

yet with the assurance that the Father knows human needs, and will provide, before we ask him; but, above all and beyond all, as stamp and witness of Christian discipleship, as the very fulfillment of God's behests, we are incited to something greater than faith, greater than hope, uplifting as their influence is, even to the supreme law of all — LOVE.

If these principles, all indorsed and enforced by Spiritualism when its researches are prosecuted in an enlightened manner, are the very essence of Christ's system of ethics and theology; if they include, also, the best sentiments contained in all the great religions of the world; then is Spiritualism essentially, preëminently, a great religious element; then is Spiritualism a most efficient ally of Christianity.

As to the aspect of the Great Future according to Spiritualism, presenting it, not as a life engrossed either by ceaseless adoration or else by endless penal suffering, but as a life of activity and of progress, if that be not a Christian, neither is it an anti-Christian view of the matter. With the exception of a few words in accordance with Spiritualism's views, to wit, the passage about "many mansions," and the promise to the repentant thief, "To-day shalt thou be with me in Paradise," Jesus gives us no details: perhaps these are some of the many things which he thought the world of his day unfit to bear. A learned (and certainly not heterodox) authority on the subject tells us: "Respecting the condition of the dead, whether before or after the resurrection, we know very little indeed. . . . Dogmatism on this topic appears to be peculiarly misplaced." [1]

But, in conclusion, it is in regard to one great subject, interdicted by the worldling, put aside by the money-getter, dreaded as the evil of evils by mankind, that the influence of Spiritualism is triumphant. No wrath of God kindled by Adam's sin; no King of Terrors, the Avenger; no valley of the shadow of death to darken the close of man's sojourn here; but an Emancipating Angel kindly summoning erring and suffering creatures to a better world and a higher life — such are its teachings, enforced not by creed-articles but by natural phenomena; not by the dim subtleties of schoolmen, but by the clear, irresistible evidence of sense.

It is true that by a brave and upright man, if he be alone in this world, death may be viewed with passionless equanimity: a few hours or days or weeks of pain, perhaps — soon over — that is all. It is when he strikes at us through others, that Death thrusts home his dart. He is victor, not when he takes us hence, but when he wrests from us the life of our life, and leaves us here exanimate save only in the faculty of suffering.

In that most melodious and most passionate of wails for the dead, from which I have already quoted, well has its author earned the title to be spoken of as one

> "Who came on that which is, and caught
> The deep pulsations of the world."

How few men have ever written soul-searching lines like these: —

> "I blame not Death because he bare
> The use of virtue out of earth:
> I know transplanted human worth
> Will bloom to profit, other where.
>
> "For this alone on Death I wreak
> The wrath that garners in my heart;
> He put our lives so far apart
> We cannot hear each other speak.
> . . . . . .
> "Oh, therefore from the sightless range
> With gods in unconjectured bliss,
> Oh, from the distance of the abyss
> Of ten-fold complicated change,
>
> "Descend and touch and enter; hear
> The wish too strong for words to name;
> That in this blindness of the frame
> My Ghost may feel that thine is near." [2]

To such a yearning appeal as that Spiritualism alone has the consoling reply: "Take comfort, mourning heart! You *are* permitted to receive messages of love and consolation from the lost ones; you may even see their faces — ere you yourself depart for the beautiful land where they dwell."

Robert Dale Owen.

[1] Smith's Dictionary of the Bible; Art. "Hell."

[2] In Memoriam, §§ 81, 92.

MARTHA'S VINEYARD.

Of those who travel, by far the larger part are driven about the world by a hunger for the curious. The evil demon that pursues them hides the beauty of things near at hand with a veil of commonplace, and sets on the horizon beacons that seem to point to fresher fields beyond. It is worth while to journey, to learn how deceptive is that mirage which forms itself out of distance and nothingness; how good is the land about us, and the life that requires no translation to be understood. Our social edifice may be newer than some others, but it is made of old timber which grew in all the old forests between India and Indiana; most of its antique-fashioned furniture was ancient before the keel of the ark was made, or the mainmast of the Mayflower was in the seed; and the people who are its tenants — why, the youngest of them is older than the wall of China. Every line of their faces has been chiseled by Father Time himself, and shaped by the working of ages innumerable. Even the "cakilate" of our thinnest and most to-dayish of Yankees carries the record of a time to which the historic period is a momentary accident. If we look upon our country and its people in this way, we shall find that every nook and cranny will pay for ransacking, for it will give to those who search it in this spirit a mass of curious things, quite as rich as those we could bring to light out of the darkest corner of Europe, and far more comprehensible.

Martha's Vineyard, it may be well to say, is not a place where a Biblical character undertook vine culture, but a considerable island on the southern coast of Massachusetts, which came by its name in a curious fashion. With our unhappy American geographical names, it is the wit and taste, or want of these estimable qualities, in the Smiths and Browns among the first settlers which determines what sounds shall denote the rivers, hills, and islands for all time to come. It has been the good fortune of all this shore to escape almost unscathed from the dangers of the vagarious nomenclature which has vulgarized, as far as names can, the face of so much of our land. From the time the steamboat leaves New Bedford, along our route of thirty miles or more, all the names have a reason for their being; the sonorous Indian names prevail. The two long tongues of the neighboring *fjords* bear the titles Sconticut and Mattapoiset. Buzzard's Bay, across which our route lies, has a certain warrant for its name: to the sailor some winged creature is often the only companion, and the harbinger of the land; naturally enough he makes the creature the tutelar deity of the place, and gives it possession in the name. The south shore of the bay, towards which our vessel points, seems in the distance like a continuous strip of land; but as we approach it nearer it breaks into a string of islands which lead in *diminuendo* of many steps from the continent for thirty miles to the seaward. The archipelago bears the name of Elizabeth, but the separate islands have Indian names: Naushon, Pasque, Nashawena, Penikese, Cuttyhunk, all picturesque names and well suited to the savage front the islands present to us. Culture has taken no hold on them. They lie the same rude moraines the ancient glacier left them. Their heaps of massive stones, only half concealed by the mantle of vegetation, look like the ruins of Cyclopean architecture. Between the northernmost of these islands and the mainland is a narrow and tortuous channel called Wood's Hole. In the rude naming of the sailors hereabouts, a "hole" signifies any deep-cut indentation or passage between two masses of land. Through this channel the tide runs in a torrent, making a little Hell Gate of the place. We sweep through it with the rapidity of a canoe shooting a rapid, and are on the broader surface of Vineyard

Sound. These almost Mediterranean waters give the pleasantest contact with the sea that the summer-worn landsman can find. Although sheltered from the ocean by a fringe of islands and reefs, so that the sickening sweep of the broad water is kept away, they have the fresh air and untainted purity of the limitless sea. The view is full of life; there is always a cloud of sails along the horizon, marking the course of the shipping from Europe to all our ports south of Boston, and in the nearer distance shoals of fishermen and yachts vie with the gulls in their effort to vary the sober beauty of the sunlit water. As we cross the sound, some five miles wide, which divides the Elizabeth Archipelago from Martha's Vineyard, the island lies full before us, its length partly hidden from us, however, by our nearness to it. Along the western shore are a range of hills rising to the height of about three hundred feet above the sea; they are round-topped and want nobility; but as a hill is always at its best along-side of the water, they give a great deal to the landscape. To the eastward the shore sinks down into a line of plain almost as level as the sea, and rising only half a hundred feet above it. All the plain is wrapped in a dense mantle of forest and grass, for, unlike most land that faces the sea, Martha's Vineyard retains its foliage, despite the ruthless fashion in which man has repeatedly swept the forests away.

A break in the land brings into view the deeply embayed haven of Holmes's Hole, one of the famous refuge harbors of our coast. We thread our way through a fleet of vessels which have found some excuse in the threat of storm for seeking shelter here. Huddled together so close that abuse and badinage can be plentifully exchanged by the crews, lie the motley throng: lumber ships from Maine, their decks piled high above the bulwarks with the yellow, fragrant spoils of the pine woods; colliers from Nova Scotia with voluble Frenchmen for crew, Frenchmen still in every word and feature though their ancestry is as long on our soil as the Yankee; coal ships from Philadelphia, manned with the typical tobacco-stained, taciturn American sailor. Along with these, a herd of vessels engaged in interminable and seemingly objectless wandering up and down the seas in search of hard-earned gains. Here and there trim, dandified yachts bring their white paint and polished brass into glaring contrast with the grime of utilitarian trade.

The village of Holmes's Hole, or Vineyard Haven, as it has been renamed in deference to modern euphuism, is charmingly placed at the foot of the green slopes on the west side of the haven. It is one of those accidental villages of our shore with none of the premeditation belonging to the towns which have straight streets and well aligned houses. Each house-builder has set his home to please himself; there is in almost all of them an evident desire to face the sea; almost every house has some one window so placed that its owner can watch the varying scene of the harbor. This effort to face the sea has resulted in giving a look of size and density to the place, as we approach it, quite unsupported by the straggling town. He to whom the shore is familiar will see at a glance that he is in one of those natural asylums where old sea-captains come to end their days. The little houses are simple, with the frequent attempts at rather gingerbready decorations so common with sailors. They are always neat, for the successful sailor is a man of method, and brings a shipshapeness into all his work, on sea or land. Often some great India shell or mass of coral, among the flowers in the door-yard, shows that the owner has been to the antipodes in search of the humble fortune which will carry him in peace to his end. Almost every face we meet on the broad shoulders of the seafaring people shows marks of character the sea alone can give. Most of them have something of the leonine look which comes from long habit of command; many are bronzed, with the deep, ingrained hue got only within the tropics, which never fades again in our darker skies, but seems as fixed as tattoo marks.

He who would know the manner of men who laid in the deep sea the firm foundations of our Anglo-Saxon or Gothic civilization must look where the old blood of the sea-kings has not been washed out, or diluted by the thinner fluid which pales in the house life of the land. He will find the old stock here, in these heavy fellows with quadrangular forms, and chests which remind one of the anthropoid ape. The ancestor of man was a big-breasted fellow; he would not have won the race with a poor breathing organ. These old sea-dogs are also long-trunked, long-armed, and short-legged, with a big place for the digestive machinery and a good record of its sound work in their vigorous limbs. They come in lineal descent from centuries of ancestors whose habits have been as much like their own as the sea and storms of to-day are like those of a thousand years ago. It is not uncommon to find men who began their career as seamen with their father for mate and grandfather for captain. The vessel, as in good Norse days, was a floating household. It is not wonderful, then, that the legs should cease to have the shape they require for walking and the arms become the stronger limbs. In a ship's rigging a man's work is most like that of the apes: his legs do the least of the work. We will leave it to the dextrous splitters of hairs in anatomical metaphysics to say whether natural selection or mere reversion has done the work of giving Jack Tar his peculiar ancient shape. However it may be with his body, our sailor has the better of the landsman in the brain. The old salt is the best specimen of the retired man of small means the world can show. A man gets a liberal education of a rude sort before he becomes a successful ship-master. The sea is a searching examiner, ruthlessly plucking all who do not deserve success. Not the least of its lessons is content with small things and a reasonable interest and satisfaction in the moment. After his forty years of wrestle with unruly conditions, in which he learned to be happy in the brief comforts and enduring in the long miseries of the sea, he comes again to the securer life of the land well trained in the great art of living, able to make the most of each day.

Very many of the old salts have been whaling captains, and have been brought up in the best school of courage the world has ever known. The man who has been able to show the collected energy required to lance a whale has nothing to learn in the way of courage from the warfare of man with man. It would be hard to overestimate the effect of this training in developing the best qualities of the English and American sailor. There has probably never been a naval action fought in which the flag of either nation was flown, where a large part of the combatants had not learned their best lessons of coolness and subordination in this struggle with the living ships of the sea.

The trim little boxes of the sea-faring class will soon be overshadowed and blighted by the ambitious houses of the summer visitors, who have just begun to find out the attractions of this shore. So far the new-comers have displayed the admirable lack of discrimination so characteristic of those who haunt the shore in summer; there are two or three great resorts for summer visitors growing up on the low shore of the eastern end of the island, whose interminable sand — its barrenness scarcely veiled by a thin copse of scrubby oaks — is engaged in a give-and-take struggle with the sea. Oak Bluffs, where oaks and bluffs are both on the average less than ten feet high, has grown to be a pasteboard summer town capable of giving bad food and uneasy rest to twenty thousand people. We want the good reader to have the best opinion of Martha's Vineyard, so we will turn ourselves away from the huddled roofs of the new-made town which looks out of the bushes, the aforesaid "oaks" of the name, and journey towards the central part of the island. As we rise from the village we pass through no intermediate zone of cultivated land, but come at once into the forest which covers the great level region of the western half of the island. This

woodland is the growth which has sprung up since the pine forests which originally covered nearly the whole island were swept away by the ax. Now a pine is a rare object; we may ride ten miles without seeing a specimen. But in the mysterious succession of the forest, there has come an amazing variety of oaks. The trees are all young; in most cases, from the saddle or carriage seat the eye ranges above their tops for miles over a billowy sea of the deepest green. The shape of the leaves varies in a confounding fashion, it being easy to make twenty species from their forms, and easier to believe that they are only exuberant variations of one. They are all of a deep, rich hue, with a wonderful gloss, surpassing in brilliancy anything we get on the main-land. The extent and unbroken character of the forest is amazing; in one direction we may journey through the woods for ten miles without a trace of habitation or culture. Through it runs a maze of old paths made before the rich foliage could bar the way. The oak seems to disdain to grow wherever a wheel has run, so the disused wood-roads remain unencumbered, though for years without a track upon them. There is an indescribable charm in the monotony of these woods; an acre would be tiresome, but the whole has the charm which comes from the limitless.

This ten miles of growing forest is, for us fortunately, a waste in the eyes of the good cits who crowd its eastern border, and, as such, shunned. It has no stage effects to tickle their dulled perceptions; besides, they get lost in it. One wight told me a doleful tale of his having driven six hours at high speed to get through it, to find himself back at his starting-point at the end. Land-lubbers can get to sea even in the woods, so they keep to their plank and asphalt walks, and leave the woods to us. In our drive of half a day through deep, cool, overarched lanes or open, new-felled woods where the fresh growth of trees only brushed their tops against our wheels, we did not meet man or woman, and passed but one house, and that was a deserted ruin. Finally we emerged from the enveloping woods into the central valley of the island, where lie the villages of North and West Tisbury. It is a beautiful valley, of broad grass and grain fields, with overgrown hedge-rows, and fences covered with vines. On the east is the interminable forest; on the west and north a range of hills rugged with the vast piles of huge, gray bowlders, and dotted with pastures and forests. At times the moraine heaps they bear look like the utter ruin of some ancient building that once had covered them. To the south the valley sinks in widening fields that merge in a vast open wold. The beautiful brook which gathers its pure waters in the hills to the westward, and becomes in a few miles a little river, expands into a great pond with irregular shores and a narrow channel, through which it escapes into the sea. Beyond the long reaches of land and inland water lies the sea, fenced from us by the great wall it has built against itself, and over which it dashes from time to time. The air here is of liquid purity, though lucent from the great store of moisture it receives.

The soft air, the broad, smooth fields, the rounded domes of foliage, and the universal green, together with the drowse in which all is steeped, carries us irresistibly to our "old home." It needs the glaring white of yon church tower, which comes as a tower should from the leafy tents of some noble trees, to tell us that it is in the kingdom of white-painted New England that this scene belongs. From all points this island is more like the Isle of Wight than things are often like each other in this world. In its place with reference to the main, its size, form, and surface, this island is a singular reproduction of the lovely garden isle of England. It only wants the rich culture which time will surely bring, to give it an equal beauty. The likeness of the two islands is singularly extended to the details. Every one who has been to the Isle of Wight knows the gay-colored cliffs of yellow, red, and white sands at Alum

Bay. In the corresponding place on Martha's Vineyard we have the similarly painted cliffs of Gay Head, so like to the English scene that from some points of view one picture might have served for either.

The village of West Tisbury is much like that of Holmes's Hole in all its important features, if a hamlet of thirty houses can be said to have important features. There are the old sea-captains, looking like the animated figure-heads of old-fashioned ships, some trim cottages of their building, and a few stores looking only half alive. A little mill sits astride the dancing brook with a business-like air, but the grass and bushes of many years' growth gathered around its doors suggest anything but work. The little houses are old-fashioned, and in a certain way picturesque, or at least quaint. They are generally shingled on the sides in the same fashion as on the roof, and thus escape the excess of horizontal lines which comes with the weather-boarding. The seasons sometimes lend a lovely coat of grayish and yellowish lichen to soften the color of the unpainted wood; the whole place blends very well with the masses of foliage which wrap it round. The people get a comfortable subsistence from the broad pastures, well stocked with cows and sheep, and the rich meadows beside the stream. The land is of an excellent quality, quick to answer any legitimate demands upon it, and not readily worn out. Some of the fields of maize and wheat are as good as one finds in the Connecticut Valley. I have never seen better ground for the gardener. Strawberries grow as in southern France; roses have a glory unattainable anywhere else in New England. Yet agriculture here, as everywhere else in Massachusetts, is in decay. One never sees a field newly won from the forest, while on every side are signs of the gain of the woods on the fields. There are many deserted houses, and every little while there is a little pile of crumbling brick, or an old well, to mark where once stood some house which has been pulled down for other uses. Along the south shore there is a number of great ponds, with vast reaches of upland plain by their side; these were once cleared and cultivated, but now the fences are falling away, and a few sheep that browse on them are all there is to mark the presence of man. At first sight it is hard to explain this neglect of the industry of the land, but the observer can easily see that there are few children, and very few of the men of the active time of life. The youth born on this island have enough of the old Viking blood in them to make them natural wanderers. While they went out for fortune on the sea, they came back here to rear their children and leave their bones in their native soil. But the paths of the land do not all lead home again, so the old people are left to live and die alone. The old, old houses, once strong, now worn thin by the beat of the weather, the crazy out-buildings and fences, with two old, weather-worn people, form the sad homes on many of the little farms. Passing one of these as a storm was coming, we saw a painful scene. On a little grassy hill-side sloping up from the door, was a tiny harvest of hay, a few hundred pounds at most. Up the slope, dragging a little sled, toiled a bent old man. His once powerful limbs were huddled together by contracting tendons until he rose scarce half his height. On that sled he was to carry the hay to the house before the storm. Age without its rightful support of youth is the common result of the insane wandering spirit of our time.

On the main-land this goes on just as it does here, but the tide of immigration recruits the ranks so that there is no great lack of population, except in some country villages. But here, where Irish and Canadian-French have not found their way, the old folk die and leave empty houses. The few of sturdy age here look to the sea for their gain. There are occasional prizes to be won in fishing, and people who are constantly drawing chances in the great lottery, as these folk do with their seines, are sure not to make the steady workers required in the prosy toil of the farmer. So between the inefficiency of the old, and the

lack of interest in the few youth who remain, an admirable soil continues to be entirely neglected. There are here at least fifty thousand acres of soil of a good quick quality, able to take place with the sandy loams of Belgium or the garden region of New Jersey, which have never been turned by the plow. This land, when in the rare cases of sales it has had a value set upon it, has brought of late years less than the price of government lands in Utah or Arizona.

Besides this, the island is an oasis of salubrity in our New England bad climate. Its average warmth is at least two degrees above Boston and all the region north of the Cape; and all this gain is on the winter half of the year. The thermometer in the summer heat of the redoubtable hot term of July, 1872, when we had six days in succession above ninety, never came above eighty-four degrees in Tisbury. The winter average is probably at least ten degrees above the mean of Massachusetts Bay. There is good reason for this: Cape Cod with its sickle form, with the edge to the north, catches the icy Arctic current and bars its southward course. There is at this moment a difference of twenty degrees or more between the water which bathes Nahant and that which sweeps round this island. This difference is maintained for a good part of the year, and has a necessary effect on the climate. The Gulf Stream runs only something like a hundred miles away, and a strong southeast wind brings the warm air from its surface, and probably at times its warm waters, over to this shore. Blow from what quarter the wind may, it still comes over the water and is profoundly modified by its action. From the west-by-north to north it comes over Massachusetts and Buzzard's bays and Vineyard Sound, range enough to give it the necessary freshness; from all other directions it blows over the limitless sea. The east wind is not the atmospheric file which the people are compelled to gnaw on the shores of Massachusetts Bay. It does not come from that natural refrigerator, but from the warmer water to the south, — water which has been warmed on the shores of Florida. The summer climate, at least, is the freest from exasperation, the most calming I have ever felt, without producing lassitude. It brings a physical repose which it is impossible to get in our mountains or northern sea-shores. If the reader will glance at a map, he will perceive that there is no other point on our coast where these insular conditions are possible to the same extent as upon this great salient angle of the continent. The difficulty with our climate arises from the unbroken mass of land, which becomes the storehouse of heat during the summer and of cold during the winter season. Those who seek a change from its conditions should get as far from its influence as they may be able. To do this without perching one's self on some inhospitable rock, like the Isles of Shoals, or getting into the remote summer climate of Florida, is impossible except on either Nantucket or Martha's Vineyard. Of these, the latter is very much the better, as it gives a rich soil, beautiful drives, brooks, and woods, features denied to its bleaker sister to the east.

Water in all its phases is at its best on Martha's Vineyard. The Vineyard Sound on the north shore gives the perfection of quiet-water bathing. It is warm enough to tempt and hold the lover of sea-bathing; warm enough to require more courage to leave than to enter it. The faint swing it has, for it is not altogether still, is as soothing as a cradle's rocking. If this be too tame for the sturdy bather, he has only to cross the island to the south shore to find another face on the sea. The long shore, straight as if drawn by a rule for fifteen miles or more — stand in the middle and it runs to the horizon as straight as a prairie railway — is beaten by the surges which can roll directly down upon it from six thousand miles of water. Those who see the waves on the inland beaches, such as those at Newport, where the sea finds its way through a devious course, chafing over shoals and about

islands, have no idea of their force when they give their full impulse with one blow upon the land. This sand shore slopes pretty steeply, though evenly, into the deep. The great waves roll with solemn regularity on the shore; they are never still. In a calm they are stately waves; in the usual summer weather they sweep up and down the slope like the swinging of some mighty pendulum. When the storm drives them they dash like wild beasts up the rampart of the beach, and clutch over it at the land. Wherever we are on the island, their ceaseless tramp will at times each day, and through the whole night, master all the lesser sounds, and fill us with the sombre monotone. One never catches the spirit of the sea so well as upon an island. The main-land is too secure, a boat is too familiar, for the happiest contact with the great creator and destroyer, the Brahm and Vishnu of the world; but on an island, with the enemy at every gate, and striving to overwhelm, we feel truly its might. Nowhere is the calm so great as in this half-imprisonment by the sea. Occupations which seemed all the world, away from it, come to be of the smallest moment when forced into measurement with its boundlessness. Close contact with it brings energy, for that is here the price of existence; but restlessness, the irritating super-activity and bustle which are the destruction of the best part of our modern life, is no child of the sea.

The kindly air, the calm, the narrow round of life belonging to this happy island, have marked themselves upon the people as such things always do. A good town history, or any equivalent record, is wanting here, though there is no field would repay such work with better results. That key to a people's history, the surnames, tells us that the settlement was from the south of England, and principally by families which are not represented on the main. Curious and unfamiliar names, such as Look, Luce, Athern, Lumbart, Vincent, Jernigan, abound. The first settlers were on the way from England to Virginia, tradition says, and made Edgartown harbor in distress in the autumn of the year. Many, sick of the sea, — as they may well have been in that day of slow, comfortless voyaging, — and attracted by the plenty of fish and fowl of this region of land-locked waters, resolved to go no farther. They burrowed in the sand bluffs and so made a miserable shelter against the winter They probably were reasonably well fed, for enough survived to found the colony. Soon after there came a certain Athern, whom we may reasonably suspect to have been of gentle blood, with a patent for the island. He came from Bristol, and with him some of the families still living on the island. One of his seven sons seems to have been a remarkable character, though I have been able to get only the most shadowy outlines of his life here. A man of education and a clergyman of fervor, he seems to have won a strong hold upon the Indians of the island and gathered a large congregation about him. At length, after the custom of the time, he resolved to go to England to gather funds for a church, and new colonists for the island; his savage flock went with him from the western part of the island to near Edgartown, where they parted, the Indians building a pile of stones in memory of the separation. The good pastor was lost on the ship, which never was heard from after sailing. His father took up his work, and to the end of a long life preached the gospel as effectively as the son had done, keeping native and stranger bound in the fellowship of Christ. There is the framework of a simple epic in the outlines of this story. There was surely some strong humanizing element shaping the relation of white and native on this island; for not only was there always peace during the lapse of time when the colonists were gradually displacing the Indians, driving away their game, and diminishing the fish; but to this day there are remnants of the tribes living on the soil. The Indian blood has been almost washed away by mixture of the negro and white races; the former stock has shown its prepotency in a singular fash-

ion. Though most of the so-called Indians live upon their reservations, they are to be seen all over the island mingling in the simpler avocations of life with the other people. They would be taken generally for negroes; their color is that of our dark mulattoes, and the hair usually has something of a kink. They are a kindly, fairly industrious, simple-minded folk, with good habits, rather religious, giving nothing to the criminal list. The State has carefully warded them from most dangers, making their land inalienable, and helping them to do the best for themselves; but they are slowly fading away despite these kindly influences.

The physical condition of the white people on this island is much better than that of the people of the mainland. The men have excellent physiques, and are sturdy and calm. The women are overworked, with the drawn look belonging, it would seem, to the American woman after thirty, and only to be avoided by a care unknown in our country districts. The local health, as shown by statistics, despite the bad food, and much worse lodging than on the main, is surprisingly good. The houses are badly ventilated, the living-rooms too near the ground, yet the expectancy of life is about double what it is in Boston. It is always to be remembered, in measuring the physical conditions of this as of all parts of the New England people, that for near a century the principal export has been men, and that the amount of the better material sent out to make the great West has been large. What remains shows that the mother has not worn out in child-bearing.

From Tisbury westward we have a range of hills, monuments to the old glacial sheet which once bridged the gap between the island and the main shore. Over it were carried the enormous bowlders of pudding-stone and syenite from the neighborhood of Boston and other parts of the continent to the northward. The journey over these hills would be tolerably monotonous except for the views of the sea; these vary at every step: now, as we climb some great hill, the water widens to a vast expanse broad enough to uphold the heavens; then, when we descend to the shore line, it changes to the blue strip along the sky. The forests disappear and the land narrows as we go, until, when we reach the Indian reservation, which is the outermost point, we come upon a region which wastes each year so fast that it seems as if the waves to the north and south would soon join hands over their finished work. There is an indescribable loneliness in this rugged land, with its sullen, helpless struggle against the sea. It is indeed a fitting home for the remnant of an Indian tribe. They, too, have waged a losing fight against the fates, and have nothing but extinction before them. The substantial houses of this people gave some promise of comfort within; there is not much farming, however; the little money they get is mostly from fishing and raising a few cattle and sheep. There are some children: about the thirty houses or so we saw at least as many little ones; they are bright-looking and appear reasonably healthy and well fed. The adults seem in excellent physical condition, and some of them carry this to an old age.

The outer point of the island is provided with a light-house of a peculiar pattern, making it one of the most curious structures of that class in the country. Outside of the lamp, itself a mechanical contrivance of much ingenuity, there is a cage of glass prisms so arranged that all the light is gathered into a few horizontal beams, which, as the cage revolves, are thrown far out upon the sea; flashing in succession upon the whole path of water from the shore to the horizon. Beneath the light lie a series of great cliffs leading down to the sea; these are of sands and clays having an amazing variety of colors, giving to the whole a brilliancy unexampled except at Alum Bay. Black, red, yellow, green, and white, with many intermediate tints, are blended in bands which stand nearly vertical on the cliff. Some of the sands abound in sharks' teeth and the bones

of whales, and in other monuments of another time. Far out to sea we may perceive by the lines of breakers where lie the remnants of the cliffs which have been eaten back for miles. The sands and clays melt in the ravenous waves; the bowlders are harder to grind, and remain after the rest has gone. We turn willingly from this sad region of wasting land and people, back to the verdant central region, where the freshness of the sea and the land are so well united.

It is worth another ride over the eighteen miles of road along the south shore to see the pretty village of Edgartown, at the easternmost end of the island. In a commercial sense it is a place far advanced in decay: of all its whale-ships, which got from the sea the hard-earned fortunes of its people, there is but one left. This lies upon the ways, stripped of its rigging, looking like a mere effigy of a living craft. But the thrift and cleanliness of the sailor is marked in every paving-stone and shingle of the village. As soon as a mariner comes to fortune his first effort is to get a comfortable home, a big, square, roomy house, which shall always be ship-shape and well painted. I never thought so well of white paint before I saw these handsome houses, actually resplendent with a hue which is so often merely garish in such uses. If there be a trace of an instinct of cleanliness, white paint is an excellent stimulant to its activity, for it makes dirt hateful by making it apparent. These comfortable homes, like those of New Bedford, mark a period of prosperity which has passed never to return. Little by little the population is drifting away; some houses stand empty, and the quick agents of decay which make havoc with our frail New England houses will soon be at work at them, and even Yankee thrift cannot keep it away.

In the new life which our growing fashion of summering by the sea is bringing to Martha's Vineyard, it is to be hoped that the pleasant traces of the old may be well preserved. But lest it be all swept away, we advise our tourists who would see the best of their own land to see it for themselves. Certainly no part of our long shore line has as much to attract and hold the reasonable traveler.

N. S. Shaler.

LAND AND SEA.

The green land sings her song of praise
And drinks the wine of summer days;
From noon to noon, from dark to bright,
She blossoms over with delight;
Her daisies, that are dead to you,
To me are full of golden dew.

The blue sea lacks not anything,
That men can say or maiden sing;
But what it says itself, or sings,
Is but the thought the hearer brings, —
The maiden hears a wedding-glee,
The sailor what the wind will be.

Hiram Rich.

RECENT LITERATURE.[1]

Miss Nora Perry, like Miss Lucy Larcom, has a name so gracefully like the musical pseudonyms which ladies affect in literature, that when, a great many years ago, one of the first numbers of this magazine made her known as the author of After the Ball, most people said, "Nora Perry? Yes, yes. But what's her *real* name?" Since that time she has tried much to make her real name remembered; and if she is still chiefly known as the author of that poem, it is not because her other pieces are not very well, or for the most part less than good. She cheerfully and wisely honors After the Ball as the public favorite, and calls her new book — which we believe is also her first book — after it; and indeed it is her most characteristic effort. It is not easy, we find on reading it over, to say in just what its charm lies; but it is perhaps in its skillful suggestion of a very sweet, natural situation. Two young girls sit down before the fire in their night-gowns, and comb out their hair and talk over the delights of the ball from which they have just come, till the fire dies out, and then they go prettily to bed, and dream of the dances and the favored partners. We are sorry to say that one of them dies before the year is out; this seems a very unnecessary bereavement of the reader, which Miss Perry would have spared him if she had had the artistic courage to stop when her poem was really done. But this courage belongs only to the highest artists, and it must be owned in her behalf that she does not make such a mere morgue of her book as ladies are apt to do. Very few of her young girls die; not many come off with broken hearts from their love-affairs; not above two, we think, are of doubtful character; all which is vastly comforting to such old-fashioned people as believe that no woman is so fascinating as a pure, happy, and reasonably *well* one. We do not mind that such a girl should like waltzing and flirtation, or should be a little deadly with her gloves or her rings or her eyes, and mortal at short range with her fan; she may even sip pink champagne in moderation without serious blame from us, though we prefer perhaps another brand ourselves. It is of these innocent wickednesses that Miss Perry's heroines are guilty, and the best of them are not even so bad as that. For example, one of the best is not: —

JANE.

She came along the little lane,
Where all the bushes dripped with rain,
And robins sung and sung again,

As if with sudden, sheer delight,
For such a world so fresh and bright,
To swing and sing in day and night.

But, coming down the little lane,
She did not heed the robin's strain,
Nor feel the sunshine after rain.

A little face with two brown eyes,
A little form of slender size,
A little head not very wise;

A little heart to match the head,
A foolish little heart, that bled
At every foolish word was said.

So, coming down the little lane, —
I see her now, my little Jane, —
Her foolish heart with foolish pain

Was aching, aching in her breast,
And all her pretty golden crest
Was drooping as if sore opprest.

And something, too, of anger's trace
Was on the flushed and frowning face,
And in the footsteps' quickened pace.

So swift she stept, so low she leant,
Her pretty head on thought intent,
She scarcely saw the way she went,

Nor saw the long, slim shadow fall
Across the little, low stone-wall,
As some one rose up slim and tall, —

Rose up, and came to meet her there;
A youth, with something in his air
That, at a glance, revealed his share

[1] *After the Ball, and other Poems.* By Nora Perry. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co. 1875.

Songs of Two Worlds. (Second Series.) By A New Writer. Second Edition. London: Henry S. King & Co. 1874.

The Prophet: A Tragedy. By Bayard Taylor. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co. 1874.

Poems. By Celia Thaxter. New and Enlarged Edition. New York: Hurd and Houghton. 1874.

The Hanging of the Crane. By Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. With Illustrations. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co. 1875.

Idolatry. A Romance. By Julian Hawthorne. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co. 1874.

Opening a Chestnut Burr. By the Rev. E. P. Roe. New York: Dodd and Mead. 1874.

Toinette. By Henry Churton. New York: J. B. Ford & Co. 1874.

Anthony Brade. By Robert Lowell. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1874.

In all this foolish, girlish pain,
This grief and anger and disdain,
That rent the heart of little Jane.

With hastier steps than hers he came,
And in a moment called her name;
And in a moment, red as flame

She blushed, and blushed, and in her eyes
A sudden, soft, and shy surprise
Did suddenly and softly rise.

"What, you?" she cried; "I thought — they said" —
Then stopped, and blushed a deeper red,
And lifted up her drooping head,

Shook back her lovely falling hair,
And arched her neck, and strove to wear
A nonchalant and scornful air.

A moment thus they held apart,
With lovers' love and lovers' art;
Then swift he caught her to his heart.

What pleasure then was born of pain,
What sunshine after cloud and rain,
As they forgave and kissed again!

'T was April then; he talked of May,
And planned therein a wedding-day:
She blushed, but scarcely said him nay.

What pleasure now is mixed with pain,
As, looking down the little lane,
A graybeard grown, I see again,

Through twenty Aprils' rain and mist,
The little sweetheart that I kissed,
The little bride my folly missed!

Here, very delicately suggested character is added to the charmingly suggested situation, and the poem is really an advance upon After the Ball, in this. It is mighty pretty also, as Master Pepys would say, to observe with what playful tenderness Miss Perry touches in the likeness of her heroine, and as it were caresses her into a bewitching reality. We notice that women very commonly have this fashion with their literary inventions, and seem to fall in love with the pretty girls of their fancy, just as women in life have pets of their own sex and must be kissing them; whereas men do but seldom embrace the creatures of their brains. On the whole, we like this way of most authoresses; it is at any rate better than George Eliot's, who seems often to hate her handsome women as far as she can see them, and is apt to bring them to some bad end or other. Tying her Bonnet under her Chin is another of the poems in which Miss Perry notably has this way with her heroine; and there are but few in which she has it not. That little ballad is very famous, and is probably in as many scrap-books, and destined to as much undying immortality of newspaper republication, as any other poem of the sort. It merits the favor it enjoys, for it is one of the most winning of those pictures, or situations, for which Miss Perry has shown such a singular gift, and in which her amiable volume abounds. Here is another of them, which our readers will be the better for seeing a second time in The Atlantic: —

OUT OF THE WINDOW.

Out of the window she leaned, and laughed,
A girl's laugh, idle and foolish and sweet, —
Foolish and idle, it dropped like a call,
Into the crowded, noisy street.

Up he glanced at the glancing face,
Who had caught the laugh as it fluttered and fell,
And eye to eye for a moment there
They held each other as if by a spell.

All in a moment passing there, —
And into her idle, empty day,
All in that moment something new
Suddenly seemed to find its way.

And through and through the clamorous hours
That made his clamorous busy day,
A girl's laugh, idle and foolish and sweet,
Into every bargain found its way.

And through and through the crowd of the streets,
At every window in passing by,
He looked a moment, and seemed to see
A pair of eyes like the morning sky.

This we think sweet and musical and finished, without being more than finished — as, by the way, The Romance of a Rose has been since it appeared in these pages. The two new stanzas added to the poem rub in a not necessary inference with a very heavy hand. However, they do not spoil the ballad, which the reader may read, omitting them.

In fine, we cannot help openly wishing good fortune to this little book. Its mood is so good, and its art on the whole so blameless, that we do not care if it is not very lofty or profound. The pieces often seem to us written in the atmosphere of a young lady's first year in society, and we mean that they are the more pleasing for this reason. They are full of faith in the importance of glances and of gloves, of attitudes and of tones — and doubtless these things are important. They certainly are so to all the youth of the world, and were so once to all its middle-age; and who would not breathe again that lamp-lit or moon-lit air, and go about to a golden gittern's tune? Not that we know what a golden gittern is, but at twenty one does not stop to measure phrases; and as we

turn over Miss Perry's pages, we seem distinctly to have recovered that epoch.

— We sometimes fancy that the peremptory mood of criticism is not the best for valuing certain gentle, negative kinds of poetry, and that the true estimate of a book like Songs of Two Worlds would be made by the leisure that reads books without the latent intention of reviewing them. To us these Songs appear in great part rather slow and pale and thin, but we have come upon passages here and there that make us think an ampler patience would find them better. They seldom move outside of a pretty definite circle of quiet meditation upon various earthly conditions, with a gentle, somewhat mystical rise toward faith in better things after death; and when they do leave this circle, it is hardly to their advantage, or ours. Yet in one poem, The Organ Boy, there is a glimmer of humor, which makes us doubt whether the author might not have enlarged his range in the direction of a light, pensive satire. He is looking at a Roman organ-boy, as the final result of Roman supremacy in arts, wars, and politics, and he wonders what shall be the outcome of English supremacy after as long a time.

> "Shall they sail to new continents,
> English no more,
> Or turn — strange reverse —
> To the old classic shore?
> . . . . . .
> 'Not English, but angels' —
> Shall this tale be told
> Of Romans to be
> As of Romans of old?
> Shall they too have monkeys
> And music? Will any
> Try their luck with an engine
> Or toy spinning-jenny?"

We are bound to say, however, that in such more deliberate satires as we find in his book, the author's touch is anything but light or skillful. In most of his work are a tenderness and a sweetness that to be sure do not greatly move, but which nevertheless appeal to kindred feelings in the reader, and if his sentiment is never keen, it is always delicate. The last poem in the book is so much better than the rest that in quoting it we feel obliged to guard the reader against inferring too much.

A REMONSTRANCE.

> If ever, for a passing day,
> My careless rhymes shall gain to please,
> I would that those who read may say,
> "Left he no more than these?"
>
> For sure it is a piteous thing
> That those blest souls to whom is given
> The instinct and the power to sing,
> The choicest gift of Heaven,
>
> Not from high peak to peak alone
> Our faithful footsteps care to guide,
> But oft by plains of sand and stone,
> Dull wastes, and nought beside:
>
> Who the low, crawling verse prolong,
> Careless alike of fame and time;
> The form, but not the soul of song —
> A dreary hum of rhyme:
>
> A straight road, by a stagnant stream,
> Where the winged steed, which late would soar
> From the white summits like a dream,
> Creeps slowly evermore:
>
> A babble of sound, like that flat noise
> Which, when the harmonies grow dumb,
> Between the symphony's awful joys,
> Too oft is heard to come.
>
> Grave error; since not all of life
> Is rhythmic: oft by level ways
> We walk; the sweet creative strife,
> The inspired heroic days,
>
> Are rare for all, — no food for song
> Are common hours; and those who hold
> The gift, the inspiration strong,
> More precious far than gold,
>
> Only when heart is fired and brain,
> And the soul spreads its soaring wing,
> Only when nobler themes constrain,
> Should ever dare to sing.

— In Mr. Taylor's tragedy of The Prophet (wherein he follows many lines of the familiar Mormon history), every one must perceive the clearness and fineness with which the character of David Starr, the prophet, is presented. He is the only son of a hard-headed farmer, who never believes in his son's vocation, and of a wife long barren, who, when David came, looked on him as peculiarly from the Lord, yet who, while she gave him all the pride and tenderness of her heart, never gave his gift implicit belief. It was for a younger woman, the girl who became his wife, to do this, and it is her loving faith, and the simple, inspiring credulity of his neighbors, that work upon David till he feels himself a prophet indeed. How do the religious impostures arise? Mr. Taylor, without answering this question, has dealt with it wisely and suggestively. David to the very last never perhaps wholly believes in himself, but he accepts the self-delusion of his followers as proof of his prophetic mission, while they wait in patience for proof from him; he is simple, devout, anxious, and earnest throughout. Even Nimrod Kraft, the designing high-priest, who act-

ively promotes the imposture, we do not feel to be wholly false. These characters are treated by the poet as we believe the historian must finally treat the founders of Mormonism, with large allowance for the tricks that fervent hope, religious enthusiasm, and sacerdotal ambition play upon human nature. When the prophet and his followers quit their native region for their city of refuge in the West, a beautiful and willful woman of the world joins them, having fallen in love with David; and through her desire and the cunning of the high-priest, a revelation sanctioning polygamy is juggled out of the prophet. This alarms some of the believers, who plot with the Gentiles of the backwoods against the hierarchy: one of the believing conspirators is murdered by order of Nimrod Kraft; the Gentiles attack the city, and David is killed, upon whom dying a self-knowledge falls too late for him to utter it. He can only recognize the supremacy of love in the face of his first wife, the faithful and devoted bride of his youth.

Here, the reader sees, is material for mighty effects; but it is a curious trait of this drama that there is so little drama in it. The situation is there again and again; the points are clearly made; but there is no passion, no exalted feeling to avail of them. So it seems to us. There is suggestion of the great tragedy that might be where a woman like Livia loves so much that she is willing to see her sex thrust back into patriarchal barbarism, if so she may share the heart of another's husband, and where Rhoda suffers a bereavement a thousand fold worse than widowhood, but the tragedy is somehow absent. By some mischance the poet's performance falls short of his thoroughly good intention; he amplifies and expatiates where he should have been brief and sharp, and he labors out his suggestion. On the whole, it affects us like work begun, dropped, and then returned to after a long interval, and finished in haste too great for condensation. The art declines after the first act, which we think good, solid work, well felt, if not fervently felt, and remarkable for the subtly managed conversion of David to full self-belief through the half-feigned faith of Nimrod Kraft in him. The characters of David's father and mother are here extremely well sketched. When Mr. Taylor makes the hard old man say such a thing as —

> "I always counted less than likely seemed;
> Tried to surprise myself, as it might be,
> And so increase my luck,"

he shows an uncommon insight into the naturally superstitious working of the common mind; and that is a very fortunate stroke by which he makes David's mother, who has been blaming her son for flightiness at the outset of his career, turn and take his part at the first word of blame from his father. The camp-meeting exhorter's strain is fairly caught, but Peter's vernacular does not seem quite frankly dealt with, nor quite assimilated.

In fine, the drama strikes us as embodying the materials of a poem, a tragedy, and not as being a poem. But after his Lars, Mr. Taylor can afford for once to make a failure.

— A new and enlarged edition of Mrs. Thaxter's poems is something to be glad of, though we are not sure but it would have been better to print separately a new volume of verse than to add the fresh pieces to those already collected. The additions do not affect the general character of the volume. The strings of this shell are few, and the tones are not many: sometimes the instrument seems not different from the shell that one picks up on the shore, and putting to his ear hears in it forever the hollow murmur, the remote, faint sobbing of the sea. What gives such poetry its charm is its unfailing truthfulness within its narrow range. Never a false note is struck; neither ship nor ocean is painted, but an air fresh and pure and wholesome breathes from the very sea as you read. It is true that Mrs. Thaxter before her song is done is very likely to tell you the moral of it outright; but this is the fault of nearly all American poets, from the greatest to the least. Among the newly collected poems here, we like especially In Kittery Churchyard, which our readers have seen, and May Morning, which they have not seen. In the latter poem the very spirit of the weather seems to be caught, and expressed: —

MAY MORNING.

> Warm, wild, rainy wind, blowing fitfully,
> Stirring dreamy breakers on the slumberous May sea,
> What shall fail to answer thee? What thing shall withstand
> The spell of thine enchantment, flowing over sea and land?
>
> All along the swamp-edge in the rain I go;
> All about my head thou the loosened locks do blow;
> Like the German goose-girl in the fairy tale,
> I watch across the shining pool my flock of ducks that sail.
>
> Redly gleam the rose-haws, dripping with the wet,
> Fruit of sober autumn, glowing crimson yet;

Slender swords of iris leaves cut the water clear,
And light green creeps the tender grass, thick spreading far and near.

Every last year's stalk is set with brown or golden studs;
All the boughs of bayberry are thick with scented buds;
Islanded in turfy velvet, where the ferns uncurl,
Lo! the large white duck's egg glimmers like a pearl!

Softly sing the billows, rushing, whispering low;
Freshly, oh! deliciously, the warm, wild wind doth blow!
Plaintive bleat of new-washed lambs comes faint from far away;
And clearly cry the little birds, alert and blithe and gay.

O happy, happy morning! O dear, familiar place!
O warm, sweet tears of heaven, fast falling on my face!
O well-remembered, rainy wind, blow all my care away,
That I may be a child again, this blissful morn of May.

This is almost pure song, and it shows the poet at her best, in full sympathy with nature, and with nerves keenly responsive to the mood of wind, rain, sea, blossom, and leaf.

— Few poems that Mr. Longfellow has made seem to us of so perfect a strain as the last he has given us. He calls it The Hanging of the Crane, in allusion to the old French custom of placing that now obsolete contrivance in the kitchen chimney of a young couple at their house-warming; but it is really a pensive imagination of the life that expands with the family table as the children come one after another, to demand its enlargement, and that contracts as they grow up and pass one by one out of the old home, till the father and mother sit at last as they sat at first, and face each other across the table alone. It is one of those very simple and easy fancies that the reader thinks to have been always in his own mind, but of which he may be trusted to feel the originality, presently. We do not know why we have been reminded in reading it of Xavier de Maistre's exquisite Journey round my Room; but perhaps because the poem is like that pretty essay of the Frenchman's in its simplicity of motive, and in the wisdom with which it is treated: in the spared color and story, the clear melody, the delicious style, the truly classic repose and reserve. There is no further likeness, and the poem moves sympathies infinitely beyond the reach of the essay; the likeness is strictly in the pleasure given by the common perfection of literary form. There is a perfume of humor pervading the poem so faint and fine, so very faint and fine, that it is like a waft of fragrance from a bank of violets, which, having passingly caught, you must go back and breathe again to make sure of, and there is the light of a vanishing or recurring smile on all its pathos. How delicate is the playfulness of this little picture, one of the best in the whole poem: —

"Seated, I see the two again,
But not alone; they entertain
A little angel unaware,
With face as round as is the moon;
A royal guest with flaxen hair,
Who, throned upon his lofty chair,
Drums on the table with his spoon,
Then drops it careless on the floor,
To grasp at things unseen before.
Are these celestial manners? these
The ways that win, the arts that please?
Ah yes; consider well the guest,
And whatsoe'er he does seems best;
He ruleth by the right divine
Of helplessness, so lately born
In purple chambers of the morn,
As sovereign over thee and thine.
He speaketh not; and yet there lies
A conversation in his eyes;
The golden silence of the Greek,
The gravest wisdom of the wise,
Not spoken in language, but in looks
More legible than printed books,
As if he could but would not speak.
And now, O monarch absolute,
Thy power is put to proof, for, lo!
Resistless, fathomless, and slow,
The nurse comes rustling like the sea,
And pushes back thy chair and thee,
And so good night to King Canute."

The poem is not long, and it is not at all our purpose to reduce the reader's interest in the whole, by offering it him piecemeal; as is its playfulness, so is its sadness; a light, a shadow, a solitary note presently blent into one charm of sweet and tender resignation.

What will add to the reader's pleasure in the book are the illustrations of Miss Mary A. Hallock and Mr. Thomas Moran; really, those whom a sad experience has taught to shudder at the thought of having any favorite author illustrated may approach this book without fear. It is in the conception as well as the execution of her work that Miss Hallock will delight the appreciative reader. She has exactly expressed in her pictures the general and impersonal sense of the poem; any definiteness of character in the people would be a mistake; they are to be a handsome, happy young couple, pretty children, lovely girls and comely youths, and fine-looking elders — all beautiful with the beauty that is of types rather than persons; and they are to be richly costumed and adequately circumstanced.

These ideas Miss Hallock has realized with a delicacy and perfection worthy of the poem, into which she has entered not only with intelligence but with divination. It is charming to see how she remembers and records the changing fashions, as the family grows up and the years pass; but perhaps we ought not to praise her for sparing us the kind of pain that the carelessness or stupidity of illustrators so commonly gives in such matters of fine instinct. Where there is a poignant touch in the poem, as

> "I see the patient mother read,
> With aching heart, of wrecks that float
> Disabled on those seas remote," etc.,

she can draw a face in which all the pathos is subtly reflected, and which is nevertheless not in the least overcharged with it. Every picture indeed is suffused with the light of a quick and refined sympathy; and this is reinforced by a skillful pencil which has, so far as we can observe, no unpleasant tricks or mannerisms. Miss Hallock's gentlemen are perhaps sometimes a little too lady-like; but her women are always fascinatingly feminine, and her children very children.

In their way the landscape bits of Mr. Moran are as good as Miss Hallock's pictures. They interpret and supplement the poem with the same poetical feeling, and make us glad of another touch as sweet and tender as Mr. Harry Fenn's without that danger of conventionality which seems to hover about Mr. Harry Fenn's work. We find Mr. Harley's little caprices and conceits in the vignettes very good indeed; and it would be doing the book scant justice not to speak of the excellence of the engravings, in which Mr. Anthony and Mr. Linton are, thanks to the admirable printing, seen at their best.

— It has been more than once remarked that, on the whole, the penalties attached to bearing an eminent name are equal to the privileges. To be the son of a man of genius is at the best to be born to a heritage of invidious comparisons, and the case is not bettered if one attempts to follow directly in the paternal footsteps. One's name gets one an easy hearing, but it by no means guarantees one a genial verdict; indeed, the kinder the general sentiment has been toward the parent, the more disposed it seems to deal out rigid justice to the son. The standard by which one is measured is uncomfortably obtrusive; one is expected *ex officio* to do well, and one finally wonders whether there is not a certain felicity in having so indirect a tenure of the public ear that the report of one's experiments may, if need be, pass unnoticed. These familiar reflections are suggested by the novel lately published by Mr. Julian Hawthorne, a writer whose involuntary responsibilities are perhaps of an exceptionally trying kind. The author of The Scarlet Letter and Twice-Told Tales was a genius of an almost morbid delicacy, and the rough presumption would be that the old wine would hardly bear transfusion into new bottles; that, the original mold being broken, this fine spirit had better be left to evaporate. Mr. Julian Hawthorne is already known (in England, we believe, very favorably) as author of a tale called Bressant. In his own country his novel drew forth few compliments, but in truth it seemed to us to deserve neither such very explicit praise nor such unsparing reprobation. It was an odd book, and it is difficult to speak either well or ill of it without seeming to say more than one intends. Few books of the kind, perhaps, that have been so valueless in performance have been so suggestive by the way; few have contrived to impart an air of promise to such an extraordinary tissue of incongruities. The sum of Bressant's crimes was, perhaps, that it was ludicrously young, but there were several good things in it in spite of this grave error. There was force and spirit, and the suggestion of a perhaps obtrusively individual temper, and various signs of a robust faculty of expression, and, in especial, an idea. The idea — an attempted apprehension, namely, of the conflict between the love in which the spirit, and the love in which sense is uppermost — was an interesting one, and gave the tale, with all its crudities, a rather striking appearance of gravity. Its gravity was not agreeable, however, and the general impression of the book, apart from its faults of taste and execution, was decidedly sinister. Judged simply as an attempt, nevertheless, it did no dishonor to hereditary tradition; it was a glance toward those dusky psychological realms from which the author of The Scarlet Letter evoked his fantastic shadows.

After a due interval, Mr. Hawthorne has made another experiment, and here it is, rather than as applied to Bressant, that our remarks on the perils of transmitted talent are in place. Idolatry, oddly enough, reminds the perspicacious reader of the late

Mr. Hawthorne's manner more forcibly than its predecessor, and the author seems less to be working off his likeness to his father than working into it. Mr. Julian Hawthorne is very far from having his father's perfection of style, but even in style the analogy is observable. "Suppose two sinners of our daylight world," he writes, "to meet for the first time, mutually unknown, on a night like this. Invisible, only audible, how might they plunge profound into most naked intimacy, read aloud to each other the secrets of their deepest hearts! Would the confession lighten their souls, or make them twice as heavy as before? Then, the next morning, they might meet and pass, unrecognizing and unrecognized. But would the knot binding them to each other be any the less real, because neither knew to whom he was tied? Some day, in the midst of friends, in the brightest glare of the sunshine, the tone of a voice would strike them pale and cold." And elsewhere: "He had been accustomed to look at himself as at a third person, in whose faults or successes he was alike interested; but although his present mental attitude might have moved him to smile, he, in fact, felt no such impulse. The hue of his deed had permeated all possible forms of himself, thus barring him from any stand-point whence to see its humorous aspect. The sun would not shine on it!" Both the two ideas, here, and the expression, will seem to the reader like old friends; they are of the family of those arabesques and grotesques of thought, as we may call them, with which the fancy that produced the Twice-Told Tales loved so well to play. Further in the story the author shows us his hero walking forth from the passionate commission of a great crime (he has just thrown a man overboard from the Boston and New York steamer), and beginning to tingle with the consciousness of guilt. He is addressed caressingly by a young girl who is leaning into the street from a window, and it immediately occurs to him that (never having had the same fortune before) her invitation has some mysterious relation to his own lapse from virtue. This is, generically, just such an incident as plays up into every page of the late Mr. Hawthorne's romances, although it must be added that in the case of particular identity the touch of the author of The House of the Seven Gables would have had a fineness which is wanting here. We have no desire to push the analogy too far, and many readers will perhaps feel that to allude to it at all is to give Mr Julian Hawthorne the benefit of one's good-will on too easy terms. He resembles his father in having a great deal of imagination and in exerting it in ingenious and capricious forms: but, in fact, the mold, as might have been feared, is so loose and rough that it often seems to offer us but a broad burlesque of Mr. Hawthorne's exquisite fantasies. To relate in a few words the substance of Idolatry would require a good deal of ingenuity; it would require a good deal on our own part, in especial, to glaze over our imperfect comprehension of the mysteries of the plot. It is a purely fantastic tale, and deals with a hero, Balder Helwyse by name, whose walking costume, in the streets of Boston, consists of a black velveteen jacket and tights, high boots, a telescope, and a satchel; and of a heroine, by name Gnulemah, the fashion of whose garments is yet more singular, and who has spent her twenty years in the precincts of an Egyptian temple on the Hudson River. This is a singular couple, but there are stranger things still in the volume, and we mean no irony whatsoever when we say they must be read at first-hand to be appreciated. Mr. Hawthorne has proposed to himself to write a prodigiously strange story, and he has thoroughly succeeded. He is probably perfectly aware that it is a very easy story to give a comical account of, and serenely prepared to be assured on all sides that such people, such places, and such doings are preposterously impossible. This, in fact, is no criticism of his book, which, save at a certain number of points, where he deals rather too profusely in local color, pursues its mysterious aim on a line quite distinct from reality. It is indiscreet, artistically, in a work in which enchanted rings and Egyptian temples and avenging thunderbolts play so prominent a part, to bring us face to face with the Tremont House, the Beacon Hill Bank in School Street, the Empire State steamboat, and the "sumptuous residence in Brooklyn" — fatal combination! — of Mrs. Glyphic's second husband. We do not in the least object, for amusement's sake, to Dr. Glyphic's miniature Egypt on the North River; but we should prefer to approach it through the air, as it were, and not by a conveyance which literally figures in a time-table. Mr. Hawthorne's story is purely imaginative, and this fact, which by some readers may be made its reproach, is, to our sense, its chief recommendation. An author, if he

feels it in him, has a perfect right to write a fairy-tale. Of course he is bound to make it entertaining, and if he can also make it mean something more than it seems to mean on the surface, he doubly justifies himself. It must be confessed that when one is confronted with a fairy-tale as bulky as the volume before us, one puts forward in self-defense a few vague reflections. Such a production may seem on occasion a sort of *reductio ad absurdum* of the exaggerated modern fashion of romancing. One wonders whether pure fiction is not running away with the human mind, and operating as a kind of leakage in the evolution of thought. If one decides, as we, for our part, have decided, that though there is certainly a terrible number too many novels written, yet the novel itself is an excellent thing, and a possible vehicle of an infinite amount of wisdom, one will find no fault with a romance for being frankly romantic, and only demand of it, as one does of any other book, that it be good of its kind. In fact, as matters stand just now, the presumption seems to us to be rather in favor of something finely audacious in the line of fiction. Let a novelist of the proper temperament shoot high by all means, we should say, and see what he brings down. Mr. Hawthorne shoots very high indeed, and bags some strangely feathered game; but, to be perfectly frank, we have been more impressed with his length of range than with his good luck. Idolatry, we take it, is an allegory, and the fantastic fable but the gayly figured vestment of a poised and rounded moral. We are haunted as we read by an uncomfortable sense of allegorical intention; episodes and details are so many exact correspondences to the complexities of a moral theme, and the author, as he goes, is constantly drawing an incidental lesson in a light, fantastic way, and tracing capricious symbolisms and analogies. If the value of these, it must be said, is a measure of the value of the central idea, those who, like ourselves, have failed to read between the lines have not suffered an irreparable loss. We have not, really, the smallest idea of what Idolatry is about. Who is the idol and who is the idolizer? What is the enchanted ring and what the fiddle of Manetho? What is the latent propriety of Mr. MacGentle's singular attributes, and what is shadowed forth in the blindness of Gnulemah? What does Salome stand for, and what does the hoopoe symbolize? We give it up, after due reflection; but we give it up with a certain kindness for the author, disappointing as he is. He is disappointing because his second novel is on the whole more juvenile than his first, and he makes us wonder whether he has condemned himself to perpetual immaturity. But he has a talent which it would be a great pity to see come to nothing. On the side of the imagination he is distinctly the son of his illustrious father. He has a vast amount of fancy; though we must add that it is more considerable in quantity than in quality, and finer, as we may say, than any use he makes of it. He has a commendable tendency to large imaginative conceptions, of which there are several noticeable specimens in the present volume. The whole figure of Balder Helwyse, in spite of its crudities of execution, is a handsome piece of fantasy, and there is something finely audacious in his interview with Manetho in the perfect darkness, in its catastrophe, and in the general circumstances of his meeting with Gnulemah. Gnulemah's antecedents and mental attitude are a matter which it required much ingenuity to conceive and much courage to attempt to render. Mr. Hawthorne writes, moreover, with a conscience of his own, and his tale has evidently been, from his own point of view, elaborately and carefully worked out. Above all, he writes, even when he writes ill, with remarkable vigor and energy; he has what is vulgarly called "go," and his book is pervaded by a grateful suggestion of high animal spirits. He is that excellent thing, a story-teller with a temperament. A temperament, however, if it is a good basis, is not much more, and Mr. Hawthorne has a hundred faults of taste to unlearn. Our advice to him would be not to mistrust his active imagination, but religiously to respect it, and, using the term properly, to cultivate it. He has vigor and resolution; let him now supply himself with culture — a great deal of it.

— There is not the least harm in the novel called Opening a Chestnut Burr, and probably there are those who will find much good in it. The writer kindly tells us, in his preface, that this is his fourth volume; and one can readily believe that the other three were animated by just as sincere and palpable a moral purpose as the present. It is a serious tale without plot. The most romantic incident in the volume has a note appended in which the conscientious author assures us that the circumstances are not wholly imaginary;

and when he makes use of the novel quotation,

"A creature not too bright and good," etc.,

he is careful to cite Wordsworth as his authority. But the character of the selfish, morbid, cynical hero, and his gradual transformation under the influence of the sweet and high-spirited heroine, are portrayed with a masculine firmness which is near akin to power, and some of the conversations are animated and admirable. The hero seems in the beginning not very well-bred, and trespasses upon the hospitality of the man who bought his father's estate, with remarkable coolness. But his manners improve as the story advances, while the heroine, although actively pious and somewhat didactic, is *not* namby-pamby. The most original and amusing character in the book is Thomas Luggar, the "well-meanin' man." Mr. Roe's style is unequal, at times rough and obscure, but usually nervous, and never verbose. It is defaced by a few innocent vulgarisms like "stay home," and by a great confusion of the auxiliary verbs, insomuch that when Walter, being about to drop from the limb of a tall tree upon Annie, who *will* extend her arms to save him, exclaims, "If I fall, I will kill you," his state of mind is really considerate and not vindictive. The author has also an entirely original use of connectives, particularly of the words *though* and *although*, which confuses the logic strangely. For example: "*Though* tall, he was thin;" and "Even the nonchalant Mr. Godfrey could not ignore her in his customary polite manner, *though* a quiet refinement and peculiar unobtrusiveness seemed her characteristics." And what does he mean by saying that a "Concord grape is the type, *in nature*, of a juicy steak"? And what is a "votress of nature"?

— A novel of a very different, and certainly a higher order is Toinette. There is plot enough here, and, one might say, to spare; but that is a matter of taste. The story is far more than commonly interesting, and the *dénouement* remains doubtful up to within a very few pages of the end. These final pages, are, from a literary point of view, the least praiseworthy in the volume. They are somewhat gratuitously sensational. There is a sort of hesitation about them, and a repetition of calamities, very unlike the simplicity and rapidity of action which characterize the greater part of the story; and we must enter our protest against the cruel old custom of putting out the hero's eyes. It is sanctioned by high and abundant authority, but it is barbarous all the same.

It is, however, as a picture of the last years of negro-slavery, and of the inevitable attitude of the *irreconcilable* Southerner after his overthrow, that Toinette is chiefly significant and valuable. We have not met before so sincere and successful an endeavor to portray the "peculiar institution" from the artist's point of view, and in no spirit of partisanship; and we are impressed anew by the exhaustless material which it affords for unhackneyed tragedy. Toinette also furnishes a fresh illustration of that curious law whereby incidental effects surpass those which are intended. Plainly, as we have said, the author's chief aim was not a moral one; but no novel with an antislavery purpose, or burning tract for the times, ever showed slavery under more revolting aspects than are revealed by the side-lights of this unbiased narrative. The two most important characters in the book, Manuel Hunter and his son Geoffrey, have been very carefully studied, perhaps from life itself. They are as unlike as possible to the typical Southerner of old romance, with his aristocratic features, cambric ruffles, and "arrogant old plantation strain," but they are very real men. Both the coarser father and the more polished son show that strange blending of generosity and brutality, self-devotion and greed, with which the experiences and annals of the war have made us tolerably familiar. The women of the story, including the heroine whose name it bears, are all of the lower orders, and somewhat less clearly individualized than the men. They are less interesting as characters than through their sad and intricate fate.

— As a book *about* boys, whether or no as a book *for* them, Anthony Brade ranks very near the inimitable Tom Brown, and closely resembles that memorable book in its hearty sympathy with boyish fun and folly, in the high standard of honor which it sets up, and most of all in the chivalrous and manly type of piety which it inculcates. In school-forms and in religious tenets also, the American school of St. Bartholomew's resembles Rugby. Is this inevitable? And must we concede to the church of England a degree of tact in shaping a high style of boyish character and bearing, which even the noblest and most intellectual forms of dissent have never at-

tained? The chapter entitled A Young Reprobate, and the story of the life and death of Peters, the solitary "Rosicrucian," whose physical timidity and awkwardness were in the end surmounted by so sublime a moral courage, are powerful and affecting. But if the boy readers of the book fail to appreciate these finer passages, they cannot help reveling in the tales of adventure and the absolutely life-like and boy-like conversations. Mr. Lowell makes quick work with the rather vexed question whether the boys and girls in books ought to be made to talk dictionary English, for the sins in that line of their youthful readers. He knows that they never do talk so, and that young people of wit will at once, under such circumstances, recognize good English as bad art, whether they call it by that name or no, and contemn accordingly the book which contains it. We make room for an extract illustrating the singular simplicity and beauty of Mr. Lowell's narrative style. It is a description of the boys' dormitory.

"Generally the faces are lying most restfully, with hand under cheek, and in many cases looking strangely younger than when awake, and often very infantile, as if some trick of older expression which they had been taught to wear by day had been dropped the moment the young, ambitious will had lost control. The lids lie shut over bright, busy eyes; the air is gently and evenly fanned by coming and going breaths; there is a little crooked mound in the bed; along the bed's foot, or on a chair beside it, are the day's clothes, sometimes neatly folded, sometimes huddled off in a hurry; bulging with balls, or, in the lesser fellows', marbles; stained with the earth of many fields where woodchucks have been trapped, or, perhaps, torn with the roughness of trees on which squirrels' holes have been sought; perhaps wet and mired with the smooth black or gray mud from marshes or the oozy banks of streams where muskrats have been tracked. Under the bed's foot, after a hard share in all the play and toil of the day, lie the shoes, — one on its side, — with the gray and white socks, now creased and soiled, thrown across them; a cross is at the head, some illuminated text at the side; and there in their little cells, squared in the great mass of night, heedless how the earth whirls them away or how the world goes, who is thinking of them or what is doing at home, the busiest people in the world are resting for the to-morrow."

To the Editor of The Atlantic Monthly: —

Dear Sir, — I find in a criticism of my Universe, in your pages, some matters which need correction; and I ask of your justice and courtesy brief space for the purpose.

Your critic describes my Saturn as a success which led me "to attempt to earn a large sum by writing similar works." Saturn had cost me up to May, 1865 (when it was published), a year and a half of work and £310 in money; up to May, 1874, I had received back £235, or thereabouts. There have been yearly expenses since 1865, and interest on arrears would mount up to another considerable item. But you see that, apart from these matters, Saturn has brought me a loss of £75 at the end of nine years, or ten and a half years since I began it. I submit that this can hardly be considered a very tempting success.

The Moon, which your critic is good enough to like, was not quite so unfortunate; but Rutherford's photographs made the work very costly to me, and it has not yet (or had not when I last heard from Longmans) even cleared its expenses.

(As your critic pleasingly compares me to a highway robber, and may therefore reasonably consider me a liar also, I would refer him as respects what I have said about Saturn to Messrs. Longmans. The expenses, etc., of The Moon cannot be so easily verified, as the work was not placed in Messrs. Longmans' hands until all bills had been paid. But Saturn is the more marked case.)

My chart of three hundred and twenty-four thousand stars has thus far brought back about one fifth the cost of publishing; and I expect it to repay me for the four hundred hours of labor it cost me by about the time when critics — but no, two wrongs will not make one right.

It has been a matter of duty with me for more than eight years to devote a certain proportion of my time to writing popular works; and so far is it from being the case that the public buy my popular works because I have written more solid treatises, that on the contrary it was only when people found I was the author of light essays which had interested them, that they began to buy my more solid books.

It is not true that "the Astronomer Royal made it a fundamental principle not to consider stations" on the Antarctic Continent. On the contrary, he repeatedly advocated the use of such stations, and in

December, 1868, he brought half the admiralty chiefs to a meeting of the Astronomical Society to support his schemes for occupying Antarctic stations. That this thoroughly misled me, I readily admit.

Your critic may be right in condemning Other Worlds than Ours, but scarcely in extending his condemnation to Other Suns than Ours, and adding that "its contents confirm the evil prognostic of its title;" for though I announced three years ago my intention of writing such a work, I have not yet had leisure to complete it. Cannot your critic wait even till a work is written, before denouncing it?

In reply to the question how often I have quoted Richter's dream, I may reply that I have twice done so (in books), and this only because I could not conveniently do so thrice or oftener.

RICHARD A. PROCTOR.

WORTHING, *August* 31, 1874.

In some respects Mr. Proctor has not done the review to which he takes exception full justice: for example, we did not state that his book on Saturn was a "success" on our own responsibility, but referred to "the too candid biographer" as authority. In several of the sketches of Mr. Proctor's life which appeared during his brief stay with us, the statement was made that the success of his early books induced him to earn a large sum of money to pay certain debts, etc., by writing similar works. All of Mr. Proctor's friends will regret to learn that the too candid biographer was mistaken; and we regret this still more as he himself tells us that the success of his bad books created a sale for his "more solid" ones, thus demonstrating the existence of a vicious public taste.

With regard to the Astronomer Royal's views as to the selection of stations for observing the Transit of Venus, we quote from a report of an address made by him to the Royal Astronomical Society on this subject (see Monthly Notices R. A. S., Feb. 1874, p. 176): "The general principle in the selection of these stations has been that no party of astronomers should be sent to a station where there were no human beings, and where a boat could not land once in a month."

We will not refer to Mr. Proctor's idea of our views of his veracity further than to suggest that it lends no weight to his objections.

His chart of three hundred and twenty-four thousand stars we have never included among his popular works.

The mentioning of Other Suns than Ours as a published book and as a bad book was an undoubted slip, for which Mr. Proctor has our apology. But in extenuation, we submit that since 1868 Mr. Proctor has published at least *twenty* different volumes, and that a striking peculiarity of many of these is that their titles are like the parts of a Waltham watch, "warranted mutually interchangeable;" and however unsatisfactory this may be to Mr. Proctor, we confess that we take great comfort in the contemplation of the fact.

OTHER PUBLICATIONS.

Scribner, Armstrong, & Co., New York: A Floating City and the Blockade Runners. From the French of Jules Verne. Illustrated. — Manual of Mythology: Greek and Roman, Norse and old German, Hindoo and Egyptian Mythology. By Alex. S. Murray. Second Edition, rewritten and considerably enlarged. With forty-five Plates. — The English in Ireland in the Eighteenth Century. By James Anthony Froude. Vols. II., III. — The Mistress of the Manse. By J. G. Holland.

Roberts Brothers, Boston: Life and Labors of Mr. Brassey. 1805–1870. By Sir Arthur Helps. With a Preface to the American Edition by the Author. — Quiet Hours. A Collection of Poems. — My Sister Jeannie. A Novel. By George Sand. Translated by S. R. Crocker. — The French Humorists from the Twelfth to the Nineteenth Century. By Walter Besant, M. A.

J. R. Osgood & Co., Boston: The Building of a Brain. By Edward H. Clarke, M. D. — Songs of Many Seasons. 1862–1874. By Oliver Wendell Holmes. — Hazel-Blossoms. By John Greenleaf Whittier. — Fast Friends. By J. T. Trowbridge. With Illustrations. — The Schoolmaster's Trunk, containing Papers on Home-Life in Tweenit. By Mrs. A. M. Diaz. Illustrated.

Harper and Brothers, New York: A System of Logic, Ratiocination, and Induction. By John Stuart Mill. — A History of Germany from the Earliest Times. Founded on Dr. David Müller's History of the German People. By Charlton T. Lewis. — Prairie and Forest: A Description of the Game of North America, with Personal Adventures in their Pursuit. By Parker

Gilmore, "Ubique." — Notes, Explanatory and Practical, on the Epistles of Paul. By Albert Barnes. — Life of Andrew Hull Foote, Rear Admiral U. S. Navy. By Prof. James Mason Hoppin. — Lorna Doone. By R. D. Blackmore. — Sylvia's Choice. By Georgiana M. Craik. — Squire Arden. By Mrs. Oliphant. — My Mother and I. By the Author of John Halifax.

Henry Holt & Co., New York: First Book in German for Young Pupils. By Dr. Emil Otto. — Democracy and Monarchy in France. By Prof. Chas. Kendall Adams. — A Winter in Russia. From the French of Théophile Gautier. By M. M. Ripley.

D. Appleton & Co., New York: The Science of Law. By Sheldon Ames, M. A. — Science Primer. Physiology. By M. Foster, M. A. Illustrated.

William F. Gill & Co., Boston: The Frozen Deep. By Wilkie Collins. — The Old Woman who lived in a Shoe. By Amanda M. Douglas.

J. B. Ford & Co., New York: Yale Lectures on Preaching. By Henry Ward Beecher. Third Series. — American Wild-Fowl Shooting. By Joseph W. Long. — Field, Cover, and Trap Shooting. By Adam H. Bogardus, Champion Wing-Shot of America. Edited by Chas. J. Foster.

Little, Brown, & Co., Boston: History of the United States. By George Bancroft. Vol. X.

Robert Clarke & Co., Cincinnati: Manual of Universal Church History. By Rev. Dr. John Alzog, Professor of Theology at the University of Freiburg. Translated with Additions from the last German Edition. By Dr. F. J. Pabisch, and Rev. Thos. S. Byrne, of Mt. St. Mary's Seminary. In Three Vols. Vol. I.

Hurd and Houghton, New York: Architecture for General Students. By Caroline W. Horton. With Descriptive Illustrations.

Robert Carter and Brothers, New York: The Scottish Philosophy, Biographical, Expository, Critical, from Hutcheson to Hamilton. By Dr. James McCosh.

Porter and Coates, Philadelphia: Bec's Bedtime. Being Stories from The Christian Union. By Mrs. Joshua L. Hallowell.

G. W. Carleton & Co., New York: The Identity of Primitive Christianity and Modern Spiritualism. By Eugene Crowell, M. D. Vol. I.

Dodd and Mead, New York: What might have been Expected. By Frank R. Stockton. Illustrated. — Captain William Kidd, and other Pirates. By John S. C. Abbott.

Rural Home Publishing Company, Rochester, New York: His Prison Bars; and the Way of Escape. By A. A. Hopkins.

Lee and Shepard, Boston: Thurid, and other Poems. By G. E. O. — The Lily and the Cross. A Tale of Acadia. By James DeMille.

Noyes, Holmes, & Co., Boston: Sermons and Songs of the Christian Life. By Edmund H. Sears.

[1] All books mentioned under this head are to be had at Schoenhof and Moeller's, 40 Winter Street, Boston, Mass.

French and German.[1]

Among recent German publications the first number of a review which aims at being the leading literary organ of the new empire certainly claims our attention. The number of periodicals, each of which confines itself pretty closely to its own line of investigation, is as great in Germany as one would expect from the thoroughness of the investigators who contribute to them, and the vast variety of the subjects to which their attention is given. There are two or three papers or magazines reporting the latest discoveries, and discussing the latest books in every branch of study. Literary criticism has by no means gone begging, but there has been no organ which could stand as the vehicle of communication between the best writers and those readers who demanded the latest results of study, without an ardent curiosity about the methods of investigation. This vacant place it is intended that the Deutsche Rundschau shall fill. It is modeled after the admirable Revue des Deux Mondes, being intended to contain short stories, literary and scientific essays, notices of new books, theatrical and musical news from both Berlin and Vienna, and a retrospect of the political news of the month.

The first number contains a good list of articles from well-known writers. Auerbach and Theodor Storm contribute short stories. Anastasius Grün has a poem; Heinrich von Sybel an historical article on the First Partition of Poland; Professor Cohn, of Breslau, an article called Botanical Problems; Friedrich Kreyssig reviews

Deutsche Rundschau. Herausgegeben von Julius Rodenberg. Erster Jahrgang. Heft 1. October, 1874. Berlin. Verlag von Gebrüder Paetel.

a few books, and the other parts of the Rundschau are well filled.

Auerbach's story, Auf Wache (On Guard), has the place of honor as the first article. It opens as if it were the beginning of a long novel, and it is with considerable disappointment that the reader finds the threatening complications of the poverty, the almost certain imprisonment, and the probable death of the hero upon the gallows wiped away by a few strokes of the pen. It is like a play in which the green curtain falls as soon as the actors have come forward and told who they are and what their past lives have been. It may be considered by some readers to be a sign of the new "departure" in German literature that the whole story is taken up with people of the highest social position. Counts, officers, and their congenial companions fill the places of the familiar peasants, and then, too, the opening scene is laid in a ball-room. Do we detect here the corrupting influences of an empire? The story is worth reading. Theodor Storm's story is also entertaining, although in some ways unattractive. It treats of the familiar story of the old man falling in love with the young woman who runs off with a youth of her own age. The poorest part of the story is that about the love-making, and the best, the description of the lonely spot in which the scene is laid. This, it will be seen, is a very respectable amount of light literature for a solid review. Spielhagen and Paul Heyse are announced for the next numbers.

Anastasius Grün's poem is an extract from a longer work. Its title is Zum Concil, 1414, and it has, doubtless, considerable historical value. Von Sybel's article on the Partition of Poland begins with showing how the common version of the story of the wrongs inflicted on that unhappy country received a color from the fact that it has always been told by Poles or their sympathizing friends. Then, too, what Frederick the Great in his memoirs said about it, that the division was made for the purpose of preventing a general European war, has never been doubted, and great efforts have been made by the Russians to throw the whole blame on the Prussian king. At the present time, Von Sybel says, there is less prejudice in favor of Poland, and, what is more important, we have more definite historical information by means of which to form an accurate opinion. Starting in this way, he proceeds to give an exact account of the way it happened. He is not an advocate undertaking to free his country from any taint of blame; he acknowledges that the conduct of the German rulers was of a sort that would be exceedingly repugnant at the present day; but, he asks, what other course was possible? He shows that the division was not the result of a deliberately laid plan, but, as Frederick says, a hasty determination to prevent the outbreak of a European war. "For the general policy of Europe that act signified the preservation of Turkey, a check both to the advance of Russia on the Danube and to the undivided authority of that country in Poland, and the beginning of an understanding between German powers. For the provinces annexed to Russia and Prussia, it brought the restoration of national feeling and religious freedom; for the others it secured a settled government, even if it was despotic and incomplete, in the place of the anarchy which was destroying the whole of society, for, long before the proposals of 1770, the Poles had already undermined their own government. . . . The only point in which they had agreed was in the persecution of Greeks and Protestants. For a hundred and fifty years, under the guidance of the Jesuits, they had given themselves up to the wildest religious fanaticism, to the neglect of what they owed their country and their government. Of the nations of Europe which have lost their might through the influence of the Roman hierarchy, the Poles have the first place."

In other words, an odious deed was done, and these excuses are found for it. Still, the article deserves to be read; it is itself so concise an abridgment of facts that it is capable of no further compression.

For what concerns the recent war, we have some interesting extracts from the diary of an officer who, apparently, was upon General von Moltke's staff. The article is called Der Zug nach Sedan (The March to Sedan). The writer had good opportunity to see much that was interesting, and he describes well what he saw. He gives the particulars of the surrender of Napoleon III., but there is nothing new in his report. One sentence, however, may be quoted: "General von Moltke gave me a place in his wagon; we drove back in silence to Donchery, where new work awaited me." This was immediately after the surrender, whence we may judge that the popular statement is true that that great general is averse to prattle.

Some letters of Kaulbach's to a friend of

his make up another article. The famous painter was as inactive with his pen as he was active with his brush, and eight letters alone formed his part of a correspondence of eleven years. They have but little interest except as they show their writer to have been a man full of his work, of a calm nature, industrious, and very well satisfied with all that he did. In one or two of the letters he refers to his Era of the Reformation, now on exhibition in this city.

In the musical part is to be found a criticism of the performances of Wagner's Tristan und Isolde at Weimar, in the month of June of this year. This writer's verdict concerning Wagner's poetry will command cordial assent. He says — and, as it will be seen, he is no idle scoffer, but rather an ardent admirer of the new light — that the words of the opera cannot be read by any one without laughter, in which respect it resembles some better known rivals. As for the element of Schopenhauer's philosophy which the more earnest disciples detect in the music, the critic laughs at it. When he gets to the music, however, his tone changes. He is willing to allow that a musician cannot necessarily be judged accurately by his poetry, and he is lavish in praise of the music. He throws off all critical reserve, and, after speaking of the Divine Comedy, Lear, the tomb of the Medicis, and some of the last quartettes of Beethoven, he goes on to say that "they resemble immortal problems, in contemplating which a delicious awe fills the soul, and the shades of the abnormal and the monstrous dim the pure reflection of contemplation, so that all our admiration is mingled with astonishment, our enjoyment is disturbed by terror and by that stormy awe which has its root in our consciousness of a mighty force of nature, which rules us without our fully comprehending it. Wagner's Tristan is a work of this sort. In regarding the score it is impossible to keep possession of one's five senses. . . . The Tristan must be pronounced a great, or, certainly, a grand work, because, apart from its musical significance, it is the most complete embodiment of Wagner's theory, namely, the placing drama and music in immediate contact. . . . The Tristan is Wagner *tout crû.*" After this outburst he gives the reader a carefully detailed account of the opera, and of the performance, having for both nothing but enthusiastic praise.

The political retrospect contains nothing especially noteworthy.

The review promises well; there are certainly enough writers in Germany who are capable of making it a very valuable publication, and it will doubtless be the means of educating a great many more. It is to be hoped that in time the softer grace of civilization, which consists in stitching together the sheets of an unbound book, may be cultivated in Germany. The usual excuse for omitting it has been that the book being speedily bound, no harm was done, but it is impossible to bind separately the different numbers of the review.

The first number is that for October of this year, and it is to appear once a month. Readers of German will find it a useful and agreeable companion.

THE DRAMA.

To offer a few reflections on current theatrical matters in a department devoted to the fine arts may seem to indicate a rather startling measure of audacity, and we confess that if under this title we proposed to take a general view of the field, we should be open to the charge of making, as the French idiom says, an arrow of any wood. The drama at large in America, just now, is certainly neither artistic nor fine; but this is a reason for caring with some tenderness for what it may be in particular cases. And indeed we are by no means sure that its usual vulgarity is not in itself a signal occasion for criticism. If tawdry plays, and acting to match, were things that began and ended with themselves, we could certainly very well afford to let them alone; for one of the least comfortable signs of the times, to our sense, is the extension, the resonance, as it were, given by voluminous criticism to poor performances. But a thousand theatres full of people contemplating every night in the year spectacles artistically, at least, more or less pernicious, suggest a number of accessory

ideas. The pertinence of these reflections depends very much of course upon one's measure of the strict importance to people in general of the artistic quality of their diversions. When a play is barbarous both in form and in rendering, and ignoble in sentiment, there is little doubt but that it can do no one any good. Often, however, one is struck with the high — the oppressively high — moral tone of dramas replete with æsthetic depravity; and we are thinking just now of pieces in which sentiment is maintained at a reasonable level, but machinery, using the term broadly, comes out with especial strength. Does it really much matter, one sometimes wonders, whether such machinery is made to produce vulgar effects or charming ones? Is there any very tangible relation between the working consciousness and the play-going consciousness of people in general? American audiences are not demonstrative, and it has often seemed to us that, for good or for evil, impressions at the theatre are not penetrating. People go thither to be amused, and tacitly assume that amusement is one thing and workaday life another, and that the world exhibited in plays is a purely fictive and artificial world, with a logic quite distinct from that of the dusky world of umbrellas and street-cars, into which they hustle back when the play is over. If plays are artificial, so, in a minor degree, are pictures and novels; part of the machinery of that pleasure which is indeed in some degree tributary, as rest and relief, to the business of life, but not harmoniously interfused with it and animated by the same energies. We are inclined to think, in spite of the evidence, that this view of the case is exaggerated, and that it does seriously matter whether even uncultivated minds are entertained in good taste or in bad. Our point would be simply that it matters rather less than many of the people interested in the moral mission of art are inclined to admit. We are by no means sure that art is very intimately connected with a moral mission; and a picture that one dislikes, or a novel that one cannot read, or a play that one cannot sit out, is therefore to our sense a less melancholy phenomenon than to that of more rigid philosophers. We see no reason to believe that the mass of mankind will ever be more "artistic" than is strikingly convenient, and suspect that acute pleasure and pain, on this line, will remain the privilege of an initiated minority. A great many poor plays and pictures and novels will continue to be produced, in order that a few good ones may be floated to the front; and the few good ones, after all, will have but a limited influence. A brilliant work of art will always seem artificial — a fact, it seems to us, not on the whole to be deplored.

It is because our plays are trivial and our acting crude, and because, even if of necessity they awaken no echoes in the daylight world, they usurp for the evening the place of better things, and because, lastly, any marked exception to a vulgar fashion is agreeable, that the discriminating play-goer should make a note of the excellent performance of the School for Scandal given during the past month at the Boston Museum. The School for Scandal leads off the rather dreary list of the so-called old English comedies, but it stands a head and shoulders higher than its companions. Like most of the better pieces in the English repertory, it is more than a trifle threadbare, and has seen, in its day, no small amount of service. One should speak of it with respect, for, with all its faults, it has played a very useful part. It has often kept a worse play from being acted, and, odd as the fact may appear, it has been almost solely charged, for upwards of a century, with representing intellectual brilliancy on the English stage. There is Shakespeare, of course, but Shakespeare stands apart, and it never occurs to the critic to call him brilliant. We commend him in less familiar phrase. There are the old English comedies just mentioned, which, from Mrs. Inchbald down to London Assurance, are universally acknowledged to be very knowing affairs, and to contain a vast amount of talent, and of that superior sparkle and movement which is independent of the gas-man and the machinery. But for real intellectual effort, the literary atmosphere and the tone of society, there has long been nothing like the School for Scandal. It has been played in every English-speaking quarter of the globe, and has helped English wit and taste to make a figure where they would otherwise, perhaps, have failed to excite observation. It has therefore, by this time, a certain venerable air; it is an historical relic, an ethnological monument. One might have fancied that it had earned its rest and passed into the province of the archæologists, but we find it summoned once more to the front and bearing the brunt of the battle. It was revived a year ago in London under circumstances which gave it

a new lease of life. These circumstances, it must be confessed, were for the most part chairs and tables, melancholy tokens that, for a skeptical age, even the School for Scandal cannot maintain itself on its intellectual merits alone. The spectacle in London was brilliant and the furniture very clever, being made up for the most part of genuine antiques of the Teazle period, in which the strongest opera-glass was challenged to detect a flaw. But if the chairs and tables in London were very natural, the actors were rather stiff, and the thing, on the whole, is better done at the Boston Museum. It is perhaps because here the acting is commendably natural, that the comedy, in spite of the traditional glamour that surrounds it, seemed to us so strangely lifeless and ghostly. For so lively an affair, the performance was almost funereal. The play must have been in its day prodigiously clever, and we are not at all surprised that with its first representation it should have taken its ticket for an apparently endless journey through the ages. We are far from saying too that its cleverness has altogether evaporated. When, on Lady Teazle's saying that her friends at Lady Sneerwell's are "people of fortune and remarkably tenacious of reputation," Sir Peter replies that, egad! they are tenacious of reputation with a vengeance, for they don't choose anybody shall have a character but themselves, one smiles as frankly as ever at the honest retort. When Mrs. Candour pretends to defend her near relation by marriage, Miss Sallow, by saying that great allowances should be made for her, and that a woman labors under many disadvantages who tries to pass for a girl of six and thirty, we are still struck not perhaps with the delicacy, but at least with the alertness, of the humor. But on the whole, to compare the School for Scandal with the part it has played seemed to us the other evening to tell a rather dismal tale of the poverty of the English stage. Here was the great comedy, the comedy *par excellence*, and yet, in sentiment, what a singularly meagre affair it seemed! Its ideas, in so far as it has any, are coarse and prosaic, and its moral atmosphere uncomfortably thin. The main idea is that gossips and backbiters are brought to confusion, that hypocrisy is a nasty vice, and that a fine young fellow who lives freely and sociably and has a kindly word for great and small is likely to turn out better, in the long run, than his elder brother, who is an economist and a "man of sentiment." The types are coarsely depicted, and the morality is all vulgar morality. The play is of course positively none the worse for this latter fact; it is only less imaginative. It has hardly a ray of fancy, of the graceful or the ideal, and even its merit — its smartness and smoothness and rapidity — has something hard and metallic. Sir Peter Teazle rather forfeits our commiseration by his cross-grained temper, and his wife our charity by her cynicism. An ever very flighty young wife, who tells her husband that she wishes he was dead, goes rather too far to recover lost ground within the five acts. Sir Oliver Surface is the regular old *oncle de comédie*, Joseph is a mere walking gentleman who stands for hypocrisy and is labeled in very large letters, and Charles, who is better, is rather a low fellow, even if he would not sell his uncle's portrait. He is made at the Museum, indeed, a much lower fellow than he need be. The gentleman who should deliver himself in the leering, hic-coughing manner adopted by Mr. Barron, as he makes his exit after having overturned Lady Teazle's screen, would have no allowable claim to the hand of the exemplary — the too exemplary — Maria. Mr. Barron's acting at this point is the one distinctly bad thing in the play, and it is the more regrettable as the scene can ill afford to be made coarse. Sheridan's sense of the delicate, we think, was not a very fine one, but it told him that the situation should not be treated as broadly comical. The speech he has put into Charles Surface's mouth is therefore one that may be uttered with a sort of ceremonious irony, much more effective than the uproarious laughter and the incoherent shouts with which Mr. Barron goes reeling away. The distinctively amusing scenes in the School for Scandal are those in which Lady Sneerwell's guests assemble to pull their acquaintance to pieces. They are brilliantly clever, but they perhaps best illustrate our charge of coarseness and harshness. Crabtree and Mrs. Candour are absolutely brutal, and the whole circle settles down to its work with the ferocity of vultures and wolves. To measure the difference between small art and great, one should compare the talk of Sheridan's scandal-mongers with that scene in Molière's Misantrope in which the circle at Célimène's house hit off the portraits of their absent friends. In the one case one feels almost ashamed to be listening; in the other it is good society still,

even though it be good society in a heartless mood.

And yet there are numerous good reasons why the School for Scandal should have had a great popularity. The very fact that its wit is such as all the world can understand, at the same time that it has point enough to make the spectator, who seizes it as it flies, think himself a rather clever fellow; the fact, too, that it hits the average sense of fair play, and does not attempt too fine a discrimination of character; its robustness and smoothness of structure, and its extreme felicity and finish of style, — these things sufficiently account for its continued vitality. On its recent revival in London the play was remodeled in accordance with modern notions of symmetry, and to this version the Museum has apparently conformed. It is a very good one, and the only liberty it takes with the text is to transpose certain scenes and run others together. We have a great deal of tolerance for all audacities based on a desire to resolve an act into a single picture. Visible change of scene is rapidly becoming a barbarism, and we strongly suspect that this circumstance will end by giving a deathblow to Shakespeare as an *acting* dramatist. The Museum has blown its trumpet rather too loudly over its upholstery and costumes, on this occasion. Things at the Museum are not exactly shabby, but a manager, nowadays, has no right to boast of his scenery who fails to close in his rooms with a ceiling and spare us the horrible little fringed curtains, like the valances of old-fashioned bedsteads, which hang down from the roof. This is rudimentary. It is to be observed also that the ladies walk through the play without a change of toilet; but on the other hand, Mr. Le Moyne wears a most beautiful embroidered coat, and Miss Clarke, indeed, looks so handsome from the first, that one feels sure she could not change her dress for the better. The play, as a whole, is acted with extreme finish and skill; the first act, in especial, is really artistic. The two scenes at Lady Sneerwell's have been compressed into one, and the manner in which they are rendered at the Museum touches the maximum of so-called genteel comedy on the American stage. Every one here is good, and Miss Clarke, and Mr. Le Moyne as Crabtree, prove themselves artists. Mrs. Vincent's Mrs. Candour is extremely amusing; the actress has a capital sense of humor. The fine lady is rather missed; but morality gains, perhaps, by so pernicious a personage not having even that claim to our esteem. Miss Clarke has rarely done better than in Lady Teazle; we prefer her comic manner to her sentimental. The two disputatious scenes with Sir Peter are charming, and the serious side of the character is very discreetly lighted. Lady Teazle has a serious side, and she seems to us the only figure in the play who is anything of a creation. Both in her folly and in her penitence she has a certain natural air, which loses nothing in Miss Clarke's hands. We have seen Mr. Warren do better than in Sir Peter; but it is not weakly good-natured to remember, apropos of Mr. Warren, that even Homer sometimes nods.

A noticeable feature in the performance at the Museum is the minuet danced at the end of the first act. It is thrust in by the shoulders, but if we suppose Lady Sneerwell to be giving a party, it may pass for picturesqueness' sake. It is very prettily done, and it justifies itself by reminding us of a statelier age than ours. People were coarse, in a thousand ways, a hundred years ago, and if you wish to know the books Lady Teazle read, you may turn and see what Lydia Languish, in the sister comedy of The Rivals, hides under her sofa-cushion when her aunt comes up-stairs. But it is nevertheless obvious that the men and women who found a pleasure in dancing a minuet had a certain gravity and dignity which has passed out of the habits of the heroes and heroines of the "German." A straw may show how the wind blows, and a minuet may testify to a civilization. We watched the dance the other evening with an almost foolish pleasure; by way of a change, it was *not* realistic! The play-goer in search of realism will have gone to see Belle Lamar, by Mr. Boucicault, at the Boston Theatre, and have discovered into what swamps of vulgarity that *ignis fatuus*, in its duskier moods, may lead him.

MUSIC.

American composers, it would seem, are bestirring themselves. Mr. John K. Paine, if report is to be believed, is again at work, having hardly given himself breathing-time after his Saint Peter, while Mr. Dudley Buck comes before us again with a full-fledged cantata for solos, chorus, and orchestra, following close upon the heels of the performance of his Forty-sixth Psalm. The Legend of Don Munio[1] calls itself a dramatic cantata. Excepting that it is a succession of disconnected scenes, it might well aspire to the title of an opera or operetta. The story is taken from Washington Irving's Spanish Papers. Don Munio de Hinojosa, a Spanish nobleman, in the time of the Spanish and Moorish wars, while hunting one morning with a large retinue, meets a Moorish cavalcade, the escort of Abadil, a Moorish prince, and Constanza, his betrothed, on their way to their wedding. The Spaniards immediately surround and capture the Moors, no doubt with an eye to a comfortable ransom. Abadil, seeing no chance of escape, throws himself upon Don Munio's generosity, offering all his gold and jewels, but begging that he and his betrothed may not be separated. Don Munio, being struck by Constanza's beauty and the unhappy plight of both her and her lover, invites them to spend a fortnight at his castle, and to celebrate their nuptials there; after which they shall have full liberty to depart. The lovers gratefully accept the invitation, and are married in due time. Just after their departure Don Munio receives a summons from the king to join in a crusade to Palestine. In this crusade he is killed, by Abadil's hand, it would seem, who did not recognize him in the mêlée with his visor down. While Don Munio's friends who remained in Spain are lamenting his death, Roderigo, a messenger, arrives from Palestine, saying that one evening, while walking near the Holy Sepulchre, he saw a ghostly procession of seventy Christian knights, headed by Don Munio, approach the sepulchre and then vanish. This is accepted as a proof that the Don's soul rests in peace. These incidents are interspersed with scenes which, although they have no direct reference to the plot, give the composer some situations that are favorable to musical treatment, such as Donna Maria's (Don Munio's wife's) soliloquy in her chamber, and several scenes in the castle chapel, where divine service is conducted by Escobedo, the chaplain. The cantata is preluded by a well and concisely written overture, which we have already had occasion to notice on its first performance last season in the Symphony Concerts of the Harvard Musical Association. The opening number is a chorus of huntsmen and retainers, for male voices. The stage-direction is: "Early morning. The courtyard of Don Munio's castle." It is spiritedly written, containing the customary exhortations to the chase, together with some hints of a more blood-thirsty nature, in case the hunting party should happen to flush a Moor as well as a stag. No. 2 introduces us to "The castle of Don Munio. Sunset. Donna Maria alone in her chamber." A few bars of accompanied recitative lead up to an andante in E minor, in which the Donna rather moodily descants on her husband's absence and the woes of solitude. The movement is exceedingly pleasing and refined in melody, and shows in its harmony the influence of good models. It is followed after a short bit of recitative by a quite brilliant though rather commonplace rondo in E major. No. 3: "Evening. Close of vesper service in the chapel of the castle. Escobedo, the chaplain, with the women, and such retainers as have not followed Don Munio on his expedition." A short, solemn prelude, beginning with a unison phrase on the G string and closing with full orchestra and organ, leads to the intonation of the responses to the eighth Gregorian tone, Escobedo's baritone alternating with the chorus in full harmony. This is followed by a few bars recitative and a short cantilena in E flat by Escobedo, in which he exhorts the congregation to evening prayer. No. 4 is an Ave Maria for full chorus, a melodious bit of four-part writing, abounding in rich, full harmony and effective modulations, rather of the sensuous, sentimental, Abtian sort. No. 5 takes us to Don Munio in the forest. A short recitative interspersed with horn-calls leads up to a very spirited hunting-song, with a brilliant ac-

1 *The Legend of Don Munio.* A Dramatic Cantata. Words and Music by Dudley Buck. Op. 62. Boston: O. Ditson & Co.

companiment. No. 6 describes the approach of the Moors, little hints of the Moorish march-theme cropping up every now and then in the orchestra. No. 7 is an exceedingly pretty and taking three-part chorus by the "Females of the Moorish cavalcade, singing as they journey." In No. 8 "Don Munio's retainers make their appearance from all sides, surrounding the Moors." This chorus in E minor is, to our thinking, far the strongest bit in the cantata, the strongest in fact that we have yet seen from Mr. Buck's pen. The furious theme of the Spaniards, "Down with the Moslem," is finely contrasted with the despairing "Woe, woe, utter woe" of the Moorish women. Both themes are afterwards worked up together with great ingenuity and effect. The chorus ends with a raging stretto accompanied by a perfect whirlwind on the violins and piccolo. No. 9 is a recitative and tenor aria in which Abadil makes his entreaty to Don Munio. Although well written and melodious enough, the number strikes us as weak at best, and not worthy of the rest of the work. No. 10 is a recitative followed by a short arioso, in which the Don names his terms of ransom and invites the Moorish lovers to his castle. No. 11, the closing number of the first part, is a very spirited chorus in praise of Don Munio's generosity.

Part second opens with a short, solemn orchestral prelude and recitative for Abadil, followed by a tenor aria, "O thou, my star," with a broad, pleasing, sentimental melody of rather Italian flavor, in which the lover pours forth his devotion to his mistress. No. 13, "The chapel choir singing the evening hymn," is a choral, "Jesu, dulcis memoria," though of quite different character from what we usually call chorals. It is indeed to us the most questionable piece of writing in the work. It is full of crude mediæval triad progressions and cross relations which would indeed have a certain *raison d'être* as a bit of local color, had not the composer every now and then strayed into some more sensuous, modern chromatic harmonies. As it is, these harsh progressions have at best the air of a rather affected preraphaelitism, wholly at variance with that ingenuous spontaneity which is one of the prime characteristics of Mr. Buck's usual style. No. 14 is a love-duet, sung on the castle terrace by the two lovers. In general form and treatment it is not unlike the favorite *Notte gentil*, in Gounod's Roméo. It is well written, and will be probably one of the most effective numbers when the work is performed. In spite of a certain tendency to the commonplace, it is yet full of real beauties, and is generally what singers call a "repaying" number. No. 15, a joyful bridal chorus, and No. 16, a quite piquant and graceful bolero for orchestra, form the festival music incidental to the marriage of the lovers. These are followed by No. 17, a quartette without accompaniment, "It is the lot of friends to part," in which Don Munio and Donna Maria take leave of Abadil and Constanza — a sonorous and quite pleasing bit of four-part writing, fully up to the better class of four-part songs. No. 18 is a spirited duet between Don Munio and his wife, in which he announces to her his departure for Palestine, ending with a vivace movement *a due* rather of the "O sole, piu rapido" order, which is followed by No. 19, a march-like battle-hymn for male chorus, full of life and vigor. No. 20, "The chapel of the castle. Choir chanting the dirge for the dead," is an extremely beautiful requiem in the calm, solemn key of G minor. This number is the purest, as well as in every way the finest piece of sacred music that we know of Mr. Buck's. It is without the slightest trace of mawkish sentimentality or sham mediæval asceticism, and is strong, earnest, and full of real, healthy sentiment. In No. 21 Escobedo tells the assembled crowd how Don Munio came to his death, and in No. 22 Roderigo, the messenger, describes his vision at the sepulchre, in an air which, in spite of its general sentimental-ballad cut, has yet some fine points, especially the short passage in B minor at the words "All deadly pale, with visor raised, in silence moved their steady march." No. 23, the final chorus, "In thankful hymns ascending," begins with the beautiful theme with which the overture opens, followed by a very brilliant, though, it seems to us as yet, a rather trivial stretto, with quite an effective todo on the violins.

We can give no opinion of any value upon the work as a whole, until we actually hear it performed. That the work is musically written throughout is plain enough. Of marked originality we see little if any in it. It is not to be denied that many passages border dangerously on the commonplace. It seems at times almost as if Mr. Buck had nothing higher in view than to write good musical commonplaces, such as appeal directly to the generality of

hearers. His writing always evinces sound musical culture, and no mediocre degree of musical science and technical aptitude. None of his compositions, least of all this very Legend of Don Munio, smell of the lamp. They bear the mark of spontaneity upon their very surface. This does not mean by any means that the workmanship is not carefully finished. The workmanship is on the contrary often only too good, and we sometimes feel a touch of wondering ill-humor that he should often do insignificant things so well, when he has done so much that is by no means insignificant. Don Munio is as yet upon the whole rather a mystery to us. We wait for a performance to help clear it up.

— Francis Boott's O Domine Deus,[1] to the Latin words attributed to Mary Stuart, is, all things considered, the most sterling of the composer's songs that we know. Here we have the purely religious element, tinged with, but not obscured by one knows not what fascinating atmosphere of romanticism and poetry. Musically considered, the song has no little intrinsic beauty.

George L. Osgood's Guide in the Art of Singing[2] is a valuable addition to a class of literature in which there exists little that is really trustworthy, and very much that is bad. It is one of the most exhaustive treatises on the art of singing that we know. Basing his system upon the true old Italian method, Mr. Osgood has yet had the sense to appreciate the effect that the modern German school of vocal writing, the songs of Beethoven, Schubert, Schumann, and Franz, and the declamatory lyric drama of Wagner and others, must necessarily have upon singing and singers. Many vocal theorists, disgusted with the German method, or rather absence of method in singing, have been too prone in their Italian enthusiasm to ignore German vocal music as foreign to the proper ends of song. That this large class of vocal music has an intrinsic musical importance, which in no way justifies this neglect, is self-evident. Mr. Osgood has wisely distinguished between the Italian vocal method and the Italian style of singing, and has seen that the two are by no means inseparable, but that the Italian method, as the true one, can be applied as well to German as to Italian singing. One point of peculiar merit in Mr. Osgood's book is the very careful and elaborate exposition he has made of the means of articulating the various vowels and consonants, a point which rarely receives enough attention.

— Carl Prüfer's reprint of the complete German edition of Plaidy's Technical Studies for the Piano-Forte[3] is most valuable. It may be regarded as the standard work on fingering. The immense progress that has been made in the art of fingering, since Liszt, Thalberg, Tausig, Von Bülow, and others have made what at first sight appears to be a complete revolution in the art, is not to be lost sight of. But it must be remembered that whatever innovations these men have made in fingering (with perhaps the single exception of Thalberg's peculiar use of the thumb in cantilena accompanied with arpeggios) are only applicable to particular cases. The fundamental general rules for fingering are not one whit affected by them, and are as indispensable to the pianist to-day as they ever were. Plaidy's book is not, neither does it pretend to be, a manual of "piano-forte-playing without a master." It is a complete and exhaustive compendium of all important finger-exercises, and as such cannot be too highly estimated.

— All those who are not already intensely interested in the subject will probably find Reissmann's Geschichte des deutschen Liedes[4] extremely dry reading. The book indeed hardly deserves the name of a history, being little more than a most matter-of-fact chronological list of songs and song-writers, catalogued with great pains, and compared with each other with sometimes no small amount of critical acumen. But the true investigating spirit of history is almost wholly wanting. After reading the book we do not feel that we really know much more on the subject than before. None of the composers are brought before us with that graphic, vital power of delineation that makes them living realities to us, and makes us feel as if we really knew them. The book abounds in facts of the Gradgrind sort, and we can find in it, for instance, that Johann Abraham Peter Schultz lived between the years 1747 and 1800, that he wrote songs in a certain style to words

[1] *O Domine Deus.* Prayer ascribed to Mary, Queen of Scots. Music by F. Boott. Boston: Carl Prüfer.

[2] *Guide in the Art of Singing.* By George L. Osgood. Boston: O. Ditson & Co.

[3] *Technical Studies for the Piano-Forte.* By Louis Plaidy. Boston: Carl Prüfer.

[4] *Geschichte des deutschen Liedes.* Von August Reissmann. Berlin: Verlag von J. Guttentag (D. Colin). 1874.

written by such and such poets, and that he was a man of more importance in the history of art than Friedrich Silcher and others. The book is admirably adapted for a text-book on the old class-recitation system, and will not interfere with the stupidest scholar's rank by overburdening his brain with ideas. Nevertheless it is not without its value as a catalogue of conscientiously collected facts.

— In strong contrast to the foregoing is Ludovic Celler's Les Origines de l'Opéra,[1] which is by far one of the most readable and diverting books we have met with. It is a little odd that the author should have used a plural in his title, as the greater part of the book is taken up with describing the performance of Baltazarini's Circé, otherwise called Le Ballet de la Reine, at the court of Henri III., to celebrate the nuptials of the Duc de Joyeuse and Marguerite de Vaudémont de Lorraine. According to the author, this Circé was the first spectacular performance in which dancing, music, and *mise en scène* were united in a manner to deserve the name of opera. According to Celler, Circé was really the first opera. Not only the work itself, but the circumstances connected with its composition and performance, together with the manners and morals of Henri's court, are described in that inimitable French familiar style, which is the more fascinating that it conceals so much real learning and sound knowledge. The author's grasp of his subject is evidently perfect. One feels that in every line. But he handles his materials so lightly and deftly that all his dry details become irresistibly amusing. Even his account of the instruments of which the orchestra was made up, and the notation of the score, is made diverting by a skillful use of language and a not-to-be-silenced wit. In reading the book, we feel that we are personally acquainted with the king, composer, lovers, queen, and all the court. The author makes the whole mode of life and court etiquette so real to us, he plunges us into such an atmosphere of the sixteenth century, that the *raison d'être* of the whole pageant of Circé appears on the very surface. The thing carries the conviction of its own why and wherefore with it. Would that history were oftener written in the same spirit!

EDUCATION.

The subject of a Higher Education for Woman is now in that state of moral effervescence which most ideas reach before arriving at any degree of excellence. We must, accordingly, await results, trusting that in time, between the froth and the dregs of discussion will remain much pure wine of truth, and that the day may not be far distant when we may be allowed to partake of it. Through all the differing shades of opinion entertained upon this subject, all agree that many and grave errors exist in the present systems of female education. The question as to what method can be adopted to secure thoroughness and allow to woman a high degree of culture, without sacrificing her physical welfare, continues to press for an answer.

Since, at such a time, no suggestions can come amiss which aim to throw a ray of light in the right direction, we desire to call attention to a method of instruction in great favor in Paris. This method was founded by M. Colart, and is continued with very great success by M. Remy. As it has now stood the test of more than sixty years' experience, it is at least entitled to consideration.

M. Remy meets his classes but once a week, and then for a session of only two hours. This weekly recitation is nothing more or less than a careful examination of the pupils in the lessons of the previous week, but it proves so exhaustive that the pupils are obliged to devote from three to five hours each day, with the aid of parent, governess, or tutor, to their preparation. Each girl is invariably accompanied to recitations by either governess or parent. It is, indeed, quite common to see *both* parents present, busily engaged in writing the answers to the questions propounded, to be

[1] *Les Origines de l'Opéra et le Ballet de la Reine.* (1581). Par Ludovic Celler. Paris: Librairie Académique, Didier et Cie.

(The last two books are to be had at Messrs. Schoenhof and Moeller's, 40 Winter Street, Boston.)

afterwards compared with the daughter's. A delightful companionship is suggested by this community in mental pursuits.

In the classes the girls are seated in chairs placed around a long table; M. Remy occupying the middle seat at one side, while the parents and other persons present are accommodated with chairs placed in rows, as one sees at "parlor lectures."

Order being secured, the first thing done by all present is to make a note of the lessons to be learned the coming week. These are always written beforehand upon a blackboard which hangs back of the professor. This done, M. Remy proceeds to read two or three essays selected from the whole number which have been handed in. After the few words of comment suggested by the essays, follows the recitation in poetry. About forty lines are committed weekly; and, as the brief session of two hours would by no means admit of each pupil's reciting the whole, M. Remy calls upon one (we will say Mlle. A.) to begin. Mlle. A. responds promptly with the first two lines; being then interrupted by the professor's "Très bien, Mademoiselle; maintenant, Mlle. X.," Mlle. X. takes up the dropped thread, to be followed by any one whom M. Remy may chance to select. There being no regular order of succession, no pupil knows when her turn may come. It will therefore readily be perceived what complete attention is secured, and how impossible it is for any pupil to resort to subterfuge to insure her own portion.

The recitation in poetry is the only verbal one. That finished, each pupil opens one of the pile of exercise books in front of her, in preparation for recitation in history.

M. Remy by no means confines himself to the formal questions of the text-book, but makes questions of his own concerning whatever of importance the lesson suggests. Each pupil is expected to look up, by aid of encyclopedia or whatever other authority may be available, all points which will serve to a better understanding of the period of which the lesson treats. The first question being asked, each pupil proceeds to *write* her answer. When finished, she holds up her book for inspection by the assistant teacher who has her in charge. There are several of these assistant lady-teachers. They take their positions behind the young ladies, walking from one to another to overlook the books submitted to their criticism. If the answer proves satisfactory, the pupil receives a small counter. At the end of each recitation the number of counters received by each pupil is set down opposite her name in the report book, thus showing unfailingly the grade of excellence.

Each lesson is conducted in the manner described as employed in history, the only sounds which one hears being the scratch of the busy pens, and M. Remy's questions. Never have we seen two hours more profitably employed, and, it may be added, judging from the animated expression of the girls' faces, never more satisfactorily.

It is impossible to convey any just idea of the dispatch attained, and the intense interest manifested in these lessons. The pupils are evidently completely *en rapport* with their instructor, who, in his turn, comports himself toward each of them as a courtier might toward his sovereign lady.

Prizes are awarded for certain degrees of excellence in the different branches. To obtain the prize in history, it is necessary to answer intelligently five hundred questions. As the course covers a period of only twenty-six weeks, and as during this period there are only *weekly* recitations, it is easy to imagine the amount of real work which is necessary to success.

It is just the peculiarity of the weekly session which we wish to consider. While it may not be advisable for all, it is especially adapted to meet the wants of that large class of girls whose health will not admit of regular and close confinement to the duties of the school-room. One perceives at a glance that with this method all danger of periodical over-exertion of mind or body can, with proper forethought, be avoided, thus securing during *the critical period* that entire rest which Dr. Clarke so wisely recommends.

This form of teaching may be essentially characterized as *the elastic method*. For it is so in more senses than one. Pecuniarily speaking, when carried on with several hours' help daily from a tutor or governess, it is of course very expensive. But where circumstances make economy necessary, an ambitious girl can prepare her lessons with the help of only a few hours' study during the week. In many cases, indeed, when either parent chooses to assist the child, this additional expense of private visiting governess can be dispensed with altogether.

The fact must not be overlooked that in these recitations each pupil is required to answer *all* questions *in writing*. The immense advantage thus secured of keeping

the pupils' minds strictly upon the subject, with no chance to wander, cannot be overestimated.

The crying evil of our present methods of instruction is undoubtedly "overcrowding" of the mind, and, as a result, mental indigestion. Cases are far too frequent of girls from twelve to fourteen years of age found studying geography, arithmetic, history, French, Latin, and music — and all these to be prepared for *daily* recitation! We can no more expect the mind to receive lasting impressions from the spasmodic glimpses which such a system affords, than we can expect a satisfactory photograph by sitting before the camera only one half the time required to procure a suitable impression. The result in both cases is much the same — and the physical blur in the one case is but too typical of the mental blur in the other.

Why cannot parents be contented if a child under ten years of age be taught absolutely nothing but reading, writing, and spelling? During the period from ten to twelve, if elementary arithmetic and geography be added, it is all that most children are capable of managing. It would be far better to prolong the time devoted to each study, giving one portion in advance and one in review, than to distract the mind with more branches.

At this age most children are or should be required to memorize daily. Every one is aware how retentive the memory is, of all which is thoroughly committed in early youth. The attempt, then, prematurely to force upon the mind of a child a knowledge of sciences, which require maturity of mental powers to appreciate, is worse than folly. Far better to store the memory with the thoughts of our old and best authors in both prose and poetry, thus securing a rich mine for future use.

We subjoin extracts from M. Remy's circular: —

Deux Cours Élémentaires. Mardi, midi. (Pupils from 5 to 7 years old.) Lecture et Orthographe simultanées; Dictées de mots; Exercices de mémoire raisonnés; Éléments de grammaire. Éléments de géographie physique et d'arithmétique. Histoire sainte. Rois de France par race et par siècle; Histoire de la 1re race.

Vendredi, midi. (Pupils from 6 to 8.) Exercices de mémoire; Grammaire proprement dite; Orthographe d'usage (initiales et médiales); Verbes de la 1re conjugaison; Dictées faciles; Arithmétique. Histoire sainte repassée; Histoire ancienne; Géographie ancienne. Mythologie des Égyptiens et des Perses. Histoire de France (faits principaux des deux premières races). Géographie physique d'Europe.

Quatre Cours Moyens. Mercredi, 11 h. ¾. (Pupils from 7 to 10.) Orthographe d'usage (finales) et de règles; Verbes réguliers. Analyse grammaticale; Homonymes; Dictées; Exercices de mémoire. Arithmétique. Histoire grecque et Géographie des pays grecs; Mythologie. Histoire de France (faits principaux de la 3e race jusqu'à Louis XII). Géographie physique des cinq parties du monde; Provinces de France et Départements.

Samedi, 2 heures. (Pupils from 10 to 12). Exercices de mémoire; Orthographe de règles; Verbes et Homonymes difficiles; Analyse logique élémentaire. Dictées; Problèmes d'arithmétique; Fractions. Histoire romaine et fin de la Géographie ancienne. Fin de la mythologie. Histoire de France (3e race: de François Ier à Napoléon III). Géographie détaillée d'Europe et d'Asie.

Mardi, 2 h. ½. (Pupils from 14 to 15.) Exercices de mémoire; Orthographe: Participes; Analyse logique; Famille de mots; Dictées; Narrations. Arithmétique: Exposition du système métrique. Histoire raisonnée de la France et de ses provinces. Départements de France, Préfectures, et Sous-Préfectures. Géographie détaillée d'Afrique, d'Amérique, et d'Océanie.

Mercredi, 2 heures. (Pupils from 13 to 15.) *Art poétique* (deux premiers chants); Syntaxe proprement dite. Synonymes; Paronymes; Compositions variées; Dictées. Cosmographie (1re partie). Histoires de France et d'Angleterre comparées. Géographie détaillée de la France et de l'Angleterre.

Trois Cours Supérieurs. Vendredi, 2 h. ½. (Pupils from 15 to 17.) *Art poétique* (deux derniers chants); Éléments de logique. Rhétorique; Philologie; Compositions variées. Cosmographie (2e partie) avec problèmes. Histoire et Géographie du moyen-âge.

Jeudi, 2 heures. (Pupils of 16 and over.) Littérature ancienne et moderne de tous les peuples. Compositions et Dissertations. Histoire de chaque nation depuis son origine jusqu'à nos jours. Ce cours exige deux années.

Lundi, 2 heures. Cours d'Histoire contemporaine. (Pupils from 16 to 20.) M. Remy, Professeur. Exposé et développe-

ment impartial des événements accomplis dans les différentes parties du monde depuis 1815 jusqu'à nos jours.

Samedi, midi. Sciences naturelles. (Pupils from 15 to 20.) M. Paulin Teulières, Professeur. Physique ; Chimie ; Géologie ; Phytologie ; Zoologie.

— The East is rapidly opening to modern ideas and to new methods. Newsboys cry their papers under the walls of St. Sophia, and the telegraph reports at Constantinople the evil deeds of local governors at Bagdad or in the Kürdish mountains. A strong evidence of this new life amid the ruins of antiquity is found in the present demand for schools of a high character in Turkey, Egypt, and Persia. The Robert College at Constantinople has been successfully established by the munificence of a New York merchant. Another college has been founded at Beirut in Syria, for the Arabic-speaking inhabitants of Syria, Egypt, and Arabia. Both of these institutions are well patronized, but neither of them meets the wants of the interior of Asia Minor.

American missionaries have been laboring with success in that part of Turkey for the past forty years. Most of those missionaries have gone from New England, and they have carried with them the seeds of New England culture and have planted those seeds in the rich soil of that Eastern land. One result is that those who are awakened to a new intellectual and spiritual life ask for sympathy and aid in establishing a college at a well-chosen locality in Central Turkey.[1] The city of Aintab, where the college is to be, is about one hundred miles east of the northeastern corner of the Mediterranean Sea. The college will reach many millions of people, among whom there is no other institution of learning of high grade ; it will be open alike to the representatives of all nations and of all religions. One who has long lived in Turkey, and whose opinion is entitled to great weight, in writing of the proposed college says : —

" The old civilizations of the many races and religions of Turkey are rapidly disintegrating, and some reconstruction or other must follow. A Christian college in these circumstances will have an influence for good, impossible to any similar institution in a normal state of society."

We are glad to see that there is to be a medical department connected with the college, and that one well-qualified professor for that department is already on his way to Aintab. Among the many and hearty recommendations of the new college we notice especially those of Drs. Hamlin and Bliss, the able presidents of the institutions already established. The ultimate result of the introduction of the higher education into the Turkish Empire is a question of the deepest interest. How will Mohammedanism bear the shock ? What new revelations will follow in antiquarian research ?

That Eastern minds are capable of a high degree of intellectual development, there can no longer be a doubt. Certainly all friends of progress and civilization must wish success to these efforts of American citizens to introduce our methods of intellectual culture among the subjects of the Sultan.

" Those who aid the proposed college," writes Dr. Hamlin, " will throw the transforming power of a high Christian education right into the heart of this great and dark empire. To what nobler purpose can wealth be applied ? "

1 Constitution and By-laws of the Central Turkey College. Boston : Congregational House. 1874.

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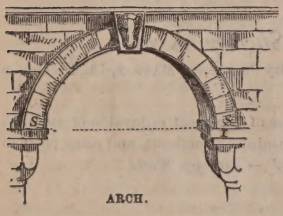

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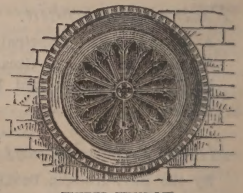

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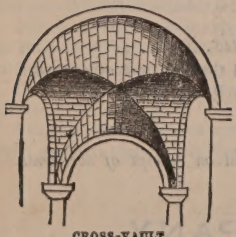

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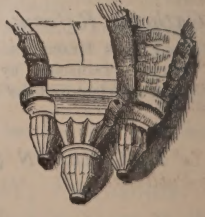

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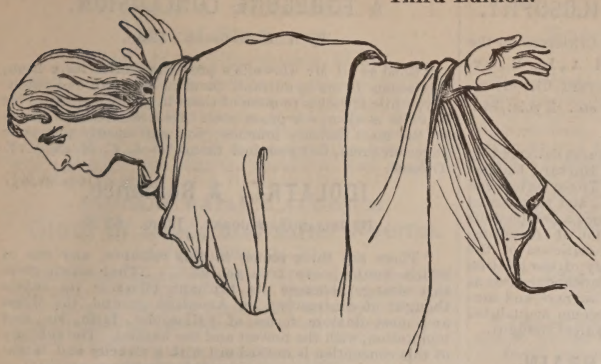

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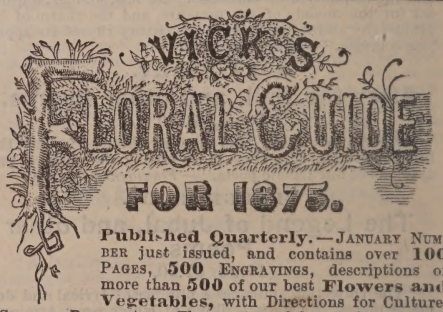

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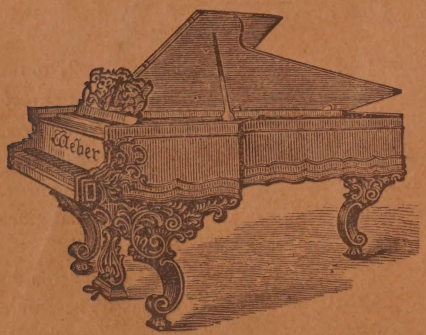

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